

Punch

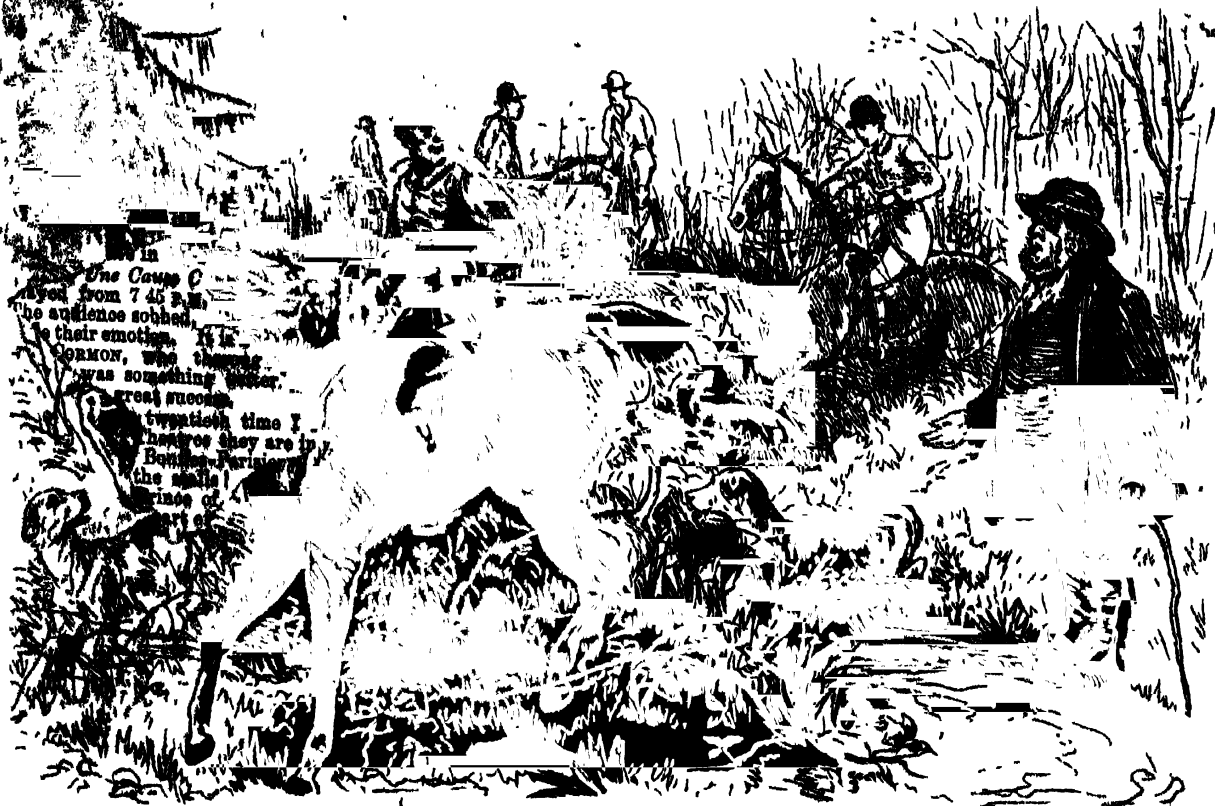
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1878

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EXPENSIVE LUXURY.

SCENE—A Wood, where an unmistakable "Bagman" has been chopped.

Keeper. "YOU'LL SEND ME MY CARD, AUTHORIZING KEEPER'S FEE ON 'A FIND.'"

Huntsman. "NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR THAT!"

Keeper. "NOT GOOD ENOUGH! WHY, HE COST FIFTY SHILLINGS!"

Mr. BOURKE said the Government had no authentic news that the Russians were advancing on Gallipoli, but they had reports that they were marching in that direction.

The Government had nothing more to tell the House about the Russian terms of peace, or the English occupation of Quettah. (Let us hope the Government is not preparing for our troops rather too much occupation in India.)

Lord G. HAMILTON, moving for a Select Committee on the construction of Public Works in India by money raised on loans, spoke a well-gotten word to prove that Irrigation Works were not a panacea for famine and would not always pay—"which nobody can deny." Thanks to Mr. FAWCE, Mr. BRIGGS, Sir G. CAMPBELL, and Mr. GRANT DUFF, the terms of the inquiry were enlarged to "such measures as may be adopted to prevent the recurrence or mitigate the intensity of famines in India." Without this, the inquiry, as Mr. GRANT DUFF pointed out, would be *Hamlet* with the part of *Hamlet* omitted.

A proposal of Sir A. CORSON, as the High-Priest—and sometimes, perhaps, the over-zealous High-Priest—of Indian Irrigation Works, the Government seems a little too eager to thrust Cotton in our ears. The truth may lie outside the Cotton-fields, somewhere in the wide debateable ground between Sir G. BALFOUR and Sir G. CAMPBELL.

Altogether the debate was noteworthy for the elabouring of half-truths all through it. "Armed with half-truths, and mounted on 'lies,'" might be the description of the forces on both sides this great question of a chronic up-crop in Parliament.

At last Parliamentary business was done out of the House, in the Street, where forty supporters of the Government went to ask Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOOTE whether British Interests, as by Mr. CORSON, were not menaced by the reported Russian advance to Constantinople. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER said that the Government would stand to its declarations, and that it was not necessary to ask for money. Since then the necessity has come—in Lord BRACONFIELD's opinion—and BARTONIA may now realize the sensational situation prefigured in Mr. PUNCH's recent Cartoon, "On the Dixie Edge." How does she like it?

Wednesday.—First Morning Performance. Two Scotch Bills (for providing Public Parks) read a long time, and an English Bill (Metropolitan Elections) carried by a large majority. Collapse of one Scotch Bill (Hypothec), and by far the greatest intoxicating Liquors. House up at an early hour.

Thursday.—Lords and Commons stirred to a very early hour by news for which we may as well find one month, as England will have but one ear to hear it, and, we hope, one mind to make up about it. Lord DERRY and Lord CARNARVON have tendered their resignations. Government means to ask for Six Millions on Monday. Orders have been sent to the Admiral in command of the Mediterranean fleet, on the occurrence of a certain contingency—no doubt a Russian movement on Gallipoli, which seems in every way unlikely—to land blue-jackets and marines in Saros Bay, for temporary defence of the lines of Boulair, and to send six of his roomiest ships to bring up from Malta the needful strength for reinforcing them. In other words, England is brought within one short step of war for the Turk against the Russian. Will England agree to take that step?

Select Committee on Public Business appointed, but the House too much excited to attend to anything but the day's news.

Friday.—The fleet is stopped at Besika Bay. Lord DERRY's resignation is not yet accepted. In the Lords, Lord CARNARVON tells his story in a manly, modest, and straightforward style, showing the long continued disunion in the Cabinet, which Lord BRACONFIELD has persistently and categorically denied, and the vacillation, and final decision, as to the movements of the fleet, which have ended in Lord CARNARVON's resignation. The pendulum has since swung back, and stopped our ships at the entrance of the Dardanelles. This, for the moment, has averted a step which could have had no conceivable effect but to prolong the agony of Turkey and aggravate her ruin, while it embroiled us with one, or, probably, with both of the belligerents, and violated our pledged neutrality, without the occurrence of any of the conditions on which it was secured.

After Lord CARNARVON had explained his own resignation, in a

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that did equal honour to him as man and Minister, Lord BEACONSFIELD lamely, and, for him, feebly, tried to take off the effect of his late colleague's revelations by explanations which did not explain, and justifications which did not justify.

The country has been brought to the edge of war for no reason that any rational being can understand. *Punch's* Cartoon of a fortnight ago has proved literally prophetic. Let us hope the danger is past—but is it, while this Ministry remains?

In the Commons, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, in answer to Lord HARTINGTON, attempted the same explanation and justification in which Lord BEACONSFIELD had failed when replying to Lord GRANVILLE, but naturally performed his task more clumsily. He still means to ask for Six Millions on Monday. BRITANNIA may well stand aghast at the peril of war into which she has been brought. Is she comforted by the thought that a blundering order has been followed by an ignominious countermand? After the subject that occupied every body's mind was disposed of, came a talk to which nobody listened, about the Salt-tax in India and the Land Act in Ireland.

AU REVOIR!



THE day has come,
The season's
done,
No more need
Bird or Pheasant
tremble.
To put away my
trusty gun
Afflicts me sore
—but I'll dis-
semble!
My heart with
softened feel-
ings glows:
To kill such
pretty things
seems pity.
I share their joys
—I feel their
woes—
I love their
friends, and
hate their
foes;
And dedicate to
them this
ditty.

mate yourselves, poor fluttering things!
multiply—I love you dearly!
not a feather in your wings
I would have—for six months, nearly!
at, fly! and Partridge, run!
I share you with the warmest greeting.
I please me to see you run—
I'll bid him home, and on my gun,
And drink to our next merry meeting!

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

A Paris—Au Cercle de la Presse—The Breakfast—A Mistake—The African Lion—Une Cause Célèbre—Babine—Remarks—Summary.

SIR, No one will be more delighted than yourself at the honour paid to Your Representative by our confrères of the French Press. *Qui facit per alium facit per se*; and let me here say, that I have never so "faced it per sea," as I did on Monday night between Calais and Dover. *Ah! que j'étais malade, et pas "imaginaire"!* Oh, Sir, at that supreme moment, when nearly all were prostrated by the Steam Roller of the Deep—an infernal old man—old enough to know better (he couldn't have been better, for the inhuman monster was quite well), observed, in a sardonic tone, "First-rate passage, Steward! She's going like a bird!" Then he added some heartless observations about the misery of his fellow-voyagers, for which I wish we could have risen against that wicked old wretch *en masse*, and throttled him. We should all have been had up for murder on the high seas. But what matter? The jury, if only average sailors, would, to a man, have acquitted us, and the Judge have ordered us something to drink out of the poor-box. If ever I wished You, Sir, were representing yourself, it was

As I lay
All the day
In the Bay of Biscay, oh!

which lines you can apply to the circumstances, only remembering that it wasn't the daytime, and that it wasn't the "Bay of Biscay, oh!" It took me two days before I could again allow my fellow-man to look me in the face.

Now to return—to the subject, not the place—for while the stormy winds do blow (*mal de mer* always brings to my mind a lot of nautical songs like "*Ye Gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease!*" and DINDIN's "*Sweet Little Cherub*"), I'd see anyone further first, and then I wouldn't stir from "my ain fireside."

Your Representative, after descending, and ascending in the Lift, —they're always ready to give their friends a lift,—at the *Splendide Hôtel* (where the excellent "Service" deserves recognition at my hands), was, in due course, received by the *Journalists*, and had the distinguished hon- of breakfast given by *Le Cercle de la Presse*.

Need I say how enchanted I was to be so dressed in my Sunday best—*endimanché*,—self at the hospitable *salon* of one of our Representatives in Paris, celebrated than for his private virtues (or been in his company), and bear *nom et prénom* suggest a perfect poetry and the matter-of-fact.

In that *salon*—oh memorable England!—met two great men: one shining like a Chappuis Reflector. The traveller, Mr. STANLEY; the other—to put it politely—wasn't.

That Other, who wasn't, advanced, and, ending his hand, exclaimed,

"Mr. STANLEY, I believe?"

To which the *Lion et Chasseur d'Afrique* replied,

"Happy Thought. Yes."

Then they embraced, and there was not a dry eye in the room. But as there were several dry throats, we proceeded at once to banquet in the *Rue de la Païstler*.

At the Club, Your Representative was received with the utmost cordiality and most polished courtesy by M. AUGUSTE VIRU, the President, who expressed himself in so charming a manner about Mr. *Punch*, that my face was suffused with blushes, and I nearly fainted on the spot (had I waited much longer for breakfast I should have done so, for it was past one—but it had taken Mr. STANLEY some time to get there from Africa, and he was a trifle late); and then, after a few *mots* shot off by *spirituel* M. BLAVET, of the *Gaulois*, and a few most flattering words in my ear from the Persian Ambassador, who remarked, in his own beautiful native language of course, that *Punch* and *Persia* both began with the same letter; to which I whispered back, "So does 'Politics';" whereupon he said, "P-Shah!"—we entered the *grande salle du Cercle*.

It was most tastefully decorated with the flags of all nations, Mr. *Punch's* banner being of course conspicuous, and at the upper end of the room was a small stage and proscenium, where occasionally *proverbes* are played by the first *artistes* in Paris, in the presence of a most exclusive and distinguished audience. The other night, Mlle. JUVIC, I was informed, was at her best here, when one of *Figaro's* brightest contributors wrote a prologue for the occasion.

Your Representative was not only most honourably, but also most pleasantly, seated among Representative Men every one of them, including the Special Representatives of the *Daily Telegraph*, the *New York Herald*, the *Persian Empire*, M. DE QUINCEY, representing Spain, M. DE TREMINES-LAUZIERE, of the *Patrie*, representing the Muse of Improvisation (for later on in the entertainment he dashed off some *à propos* verses on the back of his *menu*, which were excellently received, especially by M. BLAVET of the *Gaulois*), M. ADRIEN DE LA VALETTE, chief Editor of the *Assemblée Nationale*, and M. IVAN DE WENTYNE of the *Figaro*. The dessert had commenced when a perceptible thrill ran through the assembly, and every eye was turned towards Your Representative. Seeing this, I immediately rose to deliver a speech in my best French, and had just commenced, "*Monsieur Le Président, et Messieurs du Cercle de la Presse*,"—when His Excellency the Persian Ambassador (to whom I never can be too grateful—his own Excellency being only equalled by the excellency of the *déjeuner*) pulled me by the coat-tail (a trifle too forcibly, as it nearly brought me back into the arms of the chief butler), and whispered in his own language,—

"*Siht taftaferb si nevig ot STANLEY, ton ot Uoy! Tis wood, uoy dipsuts ssak!*"

Seizing the *Carte*, I then noticed for the first time: "*Menu du Déjeuner offert à Mr. STANLEY par le Cercle de la Presse*," and it wasn't in my honour, after all!

I pretended to have been looking for my pocket-handkerchief, and sat down. Then the speeches commenced. All about Mr. STANLEY, and every one of them sharp, short, and to the purpose. M. RENÉ DE PONT-JEST (I thought it was *Punch*-jest at first, but I was "out of it") delivered a good speech in excellent English, and Mr. STANLEY made as big a hit, as he has ever made in his life, when tracing all

that his marvellous energy has achieved to "the journalistic instinct." It told immensely, as did also the speeches of my Representative confrères, M. CAMPBELL CLARKE for the *Telegraph*, and M. RYAN for the *New York Herald*; and we drank sweet Champagne to everybody's health, until we descended for our coffee and cigars.

Here, in the room where M. DUMARESCU made a *croquis* of Mr. STANLEY, I delivered myself of a small part of the peroration of that speech which I should have made, had the *déjeuner* been *offert à moi au lieu de M. STANLEY*, and bidding farewell to the brilliant company—especially thanking M. VITU and M. BLAVET for their courtesy and hospitality—Your Representative withdrew, with a full heart and a tighter-buttoned waistcoat than usual, to find that three hours had been consumed in this agreeable society.

So much for BIRMINGHAM—no, I mean STANLEY; but both characters are in the same play.

I saw *Une Cause Célèbre* at the Porte St. Martin: a drama which played from 7.45 P.M. till midnight, to a densely-crowded house. The audience sobbed, and sniffled, and blew their noses fiercely to stifle their emotion. It is a first-rate melodrama by MM. D'ENNERY and COPPIN, who thoroughly understand their audience. The scenery was something better than usual. The piece, as is well known, is a great success.

But, for the twentieth time I repeat it, what horridly uncomfortable dirty Theatres they are in Paris! What wretched stalls! I went to the Bouffes-Parisiens to hear *Babiole*, and oh, the utter discomfort of the stalls! Compare this house with our bright and elegant little Prince of Wales's, Royalty, and Strand Theatres! However, every part of the house was full, and the dance and the song and chorus of "*Une petite ferme ou jardiner*," are enough to draw all Paris into the Bouffes, and send everyone away humming the music.

As to the plot of *Babiole*, it is made up of the oldest and most hackneyed materials, strung together, however, in an amusing fashion. It is admirably played, the *artistes* being thoroughly in earnest. DAUBRAY, as the *Baili* (he is always either a *Baili* or a *Marquis*), was as amusing as ever; Mlle. PAOLA MARIE charming as *Babiole*; and MARIE ALBERT thoroughly coquette as *Madelaine*, the Miller's wife. The scenery here, too, was much better than usual; but such a scene as the first piece—a little *lever du rideau*, called *Les Mules de Suzette*—was played in, would have been a disgrace to the smallest provincial theatre in the most untheatrical town in England.

But, oh, if some theatrical reformer would start up in Paris, to make the alteration of the *auditoria* a Government affair, and the comfort of the audience a matter of the first consideration! They do not manage such matters as these, in the front of the house, better in France. But as to the stage, well, they do play an *Opéra-Bouffe* as we don't; not that we can't, but, in producing their *bouffes* pieces in London, we never attain the perfection of the *ensemble*, which is their strong point. As an instance of a French actor adapting himself to the spirit of English burlesque, we have a capital performance by M. MARIUS, at the Strand, in *The Red Rover*, but I am bound to say I saw nothing, at the Bouffes, to equal the sort of Robertsonian-Comedy touch, which is given by Miss RACHEL SANGER and Miss LOTTIE VENN to their admirably acted love-scene in the afore-mentioned burlesque. Even M. MARIUS and his companions, energetic as they are, do not go in for the tremendous exertions of MM. DAUBRAY and SCIPION, Mlle. PAOLA MARIE and MARIE ALBERT, in their enthusiastically encored dance, which reminded me of the time when Messrs. WYNDHAM, DANVERS and Miss OLIVER were "encored five times nightly" in *Suzanne aux Yeux Noirs*. Ah! the merry, happy days when I was young! And so no more at present from

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S.—Talking of successes, Mr. TOOLE has already scored in *A Fool and his Money*, Mr. NEVILLE & Co. in *The Turn of the Tide*, *Our Boys* is nearing its 1000th representation, *The Pink Dominoes* is getting towards its 300th, and *Family Ties* reached its 100th night Friday last. Since writing the above, I have seen *Diplomacy*, and most heartily congratulate the Messrs. ROWE (without whose excellent work M. SARDOU'S piece would have been useless here), as well as all at the Prince of Wales's, on their artistic performance, of which more anon. It is admirable all round. The playing of the three men, Messrs. CLAYTON, KENDAL, and BANCROFT, in the Second Act, cannot, I am sure, as an *ensemble* be equalled, certainly not excelled, anywhere, either at home or abroad. And so say all of us.

The Sandwich my Lord B. would have made for Britannia.

The British Fleet on one side of Constantinople, the Russian Army on the other, and a thin slice of Turkey between them.

A PLAGUE OF FROGS.



ROM Oxford, we have a Naturalist, under the initials "S. P. T." complaining in the *Times* that the frogs eat his strawberry-beds. This is a strange complaint to appear now that Parliament is sitting. It may be quite well founded for all that; although frogs are generally supposed to frequent strawberry-beds in order to devour not the strawberries, but the small slugs and other insects that infest them.

Anyone, however, who duly examines a frog's mouth, will, with half an eye for final causes, discern how admirably it is designed to suck strawberries.

Still, the havoc committed by frogs in the strawberry-beds of "S. P. T." is nothing to the ravages which, if he resided near an old farm-house, he would find owls perpetrate amongst his potatoes. The common Barn-Owl (*Strix flammea*) is a most deadly enemy to those tubers—ash-leaved kidneys in particular; much worse than the Colorado Beetle. With its crooked beak, which seems expressly formed for the purpose, it hooks them from underground, and then with its sharp claws scratches their eyes out.

In most parts of the country the gamekeepers, under orders from the landed poulterers, have exterminated all the *Falconide*. Otherwise, "S. P. T." would find kites, buzzards, and hawks do grievous injury to his fruit. The female Sparrowhawk, for example, which is much larger than the male, and proportionately voracious, is very fond of plums, especially greengages, with which she is apt to play old gooseberry. The Raven, though one of the *Corvidæ*, is nearly as bad.

The Oxford "S. P. T." may not be domiciled in the neighborhood of a warren. If he were, and kept poultry, he would find great many chickens. Rabbits would come in the night and eat them away. The rabbit (*Lepus cuniculus*) is equally a pest (Mus decumanus), a member of the *Rodentia* family, has a peculiar predilection for gnawing chickens' bones.

Although frogs, no doubt, are responsible for having eaten too many of "S. P. T.'s" strawberries, yet, perhaps, if he watches and investigates the matter, he will discover that by far the greater portion of those he thinks the frogs eat, are devoured by bats. The bat (*Vespertilio murinus*) is a creature of crepuscular habits, and, therefore, when stealing under the strawberry-leaves by twilight, not easily detected. Of the two, the bat has a mouth even better suited to eating strawberries than the frog, and then, being furnished with wings, it possesses peculiar facilities, when it has eaten as much fruit as it can, for flying away with the rest. The nightjar, or goatsucker (*Caprimulgus Europæus*), has obtained its *alias* from having been imagined to suck goats. That, to be sure, is a vulgar error, but there can be no doubt whatever that it, as well as the bat, which it resembles in its nocturnal ways and manners, exceeds any frog in its depredations on the "Keen's Seedlings."

A SOCIETY OUT OF ITS DEPTH.

OUR excellent friends of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and their energetic Secretary, Mr. COLAM, might be better employed than they were at Slough Petty Sessions, the other day, in pulling up the Swanherds of the Dyers' and Vintners' Companies, and the City of London, for swan-hopping—or as it should be printed, swan-upping—that is, nicking the beaks of Thames Swans with their owners' "marks." The Society might just as well summon the confraternity of farriers for paring horses' hoofs, or the first affectionate little dear who is caught cutting her canary's claws. We would recommend the Society, instead of prosecuting, to practise, swan-hopping,—and to hop the swans, in the next list of cases submitted for their interference. There is too much real work for them to allow of their indulging in this sort of child's play.

A DOCTOR'S COUNTER-IRRITANT.—The prescribing Chemist.



MOST CIVIL!

Polite Little Girl (who, with her Nurse, Brother, and Sisters, has been shown over a small Cocoa-Nut Matting Factory). "THANK YOU SO VERY MUCH FOR YOUR KINDNESS!"

Thirsty Workman. "QUITE WELCOME, MISS! WE SHOULD LIKE TO DRINK YOUR 'EALTHS, MISS!"

Polite Little Girl. "O, THANK YOU! THAT IS VERY KIND OF YOU! WE SHALL BE DELIGHTED! GOOD AFTERNOON!"

"THE MYSTERIOUS CABINET TRICK."

(Respectfully Dedicated to MESSRS. MASKELYNE and COOKE, by a Right Honourable Rival.)

"The decisions of the Cabinet were absolutely unanimous. They had never swerved from the policy to which they had agreed with one mind."—BEACONSFIELD.

"Three times, within a few weeks, has it been my misfortune to be at serious variance with other members of the Cabinet on matters of the highest importance."—CARNARVON.

A MINUTE since mine seemed a rather tight fit,
To a public not up to my Cabinet tricks;
But I always aspired to the MASKELYNE role,
Since in Piccadilly he first charmed my soul.
'Tis the Cabinet trick that comes over JOHN BULL,
With some high-sounding patter to queer his numb-skull.
These applied to *la haute politique*, tongue and pen,
Are the right stock-in-trade of a moulder of men;
But the Cabinet trick needs Confederates' aid,
And of pals too sharp-witted I'm always afraid,
Or too conscientious—for that's even worse,
Though, luckily, not quite so common a curse—
And if, by ill-luck, one *should* come in my way,
There's no rule but get rid of the chap—play or pay.
Single-handed, I'm safe to defy every test,
But joint-stock in juggling may bother the best!
So, now to begin.—There's my public outside
Imagines me sitting with both my arms tied!
Only fancy this child such a very green goose
As to have himself tied so as not to work loose!
My peace arm from its armet I've only to pull,
To kick up *such* a row in the ears of JOHN BULL!
But I'm forced to be careful in getting unbound,
Or I might bring the Cabinet, crash, to the ground.

Peace arm's loose! So here goes—now for M.P. tum-tum,
D. T. penny-trumpet, and P. M. G. drum!

[A tremendous charivari of all the above-named instruments.

What a shindy! Could eyes pierce the Cabinet wall,
How they'd wonder to see that I manage it all!
Then there's the turned-coat trick, and then "levitation"
Of me and my Cabinet with me—Sensation!
Till the Public are tired of my puppets and me,
But, while willing to pay, they shall see what they see!

A MITREFUL OF MONEY.

ANOTHER "Eastern Question" has cropped up besides that which concerns the Great Powers. A suffragan Bishop is said to be wanted for East London, where there is a large and poor population confirmed only in vicious and abandoned courses. "That suffragan," we are told, "would be well content with £3000 a year"—as he well might. Furthermore, a contemporary observes, "Bishop JACKSON may well be expected to find £2000, and if so, the laity of London may be trusted to find the rest." Perhaps the laity may be trusted, as well as expected, to find the odd thousand amongst them at any rate. The requisite subscription would not be so very much a head. But how can the Bishop be reasonably expected to find two thousand pounds for himself? A Bishop in these days, whilst he must look out for squalls, can have no hope of a windfall.

AN UNWHOLESOME RULE FOR AN UNWHOLESOME PLACE.

"The Managers of the London Stock Exchange have rescinded the rule which allows smoking in the House after three o'clock."

Put out their pipes? An ill-timed innovation!
The place stands sore in need of fumigation!



“THE MYSTERIOUS CABINET TRICK.”

(Beats MASKELYNE AND COOKE hollow.)

CHRISTMAS COOKERY.

By an Old-fashioned Clown.



then flop down on the stage, and pretend that by so doing you have squashed the fish, which will doubtless cause your audience the liveliest amusement.

A Recipe for Jerked Beef.—In order to prepare this most delicious delicacy, you must first proceed to "bone" a bit of Beef. This you may do by simply stealing it from the shop of Mr. SUET

(vide playbill), or gently taking it from the tray of the first butcher's boy that passes. When the Policeman comes in sight, which (in a Pantomime at any rate) he is pretty sure to do, you must jerk your Beef behind you towards your friend the Pantaloon, crying loudly as you do "O, "Bobby, look at my jerked Beef!"

How to Jug a Hare.—First catch your Hare. This you may best do by seeing one suspended by his hind legs at a poulterer's, and then creeping on all-fours very softly towards the shop, until, on standing up, you can just take him off the nail. Next, get a big jug from the china-shop next door, and pop your Hare inside it, and tell the audience in a whisper that you're partial to juggled Hare.

How to make a Raised Game Pie.—Enter into close conversation with a Pieman, and so distract his attention that you are slyly able to steal one of his pies. Then take to your heels, and, when he runs after you bawling out "Stop thief!" all you have to do is just to throw the Pie up high enough for Pantaloon to catch it. By this process your Pie will become a raised one.

MOTTO FOR DR. ERASMUS WILSON.—"Rem acu tetigi."

VOX POPULI.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

DON'T you make any mistake. You are on the wrong side, Sir. Remember what the chap says in the play, "Let me make the people's songs, and you may take the law-making into your own hands." I don't know who said it, or when, or where. Still, there's the idea for you, Sir. Well, I make the people's songs. You don't believe me! Well, just you go to the Music Halls, and you will hear a lot of my productions. I will give you a few specimens, as a proof of my quality.

I have just finished "*Bang, Bang, Bang!* Oh, ain't it a jolly Lark!" and I think it will go immensely, especially if the audience accompany the music by smashing their glasses on the tables before them. Here's the chorus:—

"Bang, bang, bang! oh, ain't it a jolly lark!
A-cutting the throats
Of the Russian bloaks,
And a-wading through blood in the dark!"

I have written it for "The Monstre Comique," and, if he only gives it with a wink and a breakdown, the audience will roar like mad! You take my word for it, Sir,—roar like mad!

Then here's another, which is nearly ready. It will be sung by an "Artiste" dressed in the full dress blue and gold of a Cabinet Minister, made up after the head of a certain popular party. Here's a bit of it:—

"(Spoken.)—So when I do the lardy-dardy in my slap-up crib in Downing Street, I always take a treaty in one hand and a bottle of fizz in the other. Then I tear up the treaty, and put the bottle to my mouth, so. If any of my pals ask me why I don't let 'em into my little secrets, I point to my toggery, and say, confidentially,—

"It's all stuff and nonsense, and pooh, pooh, pooh!
BILLY GLADSTONE is a fool,
And BOB LOWE is his tool,
But I will pull you through!"

If that doesn't bring the house down, I will eat "The Monstre Comique's" hat, collar, and cuffs!

Besides the above, I have got some others equally excellent, called "*On the Right Side of the Ledger, Boys*," "*Murder 'em Quick, and get it Over*" (a roaring comic song, to be sung in the costume of a Bash-i-Bazouk), "*Hoist the British Flag at the Fanish and the Rag*" (patriotic, in the uniform of a subaltern on half-pay), and "*Let's have a Fight, and make the Money Fly!*" You should

see how my songs go with the oads and counter-jumpers, and there's a jolly lot of that sort, as you may yet learn. Change your policy, Sir, and thank

Lower Grub Street, E.C.

Yours familiarly,

CATNACH JONES.

GAMEKEEPERS AND POACHERS!

MR. PUNCH,

HER Majesty's Speech contained an omission—as Major O'GORMAN might say—of a subject whose urgency had not been suggested to her Ministers. I mean the grievous defect in the law recently disclosed, to our vast astonishment, by the monstrous miscarriage of justice in the great Rabbit Case—"The QUEEN v. PAUL READ." Mr. READ shoots eighteen rabbits, the property of his master, Mr. SMITH, and sells them as his own. He is tried for embezzling his master's property, convicted, and given four months and hard labour, which he does not get, for the case is reserved on the question whether, legally, the rabbits were the property of his master or not. The Judges, with the Lord Chief Justice at the head of them, ruled that they were not. They held that READ had made them his own property by shooting and taking them into his possession as wild animals. In the course of argument before their Lordships, naturally enough—

"On the part of the prosecution it was stated that it would be a startling consequence if a gamekeeper could help himself *ad libitum* to his master's game.

"The Lord Chief Justice.—A most fearful consequence truly! Still, in spite of the sanctity of game, we must uphold and apply the principles of the criminal law."

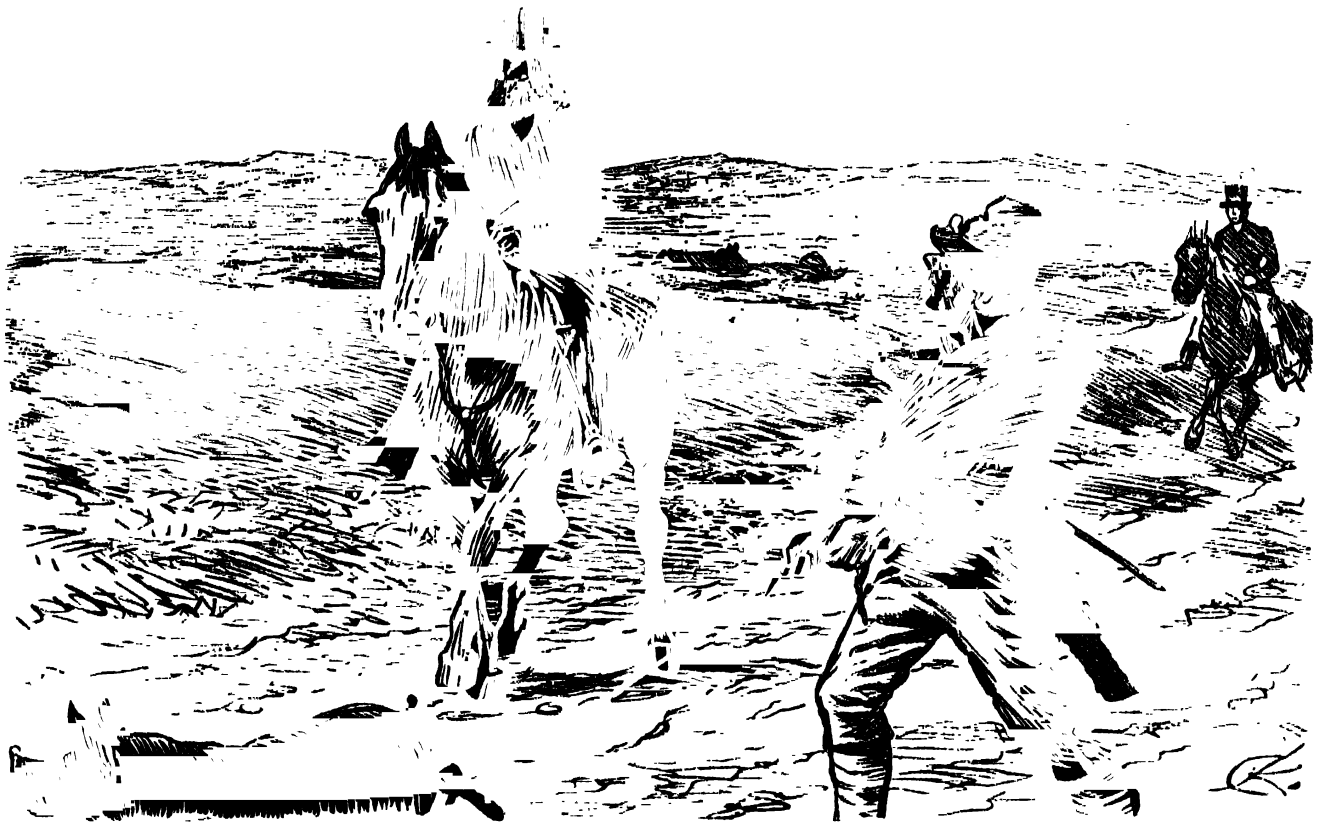
A criminal law, indeed, Mr. Punch—a law so partial to criminal gamekeepers! Every gamekeeper is a chartered poacher, and can poach to any extent with impunity. Keepers may be kept to keep off poachers,—*sed quis custodiet ipsos Custodes?*—literally, "who shall keep the keepers?" This question, of vital importance, as it is, to the best interests of the country, cannot fail to command the immediate attention of a Conservative Government, really worthy of its name, and deserving the confidence and support of—

Your ever constant and admiring reader,

AN ESQUIRE OF LAND.

P.S.—A poaching gamekeeper should be liable to penal servitude.

BRITISH INTERESTS.—In anything but Turkish Coupons.



THE SAXON OPPRESSOR.

Saxon Tourist. "I SUPPOSE THE ENGLISH BUY ALL THE PIGS THAT YOU WISH TO SELL!"
Irish Peasant. "THEY DO. BAD LUCK TO 'EM, THE TOIRANTS!"

TO A SELF-ADMIRING STATESMAN.

NARCISSUS, as the classic legends say,
 Spying his own reflection in a stream,
 In impotent self-worship pined away,
 And passed, like some fond dream.

Poor Echo's cold despiser was a goose,
 So say all bards who his career have sung;
 But for his folly there was this excuse—
 The youth was very young!

But you, my BRIGHT, are *not* a boy, and when,
 O'er the Past's stream perpetually poring,
 You land your mirrored likeness, to most men
 The theme is slightly boring.

Granted that few can scan their pregnant past
 With less of self-convicting shame than you;
 Still, an impartial glance upon it cast
 Might find some flaws, if few.

"I told you so!" may suit the shrewish tongue
 Of sour Xanthippe given to needless nagging;
 But in your mouth, though eloquently flung,
 The burthen sounds like bragging.

Besides, the stream flows on, the scene has changed;
 The parallels you draw, JOHN, lack precision;
 You scarcely see how far the world has ranged,
 For all your subtle vision.

There is an ancient, if a homely, saying,
 Which tells us "Circumstances alter cases."
 Think of it, while complacently surveying
 That sturdiest of faces.

Present and Past, though drifting to one goal,
 May be less like than Thames to fair Ilyssus.
 Why waste your force and fervour in the rôle
 Of elderly Narcissus?

REAL BRITISH INTERESTS.

To bear in mind that if "Peace at any price" is imbecility at its weakest, "War at any price" is imbecility at its wickedest.

To take it for granted that Russia can hardly be at one and the same time the most short-sighted of idiots and the most far-sighted of plotters, a penniless bankrupt and the possessor of a 'Fortunatus' purse, the most formidable of giants and the most contemptible of pigmies.

To learn, from the history of the Crimean War, what happens when H.M.S. *Britannia* is allowed to drift, instead of being steered.

To read up the *Life of Lord Beaconsfield*, and learn its lessons.

To teach Home-Rulers that England's difficulty is not Ireland's opportunity, however Ireland's importunity may be England's difficulty.

To discount Stock Exchange patriotism.

To be deaf to the beefy bray of the Music Halls.

Not to take the Ass in the Lion's Skin for the Lion.

To avoid the bark that has no bite behind it.

To realize the cost of a war—direct and indirect—in men and money, misery and demoralisation.

To read up the panics of the last century, and measure their foundations by the light of history.

To bear in mind that if the counsels of the loudest clamourers for British honour and British *prestige* had been followed the last half-century would have seen us at war with France, Germany, and the United States.

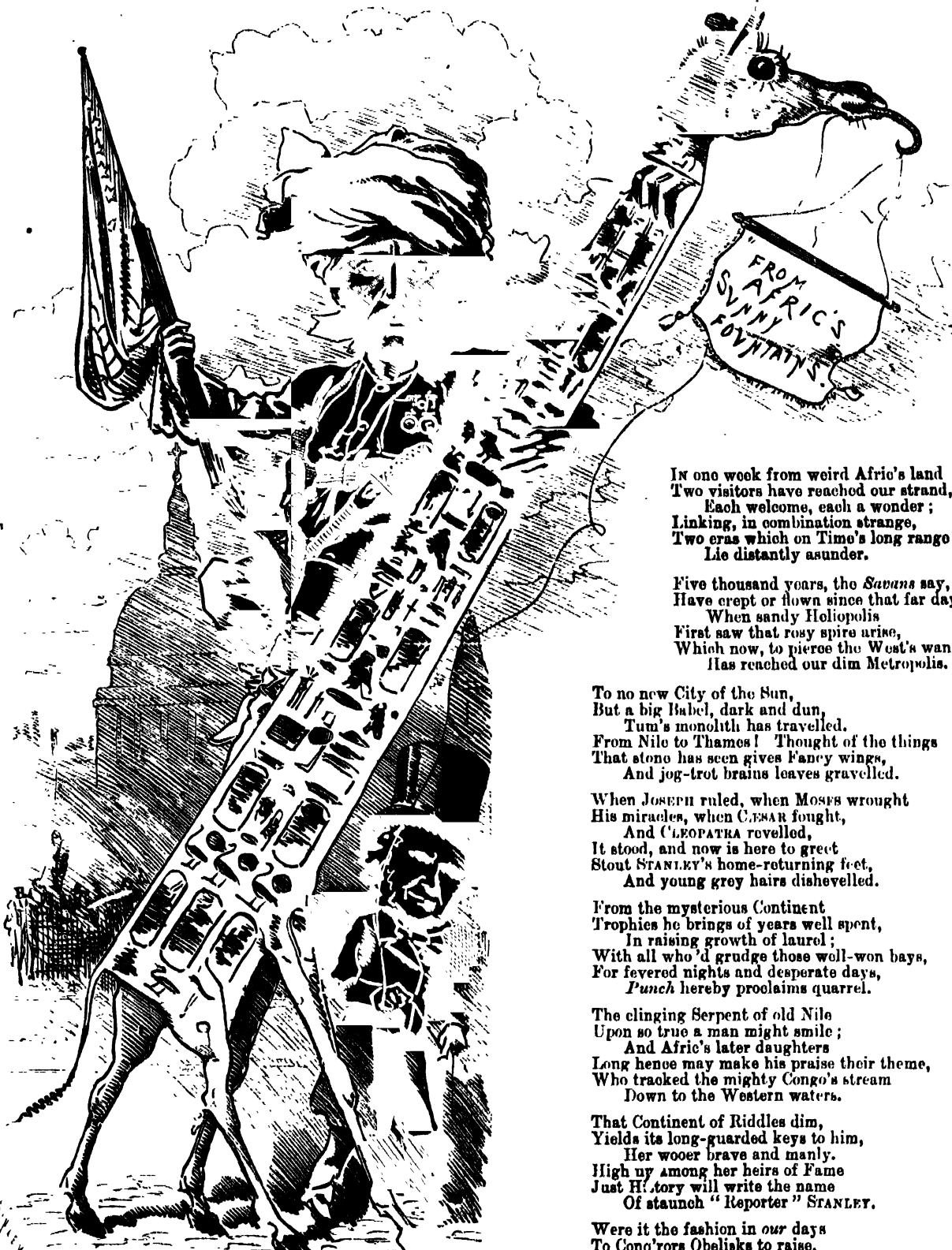
To remember that for a wise people the sword should be the last, instead of the first, tool to be taken for cutting a knot.

To look the fact in the face, that those who most "want to fight" are those who have the least to lose by it, and who will have to bear the least of its brunt and its burdens.

To be fair and fearless, just and dignified.

In one word—to follow the counsels of that best of advisers,
Mr. Punch.

FROM AFRICA.



In one week from weird Afric's land,
Two visitors have reached our strand,
Each welcome, each a wonder;
Linking, in combination strange,
Two eras which on Time's long range
Lie distantly asunder.

Five thousand years, the *Savans* say,
Have crept or flown since that far day
When sandy Heliopolis
First saw that rosy spire arise,
Which now, to pierce the West's wan skies,
Has reached our dim Metropolis.

To no new City of the Sun,
But a big Babel, dark and dun,
Tum's monolith has travelled.
From Nile to Thames! Thought of the things
That stone has seen gives Fancy wings,
And jog-trot brains leaves gravelled.

When JOSEPH ruled, when MOSES wrought
His miracles, when CÆSAR fought,
And CLEOPATRA revelled,
It stood, and now is here to greet
Stout STANLEY's home-returning feet,
And young grey hairs dishevelled.

From the mysterious Continent
Trophies he brings of years well spent,
In raising growth of laurel;
With all who'd grudge those well-won bays,
For fevered nights and desperate days,
Punch hereby proclaims quarrel.

The clinging Serpent of old Nile
Upon so true a man might smile;
And Afric's later daughters
Long hence may make his praise their theme,
Who tracked the mighty Congo's stream
Down to the Western waters.

That Continent of Riddles dim,
Yields its long-guarded keys to him,
Her wooer brave and manly.
High up among her heirs of Fame
Just History will write the name
Of staunch "Reporter" STANLEY.

Were it the fashion in our days
To Cong'rors Obelisks to raise,
No Thothmes known to story,
So well deserved sky-piercing stone,
As PARK laid in his grave unknown,
BRUCE, BURTON, GRANT, SPEKE, LIVINGSTONE,
And STANLEY's crowning glory!



TRIUMPH OF ART.

"AND NOW, MA'AM, I HOPE THAT 'LL P'LAZE YE; SHURE THERE'S NIVER A SOUL AS WOULD THINK IT WAS YOUR OWN HAIR!"

STRIKING HOME.

(A Social Sketch for whom it most concerns.)

SCENE—A Vista of public and other buildings in course of erection, in the centre of which a Genial Contractor is discovered finishing a simple sum in short addition. Watching him with interest, right and left, several British Delegates. In the background a crowd of enlightened Continental, Asiatic, and other Foreigners, accompanied by Enterprising Agents.

Genial Contractor (putting down his slate with an amiable smile). It comes out as I stated, my worthy fellows. Allowing myself the handsome profit of a quarter per cent., and incurring all risks, I can, I find, just afford to pay the Masons one shilling and tenpence halfpenny the hour. The sum is not large, I grant you, and will barely admit of your living in the style of Government Clerks—still it will be regularly forthcoming, as you are aware. What says our Delegate?

First B. D. Well, Sir, it's just what we supposed would happen when we saw you try it on with figures. But as we can't take a farthing less than thirteen and ninepence, and a three-hours' day—which doesn't give us £500 a-year, you see—we won't detain you any longer. Perhaps you would like to speak with some of our foreign brethren, of whom we perceive a number in the neighbourhood. They might be able to assist you.

Genial Contractor. Thank you very much for the suggestion. Contractors are but Contractors—and, at any rate, we will see what this Enterprising Agent has to say on the subject.

Enterprising Agent (stepping forward). You require, I believe, seven hundred first-class Stone-masons prepared to set to work immediately at a twelve-hours' day? (The Genial Contractor smiles assent.) Just so. We can supply you with the very thing you require from Hong-Kong. (Introducing a gang of Celestials, yellow-skinned, long-tailed, and with pig-eyes set obliquely.) You will find them patient, industrious, and sober—at the rate of threepence an hour.

Genial Contractor. Indeed! Then I will cheerfully engage them all for not less than five years, if, by so doing, I am not wounding the susceptibilities of our excellent but scrupulous Operatives.

First B. D. Not in the least, Sir, I assure you. All our agitation for the last few years has been directed but to this end.

Genial Contractor (earnily). After that assurance, I don't see why, since the Carpenters and Joiners cannot conscientiously accept the highest rate of remuneration I am able to offer them, the Enterprising Agent should not assist me here also?

Second B. D. Don't hesitate, Sir, for a moment. Don't think of us. On the contrary, we shall consider that a glorious day has indeed dawned when there isn't a single British-made door or window-frame in the three kingdoms.

Genial Contractor (shaking him by the hand, with emotion). Excuse a simple Contractor's feelings—but I have long suspected your heroic purpose. It is at once touching and magnificent. (To Enterprising Agent.) You have provided for this?

Enterprising Agent (introducing five hundred intellectual Japanese Carpenters). Amply. Here you have all you require, at one-ninth the cost. Five thousand of them will follow next week, and their wives and families the week after. The whole trade will pass into their hands.

Third B. D. But surely, in the midst of so much good fortune, ~~we~~—the Plumbers and Glaziers—are not to be disappointed? We cannot keep up our Club subscriptions on what our employers offer us. Are not we too to have the satisfaction of seeing our humble but useful occupation transferred to other hands?

Enterprising Agent (bringing forward a crowd of cultivated cannibals). For good! Here is an admirable race, whose only weak point is their hereditary proclivity.—but that, no doubt, a kindly Police will look to! They are, however, game to work three hours for a penny.

Genial Contractor (overcome). This is too much! Excuse this emotion. I shall at last be able to pay my butcher's bill, and enjoy my glass of dinner sherry on Sundays. (Shaking the three Generous British Delegates warmly by the hand.) Thank you, thank you a thousand times. A festive life opens before me.

First B. D. (hushily). Not another word, Sir. If our little plan to ease your difficulty in our respective trades has happily succeeded—

Second B. D. So happily that we are now about to start for Timbuctoo, Fiji, and other more primitive, and we hope, remunerative shores—

Third B. D. It is because, while striking generally on every possible occasion, we have at last managed—

Genial Contractor (taking their hands). To strike home!

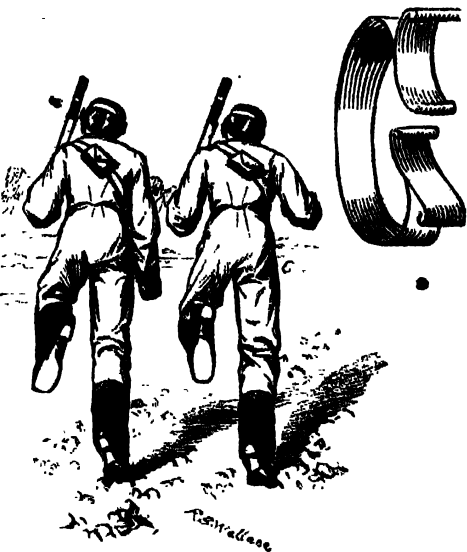
[General war-dance. British Workmen and Enlightened Foreigners set to (on) each other as the Curtain falls.]

Gross Want of Architectural Appreciation.

SOME ass writes to the papers to suggest that chains should be hung from the mouths of the lions' heads along the Embankment, so that people who tumble into the water may have something to lay hold of. The idiot! What is to become of the effect of the river front of the Embankment? As if a few dozen lives in the course of the year were worth setting against that! What are life-preservers in comparison with eyesores?

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN LEADERS IN THE PRESS AND IN PARLIAMENT.—One does the tall talk; the other the singing small.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?



REAT excitement in military circles.

Mr. Punch has reasons to believe that in anticipation of the grant of £8,000,000 for putting the Empire in a thorough state of defence—

A contract has been accepted for giving a new coat of paint to the two Sentry-boxes mounted over the War Office kitchen area.

An additional yard of gold lace will immediately be added to the uniforms of the Defeaters.

The Musicians, used by the Bands of the

Guards in the Court-yard of St. James's Palace, will be thoroughly repaired.

The Mortars, used for firing off salutes in St. James's Park will be rifled, and a store of blank ammunition will be formed at the Horse Guards.

Three new chargers will be added to all the Line Cavalry regiments.

Colonels of Militia will be furnished with revolvers.

The kit of a recruit in future will include a clay pipe and a tobacco-pouch. These additions are intended to stimulate recruiting in the mining districts.

A new uniform Button will be introduced in the High regiments.

The Royal Welsh Fusiliers will be presented with another G.

The 1st Royal Scots will be furnished with a set of Bagpipes, on the condition that the Piper never plays on them within three miles of the two-mile radius.

The spike on the new Regulation Helmets will be lengthened one-eighth of an inch.

The Household Cavalry will receive steel gauntlets, to be worn with their cuirasses, so useful in a modern charge.

Flower-beds will be laid out round some of the non-commissioned officers' huts at Aldershot.

A small retaining fee will be paid to the Penny Steamboat Company, so that the fleet of that association may be available in case of need for transporting troops from Gravesend to Gallipoli.

Captains of the Royal Navy will be furnished (free of charge) with plumes to be worn in their cocked hats on the QUEEN'S Birthday.

A new Flag will be supplied to Greenwich Hospital.

The Coastguard Stations on the East of England will be white-washed.

A new steam-launch, for the use of the Lords of the Admiralty, will be moored at Maidenhead.

The Militia will be supplied with gloves, and the Volunteers with comforters.

The remainder of the Vote, not expended as above, or in any other way that may be deemed best by the Government, will be returned into the Exchequer by the 1st of April.

ONLY TOO PROBABLE.

We are assured that the Cabinet is "at one within itself." Not a doubt of it—the "one" is Lord BEACONSFIELD.

A TALK BY THIRLMERE.

"The Corporation of Manchester has decided to apply to Parliament, in the Session of 1878, for power to convert one of the most beautiful of the English Lakes into a Reservoir."—Opening Paragraph of the Statement of the Thirlmere Defence Association.

SCENE—Thirlmere by night, in the neighbourhood of the "Rock of Nomes," inscribed with the Initials of SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, ROBERT SOUTHEY, and WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.*

Present—The Lady of the Lake, Three Shades, and PUNCH.

Lady of the Lake (addressing PUNCH). To you we make appeal!

Your potent voice

Prevails among the living.

Punch. I rejoice

To lift it in so sweet a lady's cause.

First Shade. No note more wins Elysium's applause,
Not lavishly bestowed in these cold days,
When Pluto from Apollo hears the lays.

Punch. Not always, mighty Shade. But this indeed
Appears a case in which the God of Greed
Would rob the Sun-God.

Second Shade. May Kehama's Curse
Light on their sordid souls!

Third Shade. Though much averse
To commination, be the Engineers
Accursed that profane our holy Meres!

First Shade. More ruthless than my Mariner, who slew
The blameless bird, must be the callous crew
Who'd unthroned Beauty in her holiest shrine,
And break her charm ethereal as benign.

Lady of the Lake. And not content to drink, the fount they'd spoil.
The dusty throats of the swart sons of toil
Were welcome to the largesse of my lake.

Third Shade. But there's a finer thirst which men may slake
In these clear waters; if you dry the founts
Which quench it, plump Municipal accounts,
And all the craft of a mechanic day,
Are impotent its cravings to allay.

First Shade. Beauty may not be weighed with beam and scale;
Nor can you mete its worth, nor tell by tale;
Nor with the measuring rod its compass gauge.
The sunbeam of a long forgotten age,

*This rock will be submerged, if the Manchester Embanking Scheme be carried out.

More fleeting than the leaves on which it played,
Lives when the Mammoth is to dust decayed.
From its black-diamond dungeon loosed at last,
It keeps Trade's myriad furnaces in blast.

Second Shade. That e'en an Engineer should understand!

Third Shade. Beauty, God's blessed dower to our dear land,
Is each man's charge; patriot or poet, seer
Or son of trade, artist or engineer,
All should maintain it as a treasured need,
Not to be drawn on save at utmost need.

Punch. Which here is not made out, or I'd hold back
The fervour of my *baton's* sounding thwack.
We love our Lakes. They form a glorious wealth
Which Corporations, Local Boards of Health,
Cannot confer, and shall not snatch away.
We treasure, too, great Triad—Punch may say
Even in presence of your honoured shades—
The ways which once you trod. These glens and glades
Are sacred, in a sense which none need fear
Freely to own to e'en an Engineer.

This stone (pointing to the "Rock of Nomes") which they'd
submerge we value more
Than all the boulders which upon the shore
Improved by an embankment they would drop,
"Artistically scattered," as a sop
To outraged taste. Artistically? Trash!
We trust no earthwork of creative Cash
Nature to mend, no Engineer would thank
For banking Thirlmere to a monster tank.
A hideous foreshore, graced with Cookney grots,
Straight roads, squared slopes! These are not boons but
blots.

Nay, canny Cottonopolis, your plan,
Though by your Bishop blest, Punch grieves to ban.
Your water-wants you must supply elsewhere,
And for your greed of cash, that's not our care.
Nor will we spoil our lakes to sluice your City,
Or please a Vandal Water-works Committee.

Lady of the Lake. Thanks! We may safely leave our cause to you.

First Shade. Adieu, right-hearted Sage!

Second Shade.

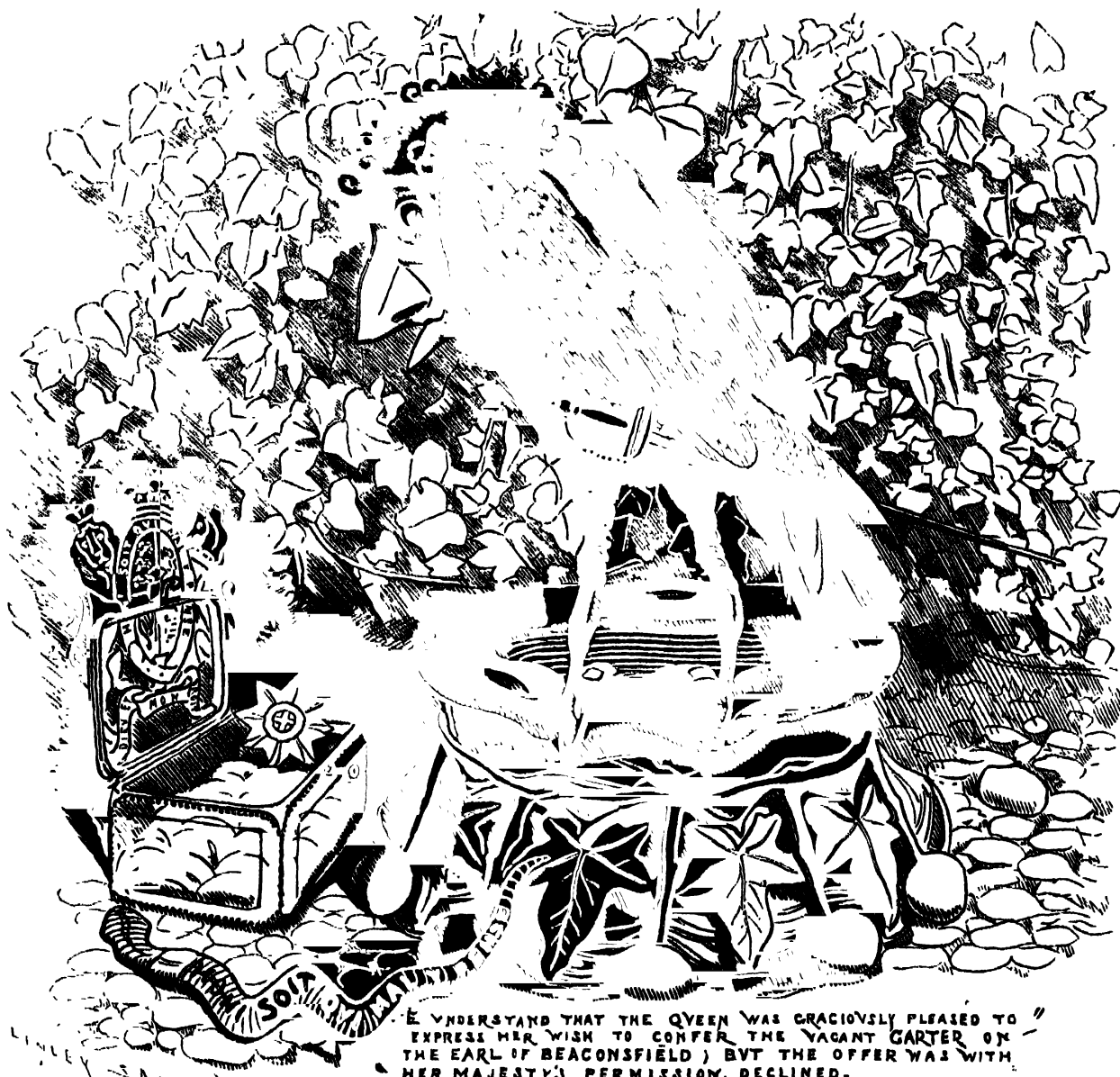
Adieu!

Third Shade.

Adieu!

[They vanish, leaving PUNCH alone, and resolute to plead the cause of Thirlmere v. Manchester.]

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



WE UNDERSTAND THAT THE QUEEN WAS GRACIOUSLY PLEASED TO EXPRESS HER WISH TO CONFER THE VACANT CARTER ON THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD; BUT THE OFFER WAS WITH HER MAJESTY'S PERMISSION, DECLINED.

THE TIMES, JAN 30, 1878

AN anxious week for all right-hearted, and clear-headed Englishmen. Government has turned a Vote of Credit which it is impossible to refuse into a Vote of Confidence which it is impossible to feel.

Monday (Lords, January 28th).—After some maundering over the treaties of 1856 from Lord STRATHEDEN AND CAMPBELL, followed by a Resolution, Lord DERBY, on Lord GRANVILLE's invitation, explained, that having tendered his resignation on the Fleet being ordered into the Dardanelles, he had recalled it, on the recall of the ships. It was not a time for any man to run from his post as long as he could stick to it. As to the noble Lord's insistence on the treaties of 1856, he did not see how we could have interfered to give effect to those treaties, except by going to war. He deprecated an abstract Resolution. (Ah, my Lord, if the "abstract" and the "rash" were the only forms of resolution you deprecated!)

After a peppery speech from Lord DORCHESTER, the previous question was carried without a division. (Was there ever one feels inclined to ask—any question previous to this interminable Eastern one?)

(Commons.)—The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER (OLIVER TWIST asking for more) put in a demand for Six Millions, but declined to say how the money was to be spent. It wasn't even

certain it would be spent at all. If it wasn't, the surplus would be handed back to the Exchequer by the 31st of March. (Why not the 1st of April? Better day, better deed.) As to the war, bases of peace were said to have been agreed to, but nobody knew anything of them officially; no armistice had been signed, and the Russians were still advancing. (In fact, "Shuffle off" represented the Russians in Turkey as SHOUVAKOFF in England.) Unofficially we were told that Bulgaria, Bosnia, Herzegovina, and the other Christian provinces of Turkey, were to be made autonomous under Christian Governors. (*Opposition cheers.*) Roumania, Serbia (*Government groans*), and Montenegro to be independent. (*Renewed cheers from the Opposition.*) Then, there was to be an indemnity in money or territory, and finally, an understanding about the Straits (and a misunderstanding, too, it seems. Mr. LAYARD had telegraphed that the Straits question was to be settled between a Congress and Russia. On the receipt of this satisfactory assurance the Fleet was recalled. But then came a correction of the telegram. The settlement was to be between the "SULTAN and Russia." That was another pair of shoes. But it did not seem that the Southerland of the Fleet, founded on the blunder, had been countermanded on its correction.) He did not call these "moderate terms." The key-stone of South Eastern Europe was to be torn from its place.



AN UNTIMELY EXPOSE.

He would call for her the first Primrose of the Year, in memory of their early loves!

She. "HECTOR! HECTOR! DON'T STOOP! HERE ARE THE DE LARKINSES COMING UP THE GARDEN!"

[It was the nearest match we had in Tweeds!]

(*Opposition, sotto voce:* Why not, when the keystone is too rotten to hold together longer either the archway of the Porte, or all that has been built up about it?) The Fleet had not been ordered to Constantinople by way of war-menace or demonstration, but merely to keep the water-way open, and to protect the Christians in Stamboul. There would have to be a Conference to settle points of general European interest. England must go into that Conference with the strength of a united nation at her back—and these Six Millions in her pockets—just to show the country's confidence in the Government. (Very neatly put, Sir STAFFORD. This way of asking is familiar to the Police Courts. They call it there "the Confidence Trick." See our Cartoon.)

Mr. BRIGHT did not think shotguns and loaded revolvers the best equipment for peace negotiation. Mr. GLADSTONE had come down to discuss a military vote, not a vote of confidence, and declined doing so at twenty-four hours' notice. After a little desultory crowing and sparring from Lord R. MONTAGU, Sir R. PEEL, Mr. C. DENISON, and Sir W. HARCOURT, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, on Lord HARTINGTON's appeal, agreed to adjourn the debate till Thursday.

(House broke up much perplexed, right and left—"Why don't he tell us what the money's for?" "Can't refuse the vote, you know, without upsetting the Government." "Wish we could trust all of 'em as well as we can DERRY." "They're surely never going to be mad enough to thrust their fingers into the mess now?" "The Turks will be cock-a-hoop again." "They want to find out how the British cat jumps. That's what the Armistice is sticking for," &c., &c., &c. General upshot: out-and-out supporters of the Government ready to vote anything; sensible ditto, annoyed at having to vote Six Millions for they don't know what to a Cabinet that doesn't know its own mind two days together, and the head of which the party don't trust. Opposition vexed at having to oppose a vote which they believe to be unnecessary, and feel to be impolitic, but which yet they would deem it their duty not to resist if good grounds for it can be shown, and which they know is safe to be carried whether good grounds for it are shown or not.)

Tuesday (Lords).—Lord ELMY inquisitive about Greece, the settlement of Bashi-Bazonks and Circassians in Macedonia and Thessaly, and consequent outrages on the Hellenic Christians, and alleged pressure put on Greece to prevent her from taking part in the war against Turkey.

Lord DERRY admitted that Circassians had been settled in Macedonia, where, no doubt, they had behaved "as is their nature to." We had remonstrated with the Porte, and the Porte had treated our remonstrances as it usually does—i.e., with complete indifference. At the same time, when the Turks had their hands full of their own troubles, they could hardly be expected to pay much attention to outlying atrocities. Besides, these atrocities had most likely been exaggerated, as atrocities were apt to be. As to pressure, we had merely advised the Greeks to keep out of the mess, or it might be worse for them. (Altogether, Greece and Greek complaints, and sympathisers with them, had a very cooling Derby-douche administered to them. Why can't they lie quiet, like the wanton eels in the frying-pan? They ought to be used to it by this time.)

(*Commons.*)—A very miscellaneous off-night, spent over a queer hotchpotch; Convicts at Spike Island; Crete; the late Sergeant MACARTHY; the Eastern Question (put, this time, by Dr. KENNEL, who wanted to learn, but didn't, whether the Government knew anything, and what, about an offensive and defensive alliance and arrangements for the partition of the Ottoman Empire among the three Emperors; use of the British Flag by the intrepid African traveller, Mr. STANLEY—(*Punch* salutes him); Small-pox in the Isle of Man; the Armistice (Mr. CHAPLIN anxious for news of it, the Government as much in the dark as everybody else); the Election of Verderers in the New Forest; the Caffre Outbreak; the Lancashire and Yorks. Water Supply v. Thirlmere; the Dunkeld-bridge Tolls, (where Mr. O'DONNELL has taken up to show that his great mind can include Scottish wrongs as well as Irish grievances, and which led to a neat little rally between the Member for Dunggarn and the sturdy junior Member for Glasgow); and, finally, Mr. ANDERSON's much-wanted Bill for putting down the intolerable nuisance of the so-called Suburban "Race Meetings," which are, in

reality, musters of unmitigated blackguards, low legs, drunken roughts, and all their kindred spawn of Metropolitan vice, profligacy, and evil living and doing.

The Bill was resisted by Mr. R. POWER—less power to his elbow!—Mr. J. LOWTHER, and Mr. CHAPLIN, in the much-abused name of "sport." They claimed, for the Jockey Club, the exclusive right of dealing with the nuisance by their rules—under which, N.B., the evil has grown-up unchecked.

Sir H. SELWYN IBBETSON, for the Government, admitted that these meetings tended immensely to degrade racing, while they do an almost incalculable amount of injury in the neighbourhood of the Metropolis. He was rejoiced to find that the racing "authorities" had at last woke up (*query*) to the fact that they could and should put a stop to these disreputable and demoralising gatherings, and was willing, of course, as became a Conservative Under-Secretary, to wait and see if they took action. If they didn't, a Bill would be necessary.

Sir H. JAMES thought a Bill was necessary now, as he doubted if the Jockey Club had either the power or the will to do anything. Those who took a legitimate interest in horse-racing did not support such meetings, which degraded, instead of amusing, the populace, and were more sinks for the foulest dregs of the London slums.

Second Reading was carried, rather to the surprise of the sporting Members, by 84 to 82. Would the majority had been ten times as many!

The House was Counted Out on the Bill introduced by Mr. HUTCHINSON (but, in fact the Bill of six hundred provincial newspaper proprietors of all shades of opinion), for amending the Law of Libel, by protecting *bona fide* reports of public meetings from action or criminal prosecution. Mr. NEWDEGATE opposed the Bill. It would make speakers liable on reports of their speeches. And how had he been reported!

Here the Count was moved, and the forty not being found, *caecidit questio*. How could the House be expected to attend to such a trifling matter, after the exciting discussion on the Dunkeld Tolls and the Kingsbury "Gato Meetings"?

Wednesday.—Second Reading of Mr. ASHLEY's Bill for allowing prisoners to be examined in their own defence. The present rule stops innocent mouths, and helps guilt to a cover, but it has always been the rule. Reason good, with most lawyers, for not altering it. Legal opinion, we are glad to find, was divided; the weight of wigs—Mr. RUSSELL GURNEY, Sir HENRY JAMES, Mr. FORSYTH, Sir G. BOWYER, and Mr. MITCHELL HENRY, with Dr. KENNEL—without his wig—for; Mr. SERJEANT SIMON, and Messrs. RODWELL, HERSCHULL, PAGET, and WHEELHOUSE, against.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL, after half an hour's elaborate see-sawing between *pro* and *con.*, suggested a Select Committee, to which Mr. ASHLEY was willing to agree, but a division being forced, Second Reading was carried, evidently against the mover's hope, by 185 to 76, so powerfully did the lay-sense sense of the House back its best legal judgment. But the Bill is to be referred to a Select Committee; let us hope for improvement, not emasculation. If the Session gives us this *one* instalment of legal reform, it will have justified its early convocation.

Thursday.—A night which may prove memorable in the history of England, if not of Europe. Ushered in by a rather exciting scene in the *Lords*, the Duke of ARGYLL *protagonist*, in which, *à propos* of the Earl of PEMBROKE's question whether in the forthcoming negotiations for peace the British Government would insist on protection of the lives and property of Mussulmans in European Turkey, the Duke reminded their Lordships, of what seems a good deal in danger of being forgotten, the general character of Moslem rule, and the treatment of Christians by their Moslem rulers for the last twenty years. He found ample materials for his indictment in the last-issued Blue Book of Consular Reports.

LORD STANLEY OF ALDERLEY wondered we had not sent SCHOUVALOFF his passport. The Duke of BUCCLEUCH thought, as between Turkish and Bulgarian "atrocities," it was six of one and half-a-dozen of the other. Earl FORTESCUE believed Turkish administration had been improved, Turkish misdeeds exaggerated. Lord RIVON regretted that the Bear had been left to do work the Lion should have joined him in; and Lord DERRY, in replying on the whole case, was delivered of a whole series of his most indisputable copyheads, and administered one of his usual douches all round on strong statements in praise and blame, and high-raised hopes either way. "As between Turks and Russians a good deal might be said on both sides." "When you try to set things right by war, you risk causing greater evils than you cure." "Distress produces pressure, and pressure discontent, and discontent rebellion, and rebellion atrocity." "If we had a power of interference, it was limited, and inconvenient to carry out." "The noble Duke asks us to secure good government for Christians. We are bound to do our best to secure good government for Christian and Moslem alike." All common-places indisputable, most tolerable and not to be endured.

(*Commons*).—After a preliminary canter over questions impatiently

heard and briefly disposed of, Mr. W. E. FORSTER, on motion for going into Committee of Supply, rose to move—

"That this House, having been informed in Her Majesty's gracious Speech that the conditions on which Her Majesty's neutrality is founded had not been infringed by either belligerent engaged in the war in the East of Europe, and having since received no information sufficient to justify a departure from the policy of neutrality and peace, sees no reason for adding to the burdens of the people by voting unnecessary supplies."

The Opposition was as ready as the Government to do their duty to their constituents and their country. But he felt it his duty to protest against voting this money till he knew how and why it is to be spent. Where were the "unexpected occurrences" which were to justify "preparation of precautions?" Are the terms of peace unsatisfactory? Not to the Opposition. As to the demands for autonomy and independence, they are such as ought to be granted, if the horrors and sacrifices of war are to bear fruit. As to the Straits, the Russians have just declared they are to be dealt with by the Powers collectively, and may be left out of the bases of peace altogether. If the Armistice is delayed may not that be the fault of the Turks as much as the Russians? You say the vote is wanted to give England weight in the negotiations. The one man to whom such an idea could have occurred is he who believed that the encroachments of Russia in Asia could be stopped by an empty title. As for confidence in the Government, on what is it to be based—their recent vacillations? and in whom is it to be placed—Lord DERRY or Lord BEACONSFIELD? True, Lord DERRY had come back, but Lord CARNARON had not, and his presence in the Cabinet was our best guarantee against *coup de théâtre*, and acts of recklessness. To order the Fleet into the Dardanelles, we contend, was a violation of neutrality, and might well have led to war. You have ordered it back again, yet you still press for the Six Millions. Permanent Russian occupation of Constantinople has been solemnly disclaimed, and is admitted to be a European interest. Temporary occupation is a right of conquest, and not a *casus belli*.

"Then there is the interest of the good government and the better government of the people of Turkey—the interest of the freedom of the Christian subjects of the Porte from the cruel bond and the senseless tyranny which until it ceases makes that European peace impossible which, as Lord DERRY rightly stated, is the chief interest of England. (*Hear!*) Let them declare in favour of this interest, and they will need no sham vote of confidence, but they will have the enthusiastic support of a united people, and there will be an end of party differences."

Mr. CROSS, in reply, was more cross than usual. He denied that there is a "war-party." He denied that this was a "sham-estimate." He denied that this was a vote of confidence. The Government have never swerved from the dispatch of the sixth of May. They have given no encouragement to Turkey. If they had meant to help Turkey, they must have been fools to wait till she is on her back. (*"Hear, hear!" from the Opposition.*) "We sent the Fleet to protect English subjects in Constantinople, and we recalled it because Mr. LAYARD told us the terms of peace were accepted." (How do you reconcile that with Sir STAFFORD's explanation, Mr. CROSS?) "Nothing has been since heard of their acceptance; the delegates are dumb; and the Russians are advancing. The Treaty of Paris gives us a *locus standi* in settling the terms of peace, not as between Russia and the Turks, but as between the signatories of the Treaty. In that settlement the voice of England must be heard as a united nation. We do not want to go to war. Our object is to secure as speedily as possible, a complete, a satisfactory, and a lasting peace." (Mr. CROSS's speech was a cross, divided between peace and war, party per pale.)

Sir WILFRID LAWSON meant to oppose the Vote to the last. The man who, in a quarrel, shook his fist in your face was a bully. The man who shook his purse in your face was a snob. The Vote was a war-vote, and nothing else, and should not be taken without a dissolution. The country was for peace by an overwhelming majority.

Mr. HARDCASTLE thought that loaded guns and shotted revolvers were better things to go into a Conference with than broad-brimmed hats and umbrellas.

Mr. LAING maintained that all the points covered by the dispatch of the sixth of May were out of danger. The continuance of Turkish rule at Constantinople had become impossible.

"The decay of Turkey rendered her powerless to suppress chronic revolt; her institutions and religion rendered reform impossible; and the English conscience was awakened to the sin and disgrace of supporting her. Stronger than any consideration of policy or interest was the deep conviction of what was right. That mainly compelled us to abolish the slave trade, and in this case deterred us from upholding the degrading barbarism of a Power which had devastated provinces that flourished under Roman and Byzantine rule as much as if they had experienced a great geological change. They had been withered by the burning blast or the icy breath of Turkish mis-rule, until their condition justified the boast that the grass ceased to grow where the Turkish horse trod. Yet for the Power and the rule which had produced these results it was proposed to obtain 'the most favourable terms,' which meant the least favourable for the oppressed subjects. As a strong and independent Government, it had collapsed beyond revival by the blind rejection

of our advice; and could it be our intention to bolster up the remains of this wretched empire?"

Set up Greece at Constantinople as an enlarged and guaranteed Power, and establish strong autonomous States round her. After first ordering the Fleet to Constantinople, and so forcing Lord CAMARVON and Lord DERBY to resign, and then recalling it, to get Lord DERBY back again, the Government had not the confidence of the country. If they doubted this, let them appeal to it.

Sir JOHN HAY was all for the Vote.

Mr. E. NOEL was strong against it. He wanted some security that this money would not be used to rivet the Turkish yoke on the neck of her oppressed subjects.

Mr. BERESFORD HOPE severely rebuked everybody, and appealed from agitators to statesmen. He trusted the debate would give the Government such a majority that it might go to the Conference in a Court Dress.

Mr. BRIGHT maintained, in the teeth of the HOME SECRETARY, that there were two voices in the Cabinet, but still the Government were to be admired for having brought the country thus far without war, in spite of some of their noisy supporters in Parliament and the Press. But why should England be preparing to throw her sword into the scale when the warring nations are returning theirs to their scabbards? The parties to a war should be the parties to the peace which ends it. This war is to liberate oppressed Turkish subjects. Said Mr. BRIGHT:—

"Sir, no man in this country laments more than I do, or has grieved more than I have, over the lamentable calamities and bloodshed of this war. I know not that they are greater than those that have happened in other wars; but now we have from day to day, through the wonderful omnipresence of the Press, almost every transaction performed, as it were, before our eyes. But whatever be those calamities, however great this suffering, however much this bloodshed, however the cry of agony has gone up to Heaven during these last months from those ensanguined fields, let us not reject, if it is offered to us,

whatever compensation can possibly be given to the people who have endured these sufferings. ('Hear, hear!') I should say that the more terrible has been the cost of the war, the more our hearts have been stirred up by listening to those details, the more we should rejoice if by the power and statesmanship of Russia, by the consent of the Powers of Europe, a larger and larger area of European territory be included in that great salvation from Turkish rule. The Government of this country ought to declare—and the time is not far distant, I believe, when they will declare it—it is now pretty much the mind of the people of England—that we have no interest in any longer taking any step whatever to maintain the Ottoman rule in Europe, and that we have no interest in maintaining a perpetual enmity with Russia. (Cheers.) There are two policies before us—an old policy which, if we leave it to our children, will be a legacy of future wars; a new policy which I contend for and which I preach, and by the adoption of which we shall leave to our country, not a legacy of war, but a legacy of peace and of a growing and lasting friendship with one of the greatest empires in the world. (Loud cheers.)"

After this, it was not easy for Lord SANDON, or Mr. HERSCHKE, or Mr. GREENE, to get the ear of the House, and the night ended by Mr. TREVELYAN's moving the adjournment of the debate.

Friday.—We must compress to-night's Essence into the smallest bulk. Hammer and tongs—Turcophobe and Turcophil—were wielded another night through by Messrs. TREVELYAN, LOWE (who condensed his counsel to Government into the pithy three words, "Muzzle your Prime Minister"); Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN (who anticipated Mr. Punch in his dictation:—

"The British Fleet, with twenty thousand men, Steamed up the Dardanelles, and then steamed down again.")

Mr. CARTWRIGHT, Mr. P. J. SMYTH (who spoke in a style at once eloquent, impressive, and generous, which he might well say he felt to be "little to the taste of the House"—more shame for it), and Mr. GOSCHEN (in a strong and closely-linked argument) for the Opposition; and Sir R. PEEL, Sir J. KENNAWAY, Mr. BALFOUR, Mr. BARTINCK, Mr. BOURKE, and Sir M. HICKE-BEACH, for the Government. Mr. GLADSTONE was left in possession of the floor.

RIGHTS OR WRONGS?

(The Diary of a Female of the Future.)



MONDAY.—Just as I had settled my household work for the day I was called away to serve on a Jury, and had to remain in the Law Courts until the evening.

Tuesday.—Some riots having taken place in our neighbourhood, was forced to act as a Special Constable. Paraded the streets all day long in a state of constant alarm.

Wednesday.—Received a letter from my friend SUMER, who has heard that the Militia are to be called out. Visited her, and discovered that women, as citizens, are now liable to military service.

Thursday.—Had to attend an inquest as a Coroner's Jurymen. A very unpleasant duty indeed, as it was held upon

a person who had committed a most horrible suicide.

Friday.—Having failed to obey the orders of a County Court Judge, was locked up in prison for contempt. I owe this scrape to the extravagance of my husband—a man who will buy hats and coats, and who will not work for our living.

Saturday.—In deep tribulation. The Governor of the gaol is a female, and, as a matter of course, favours the male prisoners. Asked for a book, and was furnished with a work upon Roman Law. Cried myself to sleep over a passage which told me that no one could obtain the privileges of a citizen without accepting a citizen's duties and responsibilities. Oh, why did I give up the privileges of a real woman for the miseries of a mook man!

A DELICATE ATTENTION.

LATEST from Constantinople.—In order that the Turks in Europe may put in practice, without delay, the "bag and baggage policy," they are to be immediately supplied with "Gladstone Bags."

George Cruikshank.

BORN 1792.

DIED FEBRUARY 1, 1878.

ENGLAND is the poorer by what she can ill-spare—a man of genius. Good, kind, genial, honest, and enthusiastic GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, whose frame appeared to have lost so little of its wiry strength and activity, whose brain seemed as full of fire and vitality at four-score as at forty, has passed away quietly and painlessly after a few days' struggle. He never worked for *Punch*, but he always worked with him, putting his unwearying brain, his skill—in some forms of Art unrivalled—and his ever productive fancy, at the service of humanity and progress, good works, and good will to man. His object, like our own, was always to drive home truth and urge on improvement by the powerful forces of fun and humour, clothed in forms sometimes fanciful, sometimes grotesque, but never sullied by a foul thought, and ever dignified by a wholesome purpose.

His four-score and six years of life have been years of unintermitting labour, that was yet, always, labour of love. There never was a purer, simpler, more straightforward, or altogether more blameless man. His nature had something child-like in its transparency. You saw through him completely. There was neither wish nor effort to disguise his self-complacency, his high appreciation of himself, his delight in the appreciation of others, any more than there was to make himself out better, or cleverer, or more unselfish than his neighbours.

In him England has lost one who was, in every sense, as true a man as he was a rare and original genius, and a pioneer in the arts of illustration. It is gratifying to see the tributes of hearty recognition his death has called forth. It is a duty on *Punch's* part, as a soldier in the same army in which GEORGE CRUIKSHANK held such high rank so long, to add his wreath to the number already laid upon this brave old captain's grave.

RED AND BLUE.—The Marines look so blue over the new "Promotion and Retirement Scheme," that it has been proposed to christen them Ultra-Marines.

TASTES DIFFER.—Some military authorities in France object to the "*Marseillaise*" as a national song. Perhaps they would have liked the "*Maréchalaise*" better.

THE OLD MASTERS AT THE ACADEMY.

Guide, by a Young Master who knows very little about it, intended for those who know less. Resumed from where it left off last.

No. 83. *Portrait of Emma Harle, Lady Hamilton.* By GEORGE ROMNEY. "Who," says the Catalogue, "became well known from her friendship with Lord NELSON." "Friendship" is perhaps a mild term, but being a "ship" of some sort, intelligible in the case of Admiral Lord NELSON. In the distance is represented the sea: Lady HAMILTON is in meditative mood: she appears to be saying to herself, "In my mind's eye, HORATIO." This is a more pleasing picture than the same pretty subject treated in

No. 92. *Also Portrait of Emma Harle, Lady Hamilton.* By GEORGE ROMNEY—where the Artist seems to convey that Lady HAMILTON painted as well as he did, to judge by the colour of her lips and cheeks. "Oh! EMMA!" Poor Lord NELSON! you had indeed an eye, literally an eye, for the beautiful: and, with all your duty, honourably, and gallantly done to your country, we know where your Harle was.

No. 102. *Portrait of A MAN.* By REMBRANDT. Now, was the sitter for this a professional model, or was it some one who thought that his name would be handed down to posterity by REMBRANDT VAN RHYN? If the latter, who is he? ... A wonderful picture! Approach quite close; its touch is as broad as scene-painting: retire to the seat in the centre of the room, and from that distance it appears a highly-finished portrait.

No. 108. *Dorothea, Lady Lethbridge.* By GAINSBOROUGH, R.A. She seems to

have just remarked to somebody, "Don't annoy me, any of you, for I can say something cruelly cutting when I choose."

No. 110. *Portrait of a Flemish Gentleman.* By PETER PAUL RUBENS. In his life-time this man, in spite of his high civic station, had a great deal of the "ruff" about him! What a fortune his washerwoman must have made out of him! She could never have been badly off for soap, or starch.

No. 132. *Cymon and Iphigenia.* By Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A.

Lent by the QUEEN from Buckingham Palace. It is described as "The idiot clown, CYMON, suddenly inspired into love at the sight of IPHIGENIA," &c. It should have been "Simple CYMON in view of the Fair." But what a wicked little Cupid that is admitting the original Peeping Tom to a glimpse of Venus, *à la* GODIVA, reposing after her ride. The QUEEN has some nice pictures. Did the LORD CHAMBERLAIN choose any of them?



FOG FRIDAY, 18TH JAN.

Ethel. "WHAT SHALL WE DO, DEAR! IT'S QUITE TOO DARK TO SEE COLOURS AT MADAME ALDYGONDE'S."

Mabel (bright idea). "SUPPOSE WE DO THE OLD MASTERS!"

No. 133. The subject of this picture, by TINTORETTO, could never be guessed without a Catalogue. It appears to be somebody, in classic times, telling a good story by moonlight. It isn't; but for particulars refer to description in Catalogue.

No. 142. *Lady kneeling at an Altar.* PAOLO VERONESE. Characteristic subject for Paolo-over-on-knees to paint. But why the dog in the corner?

No. 149. *Portrait of a Youth.* By ANGELO BRONZINO. An effeminate but strictly proper young man, who appears to be saying, "Dear me! I really must turn my back on that extraordinarily indelicate person on the balcony. Where are the police?" Fancy any modern portrait-painter enlivening his subject in this eccentric manner. BRONZINO could do it in Italy, but where is Brass'eno to do it here?

No. 150. *Portrait of Mrs. Villebois.* By THOS. GAINSBOROUGH, R.A. One of Baron ABOMÉLIQUE'S wives, from the Blue Chamber. But what satin! Magnificent! And to think that this is but a canvas-backed duck after all!

No. 154. *Portrait of A MAN.* By FERDINAND BOL. "A man" indeed! A maudlin sottish idiot, that ought to be purchased by a Temperance Society, and exhibited as a portrait of a "Frightful Example." BOL did not choose a pleasant subject. If, for the nonce, he had signed

himself "Bowl," it would have been more appropriate.

No. 158. *Portraits of the Marchesa de Brignolè and Child.* By Sir ANTHONY VANDYCK. The title of this work should be "Hydrophobia." Observe the dog in a fit. The Marchesa is too frightened to move from her seat, and grasps the child's hand, at the same time murmuring something about "It won't hurt you, dear; don't be afraid."



“THE CONFIDENCE TRICK”!

—STAFFORD NATHAN (log.). “YOU HAND US OVER YOUR SIX MILLIONS—WE PUT IT UP SAFE FOR YOU, AND LET YOU HAVE IT AGAIN, OF COURSE—JUST TO SHOW YOUR CONFIDENCE IN US, DON'TYER-KNOW!!!”



OBLIGING!

Mistress. "MARY, HAS THAT PARCEL OF STATIONERY ARRIVED YET FROM THE STORES?"

Parlour-Maid. "NO, MA'AM. BUT I CAN LEND YOU A FEW SHEETS OF MY OWN NOTE-PAPER, IF YOU DON'T MIND USING MY MONNYGRAM!"

FIZZ AT EVENING PARTIES.

THE BISHOP OF MANCHESTER writes to the *Liverpool Daily Post*, explaining the assertion ascribed to him in a report of a recent Temperance Meeting, that, at balls where iced champagne is served at the buffet throughout the evening, "many a young Lady, no doubt, in the course of the night, finished her bottle." What he meant to say was only that, through accepting every invitation of her partner to liquor up, and so taking glass after glass of champagne of which being helped to conceal the strength—"she might almost finish a bottle in the course of the night, without being aware of the strength of the treacherous intoxicant." He fears that even this "statement savours somewhat of exaggeration, from which the advocacy of the cause of temperance has already suffered too much;" but to have expressed himself as the *Liverpool Daily Post's* report made him out, "would have been to cast a slur on the habits and character of our young Ladies, of which," says the gallant Bishop, "I should be sorry to be guilty."

No doubt; but in the case of a young Lady, with lots of partners, who, throughout an evening that begins at nine or ten at night, and ends at four in the morning, has been waltzing with short intervals, in a vitiated and heated atmosphere, to say that she "finished her bottle," would not, perhaps, be putting it at all too strong. Nor, perhaps, in the circumstances, would a bottle be a drop too much. That is to say, a bottle of champagne. A bottle of "fizz," merely calling itself champagne, is quite a different thing. It is to be feared that at the great majority of evening parties, the loudest young Lady, so far from finishing a bottle of champagne, has very rarely the chance of even beginning one.

SUFFRAGANS says there is one reason for a liberal supply of champagne or some other "intoxicant" at balls—"Nemo saltat sobrius." There would be no dancers at all, if there were not the means of screwing heads the right way.

"FINE FEATHERS MAKE FINE BIRDS."

(The Faker's Apology.)

"During the present hard times the sellers of birds in the London streets are sadly put to it to make a few shillings. . . . They make up common birds with bright crests and tails, and colour them, so that they appear new and most extraordinary creatures. The process of dressing the bird is called 'faking.' . . . These 'faked' birds are so artfully made up that they might occasionally deceive even connoisseurs in ornithology. . . . The bird once at home, and thoroughly settled down, begins to take his bath, and then, of course, the artificial colour and feathers vanish. In a few hours this valuable South American singing-bird is transformed into a common greenfinch, worth three shillings a dozen."—*Daily News*.

WELL, yessir, 'tis a hartful way;
But times is 'ard, and gettin' 'arder.
And honesty don't seem the lay
To fill a poor cove's larder.

"Best policy?" Ah, yes, I'm fly.
Parsons that bait from pulpits dangles.
But ain't there bigger swells as try
A policy of spangles?

A finch faked out in feathers fine
May draw a bob or two from green 'uns.
But Nobs has fakes as sharp as mine,
And I should say more mean 'uns.

Them chattering daws so smart and fair,
As plumes theirselves in "patriot" feathers,
Ain't the right sort to wash and wear,
And stand all sorts o' weathers.

Beakey's a showy bird, no doubt,
And one don't rank him 'mongst the silly 'uns;
But when I fakes a greenfinch out,
My figger ain't Six Millions.

If I fakes crests, why he fakes crowns;
If neither ain't quite worth the money,
To pay him quids and grudge me browns,
Strikes me as rayther funny.

Faked birds from South Ameriky,
Ain't wus than doublets cut in Ingy;
So to puff 'im and run down me
I holds unfair and stingy.

THE KHEDEVE'S LAST DODGE.

THAT coolest and craftiest of artful dodgers, the KHEDEVE, has just been trying on "a plant," which, for audacity and cuteness combined, tops anything even he has yet attempted. It being as good as proved that he has been robbing his own till, and so defrauding his creditors, an inquiry by the Frank Controller-General and Commissioners of the Public Debt into the exact state of the revenue, expenditure, and liabilities of Egypt, was thought to be imminent.

To block this, the KHEDEVE has issued a decree appointing a sham Commission of his own to inquire into the revenues of Egypt, but not including the Controller and Commissioners of Public Debt in the Commission, nor the liabilities and expenditure of the Egyptian Treasury in the subject matter of inquiry.

In other words he is parading a mock examination by his own creatures for his own roguish ends, as a means of staving off a genuine and full examination of his books by independent and competent accountants for the benefit of creditors. If monarchs could have their deserts, what would be the due of the KHEDEVE?

The poor SULTAN is being heavily punished for the sins of his forefathers. And here is this leech of old Nile allowed to fatten and cheat, and tyrannise with impunity, and when at last his creditors have managed, as they think, to get something like a hold over him, his whole energy and tricky cleverness are turned to find means of wriggling out of it. Luckily Egypt is once more the land of GOCHEN; and that intelligent, cool, and Right Honourable Englishman is now acting as the Moses to guide this vicious old Pharaoh's creditors to the promised land of Payment in Full. Let us hope, for the creditors' sake, that he will be successful, and that this falsest and foulest of all the Pharaohs may yet be swamped in the Red Sea of his own rogueries.

THE SAME THING IN OTHER WORDS.—The best terms for Turkey—the worst for her Christian subjects.



HUMILITY IN SPLENDOR.

The Rev. Lezro Jones (who has been honoured by an invitation to lunch at that great man, Sir Gorgius Midas, just returned from America), "I suppose you are glad to get back to your comfortable house again, Sir Gorgius?" Sir Gorgius Midas (who perhaps does not like his palatial residence to be called a "comfortable house"). "Yes, Jones! BE IT EVER SO 'COMFIE, JONE', THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE 'OMY'."



DRAWING A LINE.

Young Slapper (to Hunting Doctor). "FELLOW SINGING OUT FOR YOU YONDER. WON'T YOU STOP?"
Doctor. "NEVER STOP WHEN THEY CAN HOLLER!"

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

MR. PUNCH busy over a Map of Europe; to him enter an excited Old Lady in pattens and a poke-bonnet, armed with an enormous umbrella.

Old Lady (in extreme agitation). Mister Punch! O Mister Punch, Sir! do wake up!!!

Mr. Punch (calmly). My worthy dame, I assure you I'm not napping. What's the matter?

Old Lady. Hol the game Is a gettin' that permiskus, and that muddled up and 'ot, That I don't know where I'm standin', and am scarce aweer wot's wot.

Mr. Punch. So I should imagine, Madam. May I ask who you may be?

Old Lady. Who? Why, 'evins, wot a question! Goodness gracious, can't you see?

I'm BRITANNIA!

Mr. Punch. Are you really? Then, indeed, I must confess That I did not recognise you. You have lately changed your dress. Old Lady. Mister P., them orful Roohsians, and their sackshus 'elpers 'ere.

Is a going on that dreadful that it makes me downright queer. All in wain I hups and jaws 'em, wainly shakes my 'brella at 'em. Not a mossel do they mind me, won't so much as listen, drat 'em! Mister P. wot is the matter? Am I gettin' old and weak? Has my gingham lost its terror, that they shows such bragian cheek? Just let me be hup and doin', leatherin' into all the lot, Or they 'll think my pride is 'umbled and my power has gone to pot.

Mr. Punch (soothingly). Patience, Ma'am! Your wits are wandering, and your nerves are surely shaken.

But as to your identity, I fancy, somehow, you're mistaken. You, BRITANNIA? Pray abandon that absurd hallucination. Your real name is PARTINGTON. This fuss and botheration Is not BRITANNIA's form—her nerves are good, her health is hearty.

Old Lady. How dare you say I ain't myself, but quite another party?

Mr. Punch. A weak old woman, fussing round a mob of fighting boys, Still bawling threats of the Police if they don't hold their noise; Warning them off her doorstep, whither they've no wish to come— That BRITANNIA? Poor old Lady, you're the victim of a hum.

Do you think, my worthy soul, a market-woman with her ass, For BRITANNIA and her Lion with the world are like to pass? Or that your obese old gingham, or your most belligerent mop Has the power of the trident, wars and rows to check or stop? My worthy Mrs. PARTINGTON, I fear you're off your head; Take a little friendly counsel, Ma'am, got home and go to bed. A good night's rest, and a cup of hot—but, not gunpowder—tea, Will calm your nerves—BRITANNIA's part leave to the real B.

HOW TO MAKE THE MOST OF IT.

SHOULD the British Plenipotentiary, at the forthcoming Congress, find himself embarrassed to get through Six Millions of money without impressing his colleagues with a due sense of the majesty, power, determination, and resources of the mighty Empire he represents, let him—

Walk about in a Court Suit, with real diamond buttons, preceded by a couple of brass bands;

Scatter handfuls of gold from his bedroom-window, from time to time, as he is dressing in the morning;

Give a public dinner every day, and never let the invitations be under a hundred;

Button-hole all the foreign notabilities he meets in turn, and say, "Look here, old fellow, between you and me, you haven't got half a million in notes in your waistcoat pocket, and I have;"

Never sit down to dinner without an elaborate display of fireworks, the chief set-piece of which should represent the British Cabinet shaking a well-filled purse in the eyes of Europe.

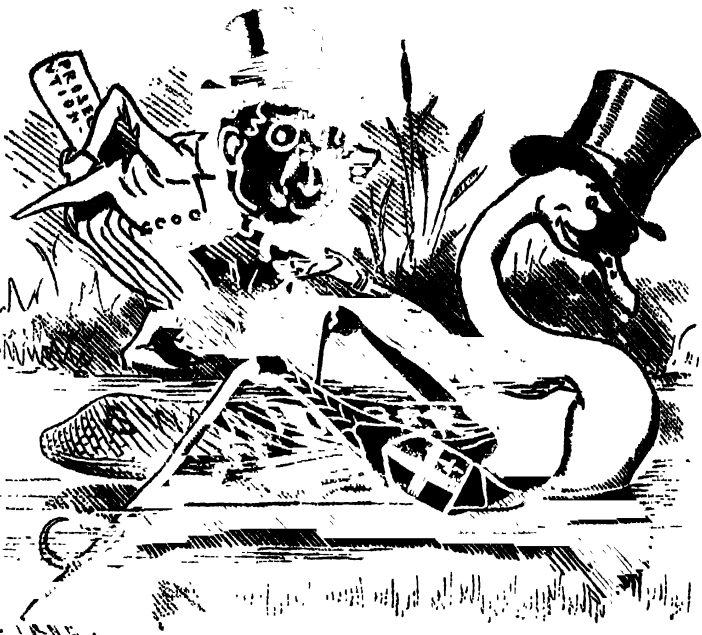
At the deliberations of the Congress frequently pull out his portemonnaie and interrupt the proceedings by some such remarks as "You can do a deal with Six Millions, eh?" "United Europe had better look out for herself when we come to a figure like that." "You should see what the D. T. says about it." "We don't want to fight, but—&c." And others of a kindred character;

Call on all the Ambassadors unofficially with offers to lend them a trifle—say a couple of thou—at a moderate rate.

And, lastly, if by the 1st of April he find that he has anything left, let him invest it in Turkish Bonds, and come home with the pleasing satisfaction that his Six Millions have been judiciously expended in maintaining the dignity of a mighty Empire.

SWANS AND GEES.

A few friendly words with the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, à propos of their latest prosecution.



More power to those who give such ghoul's their gruel!—
But levelling lance at Lilliputian bogies,
Is not the work for paladins, but fogies.
Philanthropy found straining at a gnat,
Fails its own higher purpose! *Verbum sat!*

AN ORIGINAL EARL.

PUNCH lately spoke of a certain speech of a certain Duke's as the silliest thing that had yet been said on the Duke's side of the present all-absorbing question. We beg leave to shift the cap from the head of that distinguished Duke to that of an Earl who henceforth deserves to be still more distinguished in the same order.

His Lordship in supporting an Amendment expressing confidence in the Government, carried at a "Neutrality Meeting" at Rotherham, thus stated the reason of his fierce indignation against the Russians:—

"There is, and there was two years ago, a certain Captain BURNABY, a man of great intelligence and power, a man whose time was not spent in idleness, but whose time was filled by useful and interesting occupation. Captain BURNABY is a great traveller, and, what is more, he is such a great linguist that he can speak most of the European languages, many of them as well as the natives. Captain BURNABY wished to travel, and see other parts of the world besides his own. (*A Voice—And to advertise Cockle's Pills.*) (*Great laughter.*) He obtained the permission of the authorities under whom he was placed, and he set out on his famous ride to Khiva. He was told, 'You will not be allowed to get into Khiva;' but Captain BURNABY was not a man to be turned back, and he said, 'I will go to Khiva,' and he went on his celebrated ride. When he got to his journey's end he was told that he must not return by the way he came. The Russian authorities knew too well that Captain BURNABY was going to tell us something that they did not wish us to know. Well, Captain BURNABY set his face to return to England, and he came back, and I will tell you why: because Russia at that moment put her foot on the neck of Captain BURNABY and of England too. (*'Bosh' and 'It's true!' and loud and long-continued cheering, hooting, and disorder.*) England's neck was most distinctly under the foot of Russia; and it is because of that I have come here to protest, and to say that your interests and mine too have been attacked. (*Loud and long-continued applause.*)"

The present agitation has brought many wonderful "British Interests" to light, but we are disposed to think "Captain BURNABY's neck" the oddest "British Interest" yet out. Considering how rashly the gallant Captain has adventured it in his various Rides, it is about the "riskiest" interest, we should say, that insurers ever undertook. But it has been reserved for Lord FITZWILLIAM to discover in Captain BURNABY's much-risked neck a reason for shaking his fist in Russia's face, if not for going to war with her right off, which we will answer for it has not before occurred to any other human being.

Our own distinguished Correspondent, whose Ride to Khiva across

these pages made such a sensation last year, is, he admits, for the first time, jealous of the Captain, whose Ride he has outdone. He puts it to Lord FITZWILLIAM. What has he done that his shameful treatment by the Russian authorities, as recorded in those pages, and since in the Reprint of his Ride (price one shilling), should not be insisted upon among our *casus belli* against Russia?

The Captain wasn't nearly as ill-treated as Our Correspondent; didn't go through half as many exciting adventures, and above all, as Our Correspondent points out, the Captain only rode to Khiva, whereas Our Correspondent rode there and back!

We decidedly recommend Our Correspondent to Earl FITZWILLIAM for his next "British Interest," when he has again to move a "confidence" motion at a Neutrality Meeting.

If So, Why So?

THE Warrant Officers of Her Majesty's Navy modestly make known a grievance which seems, on the face of it, to demand redress. While all the other officers in the Navy, when appointed by the Admiralty to ships other than the First Reserve or those for foreign service, are placed on *full pay*, more than half the Warrant Officers are compelled to serve in the same ships on reduced pay, the reduction in some cases amounting to as much as £27 7s. 6d. per annum. The late First Lord of the Admiralty admitted that inequalities did exist, and declared he would see if they could be removed; but this act of justice has been delayed by his death. Fortunately, his successor is a man of business, as well as a just and kindly gentleman. The Warrant Officers may rest assured that so unwarrantable a distinction will not be suffered to survive, after it has once been brought to his notice. Let them prove to Mr. SMITH that they are as unfairly used as they allege, and he is just the man to strike while the iron is hot, in the right way and to good effect.

A Very Sufficient Reason.

Lord B. to his Gracious Sovereign, declining her flattering offer of the Garter—

THE wish I should wear the Garter please your MAJESTY abandon. How can a man wear a Garter, who hasn't a leg to stand on?

A GREAT CHANCELLOR'S GREATNESS.—A great Nation does not merely hold its own. Besides that, it holds what it has cribbed from others.

OCCUPANDA EST ÆGYPTUS!

(Recommended to those Politicians who abuse Russia, and insist on our seizing Egypt.)

THIS spirited Eastern Policy must have been suggested by a page from the MS. Journal of a Cornish Squire, in the last century. It is as follows:—

"Sunday.—To church. Storm of wind and rain; heavy breakers on reef outside. Parson was preaching beautiful sermon on duty of praying for safety of those now in danger at sea, when a man came in, shouting, 'Wreck! Wreck!' There was a rush to the door, every one anxious to get his share of the good luck, when our worthy parson called out 'Stop a moment, my brethren!' The solemn tones of our spiritual leader arrested us all, and we waited, rather shame-stricken, for what he might have to say against the sin of wrecking. We saw his hands moving inside his gown; then it was thrown off, and, with a leap from the pulpit, he rushed foremost through his congregation, crying, 'Now for a fair start, boys!'"

LOQUACITY AND LEGISLATION.

INTER arma silent leges. That may be; but Legislators can talk a plaguy deal in war-time.

HOBSON'S CHOICE: NEWEST CAMBRIDGE VERSION.—The Senior Wrangler, good luck to him!



NOT QUITE THE SAME THING.

Small Child (whose favourite Aunt is "engaged"). "GRANDMA, WHERE IS AUNTIE MAY?"
Grandmanma. "SHE IS SITTING IN THE LIBRARY WITH CAPTAIN HERBERT, MY DEAR."

Small Child (after a moment's thought). "GRANDMA, COULDN'T YOU GO AND SIT IN THE LIBRARY WITH CAPTAIN HERBERT, AND AUNTIE MAY COME AND PLAY WITH ME?"

Pope Wins the Ninth.

BORN MAY 13, 1792. DIED FEBRUARY 7, 1878.

WITH war-clouds gathering over sea and sky,
 War's thunder rattling loud, or rolling low,
 Shall Europe turn to watch an old man die,
 And dress her face in masquerade of woe?

How much he had outlived! His younger self—
 Long since we saw the patriot King-Pope die,
 To be entombed with GIBELLINE and GUELF,
 Beside the Love that took his name for cry.

As he outlived that brief term in Love's School,
 So he outlived the People's wrath and scorn,
 Flight, exile, war; 'on waves he thought to rule,
 Toy of strong currents, hither, thither, borne.

He outlived, too, his weakest, proudest hour,
 Which saw the Church around St. Peter's chair
 Bowed, by its Bishops, to the awful power
 That Heaven's Viceroy claims o'er souls to bear.

But not outlived that mockery of God
 And man alike, which takes a sinner's hand
 To wield Right's rule and Truth's divining-rod,
 And write itself "Infallible" in sand.

Outlived the crown forged from the Fisher's ring,
 The throne wrought by old wrong from Peter's seat;
 Strangest of all, outlived the stalwart king,
 Who the "Infallible" had dared defeat.

Happy that one thing he did not outlive,
 "The charitable soul, the kindly heart,
 That rigid dogma's slaves could scarce forgive,
 Fearing lest he might play them Balaam's part,

A CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHT.

ACCORDING to newspaper reports, the celebrated African explorer, Mr. H. STANLEY, is a total abstainer. If so, there is one *bond fide* traveller who would never claim the *b.f.f.'s* Sunday privilege. Teetotallers, indeed, may quote Mr. STANLEY's example to show that such a traveller can do without such a privilege on any day of the week. But that depends on the requirements of a man's particular constitution; and the denial of needful refreshment to anybody whomsoever, whether on a Sunday or a working day, is doubly unconstitutional.

À propos of the Six Millions.

(A Hint from BEAUMARCHAIS.)

"Figaro (instructing Count ALMAVIVA as to gaining admittance to the house of Dr. BARTHOLO). Vous, mon Seigneur, l'habit de soldat, le billet de logement, et de l'or dans vos poches!"

Le Comte. Pour qui de l'or?

Figaro (civement). De l'or, mon Dieu, de l'or! C'est le nerf de l'intrigue.

Le Comte. Ne te sâcho pas, FIGARO, J'en prendrai beaucoup."

Barbier de Séville, Act I. Sc. 6.

Britannia to the Bellows-Blowers.

(A propos of Votes of Confidence.)

My blatant D. T., and my fierce P. M. G.,

And you, small fry, who swim after these,

The trust that I vote trust in you don't denote,

But in your Antipodes.

THE LATE EARTHQUAKE. — No great shakes.

And bless whom he should curse; and so they drew
 Their bonds about him closer, day by day
 Living or dying, till no will he knew

But theirs, and as they pointed, marked the way.

Nor yet out-lived the wit that cheered dark days,
 Stout heart that stayed him on an up-hill path,
 Free hand that still with blessing sowed his ways,
 Meekness that humbled pride, and bridled wrath.

A blameless, genial, gentle, good old man!

Not such the hand to Chaos to give form,
 Nor, as from cloud to cloud the lightnings ran,
 "To ride the whirlwind and direct the storm."

Of God's Viceroy to assert the claim;

With his "Non-possumus" arrest the tide;
 Free-thought forbid, free press, free speaking blame,
 Bind Progress by Church limits to abide.

Task beyond power of man, or Church, or creed;
 Task few more blameless hands have e'er resigned
 Than Pro Nono's. Let who will succeed,
 Few better, many worse, the world will find.

A Sum in Proportion.

Nor one of the orators who opposed the Vote of Credit brought forward our old friend, "the thin end of the wedge." Yet he would have been strictly in place. Given £8,000,000 as the thin end of the wedge, required the money-equivalent of the thick end?

A CHANGE OF KEYS.

HEINRICH HEINE has said that the keys of this world are at Constantinople, those of the next at Rome. It is a curious coincidence that on Thursday, February 7th, 1878, both keys changed hands.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



L.L.'s well that ends well. If the "scare" of Thursday has done no other good, it has made an end of Mr. FORSTER's Amendment, and so released the Opposition from a painful predicament. Every Englishman, Conservative or Liberal, Russophil or Turcophil—or neither, as nine out of ten Englishmen are—every man with a head on his shoulders, and a heart in his body, must rejoice that Parliament has been spared a division on the Vote of Credit.

Not but what "division" on the present

crisis, and its consequences, there is, and must be. In fact, there is just as much foundation for saying that on the Eastern Question and the issues growing out of it, we have a united public opinion, as that we have a united Cabinet. To believe those who say so, a man's ears must be plugged with gun-cotton, and his eyes blinded with the blinkers of party feeling.

Only on one point all patriotic and sensible Englishmen are of one mind—the wish, if it be in any way possible, not to allow division of opinion in the Cabinet, in Parliament, or the country, to cripple the action of Government at this crisis. Even those who distrust the Cabinet, as they cannot displace it, are bound to give it what it asks to put our fighting-gear

into fighting trim. It may,—we all pray it may,—never be necessary to draw the sword. But if sword have, unhappily, to be drawn, it will be well for England, for Europe, for the world, that it should be sharp and fit for use—blade and handle. It is to the Executive that the sword is trusted: the Executive is answerable for not drawing it save on compulsion. While Lord DEBBY is at the Foreign Office, the country feels assurance that the sword will not be lightly or needlessly drawn.

Having said this, *Punch* may say, "*Liberavi animam meam*;" and so may the Opposition. They have set forth, in four long nights' debate, their reasons for distrusting or disagreeing with the Government. They have enforced the fullest explanation of their policy Government can give. They may think of the Vote as Mr. GLADSTONE, or Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, or Mr. FORSTER, or Mr. PETER RYLANDS, or Sir WILFRID LAWSON, or Mr. GRANT DUFF thinks of it. But there an end. They cannot refuse the Government's demand, while it continues the Government. Being asked for, and the reasons for asking explained, the money must be given.

Therefore *Punch* rejoices that Mr. FORSTER's Amendment is withdrawn.

Monday and Tuesday.—He regrets that the debates of both nights were, like Cook's excursions, "personally-conducted." Mr. Cross



SOLIDS.

Young Lady Assistant (at the close of the "School Treat"). "SHALL I GIVE YOU SOME MORE TEA, MY DEAR, BEFORE YOU GO? OR WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE NOW?" *Sturdy Infant.* "VITTLES!"

set a bad example the first night, and Mr. HARDY, Mr. HALL, and Mr. CHAPLIN "bettered the instruction." Essence of Parliament should not be flavoured with Tincture of Rough. It may be all very natural that Guildhall or Exeter Hall, or any other out-door, meetings, should be turned into bear-gardens, enlivened with "*Rule Britannia*,"—or, worse, with the last Music-hall-mob-tickling war-bray. The House of Commons ought to know better. This premised, it is hardly necessary to go into particulars of the week's angry and excited debater. And now that the collision between the Government's demand of Six Millions, and the Opposition's Amendment is over, *Punch* begs to move his Amendment, the substitution of coolness for heat, argument for recrimination, and for uncommon toughness, common effort for a common end—the shaping of a sound policy in the present, and the building up in the future of more peaceful, prosperous, and well-governed Communities—Bulgarian, Slay, and Hellenic;—on the ground now cumbered with the wreck and ruin of what was Turkey-in-Europe.

If the Eastern Question has not been well threshed in these debates, it is not for want of Members threshing each other.

May *Punch* quote DR. WATTS, in a version adapted for Parliamentary use?—

"My Members, you should never let
Your angry passions rise;
You were not to St. Stephen's sent
To bless each other's eyes."

When Mr. GLADSTONE next tenders the olive-branch, it is to be hoped Mr. HARDY won't bring down that emblem of peace, like a shillelagh, heavily on Mr. GLADSTONE'S head. If Mr. TREVELYAN have, like Mr. *Punch*, charged Lord BEACONSFIELD with having brought BRITANNIA to the dizzy edge of War, don't let the fiery War Secretary launch the "lie" at his head even in a Parliamentary wrapper, but say he has drawn a rash conclusion from unsound premises.

With this, *Punch* is glad to dismiss this week's work in Parliament, because—like Lord FORBES, the Member for Newcastle, and the Member for Hull, whom he begs to re-christen Norwood Junction—he is an Englishman first, and a Liberal after.

After the scenes and speeches of Monday and Tuesday, no wonder the House was flat on Wednesday, though not flat enough to give any encouragement to Mr. BUTT'S Irish Land Tenure Bill, which in that gentleman's absence from continued indisposition, was introduced by Mr. MACARTHY DOWNING. This was, in Irish, a Bill for amending Irish land tenure; in English, a Bill for converting Irish tenants into landlords, and Irish landlords into rent-chargers. The Home-Rulers will, no doubt, say that such a change is superfluous, seeing that Irish landlords are nothing but rent-chargers already, and that the measure is meant, on the contrary, to relieve landlords of their rents in favour of their tenants. No wonder the Bill was thrown out by 286 to 86.

Thursday's excitement in and out of Parliament will long be remembered. The news that the Russians, in violation of the Czar's undertaking, and of the Armistice already signed, had occupied, or were in the act of occupying, Constantinople, had produced a scare on the Stock-Exchange and a feverish excitement throughout London. A mob of medical students, said to be three thousand strong, had paraded the streets, singing "*Rule, Britannia!*" and had tried to pour their warlike enthusiasm at the feet of Lord BEACONSFIELD. All was passion among the public, and tension in Parliament. The spark, it must be said, fell on combustible fuel—blown to a white heat by the war-bellows of the *Telegraph* and the *Pall Mall*; and none the cooler for the angry collisions and denunciations of the debate on the Vote of Credit. And when Lord DERRY in the House of Lords, and the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER in the Commons, could only read Mr. LAYARD'S despatch of the 5th, brought round by way of Bombay, announcing that, in spite of the Armistice, the Russians were pushing on towards Constantinople; that the Turkish troops had been compelled to evacuate Silivria, a port on the Sea of Marmora, notwithstanding the protest of the Turkish Commander, which the Russian General refused to receive (declaring that, according to his orders, it was necessary that he should occupy Tobataldja, a part of the Turkish lines of defence, that day); that the Porte was in great alarm, and could not understand the Russian proceedings; that representations had again been made to the Grand Duke NICHOLAS; that the Servians had taken a place called Vranja, and were advancing on Uskup,

though Prince MILAN on the 4th had given orders for the suspension of hostilities; that though five days had elapsed since the signature of the bases of peace and the convention of an armistice, the protocol had not yet reached the Porte, which remained in ignorance of the real terms, while another telegram, dated the 6th, and received that night, stated that the Russian Government had insisted, as one of the conditions of the armistice, that the Tohekmedje lines should be abandoned, leaving Constantinople wholly undefended, no wonder that it was with a hushed and strained attention Lords and Commons listened to this startling string of statements, seemingly in direct contravention of the Russian undertaking not to approach, menace, or occupy Constantinople; that the Opposition felt that the conditions of the case were changed, and that Mr. FORSTER asked leave of the House to withdraw his Amendment. And though some relief to the painful tension was given later, by the communication of Prince GORTSCHAKOFF's answer to a telegram of the Russian Ambassador, declaring that the order to stop hostilities had been given to the Russian Commanders along the whole line in Europe and in Asia, and that there was not a word of truth in the rumours which had reached Count SCHOUVALOFF, the relief was only partial, as no one could say what the "rumours" were which Prince GORTSCHAKOFF so emphatically contradicted.

Then rose a long, and more or less disagreeable discussion; first, whether Mr. LAYARD was misleading or Prince GORTSCHAKOFF humbugging us, and then, whether the debate should be adjourned, or continued on the question of the SPEAKER's leaving the chair. This enabled Members, who had come primed with Vote of Credit speeches to fire them off, and that happily got over without any mischievous consequences, the question was put—and Lord HARTINGTON and the majority of the Opposition having withdrawn—carried for the Government by 295 to 96 "Intransigentes."

Friday (Lords).—Punch off-caps to Lord DERBY, in acknowledgment of the excellent taste and tone of his statement of the reasons for which the Government has ordered a detachment of the Fleet to Constantinople, not as a threat, but to secure order and guard English and other interests of life and property. The Powers have been informed; and we hold the SULTAN's firman, sanctioning the passage of our men-of-war. This is not shaking BRITANNIA's fist in Russia's face, but calmly confronting her with arms ready, though not brandished.

(Commons).—House in Committee on Vote of Credit. Sir STAFFORD NORTHGOTE gave the same explanation to the Commons as Lord DERBY to the Lords, but in less perfect style. The Government meant, and hoped, to keep the peace, and had sent our ships as peace-keepers.

Lord HARTINGTON, like BILLY TAYLOR, "werry much applauded them for what they'd done." In answer to his request for some light on the Government's intention before the House was asked to vote its confidence in them, Sir STAFFORD NORTHGOTE sketched a programme of the attitude of England on the Eastern Difficulty, and her probable action in Conference, which Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT might have fathered, and to which, Mr. GLADSTONE, in effect, said ditto.

We are not going into Conference to undo the work of the war, and turn its horrible waste to nought, to patch up rotten walls, to insist on outworn treaties, to leave the Christian races of Turkey out in the cold, to hand them back to the Turks, or to leave them free to cut each other's throats, but to secure a durable peace for the future, and good government by the means that approve themselves to justice and the sound policy of well-informed common-sense. All this will be difficult, but it *has* to be done, and our representatives will do their best to help it.

Mr. GLADSTONE gave wise warning against standing in with Austria. She has always been on the wrong side, because she has never known how to conciliate her rights and interests with the interests and rights of others.

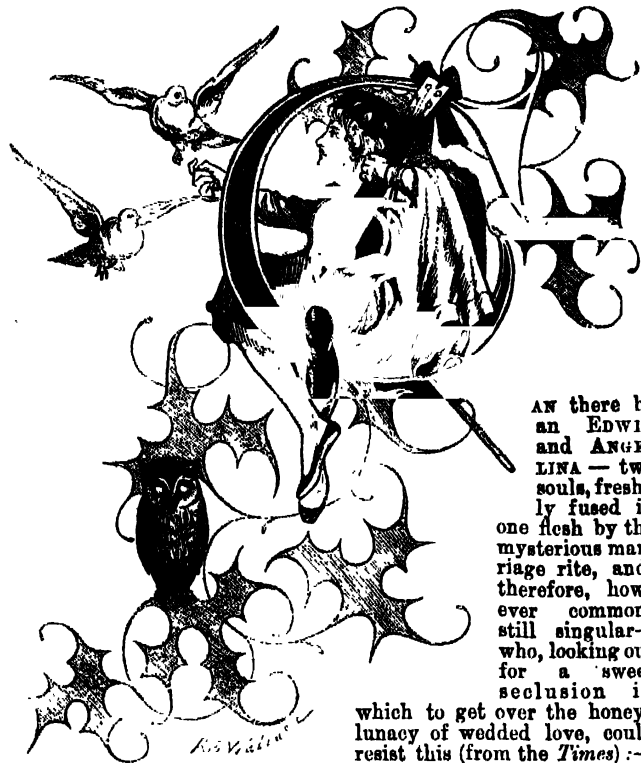
At last came the Division, many Liberals abstaining, and the Six Millions were voted by 328 to 124. So ends well, and with good hope of peace, and light shed on the future, a week that began in doubt, division, and darkness, and in its course, passed through a *mauvais quart d'heure* of something like dismay.

Well-Calculated.

No! my Lord B. is *not* the English type—
Plausible, facile, strong of greed and gripe—
That answers to the French *Badinguet*:
To take the Garter, 'mong large-aired Peers
And Royal Cyphers, might have roused our jeers,
But to refuse it, in all England's ears,
"Ma foi, Milord, c'est très distingué!"

ADDENDUM to Mr. LOWE's advice, "Muzzle your Prime Minister,"
—"and your dogs of war."

QUITE TOO AWFULLY TEMPTING.



AN there be
an EDWIN
and ANGELINA—two
souls, freshly fused in
one flesh by the
mysterious marriage rite, and,
therefore, however common,
still singular—who, looking out
for a sweet seclusion in

which to get over the honeymoon of wedded love, could resist this (from the *Times*):—

HONEYMOON RETREAT. — COTTAGE VICARAGE RESIDENCE, in Dorset, to be LET, Furnished, for Three Months, April, May, June, very reasonable, lovely country, hill and dale, lanes of ferns carpeted with flowers, extensive views at every gate. Drawing, dining, study, painted walls, four bed-rooms. Respectable servant. Verandah, lawn, garden, ample supply of kale, leeks, onions, carrots, turnips, beet, parsnips, spring flowers. A pet donkey, as gentle and wise as a big dog, donkey carriage and cart: fowls and ducks in full lay; last, not least, a pet cat. 5½ miles from station, London and South-Western Railway.

ON THE WAY TO PEACE.

UPON the way to Peace? A worthy quest,
But what equipment for that road were best?
Not force that of its ships and cannon brags,
Its sharpened swords, or swollen money-bags.
To play the bully's or the huckster's part
May tempt the pot-house scribe or witting smart,
But England's nobler hearts would rather hold
A vantage-ground past reach of steel or gold;
Wisdom well-weighed and forward-looking thought
Will win a nobler fight than these e'er fought.
Unselfish self-control which scorns to brag,
Strong to defend as slow to flaunt our flag,
Right sympathy, that without trumpet blown,
In guarding other's interests, guards its own;
Just sense of rights and duties, forethought sage,
Which weighs the forces of the coming age
In the fair scales of reason; courage clear,
Which owns the curb of right but not of fear;
Such the best weapons of the brave and wise,
To which mere arms are but auxiliaries.
These let BRITANNIA into Congress take,
And though the storms of selfish passion shake
Compacts to Chaos, ancient bonds to dust,
They will not shock her while she's true and just.
The Turk is down. Above his body stands
The foe triumphant, to whose doubtful hands
Timid un wisdom too long left the work
Which only such un wisdom hoped to shirk.
The task confronts us. Tattered treaties now,
Watchwords unmeaning, or the big bow-wow
Of diplomatic posers, are but chaff
Before the wind of change which sweeps the draft
Of dead and dying things from the world's way.
Not to patch parchments torn in war's red fray,



ON THE W



Y TO PEACE.

Nor to shore shattered ramparts, is the task,
That Europe's best strength and best skill will ask;
But to shape solid barriers of peace
And freedom. Let the war of party cease
Before this work; and if quite other war
Than this, more perilous, yet nobler far—
The war for Right—arise, let but the call
Come clear from Honour's lips, and Britons all
Will answer, as one man, to the appeal
Of Duty, Christian faith, and patriot zeal.
But Bully's bluster is not JOHN BULL's voice,
And Hate's blind clamour is not England's choice.
The protests, zealous for our land's fair fame,
Which slanderers brand with faction's odious name,
Through the well-guided realm will sink and cease,
E'en though War meet us on the way to Peace!

HUNTING AND BAITING.



It appears that there is one law in England for

"BADGER BAITING."—At the Birkenhead Police Court on Monday, PETER FLYNN, beer-seller, Egerton Street, was summoned for having baited and cruelly ill-treated a badger, and for having used a room for the purpose of baiting a badger. The evidence showed that in a room in defendant's house there was an iron-barred rat-pit, and in a corner of the same room was a cage consisting of two parts, a wooden box and an iron enclosure—which permitted a view of the badger there confined. There was a lid at the top, pre-

sumably for the admission of a dog. It was shown that in this room there was both rat-killing and badger-baiting. With respect to the latter sport, one witness said the badger and dog were tossing over together, as if wrestling. A fine of £5 was imposed.

The law calls badger-baiting cruelty to animals, and punishes it accordingly. There would seem to be another law for stag-baiting. On the day after that whereon the foregoing paragraph appeared, the following announcement, nevertheless, was also made in the *Times*:—

"HER MAJESTY'S STAGHOUNDS.—The Earl of HARDWICKE requests us to state that on Friday the South-Western Railway will run a special train to Bracknell at 10:45, for the accommodation of noblemen and gentlemen hunting with the Royal Buckhounds."

But how, then, can badger-baiting be illegal? Not only does stag-baiting go unpunished, nor does anybody attempt to prosecute the parties concerned in it, but it is actually superintended and expressly sanctioned, and has its practice facilitated and furthered by a high State Officer under the Crown. If Lord HARDWICKE, as Master of the Royal Buckhounds, may lawfully preside over and promote stag-baiting, ought not Mr. FLYNN's conviction for badger-baiting to be quashed, and his fine remitted? And do not the poor pastimes of the *plebs* want countenance; and would it not be a graceful Act of Parliament that legalised the appointment of a Master of the Bull Terriers?

By a "Dissipated Undergraduate."

FOR hooting and howling at GLADSTONE, in vain,
A knot of Young Oxforbs by ROGERS were rated:
But GLADSTONE himself, with Lord B. on the brain,
If not "dissi," may fairly be called "Dizzy"—pated!

THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN.—Learning how to walk in French boots with six-inch heels.

SPORT AND SLAUGHTER.

What the Farmers say.—In course, Gentlemen will have their shooting. Still, it do seem a waste to use acres and acres of good grass for pheasant hatching. But that's the Squire's business. Farmers wouldn't mind that, if he didn't destroy all the owls and hawks, stoats and weasels. Now that the rats and mice have it all their own way, the whole country's overrun with 'em. Then there's the mischief the ground-game plays with the green crops.

What the Boys say.—I believe you, it is hard work a-watching the preserves all day long, with no wittles to speak on, and ne'er a roof to keep the rain off! And they do say we ought to go to school. But I likes beatin' better. That is jolly.

What the Gamekeepers say.—It certainly don't seem quite the thing to shoot down birds by the ton. It's rather rough upon us, too, as have fed the poor things till they're as tame as our own cocks and 'ens. Sport ain't what it used to be. If they go on at this rate with their bat-toos, the next thing will be to knock over the birds in cages! Then think o' the poachers it makes, and the 'sizo work they breeds.

What the Beaters say.—Three shillings a day ain't a penny too much for working through the covers all day, tearin' a chap's clothes, and wearin' out shoe-leather—no, not even when you gets your bread-and-cheese and beer into the bargain. And as for the helps as get nothing at all, why, how can the Bench of Magistrates blame them for priggish?

What a Parson, "with an Eye for Nature," writes to the Times.—"What makes me write is a very strong feeling which I cannot help having on the score of the inconceivable amount of cruelty which it involves, through the countless thousands of iron traps set all over the country every night in the year for the mere preservation of the pheasants for the slaughter. No words can describe what I have myself seen. Numbers of traps are set on the tops of poles to catch our useful owls and harmless kestrels, there to be left hanging head downwards, by their broken legs, for hours or days."

What the Squire says.—I must admit, between ourselves, that it isn't exactly the sort of sport that suits me. It wasn't my father's form, and my grandfather would have been shocked at it. It costs a great deal, and none of my people like it. I always blush when I send my subscription to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. But how can I help it? It's the fashion, my guests expect it, one must do as other people do.

What the Squire's Guest says.—It certainly saves trouble, you know; but, after a while, it grows a trifle monotonous. By-and-by, I suppose, we shall do our shooting by deputy. As it is, the Keepers do most of the work, except pulling the triggers. Much better leave it all to them, I should say. Never could enjoy an easy-chair in the open air.

What the English Gentleman all of the Modern Time says.—Is it my fault, Mr. Punch?

And what Mr. Punch sternly replies.—Yes it is, Sir! You can put a stop to it if you like—why don't you?

A Shakspearian Commentary.

WHEN CROSS grows fierce, and HARDY fiercer far,
Denying Dizzy leanings towards war,
Punch might say—though of doubt he hints no touch—
"Methinks the gentlemen protest too much."
There's a French proverb which describes a *ruse*
Common in politics, "*Qui s'excuse s'accuse.*"

What will they Do with them?

THIRTY-TWO new field-officers are to be appointed Majors of Marines, with an allowance of 1s. 10d. per day for forage! Forage? Oh, of course. These Majors must belong to the Horse Marines. As passenger ships are sometimes credited with billiard-tables, we may one day see Her Majesty's Navy provided with "fields" on board, for these mounted officers' duties. Or is the forage allowance to be for sea-horses, whose field will be the Ocean?

Ireland's Difficulty.

(*The Reverse of the Medal.*)

WHEN Ireland starved in forty-seven 'twas plain
The Saxon might insult her wid' impunity;
So in PAT's face he flung his millions mane.
Bedad, the blagyard knew his opportunity!

RUSSIAN SECURITIES.—Turkish Bonds.



THE LONGEST-LIVED DAY—SAINT VALENTINE'S.



MUSIC AND ÆSTHETICS.

THE LOVELY AND ACCOMPLISHED (BUT EXTREMELY SHORT-SIGHTED) MADAME GELASMA, YIELDING TO THE IMPORTUNITY OF HER MANY ADMIRERS, BENDS GRACEFULLY OVER THE PIANO, AND, AFTER STRIKING A FEW CHORDS, WARMBLES ONE OF SCHUMANN'S HAPPIEST MELODIES IN HER OWN INIMITABLE MANNER. UNFORTUNATELY, HER HOST IS "ÆTHETIC," AND, MORE MINDFUL OF MURAL DECORATION THAN BEAUTIFUL MUSIC, HAS FIXED ONE OF THOSE DELIGHTFUL OLD-FASHIONED ROUND MIRRORS JUST OVER THE PIANO.

TO SAINT VALENTINE.

Most popular of all the Saints,
Thy rites what churl is hard on?
Thy joys if *Punch* in rose-hue paints
E'en Puritans will pardon.
Thou art too genial, gentle, gay,
To rouse polemic passions;
Both saints and sinners own thy sway,
That outlives change of fashions.

When ours were known as Isles of Tin,
And modes were "early British,"
War-paint and woad availed to win
The fair Celt, sly or skittish.
And spite of his all-conquering sword,
And fame as dauntless foeman,
To Love, if to no lesser Lord,
Knocked under the proud Roman.

The Roman passed, but Love remained
His yoke to lay men's backs on,
And to his chariot enchained
The stubborn Anglo-Saxon:
Nor might the closest coat of mail,
Worn by that wondrous war-man,
From Cupid's tiny darts avail
To shield the haughty Norman.

Strange modes of dress in style and shape
Came in with the PLANTAGENET;
But did their wearers' hearts escape?
Not they. Don't you imagine it!
Raptures and rages, tiffs and tears,
Hopes broken rows—*proh pudor!*—
Were rife in the tumultuous years,
That history dubs Tudor.



MADAME GELASMA, AS SHE APPEARED
SINGING SCHUMANN, TO HER MANY ADMIRERS
STANDING BEHIND!

The stirring days of good Queen BESS,
When ruffs were all the fashion,
Experienced rather more than less
Of amorous fret and passion.
'Neath CHARLES and JAMES still raged
Love's flames;
Wigged beaux and belles in patches
Held hands in the same little games
Of sighs, smiles, misses, matches.

And still to Cupid lovers raise
The *Ave* and the *Gloria*,
In these our "*Follat*-fashioned days"
Of well-beloved VICTORIA.

And still, Saint Valentine, to thee
Rise annual altars laden
With flowers, lace-paper filagree,
And hearts of youth and maiden.

No MARCUS WARD the ancients know,
Love-letterer of the masses;
Though Roman Rimmels sweetness threw
O'er classic upper classics.
Of Juno-Februata now
St. Valentine the day claims,
Through high and low, Love and his bow,
To England's Empire lay claims.

Though clothes may alter, fashions change
Their cutting, trimming, tissue,
Love hits the mark at longest range,
And in the ring finds issue.
And while to spoon young folks incline,
And summer follows spring-time,
Thy flower-wreathed shrine, St. Valentine,
Shall usher in the ring-time!

Unaccountable Oversight.

AMONG all the Correspondents who have been proposing possible and impossible sites for Cleopatra's Needle, not one has as yet thought of suggesting a quarter which everybody must allow would afford it the finest site in London. Need we name South Kensington?

MENU FOR THE CONFERENCE TABLE.—
First Course (certain)—Hashed Turkey.
Second Course (uncertain)—Pease Pudding.



"NOT QUITE THE CHEESE!"

British Farmer. "WHAT SORT O' CHEESE DO YOU CALL THIS? FOLL O' HOLLEN!" *Waiter.* "CREW-YERE, SIR."

British Farmer (suspiciously). "THEN JUST BRING ONE THAT GREW SOMEWHERE ELSE!"

A LYING SPIRIT.

"There is a lying Spirit abroad."—Mr. CROSS.

"A SPIRIT of lies?"—*Punch* must take up his CROSS—
A fiend of that kind *has* been recently playing
With great reputations at pitch and at toss,
And what has that Spirit been saying?

That Hughenden's Lord has been setting war-snaps—
Let us hope that such charges are mere taradiddles;
But you know, Sir, the Sphinx a high character bears
For puzzling the world with his riddles.

And pray does the Spirit of which you complain
Never utter through lips of immaculate Tories
False charges refuted again and again,
And purely preposterous stories?

Your imp has made free in the tart *P. M. G.*,
Where each day sees him cutting the quicrest of capers;
On the rampage has been in the rowdy *D. T.*,
And their apes in less world-famous papers.

He's an imp of tough hide, through which facts make no way,
Of a conscience exposure and show-up but harden;
And if Hughenden way he oft makes free to stray,
May he not haunt backstairs at Hawarden?

Motive-mongers malicious as void of all nous
May welcome the rascally sprite as a brother;
You denounce his vile presence on one side the House,
But how does he look on the other?

I'd not hint upon which side the table he sits,
But it strikes me the imp can be vastly effective
In lending a point to Sir ROBERT's coarse hits,
And sharpening CHAPLIN's invective.

That the Father of Lies is the Father of Whigs
Dr. JOHNSON maintained. It may sometimes befall so;
But Tories, applauding such champion's digs,
May aspire to that parentage also.

WARNED OUT OF HIS OWN MOUTH.

(When tempted from Guildhall.)

"One of the greatest charms of life is not to write letters."—
The PREMIER in the House of Lords.

THE OLD MASTERS AT THE ACADEMY.

By a Young Master. Last look round but one.

No. 163. *Portrait of A Jesuit.* By WILLIAM VAN DER VLIET. Admirable picture! It ought to be presented by a grateful Constituency to the Member for Peterborough.

No. 167. *Portrait of a Jewish Rabbi.* Said to be by REMBRANDT. The idea conveyed by the attitude is, "My hands feel a trifle feverish. What could I have taken last night? Still, there's not very much the matter with me." Now pass on to

No. 169. *Another Portrait of the same Jewish Rabbi.* By REMBRANDT VAN RHYN. Same attitude, but the colour of face suggests "Not quite so well to-day in 169 as I was in 167. Still, I'm better as a picture."

No. 171. *Portrait of Rembrandt.* By Himself. Quite by himself, and very melancholy company he seems to find it. Evidently considering a subject. "Have I spirit left for it, or not?"

No. 172 is called "*Rembrandt's Mill.*" But there is no sign of any fight being about to come off. Perhaps the Mill is being kept dark.

Now walk into Gallery Number Four, and observe all the pictures that are painted in tempera on a gold ground. How fresh, how clear they are! They might have been the production of the year before last. "*Tempera*" non "*Mutantur.*"

No. 210. *Portrait of A Lady.* By DOMENICO GHIRLANDAIO. On the right side of the picture is the following inscription in Latin—"Oh that art could depict her graceful manners and her mind, then there would be no lovelier picture upon earth. 1488." How nice to have that inscribed on one's own portrait perpetually hanging up in the dining-room!

No. 211. *Francis the First, of France.* His portrait by an UNKNOWN. How disgusted the First FRANK of France must have been, when this wickedly ugly, but evidently exact and unflattering portrait, was sent home framed and glazed. No wonder the Artist remained UNKNOWN. "Who is he?" FRANKY THE FIRST must

have shouted. "Where is he? Let me get at him! Take the beastly thing out of my sight! I can't be such a brute as *that* makes me, can I?" "Oh no, Sire, certainly not," replied forty obsequious Courtiers, bowing to the ground, in order to conceal their smiles, and hide their forty winks. If that Painter had been found, he would have been hung on a line in his own studio. But he preferred to remain *incog.* FRANCIS THE FIRST has anything but a frank expression.

In Gallery Number Five we find *Mrs. Siddons*, by Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS. O Great JOSHUA, you didn't order the sun to stand still, but you got a "star" to sit to you for a portrait. Fine face; but scarcely suggestive of that grand tragic power with which we are accustomed to associate Mrs. SIDDONS in a grand part; say, for instance, as *Lady Macbeth*.

No. 235. *Portrait of Richard Humphreys.* By J. HOPNER, R.A. A Pugilist in the palmy, or flaty, days of the Prize Ring. This is a figure that, in reduced circumstances, might have fitted into "*Rembrandt's Mill*" before noticed. HUMPHREYS was an intelligent-looking man; but what an attitude!

No. 241. *Portraits of Mrs. William Goddard (posthumous), and her Children.* By THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R.A. And T. GAINSBOROUGH ought to have been ashamed of himself for having painted such an idiotic picture. Walk up! Walk up! and see Posthumous Mrs. W. G., lounging over a cloud, about four feet from the ground, extending her left hand, probably intended to be foreshortened, but really deformed, and throwing some flowers (where did she get them from?) to two little Charity-Sunday-school-looking children below, one of whom is paying some little attention to the unusual apparition, while the other is utterly indifferent. No one should miss seeing this. Were Mr. MILLAIS, or any one of our artists, to give us such a picture, he would have to leave the country the very day after the private view. The only one of our Academicians who might, perhaps, take up this peculiar line with anything like safety, would be Mr. FRITH. He would call it "*Levitiation in 1878*," and treat it with due levity.



JUMPING TO A CONCLUSION.

Farmer. "THERE'S NO ROAD THIS WAY, MY MAN."

Navy (not quite recovered from his last night's conversations). "BEGUM, THEN, I AIN'T GOT NO TIME TO MAKE 'UN FOR YER!"

MR. PUNCH'S OWN PROPHECY.

As prophecies are now the fashion, *Mr. Punch* thinks it right to issue a prediction of his own. It is scarcely necessary to add that it is infinitely more credible than any prophecy now travelling the provincial papers:—

Lord Beaconsfield.—In 1890 refuses the Golden Fleece, and asks permission to decline the rank of Field-Marshal. In 1895 writes a novel called *Playing with Politics*, full of autobiographical reminiscences. In 1896 crowned Emperor of Jerusalem.

Lord Hartington.—In 1879 resigns the Leadership of the Liberal party in favour of Mr. COWEN, of Newcastle. In 1882 (after the resignation of the Harcourt Administration) accepts the Leadership of the Liberal party in the House of Lords, having been called to the Peers in his father's lifetime. In 1889 resigns the Leadership in favour of Viscount DILKE. In 1934 becomes Prime Minister of England.

Mr. Gladstone.—In 1801 cuts down all the trees in Kensington Gardens. In 1894 makes a speech of six hours' duration in opposition to Lord BEACONSFIELD'S policy anent the Bayswater Improvement Bill. In 1896 becomes chief contributor to *Bailey's Magazine*, and Sub-Editor of *Bradshaw's Railway Guide*. In 1904 accepts the Stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds. In 1905 seeks election at the hands of twenty-seven constituencies. In 1906 edits a new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, contributing the political and classical articles himself, brings out a new edition of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, and is elected President of the Royal Society, in recognition of his discoveries on the dark side of the moon. In 1908 fills all the chief offices of his own Cabinet.

Cardinal Manning.—In 1878 secures the Papacy for Mr. WHALLEY. In 1894 obtains a "bat" for Mr. JOHN HENRY NEWMAN. In 1895 entertains Mr. NEWDEGATE at a Lenten fish-dinner at the Trafalgar. In 1906 reads *Lothair*.

Mr. Stanley.—In 1879 brings back the North Pole to Europe, for exhibition in the publishing office of the *Daily Telegraph*. In 1880 is commissioned by the Royal Geographical Society to restore what is left of Cleopatra's Needle to Egypt. In 1881 discovers all the undiscovered islands of the Pacific and Antarctic Oceans, traverses all that is still unexplored in Asia, Africa, and South America, and brings geographical discovery practically to a conclusion. In 1926 finishes the two hundred and twenty-fourth volume of his adventures

as a Newspaper Correspondent. In 1927 starts on his first expedition to the sun.

Mr. Layard.—In 1878 commences his explanation to the House of Commons. In 1884 explanation to the House of Commons still progressing. In 1901 breaks off his explanation to the House of Commons, to enter the diplomatic service of the Russo-Turkish Empire.

Prince Von Bismarck.—In 1880 annexes Belgium, Holland, Norway, and Sweden. In 1890, after many resignations, becomes once more Premier of Germany. In 1899 accepts Ireland at the hands of Lord BEACONSFIELD. In 1900 admits the Green Isle is too many for him.

Mr. Punch.—In 2487—but this is telling too much!

THAT W. G.!

(SPIRITS labouring under a sense of the matchless and manifold villany of that pernicious statesman, the Right-Hon. W. E. G., will find much relief from occasional *vivid voce* recitation of the following.)

Who broke up the Liberal Party
Because he'd a fit of the blues?
With a hatred of HARTINGTON hearty,
Who hankers to lead in his shoes?
Who, from envy and vicious vexation,
At the honours and hits of Lord B.,
Has determined to ruin the nation?—
That W. G.!

Who, burning with black animosities,
With deliberate aim went to work,
A-hatching Bulgarian Atrocities,
And slandering the innocent Turk?
Who leagued with the base Northern Bruin
To mix bitters in BERSER PAUL'S tea,
And bring British Interests to ruin?—
That W. G.!

Who has laboured with pamphlets and speeches,
And letters and post-cards *ad lib.*,
To fill full of blood the Russ leeches,
And crack the Conservative crib?
Who, under the mask of philanthropy,
Hides a heart black as heart well can be,
With the blood-thirst of ghoulish lycanthropy?—
That W. G.!

Who in every word, and each action,
Be his dealings with Church or with State,
Is inspired by the spirit of faction,
And moved by the motive of hate?
Who, whether with "articles" busy,
Or felling an innocent tree,
Means mischief to England and DIZZY?—
That W. G.!

Whose game, whatsoever he try on,
Is always a sinister sham?
A poltroon, if he roars like a lion,
A *Herp*, if he bleats like a lamb?
A fool, if he writes a long letter,
A boor, if he pens a P. C.,
Or, if he does neither, no better?—
That W. G.!

Who, aping the pose of a Bayard,
With Greek and Slav treasons brim-full,
As *Polonius* alluded to LAYARD,
That much-maligned Nineveh Bull?
Who wellnigh drove the P. M. G. frantic,
And, attacking the modest D. T.,
Doubled that circulation gigantic?
That W. G.!

Who, a CATILINE, CLEON, and CLODIUS,
With CICERO'S gift of the gab,
Uses arts and arms equally odious,
Through Church and State England to stab?
Card-sharper, tree-feller, stump-prater,
Russ agent, and Romish trustee,
Who is thief, liar, Jesuit, traitor?
That W. G.!

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—We hear of a new Novel called *The Missing Will*. If the heroine be of the Rhoda Broughton advanced female order, the title should have been *The Willing Miss*.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



UCH tension out of doors, much attention in Parliament to Ministerial answers of Eastern Questions. Interrogated on the report that our Fleet has been refused a passage by the Porte, Lord DERRY (*Lords, Monday, Feb. 11*) hoped that our ships would soon be in the Dardanelles, whether they got there through the Porte or not. But he said nothing to qualify Friday's explanation that the Fleet had gone not to fight, but to play policeman over British lives and properties in Stamboul. This limitation of Admiral HORNER's mission makes the War-papers out of doors and the War-party in Parliament very savage, and they are already calling out that there is a Jonah aboard the Ship of State by the name of DERRY. The farce of a "United Cabinet," however, still runs, and we see no reason why it should not keep the bills while those who abuse it so bitterly still stand up for the companion-burlesque, a "United Nation." The truth is, that it is precisely the Jonah that the War-party want to throw overboard whom the more sober-minded and less sanguinary on both sides trust to keep the peace, against the War-leaning of Lord BEACONSFIELD—if Mr. HARDY will allow *Punch* to use the word without calling him a liar—the headiness of the SECRETARY FOR WAR, the lyric enthusiasm of the POSTMASTER-GENERAL, the squeazability of the HOME SECRETARY, and the invertebratibility of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER.

Lord DERRY is regarded by a large body of opinion—Liberal and Tory—as the Cabinet Peace-Ancor, which, once cut away, H.M.S. *Britannia* must drift hopelessly and helplessly with the current on the reefs of European War. That "strong measures" are shouted for by a noisy and numerous party out of doors—which grows more noisy and more numerous every day that angry words continue to be bandied between Bull and Bear, with an English Fleet and a Russian Army within saluting, or striking distance—does not reconcile those who do not share the fear which the War-party call "prudence," and the fret and fury they christen "patriotism," to the cutting away of the Cabinet's Peace-Ancor.

(*Commons.*)—After Sir STAFFORD had answered ditto to Lord DERRY, the Liberal Newcastle Member, on bringing up the Report on the Vote of Credit, showed that if a Bull in a china shop is serious, it is nothing to a Cow-*en*. He delivered himself of such an out-and-out anti-Russian and pro-Turk diatribe (prepared evidently for the debate on the Vote, but not cold-drawn, like most bottled oratory), that he kept the Conservative Irreconcilables in a fever of delight and a frenzy of applause from his rising up to his sitting down. Mr. COWEN's opinions on the question of the Gay are no secret. But they were expressed with such force that they seemed for the moment to have the effect of an Orsini shell on his own side the House. Is this out-spoken contradiction by a Liberal Member



A KINDNESS IS NEVER THROWN AWAY.

Unhorsed small Farmer (to young Squire, thrown out). "OI ZEY, MESTER GE-ARGE, TURN THAT THER NEDDIE OF MI-EN, WILL YER, AN' OI'LL SEND YAR MITHER A BUNDLE OF TURNUPS FOR NORTHERN!"

of the policy and principles of the bulk of his own party a proof of the unanimity of the nation? If the antagonistic tug of parties and party-leaders could keep things *in statu quo*, we might hope that England would still resist the strong drift of the War-tide. But when the DERRY anchor is out away, let BRITANNIA'S watch on deck look out!

But whatever may be the differences of opinion and feeling in or out of the House, no one (as Mr. GLADSTONE said) wants to worry the Government in the present difficult and delicate crisis; so the Bill was agreed to, with no event more startling than the explosion of Mr. COWEN'S bomb-shell.

The Factories and Workshops Bill was read a Second Time, Mr. CROSS pointing out, that its changes were all in the way of taking off instead of putting on shackles.

Mr. WHEELHOUSE was Counted Out on an Election of Aldermen Bill.

Good Heavens! That a Member should be able to apply his mind to the machinery for the Election of Aldermen, with the scales of European peace trembling in the hands of Lord BEACONSFIELD!

Tuesday (Lords).—Lord DERRY hoped that in forty-eight hours we should know that the Fleet was at or near Constantinople. All the Powers had agreed to a Conference, and "the only difference" (a bold word that, my Lord) "was as to the place of meeting." No other Power, as far as he knew had sent a fleet through the Constantinople Canal, but more than one had asked for a firman—(and certainly not before a firm-man was wanted by more than one).

The Duke of RICHMOND laid on the table his Bill to amend the Cattle Plague Act of 1869. *Punch* is no more in a fit mind than my Lords to deal with such minor matters as Cattle-Plague, Pleuro-Pneumonia, and Foot-and-Mouth Disease, while the head, and heart, the lungs, liver, and lights, the foot and mouth, the hoof and horn of the Head of the bovine family—JOHN—may be in question:

(*Commons.*)—"Yet even in this moment of tension, with the shadows of war looming nearer and more near, and Peace hardly able to keep her mouth above water, even with Lord DERRY'S cool head for a life-buoy, the House could find an ear for the Lady of the Lakes, pleading for Thirlmere by the lips of Mr. E. G. HOWARD.

Manchester Thirst—of money, or water, or both?—spoke through the throats of Messrs. BIRLEY and JACOB BRIGHT. Tastes differ. Many think, or say, that the scenery of Thirlmere will be all the better for the water-works, and that the needs of a great and growing town are hard facts, about the urgency of which there can be no division of opinion. There may be such difference, however, said Mr. RAIKES, about the exact nature of Manchester's needs—much question whether Manchester needs the Thirlmere water to drink or to sell.

Eventually the Bill, as being more than a private, yet not quite a public Bill, was referred to a hybrid Committee, five to be chosen by the House, four by the Committee of Selection. The Collective Wisdom, we are glad to see, *does* feel itself something like a trustee for the Lakes—a Guardian of the natural beauties of Great Britain. "Hybrid" is the scientific word for "mule." We trust that in the Report of this Hybrid Committee the asinine element will not be uppermost.

Questions about the question, with answers more or less explicit and satisfactory. Mr. NOLAN wanted to know if, having ordered Admiral HORNBURY up the Dardanelles, the Government meant to see him safe down again. Mr. SMITH said Admiral HORNBURY *had* his orders, and that they were clear, but he declined, of course, to state them. (How can Members ask such questions?)

Mr. LEATHAM called attention to the traffic in Church Livings, two thousand of which he said were at this moment in the hands of agents for sale or exchange. Nothing can be more damaging to the credit of the Church, or more difficult to get rid of, than this traffic in cures of souls, which now pass from buyer to seller, like cures of bodies through the medical agents.

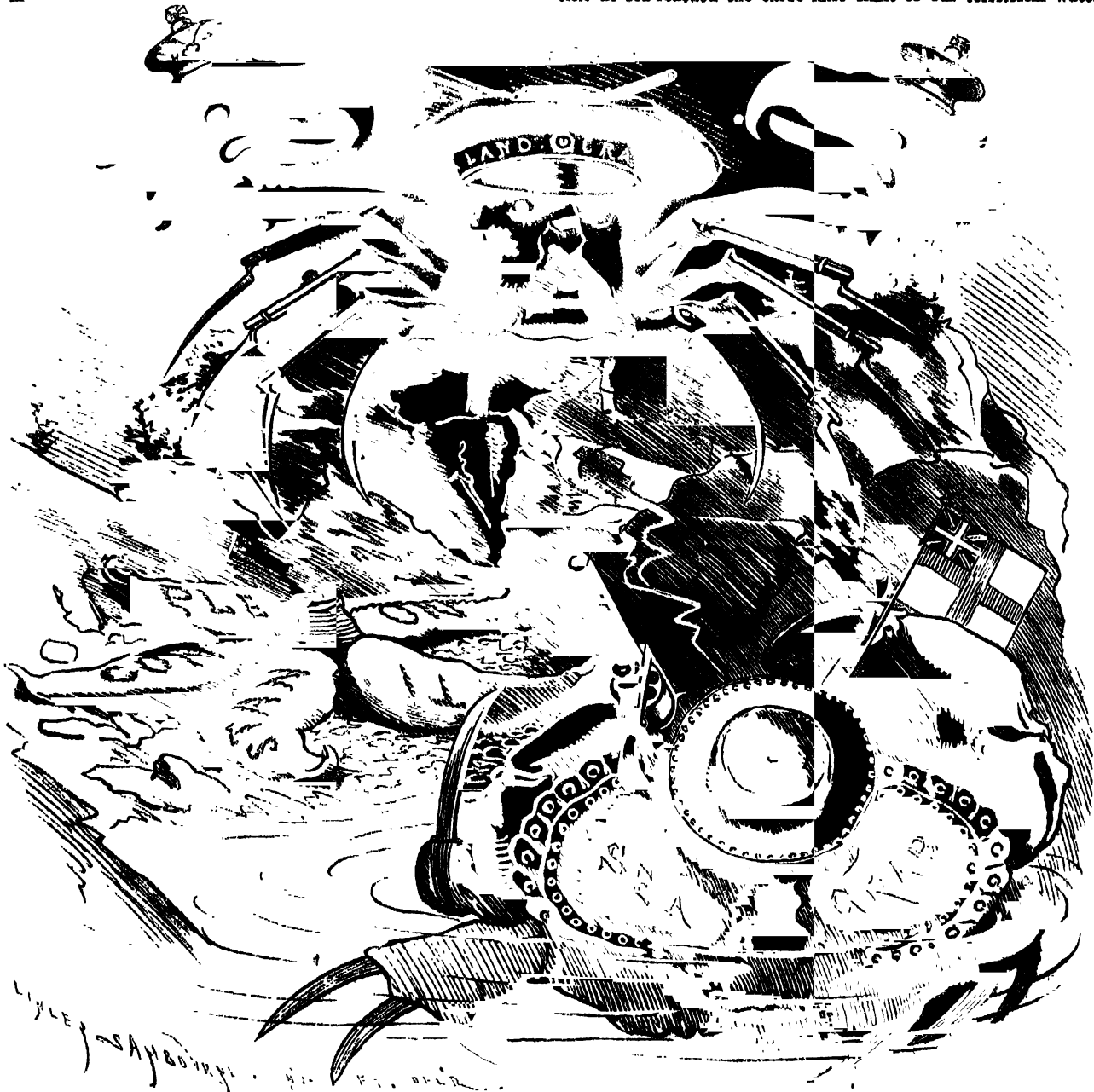
But the House has bigger fish than Church scandals to fry just now; and after Mr. RICHARD had given Honourable Members the Quaker view of the matter, and Mr. A. B. HOPE, the eccentric and ecclesiastical, Sir G. BOWYER, getting up to fire his shot, found nothing better before him than the blank of a Count Out.

Wednesday.—Mr. BIGGAR moved a Second Reading of the Bill for altering Irish Parliamentary Registration. Sir CHARLES DILKE, in English, and Mr. M'LAREN, in Scotch, spoke in favour of it. Irish Members were, as usual, diametrically divided. Mr. LEWIS contended that the Bill was meant to save canvassers trouble, and that

it had better wait the Report of the Committee on English Registration. Besides, Sir J. McKenna had another Irish Bill on the same subject. It is admittedly only a little Bill. But its fountain-head is BIGGAR, and that, we fear, did not recommend it to the House, so it was thrown out by 134 to 96.

Mr. RAMSAY'S Scotch Valuation Bill was talked out; the House Occupiers' Disqualification Removal, Bill (Scotch) passed through Committee; and the Bills for raising the Six Millions were brought in. It will be worse when they bring us in the Bills for spending them.

he has, in some sense, but the Government doesn't see it, and has told him so. GORTSCHAKOFF intimates, in effect, that he means to treat us to an entertainment *à la Russe*. If he do, JOHN BULL declares he will give the Muscovy his desert. The Sea-Crab thinks it only prudent to have the Stamboul Star-Fish within reach of his claws—which he has no wish to use—but objects to the Land-Crab claiming the same privilege for the nippers he has just been so freely fleshing. The LORD CHANCELLOR brought in his Bill to assimilate Law to Lay-Reason, which had taken it for granted that our legal jurisdiction at sea reached the three-mile limit of our territorial waters.



"CLAWS OFF!"

Thursday (Lords).—A full House, and as much anxiety to know what Government had done, and is going to do—or, rather, how it is going to be done—in the Bosphorus, as their Olympian Lordships can be expected to show.

Lord DERRY informed their Lordships that the ships had gone up the Dardanelles to Prince's Island (ten miles below Stamboul) where they were now anchored, in the SULTAN's teeth, who, however, had not shown them, but protested only. Prince GORTSCHAKOFF had written to say that as we had sent up our Fleet to protect British interests, he had ordered in the Russian Army to protect the interests of all Christians. The Prince thought he had us there—and so

This would have seemed scarcely to require a statute; but as seven Judges to six decided otherwise in the case of the *Franconia*, the law has evidently not till now been that perfection of reason the legal text-books assert it to be.

(Commons.)—A very full House on the tenter-hooks of expectation, to which Sir STAFFORD told all that Lord DERRY had told the Peers. As yet our Fleet had the Sea of Marmora to itself. Sir L. PALK,—that "County Member, of good family and great possessions," who has been chosen Chairman of the Irreconcilables who want to make short work of Lord DERRY, the Russian Bear, and most other things that stand in their way—asked if Government

had protested against the Porte's protest, as no absolution of the Russians from their undertaking not to occupy Stamboul.

Sir STAFFORD said the Government stood firm to their guns.

On Second Reading of the Six Millions Bill, Jinks's Baby—*le plus terrible des enfants terribles*—proceeded to fire the blunderbuss which he had loaded for the Six Millions Debate. After first blazing into the Leaders on both sides—the Government as "weak and invertebrate," the Opposition as "flabby and molluscous;" maintaining that the Government had let itself be pushed into a dangerous step by its light-headed members; and declaring his belief that the conduct of Russia had been more dignified, more generous, and straightforward than our own, the bold Baby did not fear even to take Sir ROBERT PERL by the beard—a more daring feat, just now, than to do as much for the Grand Turk. He had the courage, too—it is an act of courage just now—to go the extreme animal in favour of Russia and against Poland; warned Government of the futility of trying to stop the union of the scattered branches of the Slavonic race, in conjunction with Austria, and declared that if the Government Leader did not pledge himself that they would not attempt to set the Ottoman Humpty-Dumpty up again, he would divide the House. In conclusion, he declared that his blunderbuss had not been loaded when he got up, and that the volley had been unprepared.

Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE declined to reopen the debate, but protested against charging the Government with want of candour.

Mr. GLADSTONE spoke some weighty words in deprecation of our close connection with Austria in the negotiations about to open. He declared, amid ironical cheers, that he believed the views of the Opposition on this Vote and the Eastern Question were those of the great majority of the nation.

Sir ROBERT PERL returned Mr. JINKS his fire with interest.

Sir J. LUBBUCK threw Jinks's Baby overboard, and Lord RUSK called attention to the manifestations of Public Opinion in support of Government. Lord ROBERT MONTAGU got himself called to order for speaking of the Czar as a "tyrant," and the Liberals as "hypocritical friends of virtue." It is only pretty ROBERT's way. Sir WILFRED LAWSON called on Government to say definitely if they meant to make a *casse belli* of the Russian Entry into Constantinople; and Mr. FARNWELL crowed over Sir STAFFORD, as a dunghill cock that clearly did not mean fighting. Then the Bill passed against Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL's stern but solitary "No"—"Among the flaccid strong-backed only he."

The debate on Second Reading of Mr. SCLATER-BOTH'S County Boards Bill was adjourned by a bored House, evidently unable to keep its mind to anything but *pros* and *cons* of War.

Friday (Lords).—Nothing worth noting.

(Commons).—Some desultory Eastern questioning, which, of course, at this crisis got none but evasive answers.

General OSBORNE MORGAN pushed another parallel of his sap of the Parish Churchyard, as a resting-place for parishioners of all denominations, with such rites as relatives may direct, subject to due conditions of respect for the living and the dead. That God's Acre will soon cease to be a battle-ground for the unseemly strife of Church and Chapel is evident when we can record that Mr. MORGAN divided 227 to 242, in a full House, in the teeth of the Government and the face of that cry of "No Surrender!" which, in a conflict between the claims of a Church and the cause of common sense and common humanity, is the certain prelude of surrender at discretion.

The writing on the churchyard wall has long been legible to all but the Church *Intransigentes* in Convocation and Commons. That they should shut their eyes to it matters nothing, except so far as it emitters a contest which can have but one issue, delays a settlement which *must* come, and keeps open a Church-raw which, for the health and strength of the Church, had better be closed, and which, had the Church's best friends been allowed to prescribe for her, would have been closed long ago.

FROM A GOOD SAMARITAN.

HERE is an offer which has come to *Punch's* hands, and which at first reading seemed too good to be true. But, on second—best—thoughts, it seemed a very poor compliment to Christian charity to distrust its offer because it was, as all true Christian charity must be, unfettered and unstinted. So he gives it the publicity of his columns, for the benefit of the many poor little ones whom it may concern:—

"COUNTRY HOME FOR LONDON CHILDREN.—A fortnight of country life, in the village of Halstead, near Sevenoaks, will be given, free of cost, to any London children, on the recommendation of any clergyman, surgeon, school-teacher, or other responsible person. But it is hoped that no one will be sent whose parents are themselves able to provide such holidays for their children. Preference will be given to girls rather than to boys, and to delicate rather than to robust children; but a doctor's certificate of freedom from infectious complaints will be required. Children will be taken in rotation, as soon as there is room, from March 1st to October 30th.

"91, Blackfriars Road, S.E., Feb. 10, 1878.

WILLIAM ROSSITER."

FLYING SHOTS.



an! War! War! Here are a few specimens, brought down by *Mr. Punch's* long bow, from the flocks of wild *canards* which have been flying about the country:—

It is believed that a secret treaty has been signed at St. Petersburg, providing for the occupation, in the case of further war, of Malta by the Turks and Egypt by the Russians.

The Danes and Dutch are both preparing to mobilise their *gendarmes*.

Volunteers for active service are daily being enrolled among the one-legged Chelsea pensioners.

Rumours are current at Berlin that Prince BISMARCK supped last Sunday on pork sausages and sauerkraut, which they who know him best declare is a sure sign of his having made up his mind to a war policy.

A Woolwich Infant Shaw is fixed for next week on Plumstead Common.

The Cleopatra Needle ship has been commissioned by the Government. She will be fitted out with needle-guns, and stationed in the Bosphorus.

Two of the many secret conditions of the Armistice are understood in Vienna to be the cession to the Czar of the island of Corfu, and the immediate dismantling of the fortress of Gibraltar.

With the consent of the French Shareholders, who, it is believed, have been bought out by the SULTAN, the entrance to the Suez Canal is being sanded up, and its channel strewn with dynamite torpedoes.

It is reported that the Admiralty have finally contracted for the purchase of a score of the above-bridge steamboats, and that the officers and crews are to hold themselves in readiness to proceed, in case of need, on active Foreign Service.

A new Corps is being raised, and will before next week be added to our forces, composed entirely of Commissionnaires who have lost an arm. They will be employed in the Field-Telegraph Service.

The vanguard of the Russian Navy, consisting of twelve broad-side turret ironclads and twenty-five Popofskas, has been signalled off the Foreland, heading for Dover.

The old hulks in the Medway and the Solent are receiving a new coat of war-paint.

It is whispered at the Foreign Office that the Admiral of the Swiss Fleet has received sailing orders to proceed to the Red Sea, and is prepared to lend his countenance to a blockade of the Bosphorus.

On the first of April next the Shoe Black Brigade will be placed on a War footing, and will receive its proper complement.

By an order from the Admiralty the shore at Brighton is to be illumined nightly with Greek fire; and a tank of fish torpedoes has been added to the Aquarium.

A Prayer from St. Peter's.

In a hole of the wall of St. Peter's great Hall,
Bricked-up, plastered down, sleeps Pope PIO—the late!
Would the plaster that's spread for the Church's late Head,
But heal raws from chafings between Church and State!

IF WE COULD!

DURING the Conclave the Cardinals will eat apart. If we could but feel that this puts out of the question the chance of their making a mess of it!

EXTREMES MEET.

WHAT—*claves in conclave*—the keys under lock and key?
That the Keys of Heaven in ward of Vatican locks should be!



AN ACCOMPLISHED MUSICIAN.

Sir Charles (an eligible bachelor, who is passionately fond of Music, and evidently admires Miss Madeline). "THOSE ARE AWFULLY DIFFICULT VALSES YOU'RE PLAYING, MISS MADELINE. I SUPPOSE YOU'VE PRACTISED THEM NO END!"

Miss Madeline (ingenuously gazing at Sir Charles, and continuing to play with great brilliancy and precision). "O DEAR, NO SIR CHARLES. I NEVER SAW THEM BEFORE; INDEED, I NEVER EVEN HEARD THE COMPOSER'S NAME UNTIL MRS. BLENKINSHOP ASKED ME TO PLAY THEM FOR THE YOUNG ONES TO DANCE TO. IT'S SO NICE TO BE ABLE TO MAKE ONESELF USEFUL. DON'T YOU THINK SO?" &c., &c., &c.

[SIR CHARLES'S admiration for a young Lady who can thus play difficult Music at sight, while she looks softly at him, and talks so pleasantly, knows no bounds.]

THE OLD MASTERS AT THE ACADEMY.

By a Young Master. Last look round.

No. 236. *Portrait of A MAN.* By FERDINAND BOL. "Drunk again!" A sot trying to explain "how it happened"—of course *sot-to-voce*. Evidently a brother of Bol's other inebriated idiot.

No. 240. *Portrait of John Vaughan.* By SIR GODFREY KNELLER, Bart. The idea illustrated is, "I must send my wig to be done up!"

What's in a name? "JOHN VAN OS" ought to have painted equestrian subjects. What a name to have been signed, now-a-days, to that advertisement of "Somebody's Vans, Families Removing,"—*drawn by a Van Os!* He painted No. 251. *Fruit and Dead Game.* What's his little game? A hare.

Then there is CONSTABLE, who, of course, "took up" a subject, and "from information received" went down to Hampstead, and took No. 248.

Then look at No. 254. By DE HEEM. If you trust to HEEM, you'll come to the conclusion that there can't be a better "collation" than five red shrimps (not over fresh), a piece of roll, salt, and plenty of lemon. "Take a piece of roll, Sir?" said Cox to Bor when they became friendly. This is the sort of roll that Cox had previously picked.

Look at No. 256. By GIORGIONE, which is clearly the portrait of the original Captain SLYBOOTS "up to a thing or two."

No. 263. *Portraits of George and Elizabeth.* By SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS. The idea illustrated is "The Day after the Feast." Observe the complexion of the children. ELIZABETH is saying, "Oh, GEORGE! Ma says she's sent for the Doctor."

No. 264. "Not so Black as I'm painted." By JACOB LEYER. Before leaving Gallery Five, pause at 273. It is a solemn subject; but do look at the little boy in red breeches and a devotional attitude, in the right-hand corner.

See, finally, in the Octagon, CANALOTTO'S *Ceremony of the Doge wadding the Sea*, which was the Venetian Lord Mayor's Day, or *Dies Maris*, in the olden time; also a Venetian Regatta. Wonderful works, considered retrospectively, or prospectively.

In quitting Burlington House, and leaving the engraving with regret at being unable to take them with me,—but one umbrella is as much as I can carry,—it will be as well to inform the Public, that, for the small sum of Five Shillings, a Season Ticket can be purchased, entitling the holder to go in and out as often as he likes—but not including refreshments; nor is the holder permitted to take any umbrella, or stick, left in the hall, except his own. He may converse with the Policeman on Art subjects only (of course about CONSTABLE'S works chiefly), and may sing a song to the Catalogue-purveyor if the latter is willing, in his leisure moments, to listen to him. The holder of the season ticket is privileged to be the first to come and the last to go, if he likes; but he may not hide in the building, and frighten any of the Academicians by popping out suddenly, and saying, "Bo!" He may not say it clearly, nor may he say it hoarsely,—no, I mean HOARSELY. Of course, if he has previously written to the President announcing his intended course of action, this will materially alter the case; but even then, his ticket will not permit the use of a false nose, with or without spectacles. Evening dress is not absolutely indispensable. The ticket only admits the bearer if he takes it himself; and, in this case, the bearer must also be the *bond fide* holder. A friend may accompany him as far as the top of the staircase without any extra charge.

Experientia docet. Verb. sap. Exit.

WHY NOT?

"Muscovs in Stamboul! What then?" asks Lord DERRY.
"Why mayn't the Turks enjoy their Russ in Urbe?"



AWKWARD.

(Off Stamboul.)

ENGLAND. "TURKEY, AHoy!"

TURKEY. "SHEER OFF! YOU CAN'T LAND HERE!"

ENGLAND. "WE'VE COME TO PROTECT BRITISH LIFE AND PROPERTY!"

RUSSIA. "NOT THE LEAST NECESSARY; I'M HERE TO PROTECT EVERYBODY'S!"

TURKEY. "FACT IS, THIS GENTLEMAN AND I HAVE JUST SWORN ETERNAL FRIENDSHIP!"

SERVICE NO SLAVERY.



THE pessimists complain of the little distinction now-a-days between servant-girls and mistresses. Here is one way of making that little less:—

A GENTLEWOMAN WANTED, by a Lady, as GENERAL SERVANT in a small family, where a nurse is kept. No one who is above her work need apply. She will be treated with every consideration and kindness. Apply, &c.

Suppose it had run "A Lady, Wanted by a Gentlewoman," would it have been all the same? Or is there a delicate distinction, which *Punch* fails to catch, between the Gentlewoman and the Lady? He hopes that if the Lady should find the Gentlewoman she wants, the only rivalry between them will be which can do her duty best by the other. If that were so with all Gentlewomen in service, and Ladies out of it, it would be a case of Lady-Helps, in the best sense of the word, upstairs and down.

"UNTIL THIS LAST!"—A Cockney suggests "Hashley's" as a good site for the "Hobbyliak."

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(On the Amateur Pantomime at the Gaiety last Wednesday Afternoon.)

SIR,—The great event of last week in the Theatrical World (and what portion of the world isn't theatrical, seeing that it is all a stage!) was, unquestionably, the Amateur Pantomime at the Gaiety Theatre, on Wednesday afternoon, Feb. 13th, 1878. I give the date in full, for the sake of generations yet unborn.

The subject of the Pantomime was the *Forty Thieves*. The opening was written by Messrs. R. REECE, W. S. GILBERT, F. C. BURNARD, and H. J. BYRON, and the two comic scenes were arranged by Mr. SOUTAR and Mr. JOHN D'AUBAN, two of the most indefatigable, persevering, good-tempered instructors ever seen on any stage. Herr MEYER LUTZ, director of the music, was also long-suffering, and to him is due the harmony of the proceedings. The whole affair, from first to last, was under the control of Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD, who undertook it as a matter of charity, worked at it as a matter of business, and managed it all most admirably.

The *Forty Thieves* were deservedly "taken up" by everybody in town, and the theatre could have been filled twice over. The performance was for the benefit of the General Theatrical Fund, and brought about seven hundred pounds, which gives a balance to the charity of about five hundred.

The Amateurs did work at it with a vengeance. For five or six weeks, day after day, they persevered in their rehearsals at all sorts of inconvenient hours; and Mr. W. S. GILBERT, who not only supplied one of the scenes and a capital song to the air of the Judge's song in *Trial by Jury*, but also played Harlequin, was doing "animations," "trips," and "leaps" for three hours a day, through a period of two months previous to performance. By the 13th of February he could have gratified a *Shylock's* rapacity by writing a cheque for any number of pounds of flesh dispensed with during these rehearsals. And yet, when he appeared as "Mr. Spangles," and had a reception as brilliant as his dress, he did not at all appear to be the shadow of his former self. Not a bit of it; he was the Spanglest Mister Spangles that ever we did see—a very Titan among Harlequins—at least his dress was a very tight 'un—and he did his spitting with a gentle firmness, a courteous determination of purpose, and an inflexible gallantry which evidently impressed the dear little Columbine, Mdlle. ROSA, with a sense of the intense devotion with which her glittering lover worshipped the

very ground she trod on. Mr. GILBERT's Harlequin was the Harlequin of the Iron Will and Supple Limb.

Happy Thought.—Did it ever yet occur to any historian, that *The Man in the Iron Mask* was only a Harlequin, without his wand, of course, pining for his Columbine, and imprisoned by Clown as gaoler? If Mr. W. S. GILBERT will but undertake the chief character of Mr. Spangles in prison, I see a Pantomimic Drama before me of deep and stirring interest.

Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon both the instructor, Mr. D'AUBAN, and the instructed amateur pantomimists, who must have been about the most apt and conscientious pupils he has ever taught.

Mr. KNOX HOLMES, who played the Tyrant *Gesler* in the Amateur Pantomime in 1856, was not a whit behind the youngest of them all in his excellent rendering of the "Old 'un"—i.e., the Pantaloon. Captain COLVILLE, the Policeman, was "A. 1." Lord DE CLIFFORD's weak-minded "Swell," who purchases an umbrella from the Clown for two guineas, and walks off with only the stick of it in his hand, apparently intensely satisfied with his own great business-like capacity for a bargain, will be a thing of beauty and a joy for ever in my memory.

But how am I to recall them all, and give to each his meed of praise? Wasn't that *caneen* first-rate between Mr. ALGER BASTARD, as "UNG MOSCOO," and Mr. McCALMONT as an "Old Woman"? Great praise is due to that "Old Woman" for the way in which she managed her skirts. But then Mr. McCALMONT is accustomed to a gown,—and a wig. Mr. LESLIE WARD as the "Artist," sketched GLADSTONE and DISRAELI on a black board with a rapidity and a decision that proved he could both act, and "draw" when he acted. And then—the Clown!! Mr. WRE, besides having acquired the voice and actions of the very best of the "Old JOKE" school, was also a tumbling Clown; then, mind you, he obliged the company, by the special request of some wags in the gallery, with "*Hot Codlins*" and "*Tippitwichtil*" (which it isn't spelt like that, I believe, but I don't know any better), the former song being finished with a little "gag" of Mr. WRE's own making, that brought down the house. All his "business" was a real pleasure to him, as one might have imagined it would have been to the author of that quaint little Christmas piece, "*The Doll's House*," played for two festive seasons at GERMAN REEF'S.

Now a few words as to the Burlesque portion. Captain GOOCH and Mr. QUINTIN were excellent as *Ali Baba* and *Ganem*. Mr. BASTARD's "make-up" for *Cassim* was very good. Mr. MACLEAN's *Hasarac* was a most energetic performance, and his dancing capital. Mr. WOOLLEY's trumpeter's legs were quite Vokesian; and Mr. PARKER's likeness of Mr. GLADSTONE was something that might have given the Lord Chamberlain fits. Mr. HIGGINS was made up after the *Fanny* Fair portrait of BUNNOR the Convict.

The Ladies who assisted, Miss ELEANOR BURTON, and Miss LUCY BUCKERIDGE, did their very best for the general weal, and the *General Wheel* was a real "Merry-go-Rounder." Then it is but fair that I should place on record the untiring exertions of Miss LYDIA THOMPSON throughout the rehearsals, and at the performance. Well might she have sung (as she used to sing in *Blue Board*), "Shoulder arms! and pull yourselves together!" for if any mortal power, beyond that of Messrs. BOUTAX, LUTZ, and D'AUBAN, did keep the *Forty Thieves* (the rascals!) well pulled together, and thoroughly in hand, it was Miss LYDIA THOMPSON's. Her "go" and *verve* (that's a French word, which I fancy expresses my meaning—at all events I hope so—if not, any of my readers with a dictionary at hand can select another for himself) were the very life of the Burlesque opening. I believe a Hollingshead Medal has been struck, commemorative of the event; and each one of the authors has been presented with a gold periwinkle-pickor, set in diamonds.

It was a day of most thorough and deserved success. That the Pantomime, wherever it may be given, will be as successful as it was at the Gaiety, is the faith of YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S.—Once more my remarks on *Diplomacy* must stand over. I will just add a line here to record the genuine success of the Opera of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, by the Carl Rosa Company, at the Adelphi. Miss GAYLORD is charming. *Au plaisir!*

Beyond Cardinal Virtue.

PECCI's too clean of hand St. Peter's bark
To steer among the shoals and troubled billows.
A Pope should have sinned—not, of course, too dark—
But PECCI has, at most, but Pecci-dilloes.

PARODY FOR THE PRUDENT.

We don't want to go to war; for, by jingo, if we do,
We may lose our ships, and lose our men, and, what's worse, our money too.



MICROSCOPY FOR THE MILLION.

Janet. "COME AWA', JOHN!" John. "SIT STILL, WOMAN, AN' SEE THE SHOW!"

Janet. "SEE THE SHOW! GUDE SAVE US A', MAN! WHAT WAD COME O' US IF THAE AWFU'-LIKE BRUTES WAS TO BREK OOT O' THE WATTER!"

PLAY IN A WORKHOUSE.

MR. PUNCH, HONNER'D SIR,

AMUNGST all these here blessed wars and roomers of wars the thorts of littel narrer-minded people is confined to Forren afares, but them as is capible of Broader vyes like mee and U ixtends em to things Porochial. Accordinly, insted of lookin at Constantinople aloan, oast your i halleo to the Ile of Wite. Charity as the sayin is begins at ome. Look away from the Phosphorus and look across the Solent. Hunder the Newport news in the *Hamshire Independent*, Sir, you'll see a deploreabel instanse of offense agin the Sistim of Troo Charity witch in coorse I means Porochial Economy. And, of all places in the Iland and the World, in the Ile of Wite Workus whear earfofour they was always Supposed to keep up Doo Dissipline and of witch an Instanse as made sum Noise at the Time Occurr'd and I ad the pleasure to happland the same only tuther day. But now ow different. Wy, Mr. Punch, wood you beleeve it the Ile of Wite Gardians has hackshally been and sankshun'd a musicle

"ENTERTAINMENT AT THE WORKHOUSE.—An entertainment, arranged by Mr. R. ROCHS, was given to the inmates of the Isle of Wight Workhouse on Tuesday evening last. Mr. JOHN SHICKERNALL presided."

Then it goes on to say as how the program consistid of songs, glees, a solow on the pianner and instermantal performances by a hole lot of ladies and gentlemen pretty nigh 20 altogether and tells us that:—

"The entertainment evidently afforded much pleasure to the audience, and at the close of the programme the Rev. J. WENTWORTH ELOER, Chaplain, moved a vote of thanks to the Chairman and performers. The audience endorsed the proposal by loud and repeated cheers, and the Chairman, in acknowledging the vote, stated that he had brought with him a few presents for the young and old inmates—an announcement which was received with almost deafening expressions of delight by the company."

Wot a Soean, Mr. Punch, to witnis in a Workus Intearior. Hollerin, aboutin, cheerin, deafenin expressions of Delite—wot ixtrotrnary sounds in a place whear the strictest silence ort to prewale. A musickle entertainment in a Union Workus—is that the sort of Thing to bring abandun'd Porpers to a sense of their sittivation, and constute em a warnin to others! Talk of Porpers treatment. Ear they ad a treat indeed. Give em concerts. Wot next. Give em balls I spose and alow em chiekin and lobster sallad and blue-monge and tipy-cake, and trife, and ice punch and clarritt oupp and champain like I've witnes'd in occasional Attendance at Evenin Parties amongst the Better Orders. O, Mr. Punch, Phancy a Concert in a Workus! O wot an alteration in the Ile of Wite! O Workus, wot a fallin orf was there! A Revolootion must have took place in that there Istablishment I'me sure, and wot I'me afeard of is it will lead to Uthers, and wot will be the consequens if Workuses is to becom Paradises for Porpers? In coorse there'll be an end of all Porochial Economy and ixamples to the laborin classes of wot they must come to as wickedly neglex to lay by a pervision for their declinin years out of their twelve or fourteen shillin a weke. I do ope, Mr. Punch, you'll show up these hi jinx in the Ile of Wite Wurkus to the atenshun of your friend the Ome Secretary, and so no more at Present from yure ever faithful Advocate of the Porochial Sistim,

BUMBLE.

P.S.—Peraps 'tis only fare to say the Workus Entertainment don't seem to have oost the Ratepayers nothink. That's porochial so far as it goes. But adn't ladies and gentalmen friends and kinsfoke to entertaine insted of singin and playin free gratis for nothink to emuse them wishus Porpers?

An Old Rhyme with a New Reason.

ADMIRAL HORNBY,
Cross orders torn by,
Swallowed his humble pie:
When the forts told to run,
He shotted each gun,
And said, "You may've to
speak by-and-by."

A LOW VIEW (SCENE—WAPPING).

Profane *Publican* (reading "*Times*" of Feb. 11). "Spiritual wants of English Seamen?" Umph! "Rum," I should say—mostly.

(W)HOL(L)Y RUSSIA.—Turkey.



A VOCATION.

Aunt. "SHALL I GIVE YOU A NEW DOLL, MAGGIE!"

Maggie. "NO, THANKS, AUNT! I SHOULD NEVER LOVE ANOTHER DOLL LIKE THIS; FOR SEE, IT HAS ONLY GOT ONE EYE, ONE LEG, AND ONE ARM, AND NOBODY WOULD CARE FOR IT IF I DIDN'T. PROPER DOLLS CAN TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES, YOU KNOW!"

A BAD JOB FOR BUTCHERS.

"WHAT d'ye buy, what d'ye buy, what d'ye buy, buy, buy!" cried Mr. BRISKET, as arrayed in azure tunic, he paced to and fro in front of his establishment, and whetted his slicing-knife on the steel attached to his girdle.

"Not anything to-day," replied PATERFAMILIAS, as he paused in passing by. "Not anything to-day, Mr. BRISKET. No, Sir, nor yet to-morrow. American beef is excellent, every bit as good as British, but I decline buying it under that denomination of yours, when I can purchase it at a figure so much more reasonable under its own name over the way."

"What d'ye mean?" exclaimed the Butcher, with a look of anger and astonishment.

"Oh!" cried the Family Man, "don't you read your Paper? Listen;" and he quoted as follows from the leading journal:—

"Sir,—As the Report of the Cattle Plague Committee proves that the West End butchers are large buyers of the American beef, which they retail at their ordinary prices, it may be interesting to the general public to know that the dairy produce dealers are beginning to undersell them."

"They be blowed!" Mr. BRISKET bellowed.

"It is too early in the year for that, Sir. The bluebottles have not yet emerged from their pupa state of hybernal torpor."

"Yah!" growled CARNIFEX.

"Hear the remainder," said PATERFAMILIAS; and pursued:—

"I have been obtaining daily for many months from my regular cheesemonger and poultryman the ordinary joints of American beef and mutton in quality fully equal to English meat."

"Cagmag!"

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE.

(Why not try it?)

Quor homines tot sententiae being still the order of the day as regards the site of ERASMUS WILSON'S Needle, Mr. Punch takes the problem in hand, and solves it thus:—

The Needle will be fixed on a movable base, to which will be harnessed a team of traction-engines. By these means it will be carried, till further notice, through all the sites in London, say—on Monday, to Wormwood Scrubbs; Tuesday, Ely Place, Holborn; Wednesday, Scotland Yard; Thursday, the Isle of Dogs; Friday, Pump Court, Temple; Saturday, the Garden in Amphill Square; and so on—the programme of sites being changed weekly, paying due regard to the interests of suburban squares and City thoroughfares.

Arrangements will also be made for occasionally laying the Monolith on its side in the Lowther Arcade, or in some other convenient and eligible place, where the public will be permitted to walk all over it in felt slippers, Oxford shoes, Wellingtons, or hob-nailed boots, as the case may be, under the guidance of a distinguished Orientalist, who will attend for the purpose.

The trifling expense involved in carrying out the above plan will be borne by a Committee of the Gentlemen who have hitherto supplied the published correspondence on the subject, who will also hold themselves responsible for such incidental damage to houses on the lines of route, cellarage, the gas, water, and other pipes, and destruction of the roadway, as may arise in the execution of the project.

Such is Mr. Punch's solution, which, after carefully reading all that has been written on the question, he puts forward confidently as the only one likely to reconcile conflicting tastes, and put an end to the interminable "Battle of the Sites."

OMINOUS.—"On Tuesday the Royal Buck Hounds met at Beaconsfield, and on Friday at Warfield."—"Hunting Appointments," in the "Field," Feb. 9.

"Nay, fine brisket, Sir. Because, you see, our friend assures us that—"

"In fact, it is only remarkable in any way from being 3d. a pound cheaper, the price of the sirloin being 10½d."

"Gammon!"

"Nay, Mr. B., not gammon, but beef—beef, Mr. B.—American beef—as good as the best that your customers imagine to be the produce of their native land, and pay for under that delusion. Beef, that does not pretend to be what it isn't; honest beef, sold at an honest price, by honest dealers."

"Do you mean to say as I'm a rogue, then?" demanded BRISKET, as he stuck his blade in his belt, and clenched his fists.

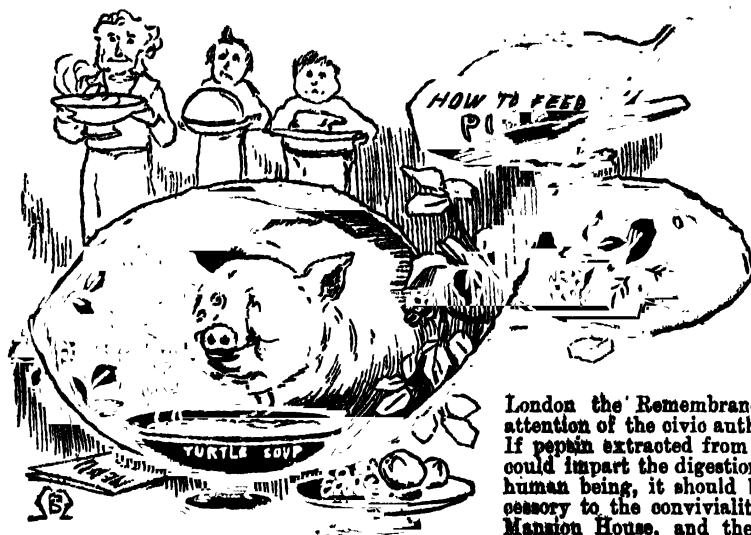
"Oh, dear no," mildly responded the Husband and Father, with the proverbial suavity of reply which averteth anger. "The expression were unparliamentary, and, what is worse, actionable. I would merely say that you are a little exorbitant; and, preferring to do business with a party directly opposite, I shall now proceed to procure my tenpenny-halfpenny sirloin from the fair-dealing Poulterer and Cheesemonger across the street. Good morning, Mr. BRISKET!" So saying, he turned upon his toe; and the Butcher, after an imprecation which it is needless to repeat, resumed his parrot-formula of "What do ye buy, buy, buy?"

The Last of the Old Bar.

"And nought is everything, and everything is nought."—Rejected Addresses.

OWDEN, Lord Mayor, was of Lord Mayors the last That under Temple Bar's doomed archway past. Ah, Fleet Street Gate! thy fate in Greek we sum: Like all man's works *es obliu* thou hast come!

AID TO DIGESTION.



London the Remembrancer should call the attention of the civic authorities to this article. If pepsin extracted from the stomach of a pig could impart the digestion of that animal to a human being, it should be an invaluable accessory to the convivialities of Guildhall, the Mansion House, and the Halls of the great City Companies. It might be called "The

Alderman's Assistant." The Common Council would do well to appoint a Committee to try and report upon acid glycerine pig's pepsin, of which special samples might be expressly prepared and supplied by the Society of Apothecaries. In the meanwhile perhaps some enterprising druggist will advertise "Pepsin of Pigs. Under the Patronage of the LORD MAYOR and Aldermen of London. A real Blessing to the Omnicorous." If pig pepsin would enable men to make pigs of themselves with impunity, that druggist would make his fortune.

ONLY a few days since, in a lecture delivered at the Royal Institution, on the "Protoplasmic Theory of Life," Professor GARROD referred to a preparation of "acid glycerine pepsin, obtained by Mr. BULLOCK's process from the stomach of pigs," as being "of great value to persons of weak digestion." At the next merry meeting of the Corporation of

LITTLE SUSPECTED.

(The real cause of the Pope's death.)

"The following startling telegram was received at the Vatican not long before Thursday the 7th inst. :—

"From ROBERT THOMSON, Minister of Ladywell Parish Church, Glasgow, to POPE PIUS THE NINTH, Vatican, Rome.

"If your proposed Papal Hierarchy in Consistory be promulgated for Scotland, an interdict against it will be demanded from the Supreme Civil Court in Scotland, and the laws of the country rigidly enforced against it."

Scotch Paper.

WHY killed PIO NONO?
I, said ROBIN TAMSON,
The Ladywell Samson,
I killed Pio Nonno!

Gratifying Intelligence.

CYNICS have sometimes asked "Can any Lawyer have a conscience?" This question is answered by the following, from the Times:—

"CONSCIENCE MONEY.—The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER acknowledges the receipt of '6s. 8d.' in stamps for Income-tax."

REGULATIONS FOR THE CONCLAVE.

THE voting for the new Pope will be by ballot. Any Cardinal receiving three black balls will be disqualified for further competition.

All Candidates for the vacancy must be duly nominated, but the speeches of the Proposer and Seconder are not to exceed twenty minutes each.

Any Cardinal writing private letters, reading the newspapers, drawing caricatures, or falling asleep (if under seventy years of age) during the sittings of the Conclave, will, *ipso facto*, forfeit his chance of election to the vacant Chair.

In the selection of servants to wait upon and minister to the wants of the Sacred College, preference will be given to those who are dumb.

Any Cardinal, wishing to be shaved or to have his hair cut, will be required to enter into a bond of not less than a thousand scudi, not to converse with the barber during the operation.

All letters addressed to or written by the Cardinals, must be submitted for inspection to the Cardinal Camerlengo.

All body-linen, stockings, &c., sent in to the Vatican by laundresses, will be carefully examined by Monsignor the Maggiordomo, to prevent these articles from being the channel of surreptitious communications with the outer world.

Snuff ordered by a Cardinal must be delivered in a packet open at both ends.

No cigarettes, in their manufactured form, will be allowed to enter the Vatican; and all cigarette-paper must bear the signature of the Cardinal Camerlengo, and be impressed with the seal of the *Sede Vacante*.

The Cardinals may order what they please for dinner and other meals from the daily bill of fare, which will be prepared every morning jointly by the Dapifero and the first physician, and submitted by them for approval to the Cardinal Camerlengo, who will have the right of exercising his veto on any dish or beverage which he may think likely to disagree with any member of the Sacred College.

An English cook will be engaged specially to prepare the meals of Cardinal MANNING.

That the Cardinals may have the means of healthy exercise during their seclusion, one of the Courts of the Vatican will be fitted up as a tennis-court. In the evenings every facility will be afforded for whist, chess, draughts, dominoes, and other games.

A smoking-room will be provided.

An arrangement will be made with an extensive circulating library for an ample supply of all the newest literature, both domestic and foreign, including the best novels; and the Cardinals will also have the privilege of borrowing any number of volumes

they please, not exceeding 250 at one time, from the Vatican Library.

Stationery and writing materials will be provided for the use of the Cardinals at the public expense, but not postage-stamps.

Each Cardinal will receive a weekly supply of pocket-money, but he will be expected to render an account of the way in which it has been spent, every Monday morning, to the Maggiordomo.

No gratuities, presents of game, wine, chocolate, sweetmeats, &c., will be allowed to be received from Foreign Powers.

Should any Cardinal require a new hat during the sittings of the Conclave, it must first be submitted for examination to the Camerlengo, that he may satisfy himself that no letter, despatch, or other document is concealed within the covering or lining of the article in question.

It will be the duty of the Junior Cardinal to carve, pour out the coffee, sit at the foot of the table, and read the newspapers to those of his colleagues who are labouring under the infirmities of age, or who may have mislaid their glasses.

Punch will be regularly supplied to the Cardinals during the Conclave.

OUR NEW NOVEL.

NOTICE.

WE are delighted to be in a position to announce as "in active preparation, and shortly to be produced" in this Journal, "an entirely new and original Novel," for which arrangements have already been made with the Directors of the Direct Novel and Romance Supply Association (Limited)—by the Author of *Folly and Furini: Under Two Bags; Chuck: 'Arry, 'adn't he? and Two Little Wooden Jews*.

We expect the first instalment next week, and we are wishing we may get it. Due notice will be given of its appearance. Watch this frame. The distinguished Novelist, with whom we are dealing, through the agency of the Direct Romance and Novel Supply Association, is not, we believe, at present in England. But if there is any hitch, any unforeseen difficulty in obtaining the MS., no expense, no labour, no trouble will be spared, in order to enable us to keep faith with the public; and if a journey to Italy, nay, even to Central Africa, be absolutely necessary, it shall be undertaken, and the Novel shall be in our hands.

Whatever delay may occur, the fault will not be on our side. The *nom-de-plume* assumed by the Novelist is "WEXDER." All we have to say to this is, "Read, her!"

TRIUMPH OF DIPLOMACY.—To secure seats at the Prince of Wales's



WEIGHTED.

Clerk (giving change). "HAVE YOU A PENNY, SIR?"

Swell. "HAW! 'DON'T GENEWALLY CAWWY COPPERS!"

Clerk. "THEN I'M AFRAID I MUST GIVE YOU ELEVEN OF 'EM, SIR!"

"NOW, UNMUZZLE!"

Shakspeare.

We have put into black and white, in this number, a bark from *Toby* on the Justices' justice dealt out at Weston-super-Mare, in a case of dog-roasting. If Justice forgot both her scales and her sword in that case, it must be owned she was called upon to make an odd use of them at the Northwich Petty Sessions the other day, when the Master of the Cheshire Hounds was summoned, under the Dogs Act, 1871, for not having his hounds muzzled! Think of a pack of the best bred, best cared-for, best hunted, best whipped, and best mastered hounds in England, trotting to cover, with due escort of huntsman and whips and Master to boot, pulled up under the Act (certainly not "in that case made and provided") as "certain dogs not being under control of any person, and not muzzled with a wire muzzle!"

One has to take breath at the first reading—or should we not rather say at the first blush—of the monstrous charge, which heaps insult on injury, and both on idiotic misreading of the law!

"Certain dogs"! As well known and well credited a pack of hounds—not "dogs," Mr. Pettifogger—as there is in England!

"Not under control of any one." We wish we had the imbecile who brought the charge as well under control at Earlswood Asylum—his proper quarters—as these hounds were under the stern control of huntsman and whips—to say nothing of Master.

Fancy hounds running riot within the reach of those four things, or going mad, except in the mad rapture of the run, with all these paternal despots looking after them! Why, as the Counsel for the Master well said, fox-hounds were the last class of dogs for whom the provisions of the Act were meant, as being well-fed, well-lodged, and always kept under the strictest rule and governance in field and kennel.

Of course the Bench dismissed the summonses. But if the Northwich Magistrates by miracle had been as preciously rare examples of magisterial sagacity as those wise men of the West at Weston, and had held the statute applicable? *Blasé* English Gentlemen, all the

A CRY FROM THE "AGONY COLUMN,"
AND THE INTERPRETATION THEREOF.

THE RAVEN-SPRING.—Gladly would the Raven drink at the precious fount to allay the thirst of his troubled heart; but dark clouds have crossed his flight, and doomed him for a time to lose his way.

THE RAVEN-SPRING.—The living draught. For ever flows, through dark of night, through shine of day. Bright runs the sparkling water fresh and free. Welcome the precious drink—there drink and live.

THESE mysterious Advertisements which have lately excited public curiosity in the second column of the *Times*, have at last found their interpretation. They are evidently a shadowing forth of the inter-aquine and inter-necine struggle between Manchester and Thirlmere.

Manchester is well symbolised under the symbol of that sooty and ugly bird of prey, the Raven. It is black, and it croaks—so does Manchester. The "precious fount," the "living draught," the "sparkling water fresh and free," are as evidently Thirlmere. Gladly would the Raven drink at the precious fount, but "dark clouds have crossed his flight"—in the opposition of the Thirlmere Defence Association, and "doomed him for a time to lose his way"—by the division on the Second Reading, which sent the Bill to a Hybrid Committee. Or the dark clouds may be those that issue from the Mancunian chimneys which ought to consume their own smoke, and do not—(Look to them, Mr. Mayor, and Sir Joseph)—and whose all-invading blacks give so much force and significance to the "Raven" symbol or simile.

Some have interpreted the "Raven-Spring" to mean the Irwell; which certainly merits the name by its colour. On the other hand, the "sparkling water fresh and free," which is welcomed as a precious draught, and which we are called on to "drink, and live," is palpably inapplicable to the sluggish and sable Coeytus, which is compelled to do the dirty work of the Manchester district, a pint of which not the strongest constitution could resist. "Brief life would be their portion" who should venture to quaff of Irwell. Still, that is not a reason for tapping and embanking Thirlmere.

"NOTICES OF MOTION."—Tram-car and Bicycle Bells.

world over, go a hunting that game—which seems only less hard to find than the shirt of a happy man—a sensation!

Punch offers them one—free, gratis: running a fox with a muzzled pack!

Imagine the finish—with the Master calling on the huntsmen and whips to "Unmuzzle!" and Reynard invoking the Dogs Act, and threatening to take out a summons!

A Rhyme from Rome.

THE Pope's name? *Eccè!*
Don't call him "PECKNY."
If rule you seek, he
Must not be "PECKY."
Who'd get in a mess, he
May style him "PESSÉ."
He'll not be "tetchy,"
If you say PECCI.

"What Shall he Have that Killed the Deer?"

THE hard fate of Royal favourites is proverbial. It extends to quadrupeds as well as bipeds, to judge by the following from the *Daily Telegraph*:—

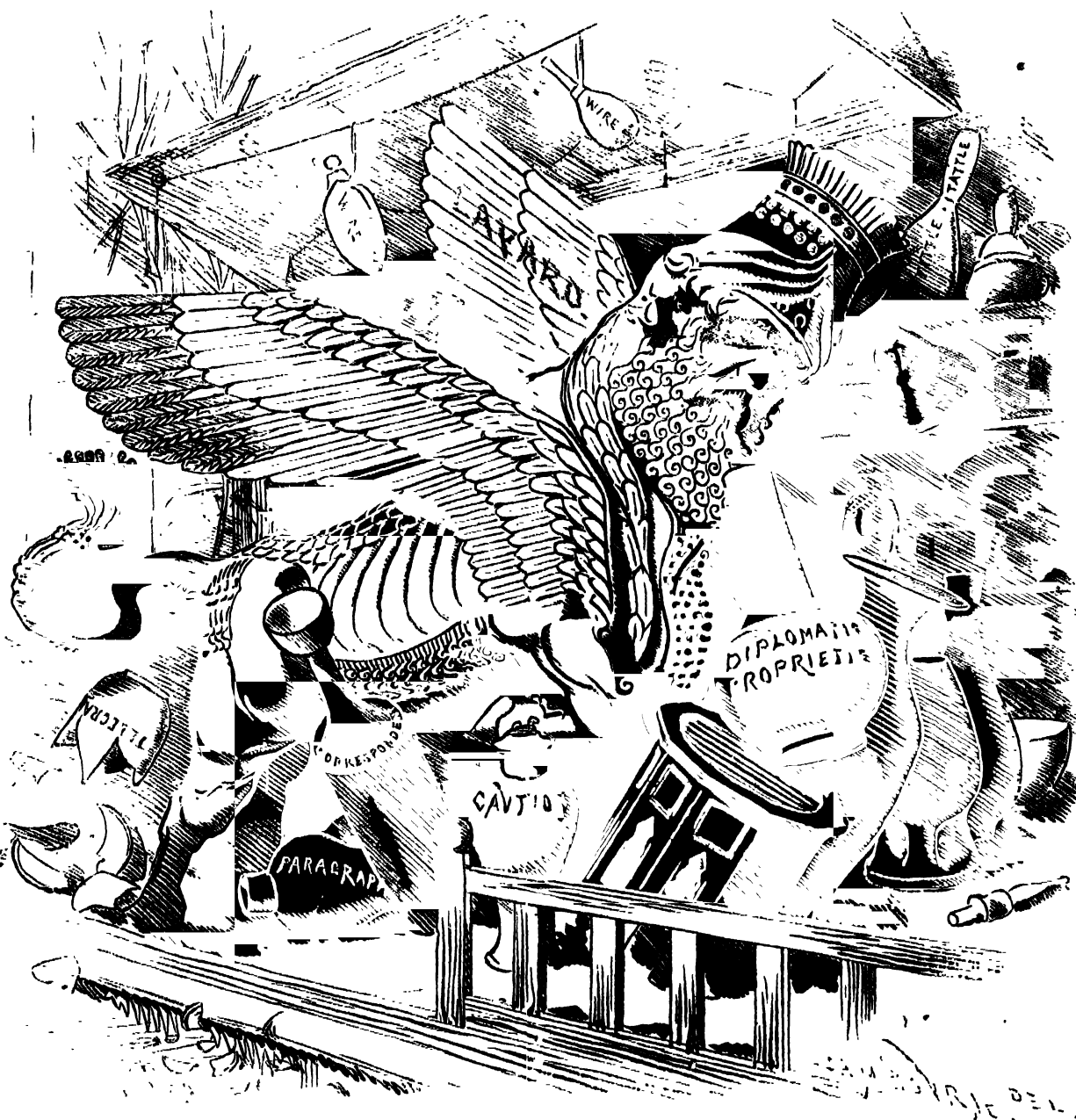
"**UNBROKEN.**—To-day Her Majesty's Stag-hounds met Lord HARDWICK, the Master, and a very large field, at Gerard's Cross, five miles from here. A favourite stag was uncarted, and, after running almost in a ring, it took to a sheet of water in Bulstrode Park, the seat of the Duke of SOMERSET, and was literally torn to death by the hounds."

Alas, poor favourite!

JUDICIAL COCKSHIES.

TEST strength of thing shot at by strength of the missile.
As egg is to bullet, so is MALINS to JESSFL.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



THE public mind still on the tenter-hooks, and the issue of Peace or War still on the razor's edge. The Cabinet mountain in daily labour . . . and every day bringing forth its Mouse. But the Mouse is a fitter birth of the forces at work than the British Lion. Above all is to be deprecated the pretension of some of the war-organs to grind up the Mouse into a Lion, which he is not, and never can be, till the spell of a Nation's will effect the transformation. That spell has not yet been spoken, because the better sense of the Nation feels that no due warrant has yet been given for the awful word which shall let loose the dogs of war, not to be coupled again till they have fed, who shall say how full, and spread their ravin who shall say how far?

Lords (Monday, Feb. 18.)—Lord STRATHEDEN waived his perpetual motion—which he seems to find it as difficult to bring to anything as his philosophical predecessors in the same line.

To Lord GRANVILLE's "friendly lead" Lord DERBY explained that no step had been taken towards the goal of Conference, but that the hitch was not with Her Majesty's Government, who were quite ready to start. As for the Fleet, Admiral HORNER was free to

anchor his ships where he thought best. He seems to have had something of the same difficulty about an anchorage as his Government, and to have been in some danger, like Britain, of drifting. But after trying Mudania Bay, which is too open—like the Russian diplomacy—he has found "good holding ground" ("Happy man!" Lord DERBY must have sighed) in Touzla or Touzler Bay—a name rather ominously suggestive of War-dogs at work.

The Government was then sitting on a despatch about Gallipoli, in the hope of hatching a satisfactory compromise in the course of the next forty-eight hours' sitting. Lord DERBY read a letter from Mr. LAYARD, denying that he had ever encouraged the Turks to go to war, or to continue the war, or ever promised or encouraged them to expect material aid from England. On the contrary, he has always striven for peace. "If sympathy for human suffering, a desire to uphold the interests and dignity of my country, and efforts to promote the cause of civil and religious liberty are considered offences," concludes Mr. LAYARD, "I confess to having been guilty of them."

But as nobody has accused Mr. LAYARD of these "offences," his



THE FOURSHIRE HUNT.

Squire. "WHERE ARE THE HOUNDS?"

Chorus of Rustics. "THEY BE GONE OVER THE HILL, MY LORD."

Squire. "CONFOUND IT! THERE ARE SO MANY LORDS ABOUT HERE, THESE FELLOWS DON'T KNOW A GENTLEMAN WHEN THEY SEE HIM!"

denial is superfluous; and he should remember the excellent legal rule, "Never leap till you come to the stile." When Mr. LAYARD is accused of these things it will be time for him to deny them. In the meantime he may see in our Heading *what* he is accused of—viz. playing the Nineveh Bull in the Stamboul china-shop.

The Bill for extending polling-hours at Parliamentary Elections in London was read a Second Time.

(Commons.)—After due deprecation of Eastern questions, and Third Reading of Six Millions Bills, the House got to real work on the County Government Bill. Lord EDWARD FITZMAURICE led the attack on the Bill, as neither one thing nor the other, neither frankly oligarchic nor fairly representative, but an attempt to set Local Government between the two stools, which can only come to the end of all such attempts, the ground.

Mr. WHITTHREAD, Sir T. ACLAND, and Mr. GOSCHEN followed Lord EDWARD against the Bill with very hard and heavy hitting, and hardly any of those who defended the Bill, Sir C. READ at their head, were in favour of substituting the petty sessional division for the Union. That feature of the Bill appears to be doomed. Parliament ought to be sick by this time of adding to the confusion worse confounded of our local government areas. The country is already covered, like an old woman's bed, with an awfully ugly patchwork—and this Bill would add one more huge patch to the too many.

Tuesday (Lords).—Cabinet still sitting. Nothing hatched yet in a form presentable to the House.

Lord KINNAIRD's Bill for enabling Scotch Local Authorities to draw on the "ratepayers' bawbees for Public Parks and Pleasure-grounds. "Eh, guon, how can there be any grund for pleasure to a weel-constituted mind in givin' faecilities for the spendin o' siller?" But the Peers, like Pock-puddin' Southrons as they are, did not see it in that light. Mair shame for them.

(Commons.)—Mr. MELDON moved a Resolution for assimilating Irish to English and Scotch Borough franchise. PADDY has no vote, if his house is under a £4 rating. JOHN and SANDY vote as ratepayers, irrespective of rental. The House might have said as it felt, "First assimilate Irish to English and Scotch character." On the other side, it may be pleaded, as Sir W. HARCOURT and Mr. BRIERLY did plead, that one of the best roads to such assimilation

is the assimilation of laws wherever possible. The discussion showed the usual division of Irish Members on opposite sides. They entered into the fray in the usual Kilkenny Cat spirit of internecine hostility. In the end Mr. MELDON divided, 126 to 134; and the narrow majority against the Bill was hailed with cheers from Her Majesty's Opposition. Let the Irish Members be as reasonable in all their Bills as in this, and they will have many such divisions—divisions promising success, sooner or later, and rather sooner than later.

Mr. O'DONNELL as Attorney-General for Grievances, good, bad, and indifferent—a sort of Parliamentary *advocatus diaboli*—brought forward the case of a young MCPHERSON, first appointed Secretary, then Deputy Secretary, to the Legislative Department of India, at twenty-seven years of age, and after nineteen months of Indian experience—a baby in both as these times go, fast in all things else, but slow in promotion and public employment. The appointment looked suspiciously like a job, but Lord G. HAMILTON showed it was not the job it looked.

Wednesday.—The centre of public interest for to-day shifted from London to Berlin, where BISMARCK broke the oracular silence of the last eight months with a speech as oracular. All we know is, that he is everybody's friend (see him in *Punch's* Cartoon in that popular character), but nobody's policeman, believer, or says he believes, that there will be a Conference, and that it will bring peace and not a sword. He doesn't care where it meets, or who presides, only if it meets in Germany it must, according to diplomatic usage, have a German head. What a contrast is the Prince's speech—with its semi-cynical calmness, its frankness that now reveals, now hides, nothing, its strength that is three-parts scorn, its avowals and its reticences, its hints, and its outspokenness—to those of our half-headed, half-hearted, Cabinet mouth-pieces, divided by differences they dare not avow, with a country behind them as divided, without the courage heartily to embrace the policy of peace or to sound the note of war, waiting on events that will not wait for them, veering about from day to day with the whiff of an angry ambassador's telegram, afraid to face the Future, afraid to break with the Past.

Parliament was busy with Mr. DOWNING MACARTHY's Waste-Lands Reclamation Bill, empowering the Board of Works to effect arterial drainage, the land thereby reclaimed to be divided into allotments,

DIPLUNACY.



I.
UK Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs to the British Ambassador at Czaragrad-on-the-Danube.

Downing Street, Monday morning.

SIR, — I have to request your Excellency to furnish me with an outline of the situation at Czaragrad-on-the-Danube, for the information of Her Majesty's Government.

As the present position of affairs is exceedingly grave, I trust that your Excellency will exercise great caution in the selection of the sources from which your intelligence is derived.

I have the honour to be, Sir, &c., &c.,
 (Signed) EPSOM.

II.

Letter from the British Ambassador at Czaragrad-on-the-Danube to the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

MY LORD,

Czaragrad-on-the-Danube, Tuesday night.
 I HAVE to acknowledge your letter of yesterday's date. I beg to offer in reply the following outline of the present situation of affairs at Czaragrad-on-the-Danube.

From the earliest times the Tartar race has been aggressive. We find that China, and Northern, Central, and South-Western Asia were disturbed by these rude and ruthless savages ages ago. In my opinion, the only question is within what assignable period Africa and America will also be sacrificed to the encroaching ambition of the Despot of the North. I ask you and the whole world—shall we submit to this? Shall we look calmly on whilst BRITANNIA is left of the most cherished of her children? Is Canada to be lost to us for ever? Are we smilingly to yield up the Cape of Good Hope? No! a thousand times, no! Then call out the Reserves, embody the Militia, and re-coal the Channel Fleet! Let our motto be "England expects every man to do his duty!" and our order of the day, "Up, Guards, and at them!"

I have the honour to be, my Lord, &c., &c.,
 (Signed) A. BAYARD.

III.

Letter from Lord Epsom to the Rt. Hon. A. Bayard.

SIR,

Downing Street, Thursday Evening.

I HAVE the honour to acknowledge your Excellency's letter of Tuesday's date. I have to request that you will be good enough to sound the Government of Czaragrad-on-the-Danube on the subject of the termination of the present war. Should His Imperial Majesty be disposed to conclude peace on condition of receiving fifty square miles of territory, would the Government of Czaragrad-on-the-Danube be prepared to accept these terms?

You will doubtless be able to impress upon the Government to which you are accredited the fact that His Imperial Majesty's demand is not, on the whole, in view of Her Britannic Majesty's Government, unreasonable or extravagant.

I have the honour to be Sir, &c., &c.,
 (Signed) EPSOM.

IV.

Letter from the Rt. Hon. A. Bayard to Lord Epsom.

MY LORD,

Czaragrad-on-the-Danube, Friday Night.

I HAVE to acknowledge your letter of yesterday's date. I am so firmly convinced that the Government to which I am accredited could not possibly accept the terms so impudently proposed by the hated despot of the aggressive North, that I think it would be an impertinence even to submit them. No, my Lord, no, it is out of the question. The Tartars are the scourges of Europe,

Asia—nay, the whole world! The universe rings with an international cry for vengeance. Shall we not hearken to that cry while there is yet time? Woe to us if we do not; woe, woe!

I have the honour to be, &c., &c.,
 (Signed) A. BAYARD.

V.

Letter from Lord Epsom to the Rt. Hon. A. Bayard.

Downing Street, Saturday Night.

SIR, I HAVE the honour to repeat my request that you will carry out the directions contained in my letter of Thursday's date.

I have the honour to be, Sir, &c., &c.,
 (Signed) EPSOM.

VI.

Telegram from the Right Hon. A. Bayard to Lord Epsom.

Czaragrad-on-the-Danube, Sunday night.

CAN'T attend to your letter. Much more important matter. An Under-Secretary here has published a base fabrication about me. Said I was a partisan who conveyed wrong impressions. Have insisted upon his being hanged immediately, or must ask for my passport. Please get the British Fleet ready to bombard Czaragrad-on-the-Danube to-morrow morning.

LA SFUMATA.

(So they call the smoke of the burnt balloting-papers, the ascent of which from a well-known chimney of the Vatican tells the outer world that a ballot has been taken without concentrating the useful majority on one of the Cardinal candidates for the Papacy.)

WHAT was to read in the smoke that stole
 Faint and blue from the chimney hole,
 Smoke of burnt ballot-papers that fall
 From sixty Cardinals, each in his stall,
 Shut like British Jurymen up,
 Only better provided with bit and sup,
 And fire and candle, and book and bell,
 To agree on their verdict, duly and well—
 Not "Guilty, or Not Guilty, how say ye?"
 But who God's Vicegerent on earth shall be?

This was to read in the smoke of the papers,
 By the light of the Future's prophetic tapers,—
 But whether that light be *Lumen de celo*,
 Or up from t'other place, who shall reveal oh?
 This was to read—As this smoke-wreath rare
 Loses itself in the Roman air,
 So passes the power that looks for its law
 In the fumes of a handful of damp Church straw,
 And thinks therewith to loose and bind
 The march of Time and the might of Mind;
 To mould Man's power, and purpose of Heaven,
 Like dough, with a pinch of priestly leaven.

So passes a certain Archpriestly hope
 Of Manning the Bark with an English Pope.
 So pass the dreams of the Bilious party,
 That had vowed to HUNGER hostility hearty,
 In hopes to translate—blind hopes of man!—
 Its What-I-would into Vat-I-can.
 So pass their dreams that had looked to find
 Another "No-no" to Noes inclined,
 To Reason's urgings ready to plead
 "*Non possumus*" that all might read
 As a notice-board, set full and fair
 In Progress's path, of "No thoroughfare."

In that smoke's blue, Hope's colour, they say,
 I read the prayers for the Pope of to-day,
 That up to heaven rise far and wide
 From hearts on Tiber and dull Thames' side.
 That his may be courage and wisdom and will
 The voices of anger and hate to still,
 To couple the sheep-dogs, now dogs of war,
 And close Christ's fold-doors, now ajar:
 Bid war of Church and Italy cease,
 And for Judas kiss give the kiss of peace.
 God grant the new Pope fulfil that prayer,
 And the rest disperse in empty air!

THE NEW TURKISH MOTTO. Grin and Bear it.



HOSPITALITY.

Maud (Daughter of the House). "THERE ARE THOSE TWO MISS TOMLINSONS—HORRID THINGS! I WONDER WHO ASKED THEM!"
Eva (ditto). "I DID. PAPA MADE ME. BUT WE NEEDN'T FIND THEM PARTNERS, YOU KNOW!"

EVERYBODY'S FRIEND, BUT NOBODY'S
POLICEMAN.

Old Lady (fortissimo). Hi! BOBBY!! Hi!!!
Constable Bismarck (stolidly). Well, what's the matter now?
Old Lady. Oh, Constable, there's going to be a row.
Constable Bismarck. Where, my good woman!
Old Lady (wildly). Gracious me! all round!
 To keep the peace they all ought to be bound.
Constable Bismarck. Wait till they break it.
Old Lady. Why, they've been and done it.
 Him in the fur cap—ALICK—Sir, begun it.
Constable Bismarck. Well, that fight's finished.
Old Lady. Is it? Why the mob is
 Jest waiting to cut in. Oh, best of Bobbies!
 Do stop 'em,—take 'em up,—ruff 'em all in!
Constable Bismarck. Can't do it, my good soul, till they begin.
Old Lady. But that last row?
Constable Bismarck. 'Twas in another street.
 I couldn't interfere;—'twas off my beat.
 Bless you, I am not on duty everywhere.
 This little lot is my especial care.
Old Lady. That artful ALICK's always cracking ribs;
 He's such a downy one at fakes and fibs.
Constable Bismarck. Is he? He looks a decent sort of card.
Old Lady. 'Tother's a reg'lar Turk!
 It's precious hard
 No one won't take that poor dear's part!
Constable Bismarck. No fear!
 Been known to the Police this many a year.
 ALICK has let him have it rather hot,
 And serve him right—a regular bad lot.
Old Lady. But ALICK's game is gathering a mob,
 That in the general rumpus he may rob.
Constable Bismarck. Then let the Constable who spots his game
 Collar him promptly. I should do the same

If I should catch him at it in my street;
 But, for the present, Mum, he's off my beat!
[Moves on complacently. Exit Old Lady, lamenting.]

ORTHOGRAPHY AT OXFORD.

GREAT excitement has been created amongst the ranks of Spelling Reformers by the discovery that, whereas the correct synonym of a coin vernacularly termed a "copper" is, in the orthography of the "Authorised Version," spelt "penny," it is printed, in a particular portion of the Oxford Prayer-Book, "peny." Thus they say the foundation of phonetic spelling has been laid at the University of Dark Blue itself. This gives the fonetisists great hopes. The question whether "penny" ought to be spelt with one or two n's might exercise a Spelling Bee, if Spelling Bees, once so numerous, had not passed away to the limbo of extinct entomological species—like the Dodo and the Moa among ornithological.

Punch's Advice to the New Pope.

If the Papacy's war like a lion you'd wage,
 My LEO, come out of your Vatican cage,
 And with a strong paw burst your Syllabus' bars.
 Don't steer Peter's Bark 'gainst the tide of the time,
 And of odium theologicum's alime
 Cleanse—if the feat's possible—clerical fars.

A Dose for the Khedive.

MR. ROMAINE, C.B., Financial Controller-General in Egypt, and formerly Secretary of the Admiralty—equally distinguished for his sincerity and sagacity, his strength and clearness of head—has been telling disagreeable truths about the Egyptian Finances. Of all the punches on the head that villainous old KHEDIVÉ has had, there is none harder or heavier than this *Punch à la Romaine*.



EVERYBODY'S FRIEND!

A ROW ON THE RIVER; OR, OPPOSITE NEIGHBOURS.

SCALES—*The Thames Embankment at midnight.*INTERLOCUTORS—*The Lambeth Shot-Tower and Cleopatra's Needle.**Shot-Tower (superciliously looking across the river down upon the newly-installed Obelisk)—*

Impudent pigmy! Stuck-up parvenu!

*Obelisk. Come, I like that, especially from you. Five thousand years your elder, may I not Return with interest that ill-aimed shot?**Shot-Tower. You're an intruder here!**Obelisk. You make me smile.*Your Thames is dull; I much prefer my Nile:
And for your company, tall ohurl, methinks
The mute companionship of a stone Sphinx
Were preferable far.*Shot-Tower. Then why come here?**Obelisk. Best ask ERASMUS and his engineer.*

'Twas by no wish of mine.

*Shot-Tower. I fail to see, Preposterous pillar, what your use can be— And as to ornament—**Obelisk (ironically). Ah, that's your line!**Shot-Tower (with dignity). My height imposing, my proportions fine, Dwarf the poor seventy feet of which you boast, As Nelson's Column kills a corner post. I hold ERASMUS WILSON and JOHN DIXON*

Great geese; but why the dickens they should fix on A site for their stone pet which all might see Brings you into comparison with Mr, Passes my comprehension.

Obelisk. Now, by Thoth, Such cheek might make age-patient Memnon wroth; And move Egyptian granite from its calm! Dragged from the golden land of sand and palm To deck the borders of your dingy stream, Which never knew the Orient's rosy gleam.

Must I abide your insults? Hideous tower—
Fit for some British Danaë, whose shower,
To type the lumpish wooing of her land,
Should be of lead, not gold—pray understand
That Cleopatra's Needle was as loth
To leave that changeless clime of sunny sloth
For this dull land of drudgery, as the Queen,
In whose proud name I glory, would have been
To launch her galley on this inky flood!

Shot-Tower. Much-mouthing Monolith, you stir my blood!

Could I hit out across the Thames, I'd like
One sturdy British buffet just to strike
For British Beauty's fame. But never mind,
Nemesis dogs you, though you seem stone-blind.
You brag of your five thousand years; go to!
You don't know what our atmosphere can do
To dirty and destroy. You'll quickly age.

Our climate such insidious war can wage,
That, were you adamant, you soon will feel
Your colour fade, your substance split and peel.
Our London soot your hieroglyphs will choke,
Your surfaces be spoiled by rain and smoke.
Aha! you're now beneath no Orient sky.
In twenty years you'll be as black as I!

*Obelisk. Malignant monster! This your Great Metropolis?**Would I had never left dear Heliopolis!**Shot-Tower. You were, no doubt, much better off at On*

Than e'er you'll be in our black Babylon.
You'll see the sun no more. There—do not cry!
'Twere queer to see a Needle pipe its eye.
I'm halt inclined to pity you; but those
Who brought you here were fools, and—
Obelisk (with sad misgiving). My worst foes!

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

On "Diplomacy" at the Prince of Wales's, and on important Dramatic Interests generally.

SIR,—That *Diplomacy* is, perhaps, the greatest success ever known even at the eminently successful Prince of Wales's theatre is by this time acknowledged by the playgoing world of London. It is, from first to last, thoroughly well played; and not even the most inveterate *laudator temporis acti* can refer back to any scene better played than that between Messrs. BANCROFT, KENDAL, and CLAYTON in the Second Act of *Diplomacy*.

If I have suddenly jumped to the Second Act, and so appeared to skip the First, it is because this particular situation is the situation of the piece,—is, I think I may say on very good authority, the situation which decided the Management to produce the comedy.

M. VICTORIEUX SARDON's *Dora*, as originally given in Paris, was enough, and more than enough, to have scared away any London Manager. Its cleverness was admitted; its interest was questioned; its prosiness was unquestioned. Had M. SARDON's *Dora* been simply translated, no matter how

excellent the translation, and placed in its integrity on the English Stage, its fate would have been irrevocably sealed before it had reached the middle of the First Act. The gentlemen who have assumed the *nom de plume* of ROWE—(why not? "The *Rowes* by any other name would write as well"—as they say at the Strand)—are to be honestly congratulated on their work, not merely as adapters, but as genuine *collaborateurs* with M. SARDON, in this English version of his French play.

How manfully Your Representative envenomed when, towards the end of the First Act, *Dora* accepted *Julian Beauclerc's* honest offer of marriage! Your Representative has a tender heart, and he was deeply touched by Mrs. KENDAL's womanly pathos, and Mr. KENDAL's true manly delicacy. The only blot on the First Act is the prolixity of the *Marquise* about her deceased *Don Alca* and the Birmingham rifles. The "Jeweller" episode is good. That is the history of their lives told in one brief dramatic situation. But otherwise, at the beginning of *Diplomacy*, we want, to quote the immortal DUCKOW, to "out the cackle and come to the 'osser."

Mr. ARTHUR CECIL's *Baron Stein* is a gem. His bye-play, or to speak technically, his "bit of business," where he tries to detect, from the countenances of the two brothers, what, to put it slangily but expressively, "may be their little game," is delicious. The unprincipled, crafty old diplomatist, however, becomes, suddenly, too simple and unsuspecting. Perhaps the portrait is truer to nature in being thus inconsistent; and, but for his inconsistency, we should not have got so quickly at *Dora's* letter, and indeed another Act might have been required for a full development of the Baron's character.

Harry Beauclerc, bluff, sensible, honest, and hearty, is, apart from the prominence given to it by Mr. CLAYTON's capital rendering of the character, to my thinking, the part of the piece. Through four Acts, *Harry* gradually, but unobtrusively, works his way to the front. In the great trio scene between *Count Orloff* (Mr. BANCROFT), *Julian*, and *Harry*, the three are equal, each, as in a concerted piece for piano, violin, and violoncello, assisting by the perfect execution of his own part in the production of one harmonious whole. After this, *Count Orloff* disappears from the scene; a little more and *Baron Stein* is also dismissed, and we are made to feel that the future of *Dora* and *Julian* hangs on the energy and tact of *Harry Beauclerc*. Will he be outwitted by *Countess Zicka*? No! the Countess, like the Baron, her employer, becomes, suddenly, a simple, confiding creature, and walks coolly into Mr. *Harry's* trap, where—click!—she is caught. The piece



CASTE.

Young Lady (in Carriage). "HER NAME IS SMITH. I THINK HER HUSBAND IS IN THE ARTILLERY. I WISH YOU'D TELL HER I WISH TO SPEAK WITH HER."

Soldier's Wife. "I DON'T KNOW THE LADY, M'DAM, WHICH WE'RE IN THE 'ORSE ARTILLERY, M'UM, AND WE DON'T VISIT WITH THE FIELD BATTERIES!"

was at one time to have been called *The Mousetrap*. Everyone is glad it wasn't.

Now, pardon me, Messrs. SARDOU and ROWE; but, Gentlemen, don't you feel that this sentimental goody-goodness, on the part of such a woman as you have shown her to be, is most improbable? I am aware, that, previously in the piece, you have put into her mouth hints as to what she might have been, if she hadn't been what she was. But this is an aggravation, and seems to have been interpolated for the sake of softening down the character, out of some imaginary consideration for the feelings of an English audience, or out of sympathy with an actress hitherto associated with parts of a more genial description.

Mind, I am far from saying that *Countess Zicka* was not just as bad, perhaps worse than ever, when once she got out of that dingy room, and away from those uncongenial people at the Embassy. Probably she went and dined with *Baron Stein*, or perhaps, as Mr. SUGDEN "took her up tenderly" when she was going down on the old carpet, he may, in his light-hearted way, have "taken her up" again, and given her an introduction to some of his numerous acquaintances in Paris, to whom he so ingenuously alludes at the commencement of the last Act.

When *Dora* is once and for ever rehabilitated, the audience does not want its sympathies excited for *Countess Zicka*. Let her go elsewhere: we've done with her. Let her repent, by all means, after the play is over, and the curtain down; and as it can only be by her acts that we can judge of her sincerity, let her have another play to show it in. We should, all of us, detest the *Countess* heartily up to the end, but everyone would treble their hearty applause for the *artiste*, Mrs. BANCROFT, did she turn savagely on Mr. *Harry*, did she give them all round the rough side of her tongue, and, finally, were she to go off with a bang, and leave, so to speak, a strong smell of sulphur behind her. Sulphur should have been her scent, supplied by Mephistopheles & Co.

What does she say in effect? Why, this: "Had I married *Beauclerc*, I should have been a good woman, and that gushing hypocrite, *Dora*, would have gone to the bad!" That is, unques-

tionably, the *Countess Zicka's* view of *Miss Dora*. Quite possible for her to have said this, and stuck to it, ignoring her previous career. But then she should have stuck to her colours as consistently as the Authors have made *Julian* stick to his, when he refuses to forgive the woman who would have ruined his wife's character and his own happiness for life. In time he will forgive; but not now. So, in time she may repent; but not now. In time, *Zicka* may forgive *Harry* for tricking her with a lie—or, to be more polite, with "diplomacy"—but not now. No; the finish, as far as *Zicka* is concerned, is a mistake; but as far as *Julian* is concerned it is admirable—true alike to Nature and to Art.

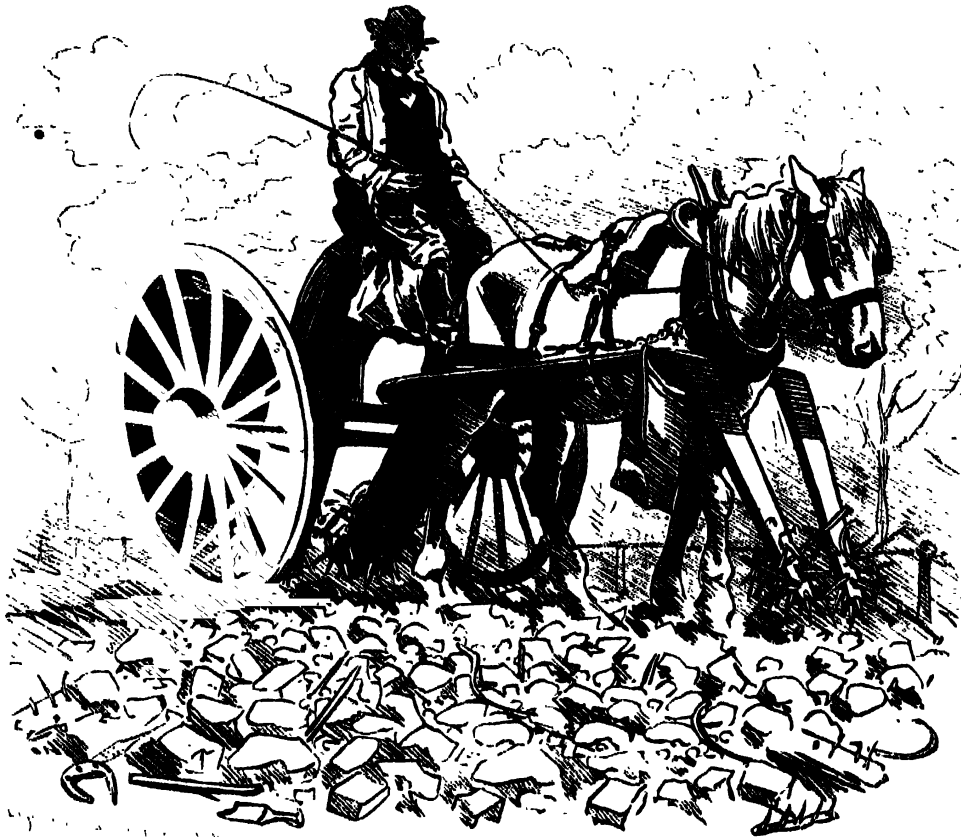
But whom do we heartily detest throughout this piece? Why, the *Marquise*. Doesn't everyone feel that here is a character that THACKERAY would have drawn with a masterly hand? When *Dora* pities herself, is she not throughout reproaching her mother? Our sympathy is excited at first for *Dora*, and we are glad to see her married to *Julian*, not for *Julian's* sake, but because it is an excellent thing to know she will be out of the clutches of *Don Alva's* widow, and out of hearing of that story about the Brummagem rifles.

The question has been asked in some papers, Why cannot English Authors produce such an original comedy as M. SARDOU's *Dora*?

Mr. CHARLES READE has observed on this, "that the best talent follows the best market;" and if, therefore, the best talent is not employed on the Drama, I suppose he would have us infer that the Drama is not the best market. This is true as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. English Dramatic Authors will find in the Theatres their best market, if only they have time given them for the composition of their pieces, and if the same amount of thought, labour, and care is expended upon the rehearsals, as is given to every piece, whether in one Act or six, on the Parisian Stage.

Eleven months before its production here, Mr. BANCROFT commenced his arrangements for *Dora*, and so went to work, that the first night's performance was as perfect as if it had been played for weeks.

But what chance, ordinarily, has an English Dramatic Author?



HINT TO MR. GERARD NOEL.

PUNCH'S PATENT POWERFUL ONE-HORSE DOUBLE-ACTION ELECTRO-MAGNETIC EXTRACTOR, TO REMOVE OLD NAILS, IRON SCRAPS, &c., FROM THE RECENTLY LEVELLED PORTION OF ROTTEN ROW.

A Manager calls on him for a piece. When can he have it? In a month's time? In six weeks? Well, in two months at the most? Why this hurry? Why? Because his theatre is doing so badly that he must have something new, and he has nothing to produce. The Author protests that the time is too short, that he has nothing ready; and thereupon the Manager directs his attention to something that is ready to hand, and that has already achieved a success in Paris. The *argumentum ad crumenam* comes in. It is a "spec," at best, and the result a fluke.

Supposing the piece done, and that it results in a play, which, like *Diplomacy*, is more a collaboration than a mere adaptation,—well, it is rehearsed in what, without going into details, I may call a haphazard sort of way. The Manager determines that it must come out at a certain date, not because it is ready for production, but because he is losing money by his present bill of fare. The Author, accustomed to this happy-go-lucky style of doing things, reluctantly consents to allow his piece to be prematurely born, and suffers agonies of nervousness on the first night. If it fails, it is the Author's reputation that suffers. Why it fails is known only to the initiated. The Manager suffers in his treasury, but it teaches him no lesson; he will probably call on some other Author immediately, and point to another Parisian success as being the thing to restore the fallen fortunes of his house. Another fluke for good or for evil, and so goes on this theatrical game of chance.

Now, what should the system be? It is evident. The Author, being asked for a piece, should stipulate for plenty of time for his work; then that his piece should be properly cast, and that the play should not be produced until he, the Author, should pronounce it ready to be placed before the public. Then, to return to Mr. READ'S maxim about "the best market," the terms fixed upon should be such as, in the event of a success, would be remunerative to Manager and Author in reasonable proportion; the Manager's expenses being set against the Author's labour, and the latter taking a share of the profit which his play has brought to the treasury.

Such a system as this would deserve success, and would, in all probability, achieve it. The result would be mutually beneficial to Manager and Author. But what Author of reputation can now find it worth his while to labour for a year on the chance of having to

keep his play in a drawer for another year, or more, while Parisian successes are being produced on the very boards that his work might have occupied?

I admit that a Manager, as a tradesman, is bound to do his best for himself, and if in Germany, in Italy, in Japan, or in China, he hears of a piece which in his opinion would fill his coffers in London, I cannot blame him for purchasing that piece and bringing it out here. I only blame him because he goes to Germany, France, Italy, Japan, &c., before he "looks at home."

I sincerely wish that *Diplomacy* had been an English piece, the work, exclusively, of English authorship.

Collaboration might also work advantageously in some instances. But this is a detail. Let English Dramatic Authors band together and strike against all adaptations and translations, except as *direct collaborateurs with the French Authors*, and without any "middle-man." Let the French Author, who thinks that his piece would suit an English public, deal straight and at first-hand with whomsoever he may choose for his English fellow-worker, and *vice versa*.

I am, in earnest,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

Raleighs to the Rescue!

"Est in conspectu Tenedos,

Statio malefica carinis."—VIRGIL, *Æneid*. Lib. I.

THE Raleigh, Captain TRYON, C.B., has, we are informed, been aground on the coast of Tenedos for three days, notwithstanding the endeavours of her Captain to get her afloat. Out of compliment to the Emperor of Russia, he proposes to apply for H.R. MAJESTY'S gracious permission to change his name to TAYOFF.

But Too Certain.

PELION is ablaze with war through its twenty villages! The Turks are massacring, and the Greeks defending themselves, and giving as good as they get. It will be a case not of Pelion on Ossa, but of Ossa on Pelion, when the bloody tide of battle ebbs, and leaves bare the bones and hideous wreck of war.

THE FEBRUARY FLY.

(Feb. 21.—A bright warm day. One Fly came out, and made himself most objectionable. Happy Thought—"Address to a February Fly," after BLAKE.)

Little Fly, whence came you?
Little Fly, whence came you?

Go away,
Wait till May.
That's too soon,
Make it June.

Little Fly, whence came you?

Little Fly, I blame you!
Little Fly, I blame you!

Why? Because
'Tis your buzz
Near my hair
Makes me aware,

That is why I blame you.

Little Fly, I hate you!

Little Fly, I hate you!
Now—oh dear!

On my ear!
Off he goes
To my nose!

Little Fly, I hate you!!

Little Fly, I 'dash'd' you!

Little Fly, I 'dash'd' you!

'Dash' was strong,
'Dash' was wrong,
I admit.

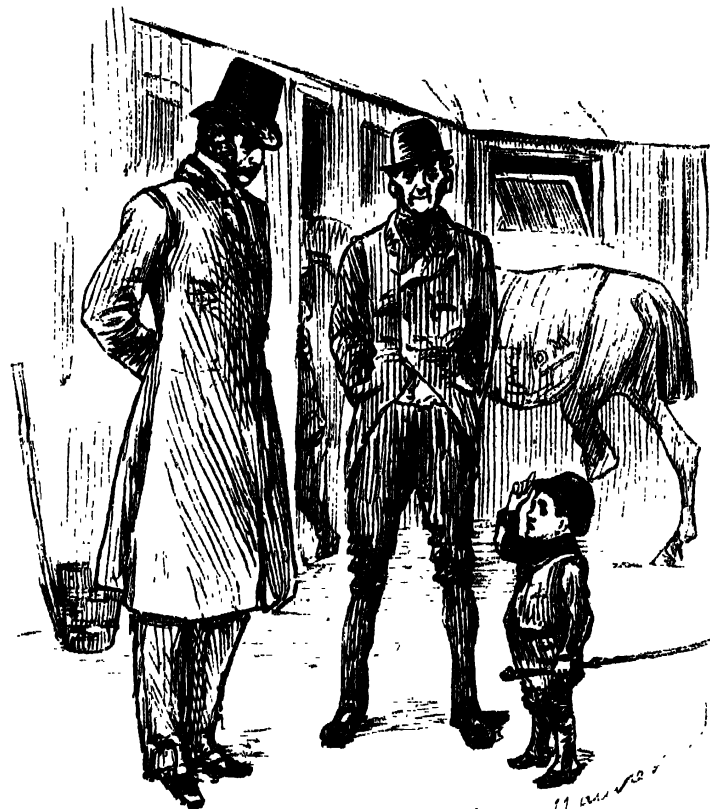
Ha!—A hit!

Little Fly, I've smash'd you!

(End of the Fly and the Sonnet.)

TURN HIM OUT!

WHAT would please P. M. G.,
British Lion's Provider?
Lord DERBY to see
A Derby "Outsider."



FACILIS DESCENSUS.

Owner of Race-horses. "WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY TELLING ME LIES, YOU LITTLE SCAMP? YOU TOLD ME YOU DIDN'T FALL OFF BUCKFALUN THIS MORNING, AND BROWN TELLS ME YOU DID; JUST AS YOU HAVE DONE REGULARLY EVERY MORNING SINCE YOU'VE BEEN HERE!"

Embryo Jockey. "O SIR, PLEASE, SIR, I DIDN'T FALL OFF THIS MORNING—I WAS CHUCKED OFF!"

DOG-ROASTING AND ITS RESULTS.

MY DEAR MASTER,
Will you allow me to bring to your notice this paragraph from a West Country paper?—

"WESTON-SUPER-MARE.—SETTING A DOG ON FIRE.—At the Police-court on Saturday, three respectable-looking lads of South Brent, named ALFRED SLOCOMBE, WALTER JOHNSON, and JOHN WENNER, were summoned, at the instance of Mr. O. S. ROUND, hon. secretary to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, for ill-treating and torturing a dog, by setting fire to it, on January 4th. The principal evidence was SLOCOMBE'S own admission, which was to the effect that on the day in question, whilst the other two held a sheep-dog, the property of Mr. DAY, he (SLOCOMBE) poured some turpentine on the dog's hinder legs and abdomen, and then set fire to it, the result being that the poor animal was dreadfully scorched. Mr. JONES having addressed the Bench for the defence, the Magistrates said they were inclined to take a more lenient view of the offence in consequence of SLOCOMBE'S confession, and a fine of 40s. and costs would be imposed on him, whilst the other defendants would be discharged with a caution."

Please, Master, what does Archdeacon DENISON, who, I believe, is Rector of South Brent, think of this piece of brutal cruelty, and the Magistrates' way of dealing with it? In our parts the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals prosecutes the Brewers' and Vintners' Company for nicking the Company's mark on their Swans' beaks. In the West, the Society's Secretary seems better employed in pulling up barbarous young ruffians like these, from whom HOGARTH might have taken a new hint for his "*Progress of Cruelty*." TOM NERO never imagined anything half as horrible.

Now, Swans are stately birds, but nix is nothing, and Swan-nipping inflicts no appreciable pain. But dogs are the friends of man—at least I am your friend, my dear Master; and all the dogs I know would be very sad dogs if they did not feel they had friends in their masters and their masters' servants and children.

But here the torture of one of these humble friends—a sheep-dog

THE NEW POPE'S FIRST DAY.

He performed all the customary observances necessary to complete his election—toll'd the great bell of St. Peter's, counted over all the Peter's pence lying in the Papal strong box, kissed all the Cardinals, Monsignors, Chamberlains, and other great functionaries on the right cheek, and was kissed by them on the left, gave audiences to his jeweller, hatter, and shoemaker, ordered several rings and rosaries, hats, *birette* and *zucchette* of various colours and patterns, and a dozen pairs of slippers for ordinary masses and State occasions.

He sent for his chiropodist, as he felt symptoms of a bunion on the foot which he knew he should have to present to the lips of the faithful.

He despatched telegrams to Carpineto (his native town) and Perugia (his Archiepiscopal See).

He wrote to all his relations, and named an early day for a family gathering at the Vatican.

He went into his bedroom, looked the door, and tried on the triple crown before a large looking-glass.

He took a large sheet of paper, and signed his new name several times, to see how it looked.

He composed some verses on his election.

He hired a coachman.

He thought a great deal about ANTONELLI.

He resolved to contribute to the Paris Exhibition.

He ordered some note-paper and envelopes with his new address and monogram.

He went into his library, and walked round and round the room smoking a cigarette, and meditating his first Encyclical.

He wrote a charming little note to the Quirinal, begging the King and Queen to fix their own day for a dinner with him *en famille*.

He looked through the lives of all the other LEOS, and determined what to do and what to avoid.

He enjoyed his dinner, and took just one glass of wine more than usual.

He went to bed, but could not go to sleep, for thinking of the penalties of greatness—the speeches he should have to deliver, the deputations he would have to receive, the allocutions, bulls, and encyclicals he would have to compose, the sittings he would have to give to painters, photographers, and sculptors, the number of times he should have to offer his foot to be kissed, and—but here he fell asleep, and dreamed of another of his penalties, the *Irreconcilables*."

too, one of the most useful, inoffensive, hardest-working, and hardest-living of our family—is treated as a matter for a forty-shilling fine of the young brute who poured and lighted the turpentine with which the poor dog was roasted alive, and for the discharge with a caution, of two, quite as brutal, aiders and abettors, who held the poor animal while the torture was inflicted.

Dear Master, there is a loud clamour against Vivisection, but, at least, when the Doctors inflict pain on us it is to gain knowledge that may be used to relieve the pains of our masters. On the dissecting-table and in the laboratory dogs suffer for men. That is part of our pride and all of your justification. But here! I am glad that the Magistrates are anonymous in the paragraph I have seen, so I can't "name names"—as the SPEAKER threatens to do in very bad cases—and hold them up, personally, to the disgust of a non-admiring world. But in the hope you will put my bark into your paper, and that both the act and the magisterial treatment of it, in their respective weights and measures, may awaken the indignation which they deserve.

I am, dear Master, always yours faithfully,
TOM.

"Such a Gettin' Downstairs."

GOLD, JOHN BULL'S Sovereign, is beaten holler
By Silver, UNCLE SAM'S "Almighty Dollar."
Creditors' dues now Debtor-does acquit, too,
And pay SAM'S Gold Bill with BLAND'S Silver ditto.
If debts still grow, to ease o'er-burthened mean backs,
What will SAM have recourse to? Waal, guess Greenbacks!
If does still rule, and dues still grow—in paper—
How will SAM pay them off?—Waal, with a taper.

BISMARCK'S BEATITUDE.—*Beati possidentes.*



DISGUSTING FAMILIARITY.

Testy Old Gent (at his Club). "CONF— WHY THE DICKINS DON'T YOU WIP THE BOTTOM OF THE GLASS BEFORE YOU BRING IT UP! JUNT GET A CLOTH, AND WIP—"

Waggish Waiter. "I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND YOU TO ORDER DRY SHERRY, SIR!"
[General titter. Old Gent rushes off, and writes to the Committee!]

SOMEBODY'S BUSINESS.

FROM the report of the inquest on Mr. BARON, the oyster-dealer, who was killed by the fall of a house in the Haymarket, which came down on the collapse of a huge pile in the course of re-construction at the corner of Panton Street—like a small tradesman who goes down in the wake of a big bankrupt—we extract the following noteworthy passages, from the evidence of a builder's foreman, formerly employed on the carcass of the house, not Mr. BARON'S:—

"The Coroner—During your foremanship did anything strike you as dangerous?—Well, I thought it rather funny that they should leave the old wall, and build on the top of it.

"What do mean by 'funny'?—The state of the brickwork. It was like a piece of sponge.

"What part of the wall was like a piece of sponge?—The whole of it.

"What did you do about that?—I merely spoke to Mr. CALLUM, the clerk of the works. I said, 'It looks curious to me to leave the old wall standing, and build on the top of it.'

"How much of the old wall remained?—About 22 feet.

"And what was the height of the wall upon it?—At the first commencement, about 25 feet. The whole height of the new wall on the top of the old one was 46 feet 6 inches.

"What was the thickness of that new wall?—Fourteen inches.

"Did anything go to the top of the new wall?—Nothing at all.

"What did it carry?—It carried the floors of the building. It had to carry the weight of both floors on both sides of the house.

"How were those three floors supported?—There were wrought-iron columns and plates.

"Is there anything else that struck you besides the bad state of the old wall?—It looked very funny to see the building standing on stilts.

"What do you mean by that?—Why, standing column on column.

"Can you account for the falling of the house at all?—The only thing I can say is, that if there had been a new wall throughout, instead of building on the old one, the building would have been there now."

A GROAN FROM THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

THEY write about the "Higher Employment of Women." Why doesn't somebody, who wants a grievance to get rid of, raise a voice for the "Higher Payment of Men"—of one unhappy and unfriended class of men in particular, the Assistant Masters, or, as they used to be called, "Ushers," i.e. "door-keepers," of private Middle-Class schools? While they were door-keepers their salary might be sufficient for their *status*. But now-a-days these *quondam* "door-keepers" are expected to be dormitory-keepers at night, policemen in play-hours, scholars and teachers in school, and gentlemen at all times. The average salary offered is £40 per annum, for a round of duties not unfairly stated in the following actual list of Head-Master's requirements forwarded to a leading agent for this still legal form of the slave-trade:—

Duties.

1. To sit in school-room and keep order after school-hours.
2. To see the boys to bed.
3. To keep watch all night, and maintain order in bed-rooms.

4. To see the boys up in the morning.

5. To be constantly with the boys, and keep order.

6. To teach in school-hours, under direction of Head-Master, usual English subjects, with Latin, including CÆSAR, and Greek, including XENOPHON.

N.B.—He must be a Gentleman, and experienced in teaching.

I know Governesses have a good deal to put up with, for very poor pay, sometimes. But mine is the case of a large class of educated young men, whose work is not over-stated in this schedule, and who are expected, like the Vicar of GOLDSMITH'S *Deserted Village*, to consider themselves "passing rich with forty pounds a year."

Think of a Butler's or even a Curate's position and pay in comparison with ours, to say nothing of Housekeepers or Lady-helps. Of course I do not venture even to suggest comparison with a skilled Artisan, who has, further, the resource of striking, which, as we have no Union, is forbidden to

Yours respectfully,

A SCHOOL SLAVEY.

ALL THE DIFFERENCE. — England anchors before Constantinople, Russia hankers after it.

Evidently, notions of fun differ. May not Mr. BARON'S family say of this facetious foreman, "What was fun to you was death to us"?

Not that we are to accept implicitly this facetious skilled artisan's rationale of the collapse. The iron columns seem to have been at least as "funny" as the old sponge of a wall. A party-wall had been out away. In fact when we seek for a reason why the building fell, it is an *embarras des richesses*. There are so many reasons. The architect, Mr. WIMBLE, who ascribes the collapse to the party-wall and the extra weight thrown on a cast-iron centre-column which broke into four pieces, says of these precious supports:—

"The detailed drawings referred to in the specification showed that the columns were to be eight inches in diameter and that the metal was to be 1½ inch thick. I have since examined the columns, and found that the metal was only half an inch thick in some parts, and in others not quite so much, and there was a corresponding thickness on the other side. Outside the columns there were flaws. Holes had been plugged and coated with something to give an appearance of iron. There were sixteen columns in the building, and the centre column was the worst of the lot."

But how comes it that nobody finds these things out till the building comes to the ground? We presume it is not the Architect's business to see that specifications are complied with. But isn't it *somebody's* business? The District Surveyor says the Act gives him no power to inspect iron-work. One reflection remains deeply impressed upon us by the whole inquiry. What an eminently useful Act is the Metropolitan Building Act, and what a pre-eminently useful set of officials are the Surveyors under it!

Declaration of War.

(By Our Newspaper Belligerents.)

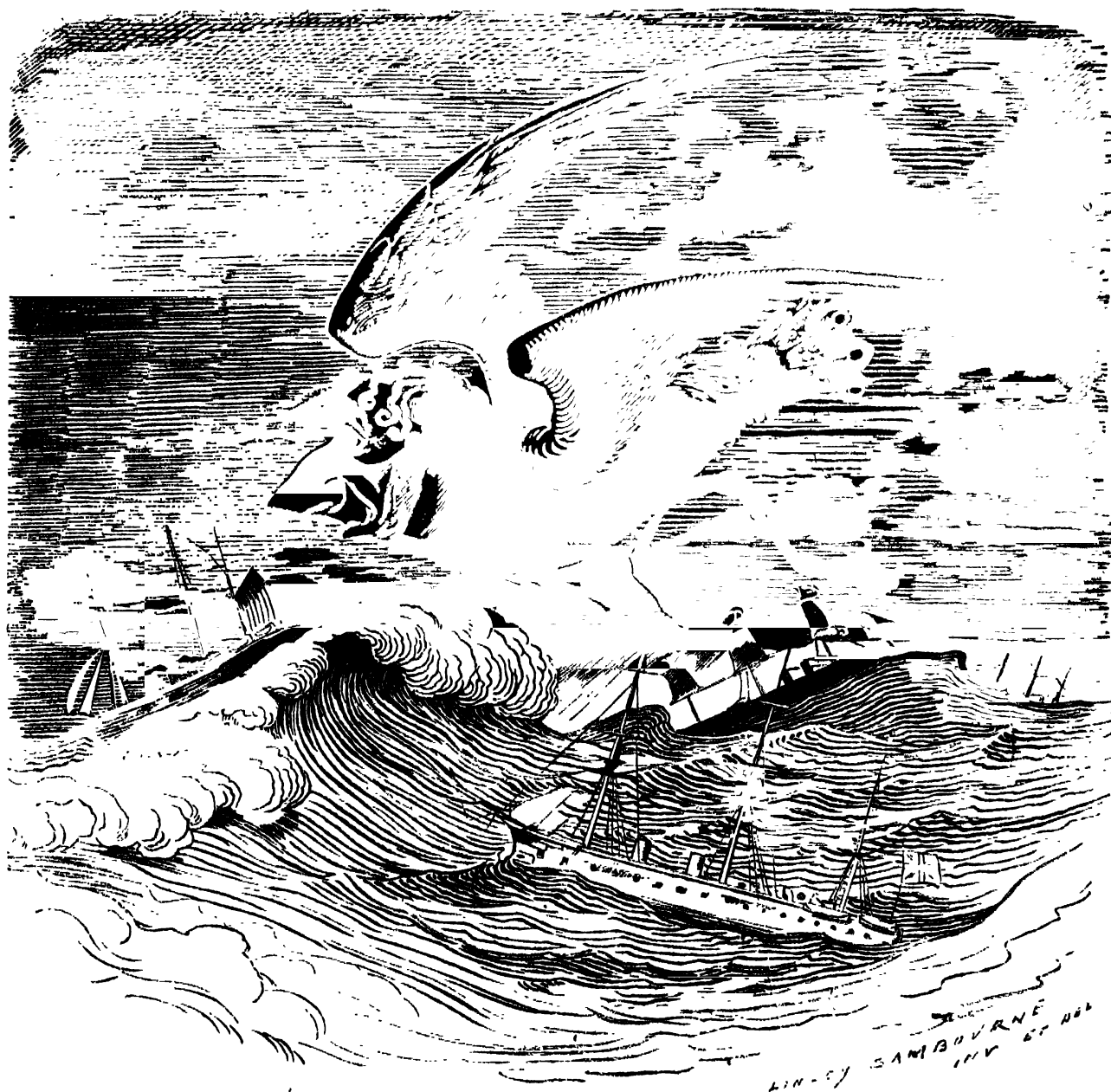
We don't want to fight,

But, by jingo, if you do,

We've got the ink, we've got the pens,

And we've got the papers too!

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



MOTHER "SCARE"Y'S CHICKEN.

MONDAY, Feb. 25 (*Lords*).—Lord EMILY referred to outrages on Greeks in Thessaly by Turkish irregulars, Circassians, and Bashibazouks. Lord DERRY said that the English Government had promised to use all its influence to put a stop to these atrocities, which, seeing that the British influence at Constantinople just now is, not unnaturally, not only *nil*, but of *minus* quantity, must be eminently satisfactory to the Thessalians.

Their Lordships then resolved themselves into a House of Riddles, and Lord MANNERS led off by asking Lord BEACONSFIELD, as Sphinx Major, "What is the difference between a Conference and a Congress?" Lord BEACONSFIELD was obliged to give it up, and, as nobody seemed ready with a solution, the game was given up, with a general sense of dissatisfaction that the Sphinx, who is so great at setting riddles, should be so bad at solving them.

Lord STRATHEDEN AND CAMPBELL got his perpetual Motion made at last. He called attention to the Treaties of 1856 and 1871, but though he called attention—like spirits from the vasty deep, it

did not come. Lord DERRY pooh-poohed Motion and mover, and recalled the House from Treaties that war has torn to pieces, if diplomacy had not first ignored them, to the accomplished facts which Lord DUNRAVEN and Lord DORCHESTER, and the party he speaks for, will not accept. Lord HOUERTON and Lord BURY, though less openly advocating the solution of the sword, showed themselves equally incapable of appreciating the actualities and inevitabilities of the time, however unwelcome. In the end Lord STRATHEDEN and his Motion were snuffed out by the Previous Question.

(*Commons*).—Sir STAFFORD declined to answer problematical questions as to terms of peace, about which the Government knew nothing officially and positively. All we know is that the Grand Duke NICHOLAS is at San Stefano, ten miles from Constantinople; that Baden-Baden will be the place of Conference of the Congress at which the Diplomates of Europe will be invited to make their game while the ball is rolling, till the *Eien ne va plus* of the stiffest will and the strongest hand stops the putting down of stakes; and



STABLE MANAGEMENT.

(A discussion on Litter.)

Nimrod One. "BUT HORSES LOOK SO WRETCHED ON SAWDUST, PARTICULARLY IN WINTER."

Nimrod Two. "WELL, I KEEP THIS HORSE ON IT ALL THE YEAR ROUND, AND HE DOES AS WELL AGAIN."

Nimrod Three. "SAWDUST! DIDN'T KNOW THEY'D EAT IT! IT MUST COME CHEAP!"

that the representative of the British Lion will be Lord LYONS—most appropriate of mouthpieces for the Leonine family; and *Punch* takes the liberty of adding, that he will appear in his teeth and claws.

Lord G. HAMILTON announced the agreeable intelligence from India, that our expeditionary force has whacked the Jowakis, and that Lord LYTON, as the representative of JOHN BULL in India, may henceforth take unto himself the title of "*the Jowhacker*," like *the Ram, Jam, Ram-jam, &c., &c., of Indian rule.*

The Eddyston Lighthouse is undermined. Ominous of the fall of British Empire, according to our pessimist prophets of evil, now so loud and numerous. The Trinity House, wise in time, are laying the foundations of another lighthouse on a rock forty yards off the site of the old one. Where is the rook for our new foundation-stone?

House in Committee on Factories and Workshops Bill. It seems that in factories where women and young children are employed, the women are forbidden to eat their meals in the factory. Thus, when too far off to get home in the dinner-hour, they are driven to the street, the open yard, or the public-house. Mr. FAWCETT tried to remove the prohibition, which seems hard. Mr. CROSS said there were reasons of inspection against altering the law. The question of inspecting Convents being raised on the clause exempting them from the visitation of inspectors under the Act, Mr. NEWDEGATE made a gallant attempt to ride his hobby through the clause, but in vain.

Tuesday (Lords).—Earl DELAWARE tried to pump Lord DERRY about the Terms of Peace. Lord DERRY not knowing could not say more than that it was clear many of the alleged conditions were *anarads* of the most colossal description, set flying to irritate and mislead English and European opinion against the Russians.

(*Commons.*)—SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE thought it probable that peace might be signed that day, but nothing was yet known on the subject.

Mr. HARDY told Sir H. HAVELOCK that the First Army Corps

was equipped with means of transport, ambulance, and ammunition trains, and he hoped soon to be able to say as much of the Second.

Think of England able to move two Army Corps at once! Why Germany cannot move more than twenty, in not more than half the time it will take us to move two! *Punch* feels inclined to shout with *Dominie Sampson*, Pro-di-gious!

Mr. HUBBARD moved a Resolution that Government would make the Income Tax Act easier by distributing its burden more fairly. Government declined the attempt, though quite concurring in the expediency of making the tax sit as equally as possible. After a talk, showing that on the question there are almost as many minds as men in the House, old Mother HUBBARD had to retire from her cupboard, discomfited in the attempt to get her bull-dog that bone of contention—an equitable Income Tax.

Mr. GOLDNEY was Counted Out in an attempt to take the House with him into the Heralds' College. Alas! the days are gone when Garter and Norroy, Rouge Dragon and Rouge Croix, Norfolk and Portcullis, and their sayings and doings, chargings and blazonings, searches and visitations, could interest any human beings beyond the narrow circle of genealogical antiquaries and county historians.

Wednesday (Commons).—Mr. KNATCHBULL-HUGGESSON moved Second Reading of his Bill misnamed a Bill for Legalising Certain Colonial Marriages, but really for allowing the children of colonial marriages with deceased wives' sisters—when such marriages have been legalised by colonial laws, approved by the QUEEN in Council—to inherit landed estates in Great Britain as legitimate children, which by English law they are not.

Of course this was, and was admitted to be, a first step in the direction of introducing the Deceased Wife's Sister within the pale of English matrimonial law. It was, therefore, fiercely denounced, but carried nevertheless by 182 to 161. As this is not one-half the last Commons' majority for the Bill, its rejection in the Lords is certain.

The real dragon in the path of the Deceased Wife's Sister, who

wants to be the Deceased Wife's Successor, is the British Peer. The Commoner would politely bow her out of the table of prohibited degrees within the altar-rails.

Thursday (Lords).—LORD DORCHESTER gave tongue to the indignation of the War-at-any-price Party—it is quite as fair to apply that name to those who are clamouring against Lord DERBY's pacific influence in the Cabinet as it is to call those who oppose this faction, the "Peace-at-any-Price" Party. His pretext was a question where the Turkish Ironclads were just now.

LORD DERBY parried the attack and put aside the question. He knew where the fleet was, but declined to say—because it was not our business to answer as to the movements of foreign fleets, and next, because if, instead of peace being signed, war should be renewed, the friends of the Turk would have little reason to be obliged to him for revealing the whereabouts of the Turkish Ironclads.

(Commons.)—SIR D. WOLFF gave notice of his intention of submitting Lord STRATHEDEN's perpetual Motion to the House to-morrow. Captain BEDFORD PIM received a livelier answer to an asinine question than it deserved. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, in answer to Lord HARTINGTON, said that Lord NAZIER and Sir GARNET WOLSKLEY had not been appointed, but selected, for command of expeditionary forces, if such forces had to be despatched. Great virtue in an "if." The questions of the night disposed of, the House went into Committee work on the Factories and Workshops' Bill, and, progress thereon reported, listened to Mr. LOWTHER's exposition of an Irish Grand Juries' Bill, which, as a Government measure, is of course denounced by the Home-Rulers as a mockery, a delusion, and a snare.

Friday (Lords).—LORD DERBY hoped that peace would be signed to-morrow. One thinks of the Immortal's—

"To-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps on this petty pace from day to day,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools,
And hopes, to dusty death"—

He had heard, "from various sources, as to the accuracy of which he hoped there could be no doubt,"—odd that there should not be ground for something more than "hope" in such a case—"that the demand for the cession of the Turkish Ironclads had been withdrawn."

Hang that LORD DERBY, he's always whittling away our war-sticks—as if any stick wasn't good enough to beat a Russian—to nothing!

(Commons.)—Great cry of WOLFF (Sir H. D.) over the spilt milk of the Treaties of 1856 and 1871.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE comforted him; no arrangement will be valid without formal recognition of the signatories of these Treaties. The wonder will be if they can recognise them, after the Dogs of War have had their will of the precious parchments!

MR. HIBBERT asked for a Select Committee on the Election of Boards of Guardians. MR. SCLATER-BOTHY promised him the fashionable settling machine of the day—a Conference. MR. CARTWRIGHT (Wine Carte-right henceforth) tried in vain to get a Select Committee to inquire into the Wine Duties. SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE admitted our Wine Carte wanted overhauling, but didn't see why Government should not do it without a Committee, nor does *Punch*. Only he wishes they would set about it, and see if it can't improve our Spanish relations. They want improvement sadly. Then to work on Factories and Workshops.

City Legges.

At the Mansion-House dinner given last week to the money-magnates of the City, the LORD MAYOR, in proposing the toast of "Lords and Commons," and coupling the former with LORD DARTMOUTH, observed, incidentally:—

"LORD DARTMOUTH's ancestor, THOMAS LEGGE, was Mayor of London in 1611, and was the first to whom the Crown had granted the title of 'Lord' Mayor."

Evidently then in this case the Crown gave the City a Legge up. It was not setting "a beggar on horseback." "*Necessitas non habet Legges*," and has not had since they rose from the Mayoralty to the Peerage.

Females and Feesicians.

THE *Lancet* understands that Sir W. JENNER has sent in his resignation as a member of the British Medical Association, on account of the share Women are allowed to take in its proceedings, but will postpone his actual retirement until the Council has deliberated as to the course of action it may see fit to take. What can the Council do to please Sir W. JENNER? Only turn the young Women out of their Society? The British Medical Association will always contain a certain number of irremovable old Women.

'ARRY TO THE FRONT!

(Being an epistle from that popular and pugnacious Patriot to his Chum CHARLIE, still imprisoned in rural parts.)



DEAR CHARLIE,
STILL doing the rural?
You're quite out of
luck, my dear boy.
We're going it proper in
town, in a style as I know
you'd enjoy.
Public meetings and patriot
patter, old pal, is our last
little lay;
Which, I tell you, it's nuts
and no error, and keeps up
the game of the day.

The brave British Lion, at
last, has just set up his
back—and quite right!
Old Beakey's a brick, and
means pepper,—there's
hopes it'll end in a fight.
That Bear is in want of a
basting; we're piling our
powder and shot;
He is in for a larrup, that's
clear, and I 'ope we shall
give it 'im 'ot.

But, CHARLIE, old chip, there's a Party, a nasty, mean, snivelling
gang,

Led on by that gassy old GLADSTONE—a traitor they'll yet have to
'ang—

As goes in a muicker for Rooshia; but, bless yer, they hain't 'arf a
chance

Us patriots lately, my pippin, have led 'em the devil's own dance.

Steam's hup, and we go it like blazes. O, CHARLIE, the lummiest
larks!

Sech sweet little mobs at their meetings, sech out-and-cut shines in
the Parks!

The traitors are great on the gab, but the tongue ain't no match for
the stick,

And a spouter turns off at the main when his tater-trap's bunged
with a brick.

This patriot caper is proper! The Nobs, as a general rule,
Are down on us Commomers' gammocks like ginger and gooseberry

fool;
But, bless yer, just bellow for Beakey, or howl down the Gladstonite

crew,
And it's all "public spirit," I tell yer, and go it, my boy, till all's

blue.

And go it we does, I assure you; which, CHARLIE, yer see, 'ere's
the jam,

The Swells as was used to pooh-pooh us, now follers our lead like
a lamb.

Your stuckuppy 'Orspital Sawbones, your pieter-card, big City sort,
Jines in with our jinks like JEMIMER, and seems to be nuts on the
sport.

They can't call us Cads any longer, my pippin, with any good grace.
You should see 'em go in for a hustle, or howl till they're black in
the face.

Wy, I twigg'd a stout Stock-Exchange party, bare-headed and
smothered in dust,

A-singing "*We don't want to fight*" till I thought the old bloke
would a' bust.

They was down on the Music-Halls once, called 'em caddish and
wulgar and low,

But they've took a leaf out of our book, and our War songs is now
all the go.

No wonder; we're birds of a feather, our notions 'ariously agree,
And the Great BOUNCE's row-de-dow chants hits off both our hidears
to a t.

Yes, Patriotism's the lay, boys. I ain't 'ad sech fun for an age.
Jest toddle your trots up to town, and we'll find you some sport, I'll

engage.

It outs me to think you aren't here, so snuff it, old pal, and don't
tarry,

I'm off to a Great Demonstration. Ta-ta!
Yours tolbobishly, 'ARRY.

BUSINESS FOR THE BENCH.

(From an Inns of Court Minute of the future.)



On the first day of Term a Pension was held in the Inner Lincoln-Green Temple Hall, for the dispatch of business. A large number of Benchers were present. The Treasurer presided, and the Steward was in attendance.

Mr. CROPPER, Q.C., in a long and eloquent speech, complained of the Hall-dinner. The soup was constantly sent up lukewarm. Over and over again there had been no dressed fish, and the *entrées* were frequently not only badly selected but over-seasoned. The learned Gentleman concluded his address by asserting that the very existence of the Inns of Court depended upon the Benchers doing their duty. That duty was to guard the digestion of every Benchers, Barrister, and Student who entered their classic Hall for dinner.

Mr. BUTTERBY, Q.C., could not agree with the last speaker. In his opinion the Cook performed his duty nobly. He had the pleasantest recollections of some of the dinners of last Term. He could honestly declare that it gave him the greatest possible satisfaction to take a glass of wine with the Cook before the saying of the second grace. He considered that time-honoured ceremony a most delightful institution. He insisted that the Cook deserved rather a vote of thanks than a vote of censure. He suspected that Mr. CROPPER could never have tasted the Cook's cheese *soufflé*.

Mr. CROPPER declared that he *had* tasted the dish in question. With much warmth he described the so-called *soufflé* as merely an omelet, or—might he say—pancake, without the graceful accompaniments of powdered sugar and lemon.

This last assertion caused so profound a sensation that the Treasurer considered it necessary to interpose. He said that Mr. CROPPER had made a very serious accusation. He was sure, on consideration, that the learned Gentleman would be prepared to withdraw it.

Mr. CROPPER, however, preserved silence; and, after a painful pause, a Benchers moved that the *menus* of the last dinner should be read by the Steward.

The motion having been carried, the Steward obeyed the instruction. Great exception was then taken to three white *entrées* following one another in succession.

After some further discussion it was agreed that the Cook should be admonished by the Steward to take greater care in the preparation of a bill of fare.

Mr. MACSWINGBY, Q.C., next proposed that all the Bench chambers in New Square should be abated three-and-sixpence a quarter. The Benchers had a moral right to this indulgence.

After a long and angry discussion (in which personalities were freely introduced), the Resolution was withdrawn.

Mr. QUILLER, Q.C., then proceeded to read his Motion for allowing the Beadle to wear a cocked-hat in Hall.

The Treasurer again interposed. He said that, considering the importance of the subject, it was most desirable that the Pension in which it was brought forward should be as fully attended as possible. On the present occasion he was sorry to say that only three-fourths of the Benchers had put in an appearance. Would Mr. QUILLER consent to a postponement?

Mr. QUILLER readily admitted that, in a matter of so much importance as an alteration in the ancient customs of the Inns of Court, all the Benchers, if possible, should be present. He shrank from the responsibility of supporting his Motion in the face of so small a Meeting. Under the circumstances, therefore, he readily adopted the Treasurer's suggestion. He begged that his Motion might stand over.

The Steward having reported that no further business appeared on the Agenda paper, the Benchers (after an exceptionally important Pension) brought the proceedings to a conclusion by going into Hall to dinner.

PRACTICAL DEFINITION (By a Cynical Looker-on).—Diplomacy and Treaties—shifts and makeshifts.

"WHERE'S IT TO STOP?"

"Rattle his bones over the stones,
He's only a Pauper whom nobody owns."

So sang Tom Hood in his "*Pauper's Funeral*." But he omitted to count among pauper funeral dishonours the chance that it might be the wrong bones that were thus cheerfully rattled to the grave. There is, or was a few weeks ago, this prospect to be added to the other terrors of death—supposing that death has any terrors for the pauper—for those dying in the Union House of London-by-the-Sea.

The Master of that well-regulated establishment in his report the other day to the Board of Guardians, entered—

"I regret to have to report a mistake which has occurred during this week by the burial of THOMAS GUILDFORD instead of another inmate, who, having no friends, was not identified, as is usually done. The practice of writing the names on the coffins only with chalk makes it sometimes very difficult for persons really to know that they do follow their own relative. If permitted to spend sixpence for each coffin the name and age could be properly painted upon each coffin-lid."

"Chalk-mixture" has hitherto been a favourite physic for living paupers, but this kind of "Chalk-mixture" may hardly be considered the correct thing for dead ones. Still, sixpence a coffin for the name and age of the pauper occupant is a serious outlay! Is it certain that the Local Government Board will approve of it? Mr. BUMBLE may well doubt whether the personal identity of a "wicked porper," dead, isn't dear at the price. After he has cost so much of the ratepayers' money living, has the Board any right to ask an extra sixpence for his admission to the Diet of Worms?

The old Etruscans used to put an *æs rude*—a lump of uncoined bronze—in the hands of the coffined dead, as a fee to Charon. The Romans borrowed the practice of them, and deposited an *obolus* in the flat of the *corpus*. But would they have done this for the *corpus vile* of a pauper? Roman paupers would, doubtless, be "contracted for," and ferried over Styx in a second-class boat, with a great reduction for taking a quantity. Mr. Councillor BOOTH evidently does not agree with BUMBLE that the line at which consideration for personal identity should be drawn falls short of Paupers, for he moved that the sixpence should be expended to paint the paupers' name "in a distinct manner." BUMBLE may well shake his head, and ask if distinction is not ill-bestowed on these vicious and unproductive consumers of the ratepayers' money.

"Death levels all, with a vengeance," he writes to us, "if porpers in their coffins is to be identified like respectable ratepayers. But it's all of a piece. Beer, with extra indulgences, to the old men and women when they're alive, and now coffins, with their names painted on 'em, when they're dead. They'll be wanting German-silver coffin-plates next, and plumes, mutes, black 'osses, and the other profanalia of a first-class funeral! Eap o' nonsense! But that's always the way with them porpers! Give them their hinch, and they'll take their hell, alive or dead, that you may rely on!"

An Absent Comma.

THE placards which were lately posted in London, announcing a "Working Men's Demonstration in favour of Peace in Hyde Park," must have raised hopes in the minds of many quiet and well-disposed persons that an effort was at last about to be made to prevent the Park from being any longer the scene of riotous and disorderly proceedings. If so, what occurred there on Sunday, the 24th of February, must have effectually dispelled all such expectations, for certainly on that day "peace in Hyde Park" was about the very last thing which seemed to be thought of by those who assembled within its boundaries.

Hellas's Anti-Russian Oath.

"'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more" BYRON.
HELLAS hath sworn, from shore to shore,
Hellas hath sworn, from sea to sea,
"Greece" may be "living Greece no more,
But Bear's Grease she will never be."

Prove your Negative.

Who will dare, henceforth, to stand up for what used to be considered an axiom of Logic, that there is no proving a negative? Not the Metropolitan Police evidently, after Superintendent THOMPSON's daring *dictum*, at the examination of the Rev. Gentleman who fired a pistol the other day at the Master of the Rolls:—

"MR. FLOWERS.—Is there any evidence of a bullet being found?
Superintendent THOMPSON.—There is evidence of the bullet not being found. (Laughter.)"



THE PET YOUNG BACHELOR PARSON.

SCENE—A Suburban Evening Party. TIME—10:30 P.M.

Hostess (to little rustic Maid, who has opened the drawing-room door, and is staring vacantly round). "WHAT IS IT, SARAH?"
Sarah. "Oh, nothing, MA'AM. It's only Miss Walker's maid, and Miss Richardson's page, and the footman for Miss Tompkins, and the carriage for the Miss Charmings. But they was none of them to wait, as the Rev. Mr. Saintley's here!"

* A PURSE TO BE FILLED.

ALL who have ever had occasion to transact business with that politest, kindest, and most attentive of *entrepreneurs*

and box-office agents, Mr. Mitchell, must have been often indebted to the courteous services of his not less kindly, polite, and attentive Lieutenant, Mr. Chapman. *Punch* grieves to hear that a stroke of paralysis has deprived Mr. Chapman of the use of his limbs and the power of speech. Some of his friends have combined, in this hour of sore affliction, to present him with a substantial tribute of regard, in the shape of a testimonial purse, for which subscriptions may be sent to 33, Bond Street. *Punch* will only add *his dat qui cito dat, the better.*



“BEATI POSSIDENTES!!”

(Bismarck, *offer* HORACE and HEINRICH.)

OUR NEW NOVEL,
ENTITLED
STRAPMORE!

A ROMANCE

BY

WEEDER.

Author of *Folly and Parity, Under Two Bags, Arryadn'ty, Chuck, Two Little Wooden Jaws, Nicotine, A Horse with Glanders, In Somers Town, Shamdross, &c., &c.*

CHAPTER I.—In Harnesag.



"Y Jove, those look spicy!" exclaimed MATT TOCK, the factotum and valet of the Honourable PINTO PEEZE, of the First White Guards, as with real artistic finish he wound the whipcord tightly round each of his master's tops; tops that were the pride and envy of every noble sportsman who saw them going round the spinney. For MATT TOCK's master had special boots for every kind of sport; and while he kept his hunting-tops for covert side, he would, for a shooting-party, and to go through a turnip covert, put on his turnip-tops. MATT TOCK knew thoroughly the work he had to do for the Honourable PINTO PEEZE, and it was with some confidence that he uttered these words to the Stud

Groom of the Chambers (for PINTO lived in Chambers), whose duty was to look after his master's buttons.

A Guardsman's chambers are always rather more luxurious than the boudoir of a Duchesse.

The Honourable PINTO PEEZE was one of the cracks of his Regiment, and every woman in London had sent him something where-with to ornament his rooms.

His dressing-table was littered with Bohemian glass, presented by Bohemian girls, who had dreamt of dwelling in marble halls, but had never arrived at the realisation of their dreams. A hundred silver cases of perfumery were standing about, the gifts of a hundred different admirers. Negligently thrown on one side, were gold dressing-cases, enamelled razors, jewelled strops, and bootjacks studded with diamonds. Two blue retrievers, of a rare and priceless

To the distinguished Authoress from the Editor.—Dear Madam,—Having just scanned the first instalment of your evidently thrilling romance I am sure you will permit us to make a few remarks from time to time, in no spirit of hostile criticism, but of genuine admiration for a talent which all acknowledge and few can command. We shall not, of course, interfere in any way with the current of your plot, but shall, with your kind permission, venture to offer a few suggestions on matters of really quite secondary importance, more for the purpose of affording you fresh opportunities of displaying to the public your vast and varied knowledge of subjects as to which we are willing to admit our own ignorance or imperfect knowledge. These annotations will be published from time to time, as occasion may require or time allow, with the story, as it proceeds, and will thus give, if that were possible, additional interest to a work which the readers of this journal are already delighted to welcome as from the pen of the distinguished Authoress, WEEDER. Deign, Madam, to receive the sentiments of our most distinguished esteem.

Punch Office, Fleet Street.

THE EDITOR.

From Weedder to the Editor.—Oher Monsieur le Redacteur, soit. Faites ce que vous voudrez. Allez toujours. Payez et choisissez! When pressé, wire; and I'll wire too. Mille amitiés de la part de
Hôtel Tata, Totoni, Firenze.

WEEDER.

Acting on the above permission, we proceed to publish the following query and reply just received:—

From Editor to Authoress, by special wire.—Excuse us, but are tops worn as you describe? We personally do not know, as we've never worn tops; but still in fancy—we only fancy, mind—that there is just the slightest *lapseu calami* here? We may be wrong. R. S. V. P.—Ed.

From Authoress to Editor, by same wire.—It is only fancy. You are wrong. Je n'étais pas née hier. Allez!—W.

breed, and a long-haired spotted greyhound, were in possession of half-a-dozen camelopard skins which were tossed lazily before the fireplace. Over the mantelpiece were portraits of celebrated steeple-chasers, by ANGELICO, F.R.A., in embossed frames, five or six pets of the Ballet, by HARRY BOWEN, a portrait of the celebrated danseuse, ANNE CHOUVE, in oil, by a Sardinian Artist, a crayon sketch of some celebrated pedestrian feat, and a series of high Art frescoes from PILLY GREENY's *Progress*.

The walls were *parqueté* with rare woods. The hangings were of pale rose-pink, with a delicate fringe of gold embroidery; the windows admitted the sunlight through prismatic glass; and a delicious confusion of percussion-caps, knee-caps, breechloaders, muzzles, muzzle-loaders, French novels in yellow covers, musical instruments, from a JUBAL's lyre set in diamonds, to a harmonicon in ebony and gold, fitted with full orchestral accompaniments for a hundred performers, pervaded the apartment; while through the doors of a cabinet of exquisite Mosaic workmanship could be seen bills, forms for I O U's, printed on delicately-tinted satin edged with lace, stamps of all nations, for all sums, facsimiles of post-obits on rose-leaf paper, promises to pay, notes of hand, Bank of Elegance notes of the most perfect workmanship and unique design, with various other trifles scattered carelessly about. Yet there was some sort of order in this disorder. There was, indeed, one drawer in the under-part of the cabinet labelled "P." which stood for "Paid," but this was empty. All the other drawers were labelled "U.P." standing for "Unpaid," and these were full.

On the softest of sofas lay the handsomest of young Guardsmen, the Honourable PINTO PEEZE, second son of Viscount MAZAGON of Longuepodde, known generally in the Brigades as "SWERTIE." This appellation, gained at Eton, was in no way undeserved; as, when the aromatic smoke, which was circling out from his jewelled-stemmed meerschaum, the gift of one of his devoted foreign Princesses, cleared away, it discovered a face of as much delicacy and brilliancy as the most beautiful woman's, with a handsome, polished, thoroughbred, smooth, drooping, all-roundness that at once announced to the world the Order to which he belonged, and proclaimed his hereditary descent from those ancient Knights Marphats, who had gained their Eastern appellation in the Crusades, and whose proud boast it has ever been to possess, in the richness of the land, the best soil without the least stain, and who have reckoned among their race Conquerors, Emperors, Bishops, Champions of England, and, in the female line, even British Queens. His eyes, of a liquid hazel softness, were chastened by long silky lashes, that sometimes seemed to fall heavily on the pupils, causing them to dilate upon whatever their grievance, or pleasure, of the moment might be. For they were eloquent eyes, with a mournful love-me-like-winkle look about them, that duped devoted Duchesses, and captivated coquetish Countesses. His little hands, the "*petit paw*" for which all the Peeze family of his aristocratic Order were remarkable, were never made for any harder work than to hold a *miladi's* fan, or to button the glove of a *petillante* Fi-Fi, or a *spirituelle* Do-Do.

"Give me my top dressing!" he said to MATT TOCK. Then, murmuring to himself DE QUOT's well-known poem beginning

"Ah comme l'abeille petite
Très occupée profite,"

he passed a dainty honey-comb through his silken *rougissant* hair. Then, throwing it carelessly aside, he pointed to another comb of carat gold, which seemed to be of the same Rubens-like hue as his own scented curls, and which, itself the gift of a lovely Circassian heiress, was so craftily constructed that, as it passed through his glorious locks, it performed modulated airs from the works of the best masters, commencing with "*The Hour of Parting*" and "*Comby Gentel*," while the diamond-set brushes, used with rare skill by the operator, reproduced, in faultless harmony, a SERASTIAN BACH air; and, to crown all, the entire Opera of *Acis and Galatea* was contained in the handle.

He lay on the sofa, and as he lazily emitted dense clouds of aromatically scented *Eil d'oiseau* from his priceless Turkish *khutti*, he thought, for a moment, how it had been presented to him by a veiled Sultana, on her way to the Hammam from the Hozo Bazaar, where she had purchased the gift for her "John Bulbul," as this lovely Queen of the Harem fondly called the handsome young Englishman, whom she adored.

But the dream was of short duration, as had been the strong brief passion itself, and PINTO admitted to himself that the memory of the past could not satisfy the want of the present, as he lightly swallowed a few cups of hot *chocolat à la crème* de la crème, some *tartine au beurre*, a few platefuls of *jambon d'York*, and *des grands saucissons aux pommes de terre*. Then pouring out a sparkling glass of the most invigorating and refreshing of all Italian liqueurs so little known in this country—*basso relievo*—into an ancient jewelled beaker, which bore on the rim the date of the Council of Trent, the young Guardsman tossed it off at a draught, and with a melodious shout, instinct with the glory of youthful health, "*Io Bacche!*" he resumed his fragrant *khutti*, as he gave his valet directions for the day.



DISTRESS IN THE MINING DISTRICTS.

Benevolent Directress. "HOW IS IT YOU'VE BROUGHT TWO CANS TO-DAY, GEORDIE!"

Miner (on Strike). "THE YAIN'S FUR MY MITHER, MARM, AND T'UTHER FUR THE GREYHOUND!"

"Tell TOM ARTER to have the screws ready by the time I come off parade, and I'll see to the driver. Order Special Trains to be ready for me at Euston, Paddington, Waterloo, and Victoria. I don't know which I shall go by, and it would be a bore to be disappointed at the last minute. Send the brougham, with these bracelets, to the Do-Do, Regent's Park; and these chestnuts—the horse-chestnuts, you understand—in the phaeton to the Fi-Fi at Brompton. Bid WILLIAM go to the Humane Society's House, in Hyde Park, and hire one of their drags for the day. Wire to Cowes to have the steam up on board the *Ariadne The-Sea-Oh*. Write to Portsmouth Theatre and tell the Manager that Little Kon-Kon will dance in his ballet if he'll give an Amateur Performance for the benefit of the Sailors' Home, and play *Our Buoy*. Take this bouquet of Spring violets with a turquoise-and-ruby ring inside—don't drop it, and say you've lost it—to Lady CHARLOTTE RUSSELL, and the Maltese terrier to the Duchess of DRAFFAVALE, A1, Potman Square. Don't forget. Take this note to Madame NULLAVOCE. See that *Envelope* is at the post in time to start for the Five Thousand: keep it dark. Have the saddle on *Rokinos*, as I shall ride him if I go for the steeplechase to-day. See that *Spotty* is ready for the meet, you'll want a few tacks for his mane, and mind that his tail is sewed in tightly. I bought him out of CREMER's stables last Christmas, so he ought to be all right; but one never knows. Take the towels off the old clothes-horse, and polish him up a bit; he'll do to hack. And now put me into harness, as it's getting late."

Murmuring which multiplicity of directions, as if in a delicious reverie, PINTO PERZE drank a glass of tonic Solfa, laid his pipe on the small marqueterie Not-vot at his side, and, seating himself at his *tabula rasa*, submitted himself to his valet's hands. Then,

* "*Tabula Rasa*." Italian shaving-table, of the time of the Barberini. [Is it indeed? Really? Of course, if you say so, Madam, so it is. Yet somehow we fancy—we only fancy, you understand—that *tabula rasa* is not a shaving-table. Yet we may be wrong, as well as other people.—*Editor to Authoress.*]

Authoress to Editor.—Wrong you are. I know. Lived in Italy, as I have in most places, all my life. Know everything.—Yours, W.

Editor to Authoress.—Oh, very well. We only said we "fancied." All right. Like your story very much. Excellent! Charming! Go ahead!—Ed.]

when he had been frizzed and curled, he stretched out his little clean-shaped limbs, and had soon drawn on his John Boots* over his white leather pantaloons that fitted as tightly as the dress of a harlequin, and in another second he had assumed his breast-plate, sash, tunic, gorget, shirt of mail, belt, clean starched collars, tags, bearskin, epaulettes, spurs, embroidered gauntlets, regulation moustachios, helmet, and plumes of rainbow hues, and then his servant, with all the celerity of a practised professional hand, fastened on his polished shield and buckler, and lastly, attached to his side his glittering sword, with its jewelled hilt, that had been presented to him by some of the fairest demoiselles who had seen him pass their windows, all accounted as he was, on his way to a review at Conyhatoh, or Hanwell. And as he surveyed himself in his artistically arranged Venetian mirrors, that offered a hundred brilliant reflections of himself in almost every variety of attitude, it was impossible for him not to feel that his aristocratic beauty and his good form, which were "of the Toff, Toffy," had worthily entitled him to the sobriquet of "Sweetie."

As he was in the act of sprinkling over himself some *Eau d'Onto* from a gold fiasco of exquisite workmanship, the door opened, and a youth dressed in the height of fashion, though he himself was barely five feet six, presented himself on the soft white tigerkin hearthrug.

"Ah! little one, *tres cher*," drawled the Whiteguardsman, languidly, as his eyes rested with a kindly cordial light on his young brother.

As sons of the Viscount MAZAGON of Longuepodde, both inherited the family name of PINTO PERZE, and it had been a tradition with them for centuries, that the younger son's name should be ALFRED. It was, then, young ALF PINTO PERZE who now stood before his

* *Editor to Authoress.*—Jack-boots, surely, not John.

Authoress to Editor.—Really you must permit me to know something about what I am writing. "Jack" is not absolutely incorrect, but its use is "slangy," and I never will descend to anything like slang. Besides, the term "Jack-boot" would create a confusion with "Boot-jack," which is quite a different article. By the way, is this my novel or yours?—W.

Editor to Authoress (by return of post).—Yours, certainly. Excellent First-rate! Like it immensely! Go ahead!—Ed.



CAVE CANEM!

POOR MR. SIMPSON THINKS HE'LL GET HIS GROCERIES AT THE CIVIL SERVICE STORES, AND CARRY THEM HOME HIMSELF. BEHOLD HIM WITH A HAM UNDER HIS ARM, AND HIS POCKETS FULL OF SAUSAGES!—AND HYDROPHOBIA ON THE INCREASE!

elder brother, and who had been fraternally saluted as "little one." In many respects these brothers were as like as two Peeze could be. But in the countenance of the younger, ALF PINTO, there was a mixture of greenness, and downiness, which was entirely absent from that of the elder. The greenness was in his eye, the downiness on his upper lip. The constant use of a stick, as a support, gave to his whole bearing an air of feebleness; but the use of a stick was also a tradition in the Peeze line, and was a tribute to his Order. Strangers unacquainted with the family would always look upon a member of any one of its branches as "stuck up." But this notion would be soon dissipated on closer intimacy, and would be entirely dispelled at any great gathering of the Peeze family, in the early summer at Longuepodde.

"What's up, little one?" asked the elder brother, noticing the younger's despondent and sombre air.

"What's up?" repeated ALF, almost peevishly; "rather ask what's down," he replied, stroking his incipient moustache.

PINTO looked grave. "Little one," he said, "What's the row?" for he knew that the line of Peeze had, before now, got into occasional rows.

"Row!" exclaimed ALF, "there's none yet, but there will be. PINTO," he said, in a low, broken, despairing voice, "I'm ruined, utterly, irretrievably ruined!"

PINTO paused for a moment, then he shut the door, and sat down. "The Regiment can wait an hour or so, as it's only the Royal Grotto Day, when HER MAJESTY goes in State to open the First Oyster and Terminus. Her Good Gracious can't begin without me," he said, as he folded his gibus helmet, shook off his heavy shako, and sat in his bearakin. "Now, little one, tell me everything. Let me hear the worst," he added kindly, yet sadly; "for even if the honour of the fair name of PEEZE be at stake, let me know, at least, if you have indeed come to the 'peeze-aller.'" And, as he said this, he pointed to the family motto, in old Norman-French, emblazoned on the paper and on the painted ceiling, "Remember, little one, we are of the old *Pois carrés*!"

ALF shot a sidelong glance at the ancient ancestral bearings. They were Nine Thimbles Argent on a field green, and in front of each group of Three Thimbles was one *petit pois*, and on a scroll above were the words, "*Sous lequel de se trouve-t-il le petit pois?*" while below was the motto, "*Peeze allay, May Jouay, Poy Carray!*"

ALF turned away petulantly. He did not meet his brother's eye as he answered, huskily,

"Yes, PINTO, I will tell you all. Listen!"

End of Chapter I. (To be continued.)

HYDE PARK ECHOES.

(Overheard, about the Reformers' Tree, on the afternoon of Sunday, February 24, 1878.)

WHAT is the source of all this twopenny "Terror"?

Error!

The purpose of such shindies low and shameless?

Aimless!

What would he fain be at, each self-styled "patriot"?

At riot!

What is the real hope of blatant BRADLAUGH?

Rad law!

At whom does England laugh, when he'd alarm it?

ARMIT!

Who are the dolts who raise such windy brabble?

Rabble!

And what the rival "leaders of the Masses"?

Asses!!!

"Rara Avis in Terris."

At the last Army Medical Examination there were only nineteen candidates for forty-two vacancies!

Hip! hip! Hurrah! Mr. HARDY and his War-Office advisers may congratulate themselves. If they haven't produced a flourishing breed of Army-Surgeons, they have done more. They have brought to light that long-sought, and till now fabulously-regarded, creature the Phoenix—in the shape not of the fowl familiar to us on the plate of a famous Fire Insurance Office, but of that hitherto undiscovered desideratum, one under-stocked branch of an overstocked profession, viz., Military Surgery. This is a triumph for "the system," if not the inventors of it, and perhaps the finest example on the long War-Office list of successful answers to the great official problem, "How not to do it."

PROBLEMS FOR THE NEW POPE.

INHERITING spiritual apart from temporal sovereignty, LEO THE THIRTEENTH will be enabled to mind the business of a Pope without being distracted by that of a King. There are certain points on which *Lumen in Cælo* may be expected to enlighten him. In particular:—

How to make Theology and Geology put their horses together.

How in all other points to square Faith with Science.

Infallibility ought also to be able: To declare whether the Apparition of La Salette was a miracle or a hoax. To pronounce a like judgment respecting—

The Apparition of Lourdes.

The Holy House at Loreto.

The Image which used to wink at Rimini.

The Liquefaction of the Blood of Saint Januarius.

Withal:—

To come to terms with United Italy, and discover a *modus vivendi* on Peter's Pence, supplemented by a handsome allowance from the Italian Government.

Gold in New Guinea.

(See Goldie's Discovery, Times, Feb. 23.)

THERE'S gold in New Guinea, they say;

But he's very like to be sold, Who in New Guinea "rushes" away His realised Old Guinea gold.

FRIENDS AND FOES OF PEACE.



ENGLAND is still waiting for the terms of peace, harassed by the bark of the War Dogs, and the bray of the War Donkeys and Peace Donkeys who choose the Hyde Park turf and flower-beds as a stage for their kickings and their gambols. Asses are asses, whether bound in Lion or in Calf, and whether they carry "Peace" or "War" on their banners. But there are even greater asses—those who crowd to look and listen to the long-eared and leather-lunged helligerents of the so-called National Leagues for breaking or keeping the peace of Europe. Thus far these Leagues have confined themselves to breaking each other's thick heads, the branches of the Park trees, and Mr. GLADSTONE'S windows. All three acts of faction and faction are to be deprecated, but the first, perhaps least. *Punch* does not like to follow the lead of the *Pall Mall Gazette* in raising the old cry of "Don't nail his ears to the Pump," and would not for worlds be understood as recommending a third National League for impartially ducking Lieutenant ARMIT, R.N., Mr. C. BRADLAUGH, and the Honourable AUBERON HERBERT, in the Serpentine. It is monstrous, with the destinies of England trembling in the scales of Peace and War, that

the ears of our rulers, and the attention of the country should be distracted by the furious clamour of the newspaper oriers, and the blatant bunkum of the Music-Halls.

When calmness, coolness and command of temper, are more than ever needed to steer H.M.S. *Britannia* between the Scylla and Charybdis of National susceptibility and European war, it is deplorable to hear the thoroughgoing partisans of Turkey, and the unsorupulous assailants of Russia, in Parliament and the Press, raising the cry of "Treason!" against the coolest head in the Cabinet.

Never was such a little game of cross purposes as the spirited Foreign Policy of the Beaconsfield Administration has landed us in.

The organs of the party which out of doors alternates "*Rule Britannia*," and "*We Don't Want to Fight, but by Jingo if We Do*," with Votes of Confidence in the Government and its policy, are every morning and evening abusing that Government up hill and down dale, as the basest assemblage of suicidal and self-stultifying incapables that ever sacrificed the interests of a great nation.

The heads of H.M.'s Opposition are defending H.M.'s Government from being devoured like Acton by its own pack. Sir W. HARCOURT fills three columns of the *Times* to prove what needs no proof, that the Government avowed its policy of conditional neutrality before the Atrocities Agitation began; that that policy has been supported by Parliament and public meetings all over the country; that the Cabinet threw upon Turkey the responsibility of the consequences of its final rejection of the proposals of the Conference; that Russia, before her army crossed the Balkans, set forth her intentions and objects, and has since simply prosecuted to their natural end the intentions then foreshadowed; that England, in May last, set forth the conditions of her neutrality and her interests, which Russia has hitherto respected; that the extinction of Turkey in Europe is a *fait accompli*, which must be accepted; that England's business is not to attempt to set Humpty-Dumpty up again, but to determine who is to take his place.

All this is accomplished fact, or inevitable deduction therefrom.

Not the less there is a loud, angry, and excited party which will not accept accomplished facts, but is determined now that the Turk is utterly done for with England's consent and connivance, to pitch into the Russians for doing for him, and is clamouring for war before it knows the conditions of peace, without an avowable object, or an assignable cause more solid than its irritation that Russia should be big and brawny, aggressive, and given to bounce and brag, and that having got Turkey down, she means to keep her down, and make an end of her as a European Power in name, she having already ceased to be a European Power in fact, and to set up in place of her a more capable governing power over the Christian communities she has misgoverned for four hundred years.

PAN-ANGLICAN PERFORMANCES.

It is announced that some thirty Bishops of the American Episcopal Church are expected to come over and attend the Pan-Anglican Synod. This, notwithstanding the voice once heard to utter the famous declaration—"Great Pan is dead!" The Bishop of MONTREAL suggests that a Hospitality Committee should be formed to provide for the accommodation of Uncle Sam's Pan-Anglican Prelates. The Transatlantic Pan-Anglicans, of course, are prepared to take Pot Luck. It is further stated that at a meeting held at the house of Mr. J. G. TALBOT, M.P., "a Committee was formed for the purpose of ascertaining what Churchmen would be willing to entertain the American Bishops." The Ritualist Clergy will doubtless be ready to entertain any number of American Bishops with their celebrated imitations.

A Safe Conclusion.

(After perusing the Pros and Cons on the "Circassian outrages" question.)

THE question is perplexed by Party blindness,

But, on the whole, I really think 'twould seem

That what is called "the milk of human kindness"

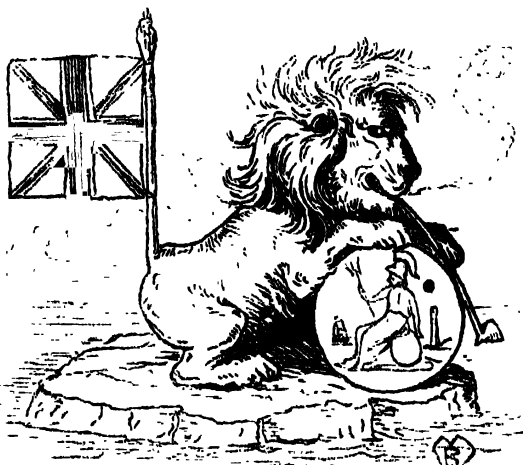
Has no connection with "Circassian Cream."

The Anglo-Saxon in Account with Uncle Sam.

United States Debtor (to Anglo-Saxon Creditor, blandly). How will you take it?

Anglo-Saxon Creditor (to United States Debtor, blankly). Short.
[Is paid in silver dollars at eight per cent. discount.]

THE ATTITUDE OF ENGLAND.



That Pasant-Gardant better fits my port.
A third would have me Rampant as is act
Of leonine Bombastes Furioso,
Belligerent to end of my least whisker,

in attitude is every-
thing."—Dr. JOHNSON.

LEO BRITANNICUS
loquitur—

To ramp, or not to
ramp, that is the
question!
These posture-mas-
ters plague me.
Not a pose
From sprawl to
spring they would
not put me
through,
As though I were a
mere heraldic
beast.
There's one would
have me Couchant,
langued, and
fanged,
Hiant and hauriant;
while another
swears

And furthest tip of my all-threatening tail.
It likes me not! Am I a sign-board sham,
Or stuffed-out simulacrum,—scarecrow set
To frighten Europe's choughs and daws and pies,
With a few sticks and straw, and some old clothes?
Nay, then, best paint me blue or red at once,
Give me a stiff pump-handle tail, and claws
Like nails at tenpence—curl up close my mane
In Gorgon knots, and write up underneath,
"Good entertainment here for man and horse,
And ship and sailor. Come one, and come all!"
That I may bluster if I cannot bully,
And give the measure of my force by fuss,
And empty attitudinising! No!
Leo Britannicus is not a beast
Who needs to roar in proof of Lion-blood:
Warrant thereof is in his deeds of old;
Strong in which warranty, and well assured,
His muzzle resting on his mighty arms,
Couchant and calm he lies, and for reproof
Of fume and fret, looks from his steady eyes,
And growls from his deep weasand, "Watch, and
wait!"

LICKING AND LOVING.

So the SULTAN has exchanged congratulations with
the CZAR. One would think that Russia had only been
licking Turkey as the great Bear licks her cub.

THE BLOCK OF LEGAL BUSINESS.—The Wig Block.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

At the Queen's for the New Tragedian—A Morning Performance in
Black—The Olympic—The Opera Comique—Remarks generally.

SIR,—A new tragedian has appeared. He has appeared twice, in
Othello. I was there on the first occasion. His name as announced
is NEVILLE MORITZ, but I believe it to be MORITZ NEVILLE; and the
more it's NEVILLE and the less it's MORITZ the better, as far as I
can judge at present. I should call the Hungarian gentleman a
"finished actor;" we may see something more of him, perhaps, but,
for my part, I think he is finished, at all events as far as *Othello*
goes, and that, in his hands, is not very far. Mr. VEZIN, as *Iago*,
literally walked round Mr. MORITZ, as is invariably the case when
the *Othello* is indifferent. Mr. VEZIN rattled off some of his speeches
at such a pace as to be almost unintelligible. It seemed as if he
wanted to get home to dinner before playing again in the evening;
but the effect of it was to mar what would otherwise have been a
most admirable performance. He must, however, be accredited
with a kindly and charitable feeling for the audience, as no doubt
the thought occurred to him, "if I want to get home and dine, how
much more must they!" The *Amelia* of Miss GENEVIEVE WARD
was good, if not great. Mr. E. BROOKE's *Michael Cassio* was a
most creditable performance; it is so easy to overdo *Cassio*.

The *Ne'er-Do-Well* at the Olympic has been sent back to the
usually-do-weel-wright to be mended. There'll be several new
spokes put into it, I suppose, and the tire-ing part of it removed.
Mr. HANN's first scene in this piece, admirably painted, represented
a ruined mill, with a broken wheel, evidently the *Ne'er-Do-Well*,
that wouldn't go. Mr. GILBERT wrote this piece for Mr. SOTHERN,
and, though capably played by Mr. NEVILLE, yet it struck me
that Mr. SOTHERN's peculiar style and metallic tone, would have
been more in accordance with the general action of the piece, which
seemed to me to be less serious than eccentric. However, it is
taken back to be altered, much as an Eton Boy has to rewrite his
copy of verses after his Tutor's correction. I do not understand
Mr. NEVILLE's apology for Mr. GILBERT, as if he were pleading
"first fault" for a young and painstaking scholar. No one can be
more enthusiastic on the subject of originality in the Drama than
myself; I regret that any necessity should have ever compelled
Dramatic Authors to translate and adapt, and I heartily welcome
all original English plays.

"Out of fifty plays that Mr. GILBERT has produced," says
NEVILLE in his apology (I am not quoting the exact words), "only
ten per cent. are adaptations."

That is to say, the real genuine sugar with less sand than at the
other shops. Well, but how about Mr. BROWN? With one excep-
tion, or perhaps two, and those the *libretti* of Operas, all his, and
they must amount to twice fifty, and more than that, have been, if
I am not mistaken, original. This apology was a mistake. What
will be the revised title of the *Ne'er-Do-Well*? Why, by kind
permission of Mr. CHARLES REARD, obtained in a left-handed
manner of course, it may perhaps be "*Neville too late to mend*."

A propos of Mr. GILBERT, though, let him be content, *pro tem.*, with
the result of his *Sorcerer*. The quintette, and the old-fashioned duet
with minuet step, are the two best numbers in Mr. ARTHUR SULLI-
VAN's share of the work. Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH as *Wellington
Wells* is the Sorcerestest Sorcerer that ever I did see or hear. His
incantation scene, his clear and intelligible patter song, and his
squatter's-run, are things which alone would repay a second visit
to the Opera Comique. And then his descent into Pandemonium,
fanning himself, putting on his gloves, and brushing his hat, as a
consistent partner in a respectable and old-established firm of
Family Sorcerers would do, of course, up to the very last.

Too much praise cannot be awarded to Miss EVERARD for her
demure Pew-Opener: like Mr. GROSSMITH, she enters thoroughly
into the eccentric seriousness of the Author's grotesque idea.

The idea of placing a real live burlesque Vicar on the stage is a
bold one. But I saw two Clergymen in the stalls who thoroughly
enjoyed the joke, especially when his Reverence said, that, as a
penance, he would spend the remainder of his days in the congenial
gloom of a Colonial Bishopric.

But carry this further, how would a Ballet of Bishops be received?
or a Pastoral symphony danced by Pew-Openers to the accompani-
ment of Pan-Anglicans playing on Pipes? Very soon, however, we
shall have a real Vicar at the Court, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, a new
version by Mr. WILLS, author of *Charles the First and England in
the Daze*, who has also adapted *Pilgrim's Progress* for the Poly-
technic, where it is to be given as a "Lenten Entertainment," with
dissolving views, ghost effects, and a lecture.

Bravo, Divine WILLS! Let me write the light part to finish up
with, for this will be "kept dark," of course, under the influence
of the magic lantern's gentle beams, and I think I can do something
thoroughly Polytechnical to be called *The Diving Belle*! with a
splendid *Diver-tissement*. But I forgot, this won't do for Lent, it
must be kept for Christmas.

A propos of Bells, I've not yet seen the *Cloches de Corneville* at
the Folly. I saw MILNER in it at the Folies Dramatiques, and
Mr. SHIEL BARRY, evidently selected because of his capital Bell-
ringer in *Fatherland* at the Queen's, ought to be, barring the
brogue, quite up to the original. Again *a propos* of *The Bells*—
ere this appears *Louis the Eleventh* will have been produced at the
Lyceum, and that Mr. IRVING may score another success, is the
sincere wish of—

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

Dog-Roasting and its Results.

WE beg Archdeacon DENISON's pardon. He is not Rector of South
Brent, but Vicar of East Brent. But it was in his parish, it seems,
that the boys roasted the dog the other day, and were so in-
adequately punished by the Magistrates.

It is just for such cases of unmitigated and cowardly brutality
that one regrets the old punishment of flogging at the cart's-tail.
The publicity of it made it especially appropriate to cases where the
punishment ought to inflict bodily suffering in a form as impressive
and conspicuous as the crime is un-Christian and unmanly.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



"BENNY-DIZZY"—THE GREAT SWORD-SWALLOWER.

(Vide MR. BENEDETTI's marvellous Performance at the Royal Aquarium.)

N.B.—The dotted lines denote the preliminary flourishes.

MONDAY, March 4 (Lords).—If it be necessary to appeal to the patriotism of Volunteers willing to volunteer for foreign service, Government will appeal to them—if not, not; and, till it is, it doesn't mean to think about it. Thus Lord BEACONSFIELD to Lord ST. LEONARDS. Meanwhile, their motto will continue, "Defence—not Defiance"—of probabilities.

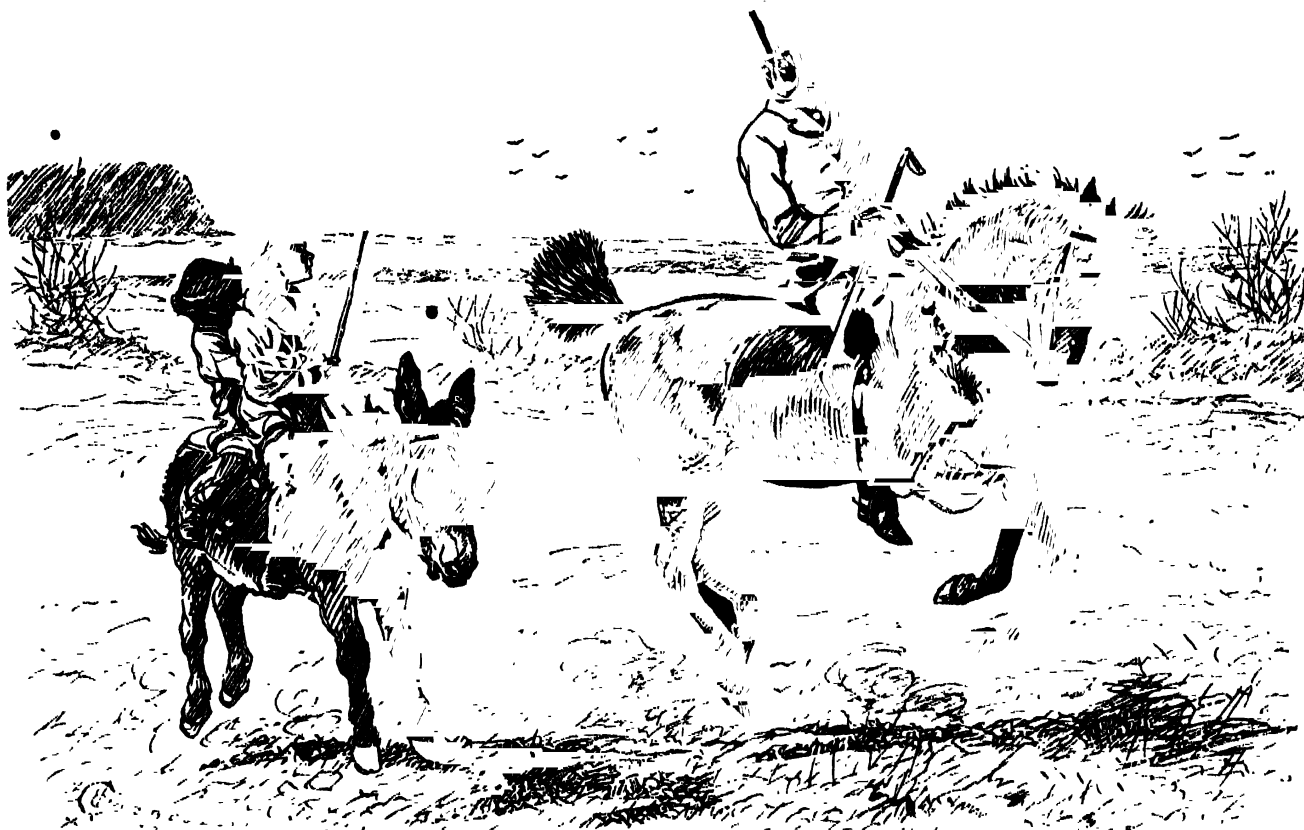
Lord DERBY announced that he had official news of the signing of peace—"in two places," as the auctioneers say,—from Constantinople, and St. Petersburg. The terms did not include any surrender

of ships, or lien on the Egyptian tribute, and the pecuniary indemnity was reduced from forty millions to twelve.

Lord MIDDLETON proposed that their Lordships should sit an hour earlier, to give the young Peers time to learn their business.

The LORD CHANCELLOR would rather not. There was quite talking enough as it was: when they wanted more, they could always ensure it by fixing the meet an hour sooner.

Lord GRANVILLE thought younger Peers wanted encouragement, and did not see how the magnetism of dinner was to be resisted after seven. The fact is that the Peers have always very good dinners to



IGNOMINIOUS.

Late Arrival (on fresh Thoroughbred). "HOUNDS GONE ON, BOY?"
 Boy. "EES. YEAU KEEP UP ALONG O' WE—JA'LL SHOW 'EM!"

go to, and often not very interesting debates to listen to, so it can't be wondered at, if, as the whips are not so determined with the Lords' pack as the Commons', the hounds should be apt to scatter after seven.

Lord BEACONSFIELD was of opinion that on a question of great public interest their Lordships would not hesitate to sacrifice even their dinners. But the meeting of the House was like Easter—a moveable feast; and why should they not fix it earlier, whenever there was likely to be a rush of young Peers to the front? A leash of rising junior Peers—just the recruits to drill into good soldiers—Lords STANHOPE, MORLEY, and ROSEBURY, put in a modest plea for the young 'uns, but the motion was withdrawn without a division, dinner-time having, like night in Livy, "put an end to the battle."

Commons.—The Signature of Peace announced, but not its conditions, though Sir W. FRASER was very anxious to know them. The telegrams would almost seem, from Sir STAFFORD's account, to have been "liquoring-up" on the way. "The messages," he said, "were not in a state in which he could communicate them to the House. They were not in a perfect state at all."

Then the House resolved itself into a House of Soldiers. Mr. KNIGHT urged certain claims of Volunteer adjutants; and Mr. HARDY promised to concede as much as he could without making too large a demand on the country. The Volunteers have been well served by their adjutants, as a body, and the country ought to deal fairly with them. But on the whole, they strike *Punch* as decidedly among the better treated of the country's by no means handsomely treated soldier-servants.

Mr. O'REILLY, Colonel MURE, General SHUTE, Mr. CAMPBELL BANNERMAN, Sir G. BALFOUR, Major NOLAN, Major O'BEIRNE, and Sir H. WILMOT, had a lively little professional discussion on company officering and organisation, and promotion of non-commissioned officers to commissions.

Sir T. CAMPBELL gave reasons for a special enlistment for twelve years service in India. Mr. HARDY thought eight years was quite as much of India as most men could stand. A twelve years Indian service would mean a pension at the end of it, and a conscription at home. As to officering, he didn't think our companies had more

officers than was good for them; and doubted, on very good authority, if the big German companies were any better than our little ones.

Mr. HARDY moved the Army Estimates, which he took care to explain were Peace Estimates. He only asks for 1,730 more men. Both the Militia establishment and its Reserve are under the mark; nor are our Regular Reserves as numerous as they ought to be. But between the two there is a total reserve of 37,000—a long way from the 80,000 that Lord CARDWELL calculated on, *in the long run*! Mr. HARDY seems to doubt if our Army will ever run quite as long. The Volunteers are growing and thriving—183,000 efficient to 10,000 non-efficient; desertion is diminishing; our Standard is as high, and our Recruits as likely as those of any Army in the world. The War-Office is trying to find out what the Doctors don't like, and hopes to discover it in time. Altogether matters military are looking very serene, and "though we don't want to fight—by Jingo, if we do!" The House buzzed satisfaction. Mr. HOLMS criticised, the Colonels commented, and the Votes for Pay and Allowances, Divine Worship, and Military Law, were agreed to.

Tuesday (Lords).—Lord TRURO wanted information about a horrible case of some lads at a private tutor's, charged with cutting a cat's eyes out, and then baiting it. Their Lordships laughed. Never mind, Lord TRURO. Laugh or no laugh, you do well to be lynx-eyed in a case where, if the sufferer be small, the horror is great enough to take it out of the *minima de quibus non curat lex*. The Home Office should ask for the depositions.

Government can do a good deal, when it chooses—as it rarely does choose—to put its foot down. It has chosen to put its foot down in the Duke of RICHMOND's Bill, and thinks it can stamp out cattle-plague, foot-and-mouth disease, and pleuromonia—the ugly leash of ills that living beef is heir to—the more's the pity.

Lord RIFON and Lord SPENCER doubt it. The Duke thinks he can—having resumed for the Privy Council the powers of Local Bodies in respect of Cattle Disease.

Time will show better than their Lordships' discussion.

(Commons.)—Colonel BLACKBURN was anxious about the Report on Noxious Vapours. Will it, we wonder, include the War-Vapours that have been such a nuisance lately?



A PRACTICAL APPLICATION.

Irish Landlord (and Free-Kirk Elder, after being called in, for the fiftieth time, about some repairs). "THE FACT IS, MRS. MCRACKET, YE'LL NE'ER BE CONTENT TILL YE'RE I' THE HOUSE MADE W'OUT HANDS."—(Severely.)—"SEE SECOND CORINTHIANS, FIFTH CHAPTER, AND FIRST VAINSE, MRS. MCRACKET!"

Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE explained to Mr. SULLIVAN that the Irish Sunday-Closing Bill is not a child of the Government, so they must decline to take parental charge of it, having more legislative babies of their own than they can attend to. But they would do all they could for it, and even hoped to be able to find it a day.

Take it, Mr. SULLIVAN, and be thankful, though your day be a long day.

Mr. BENEFORD HOPKES pleaded the cause of the National Portrait Collection, now stowed away over several of the many highly inflammable lumber-rooms at South Kensington. Everybody was ashamed; and Colonel STANLEY offered to give up to the Portraits the lumber-rooms down-stairs, now filled with old desks and cases of pencils.

HOPKES had perhaps told a more flattering tale to his British Worthies, but in this country and in these times it behoves guardians of National Art Treasures to be thankful for small mercies. At least, the Trustees may get rid of the present stock of combustibles which threaten their grave and reverend canvasses with as grievous a fate as JAMES's Lords and Commons—nay, a more ignominious one, in so far as it is baser to be blown up by South Kensington old stores than by Guy-Fawkes gunpowder-barrels.

Messrs. BRIGHT and CHAMBERLAIN asked that the Birmingham Town Council might have full sway of the Birmingham Grammar School, instead of eight seats out of twenty-one on the governing body, as under the scheme now laid on the Table.

Believing that you can't give Municipal Authorities too much power if you want to enlist and employ the best local ability, *Punch* might regret, on general principles, that this principle should be limited in Birmingham. At the same time eight out of twenty-one is not a bad share, particularly when three of the others are representatives of the Universities, and all would be elected, if some indirectly.

Wednesday.—An Ash Wednesday House, late, thin, and flat, but for the fun it got out of the dear delightful Major, moving his Bill to assimilate Irish to English Municipal Franchise.

Till an English Borough can boast an Alderman like the Major, let no one talk of such assimilation. In English boroughs all ratepayers vote, male or female. In Ireland only ratepayers for £10 houses, and Irish women not at all. Naturally, the Major resents this, and so does *Mr. Punch*. He loves Ireland's

violet-eyed and dark-lashed maidens, and is prepared to trust them with votes for a Town Councilman, even where they have developed into the less ideal form of Irish matrons. By next year the Major hopes Mr. LOWTHER will have become "*Hibernis ipsis Hiberniores*"—in his large liberality, giving the new Secretary the benefit of the plural number. Why *did* he correct himself? And oh, why *did* the SPEAKER cut him short in that eloquent outburst, beginning so promisingly—

"If we lived under the knout of the barbarian of the North, of that perfidious filibuster who, he was sorry to see, had just completed"—not a climax for the Major, for at this point he had to knook under to a call to order from the Chair, to the great grief of his audience.

Mr. KAVANAGH objected to the Bill, as anticipating the report of the Select Committee now sitting on the hard egg of Irish Local Government. Dublin has a Household Municipal Suffrage, said Mr. KAVANAGH, and see the result. The Corporation is a political debating society, heavily in debt, the streets are quagmires, and the Liffey a common sewer.

In spite of Home-Rulers' protests, and Mr. M. BROOKS's magnanimous admission that the Corporation of Dublin was not perfect, the Select Committee argument carried the day for the Government against the Major, but only by a squeak of 185 to 160.

Thursday (Lords).—CLEOPATRA ought to be much obliged to the Duke of SOMERSET for asking whether they weren't going to "glaze" her Needle, by way of protecting its hieroglyphics from the destructive effects of the London air—so-called. The Duke of RICHMOND promised to inquire.

The MACALLUM-MORE proceeded to prove that there had been no violation of the Treaties of 1856, but that Turkey had only got her deserts, for not having done what she ought to have done after the Crimean War.

The Duke of SOMERSET protested against hitting the Turk now he was down.

Lord HAMMOND, as in old Foreign-Office duty bound, did not agree in the MACALLUM-MORE's reading of the Treaties (what business have outsiders with reading Treaties?), but admitted, in effect, that both Treaties and Turk were dead and done for, which seemed a very general opinion among their Lordships—always excepting that Abdiel, Lord STRATHEDEN, and Lord FAVERHAM, for the fire-eaters.

By this time the House had dribbled down to the normal emptiness of its prandial period, and it was to a beggarly account of empty benches that Lord DERBY explained that whatever might be the meaning, or worth, of the guarantee of the independence and integrity of the Ottoman Empire, in the 7th Article of the Tripartite Treaty, it did not involve an obligation on the guaranteeing parties to go to war. Still less did it bind us to interfere on behalf of the subject populations. (In fact—not to put too fine a point on it, my Lord—you do not see that it binds us to anything in particular.) The Government had done all it could to prevent war, short of fighting, or threatening to fight. It was forced to be neutral, because the country wouldn't stand fighting for the Turks. It couldn't urge the Russian terms of peace on the Turks in the summer, because they thought then they had a chance of getting the best of it. And, in short, the state of things contemplated in 1856 and 1871 is a state of things which has ceased to exist; and our business in the Conference will be to do our best to bring about a settlement in a European, and not an exclusively Russian sense, one that shall be durable, as far as we can make it so, and that shall hold the balance fairly between different races and creeds. But we must not be such fools as to suppose that the Conference will have an easy task before it. (Are there such fools?) We will do our best to bring about a satisfactory result; but what the result will be, it would be unwise in any man to attempt to predicate.

A *douche* of cool, if somewhat faint-hearted, common sense, highly unacceptable to Lord DUNDEVEN and other Lords of the fighting sort.

(*Commons.*)—Mr. GEORGE NOEL gave the satisfactory assurance that the building in progress in Hyde Park is nothing more formidable than a new tool-house.

Mr. SMITH told Mr. ASHLEY that H.M.S. *Rapid* has been already authorised to carry off from the coast of Epirus women and children in danger of outrage. A *Rapid* act which all sides must applaud.

Captain BEDFORD PM—that "simple sailor"—wanted

to know if the Government were going to do anything to carry out the prayer of the Thames Watermen and Lightermen that they would take steps to assert the dignity of the Empire! The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER not unnaturally "shrank from answering a question raising such very large political issues."

Mr. RYLANDS moved to postpone Committee on County Government Bill six months, on the score of the centralising tendencies of the Bill. Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL—strange bed-fellow for the Member for Warrington—amid unextinguishable laughter, broke out in a wild wail over "this most Radical, democratic measure, this crowning desertion of Tory traditions, this supreme violation of political honesty." In short, Lord RANDOLPH fairly took everybody's breath away, partly with amazement, partly with laughter.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN followed Mr. RYLANDS' lead.

Mr. SCLATER-BOOTH, evidently not prepared for this shower of red-hot shot from both sides of the House—the hottest from his own—meekly sat and bore it.

Mr. CHARLIN thought that Lord RANDOLPH had only been poking fun at the House, and himself meant to support the Bill. So did Mr. STANSFELD. A ruck of speakers for and against succeeded. Altogether, what between those who think the Bill goes too far, and those who think it does not go far enough, it is evident that Mr. SCLATER-BOOTH is like to have his hands full.

Meantime—the steam, *pro* and *con.*, blown off—as Mr. McCULLAGH TORRENS reminded Honourable Members, it is clearly time the House took to discussing the provisions of what Mr. SCLATER-BOOTH *Uriah-Heepishly* called his "umble" measure.

Friday (Lords).—Earl DE LA WARR, concerned for Peace, asked when the Treaty would be laid on the Table. Lord DERBY could not tell him. But the Conference is to be held at Berlin, not Baden. The stakes are beyond the *maximum* allowed at the Baden tables in their best days, and now, play being forbidden there, and the Conference being a toss-up, and its issue possibly *nil*, if not a great deal worse than nothing, it is considered demoralising to hold it in a place where all the associations are with *pair et impair* and double zero.

The Archbishop of York asked and got, a Select Committee—the third in the last four years—to inquire into the law and practice of the sale of Church Livings. As the traffic in the cure of souls is also traffic in a very substantial and saleable property, the Lords, who hold most of it, naturally object to have episcopal or other fingers put in their pockets. It is, with them, simply a case of vested rights, for which the owners mean to be compensated, let the Non-conformists out of the Church, and the Bishops in it, howl never so loudly. This Select Committee will go the way of other Select Committees, examine witnesses, report, prepare a Bill, and there an end.

(Commons).—The House declined to be turned into a debating society for the benefit of Mr. BLENNERHASSET on Minorities, so, after Mr. COURTNEY had had his say, and while Mr. PARKER was having his, some practical person put all these clever young men in a minority, by counting them out before eight o'clock. Better a night gone by the board than given to the bores.

HEADSTRONG ALLEGORIES.

SOME clever fellows have been suggesting in certain newspapers that the predicted designation of the new POPE, *Lumen in Colo*, is fulfilled by the lily and the comet emblazoned on the Pecci arms. But then were not all his ancestors who bore those arms, and are not all his relations likewise now bearing them, *Lumina in Colo* too? Is a fleur-de-lys morally or physically luminous? To be sure a scutcheon may have a "field azure"; but is even that heaven? Does a heraldic comet shine except as *lucens a non lucendo*? Can it throw the least light on any subject whatever? Still, as mere emblems, those may pass, if LEO bears out his bearings—but that remains to be seen.

Pro NONO's prefiguration by *Cruz de cruce*, is variously said to have been verified by the crosses he has undergone; by the cross issuing from a cross, the cognisance of the House of Savoy, with which he was remotely connected by blood; and by the detachment of dominions effected by the Cross of Savoy, so to speak, from the Cross Pontifical. But can diverse interpretations be all right? And might you not, dear friends, as well say that his late Holiness was at cross purposes with VICTOR-EMMANUEL?

The legend for the penultimate Pope was "*De balneis Etruriæ*." In *L'Avenir*, a brochure published at Brussels in 1860, it is surmised that these words may mean "*De l'Ordre des Camaldules*," the supposition of course implying that he belonged to that fraternity, one which originated in Tuscany, a part of ancient Etruria, whereof, the baths were formerly much renowned. But those baths existed a great way off, and a long time ago. Does not the reference derived from them to GREGORY THE SIXTEENTH seem a little far-fetched? And would not a more appropriate motto perhaps have been "*In vino veritas*?"

PIUS THE EIGHTH was foretold as *Vir religiosus*. Had he been other he would have belied his name. Besides, can "The Religious

Man," or "A Religious Man," possibly be a distinctive title for a Pope? Surely Holiness *ex officio* ought to be devout.

The terms which LEO THE TWELFTH came in for were *Canis et coluber*, "Dog and adder." What did he do to deserve being called those uncomplimentary names?

The title prophesied of PIUS THE SEVENTH was *Aquila rapax*. NAPOLEON BONAPARTE walked him off into France. Now, the French Flag was the Imperial Eagle. This has been called "a curious coincidence." Wouldn't *Aquila raptus*, though, have been nearer the mark? Or say (Ganymedes—but no, that would hardly have done, for BONAPARTE's eagle didn't exactly carry the poor Pope up to Heaven.

POPE PIUS THE SIXTH had, as everybody also knows, been likewise walked off into France. His motto is not given in *L'Avenir*—but wasn't it *Peregrinus Apostolicus*? This has been interpreted "Pilgrim Pope," which he hardly was, for pilgrims are volunteers. Translate it "The Pope Abroad," or the "Pope in Foreign Parts," and it may seem a "curious coincidence." But wouldn't the coincidence have been more curious and more correct if the Pope had been a foreigner? And, on the whole, can these symbolical predictions concerning the Popes, viewed in relation to the Tiber, be considered much less "headstrong," than Mrs. Malaprop's allegory on the banks of the Nile? May *Iumen in Colo* prove an allegory of which it will be easier to make head and tail.

PHONETICISM IN THE NEW FOREST.

MR. PUNCH, ZUR,—

HE reason I maks bold to drap 'ee a line, is as follows:—

"A Phonetic Society is about to be started in Lymington."

I koppeed the above out o' one o' our kun-tree peeaapers. Tho I bain't no skollard mezzelf, I've a ben told wot fonetik—that's the rite way to spel't—manes by them as be. "Yaa," pepul ool zay as doan't no no better, "A fonetik Zoziety started in Lym-muntun! That's Prawgrus, that is. That's Impruvment. That there's the March of Intalekt in the rhwood of spel-lun Reform. There's



a gwion to be a nu sart o' gamo in the Nu Vorrest—Fonetik Spellun Bees, and p'raaps Wopses and Dumbledores."

But, Loramassy! fonetik spellun bain't nuthun nu in the Nu Vorrest fur nobody as can spel at all. They most on um spels as they spakes, and zo do I as ni as I can. Onlee them Lancasheer and Yark-sheer chaps be that pig-headed they wun't beleeve but wot their own's the tru squeak o' the pig, and zo be the Dandeess and the Coknees as 'ool hav ut they aloan talks propper, and as sez "mawater" fur maaster and calls a door a "daw." Zo many waays o' spakun and spellun, so many fonetik dixunaries, instead o' wun, and any feller must zee it stands to razun as that oodn't make ut no moor azier fur un to larn how to spel and pernoonce his nativ tung. Or els, in time, wen Vrench and Jarmuns and vorreners in genneral all on um kum to be sivulized and gie up their gibburish, mankind bimebi med all agen be o' wun spaitch like they wuz afoor the Tower o' Baabul, and all the world over spake what fokes calls the langwidge o' SHAKSPEER and BEEAACUN. This here is a spesimun o' the langwidge o' BEEAACUN, and likewise fonetik spellun, both o' witch in coorse kums as nateral as a grunt a'most to yure rooral Reader,

A HANSHEER HOG.

To Our Jehu.

(By an ardent Russophobist.)

"Why tarry the wheels of his chariot?"

BRITANNIA Eastward sets her warlike face.

Why does brave BEACONSFIELD's war-chariot lag?

Let him, if he would go the patriot pace,

Get rid of that confounded Derby drag!



SEPARATE INTERESTS.

Husband, "Hi! MARIA! TAKE CARE OF THE PAINT!"

Painter, "IT DON'T MATTER, MA'AM. IT'LL ALL 'AVE TO BE PAINTED AGAIN!"

THE COUNTRY AND THE GOVERNMENT.

At a Meeting of the Society of Ancient Codgers, held at the "Goat and Compasses," Leather Lane, the following Resolution was carried by acclamation, and ordered to be forwarded to Downing Street:—"We, the Ancient Codgers, in Common Leet assembled, declare that we have the most perfect confidence in Her Majesty's Government, and believe that the Cabinet would not act with more spirit and wisdom were it selected from our own ancient and festive Corporation."

The Beadle of Little Peddlington having asked permission to attend a Meeting to express confidence in Her Majesty's Government, in uniform, has been requested not to carry his staff of office into the Town-hall. It has been intimated from the Home-Office that it is highly undesirable at the present moment for any municipal functionary to take part in anything that might be construed into a hostile demonstration by any of the foreign Powers.

The Cadet Corps belonging to Dr. BRICH's Establishment for Young Gentlemen have signed a paper offering to go anywhere the Government may wish to send them, except during the Easter and Midsummer vacations.

Sub-Lieutenant JONES, of the 247th Middlesex, has offered to take the command of any expeditionary Volunteer force Her Majesty's Government may think it advisable to send to the East. The suggestion is believed to be under consideration at the War-Office.

The following is an extract from a letter addressed to the British Lion Comique, by the Private Secretary of a distinguished Cabinet Minister:—"I am charged by Lord — to inform you that he cannot sufficiently thank you for your most complimentary allusions to him in your excellent patriotic song, 'Nail up the Flag, the jolly old Rag, and blow all the Rooskians to Blazes,' and that Lord — will be proud to accept the dedication of your spirit-stirring lyric."

A large and influential Committee is in course of formation for

the collection of a Fund for the Payment of Fines imposed upon Patriots who break other people's windows.

We are informed that the following letter has been received at the Mansion-House:—

"MY DEAR LORD MAYOR,
I gratefully acknowledge the patriotic offers of the City functionaries. The Cabinet will consider how the services of the Mace-Bearer, the Common-Crier, and the Recorder can be utilised with most advantage. The offer of the City Marshal to take charge of a brigade has been submitted to the War-Office. Mr. SMITH informs me that he will have much pleasure in adding the names of the Men-in-Armour to the list of the First-Class Reserve.

Yours most sincerely, BEACONSFIELD."

ST. JINGO!

(Vice St. George superseded. A Patriot Poem.)

THE Roman might boast of Bellona and Mars;
A Briton cares nought for such classical lingo;
Old England, henceforth, when she goes to her wars,
For her slogan will sing out "St. Jingo!"

"Saint George"? That was obsolete Chivalry's cry;
We must have a new war-cry when we in to win go.
Hooray! How the Cossacks will scatter and fly
At the terrible shout of "St. Jingo!"

The Music-Halls gave us our new Patron-Saint;
'Tis there you must go for the right patriot stingo.
Stand fast and stand first, and when foes get the worst,
They will own there's no Saint like St. Jingo!

COUNT SCHOUVALOFF'S WAY OF PUTTING IT.—"Polish Doctors hanged by General GOURKO"? Nonsense! Only polished off!



OLD FOES—NEW FRIENDS.

(Peace signed, Monday, March 4th.)

"Yesterday the EMPEROR received from the SULTAN the following telegram:—

"I avail myself of the occasion offered me by the anniversary of your Majesty's accession to transmit to you my congratulations, and I take this opportunity to renew our friendly relations."

"The EMPEROR answered as follows:—

"I thank your Majesty for the wishes you express. They reached me together with the news of the signature of the preliminaries of peace between us. I am happy to see in such a coincidence an augury of durable, solid, and friendly relations."—*St. Petersburg telegram, March 6.—Daily News.*

STRAPMORE!

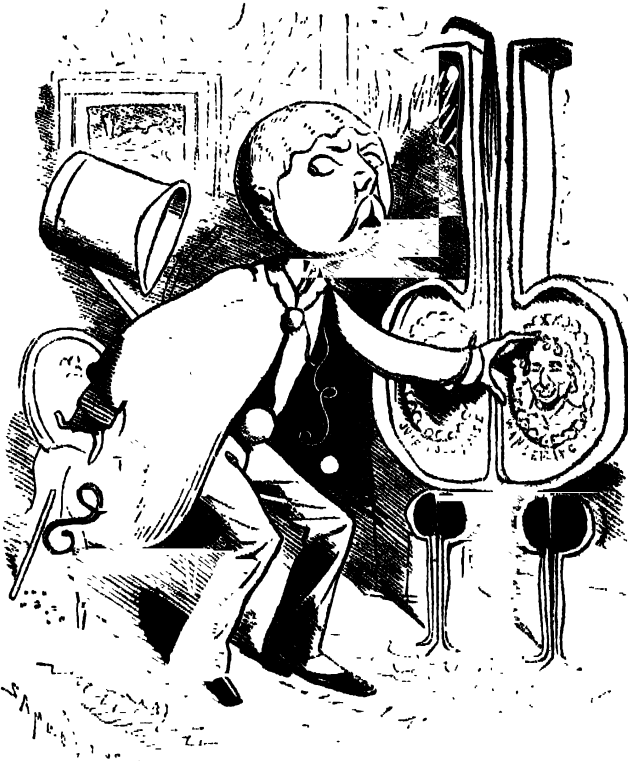
A ROMANCE

BY

WEEDER.

Author of *Folly and Farini*, *Under Two Rags*, *Arryad'n'ty*, *Chuck*, *Two Little Wooden Jews*, *Nicotine*, *A Horse with Glanders*, *In Somers Town*, *Shamdrass*, &c., &c.

CHAPTER II.—The Swoop of the Welcher.



lost five thousand last night at Chicken-hazard, to SKINNER," said ALF, piteously; "and to pay him I had to borrow of STRAPMORE."

PINTO looked grave. "I would rather you had borrowed of any-one than of STRAPMORE," he said.

"Why? He is one of your set, and he was once a Captain in your Regiment!" ALF protested.

"STRAPMORE an officer in the First White Guards!" exclaimed PINTO, with a smile of the deepest irony. "No, never!" he said, emphatically.

"Ah, then, it was in the other corps!" murmured his young brother, meditatively—"in the Second Black. He served first in the Fortieth Welshers, I know. Of course, so it was. I hadn't thought of that till now."

PINTO smiled wearily, yet with a tender, kindly expression in his eyes as he bent over the lad, and then, as if ashamed of showing any emotion

—for emotion was contrary to the traditions of his lineage, and to the rules of his Order—he slightly pressed his perfumed embroidered handkerchief to his finely-chiselled nose, and lounged into his *chambre à coucher*, which was concealed from view by a heavy drapery, which the pretty *portière* who had attended him in chambers when he first came, had worked for him with her own fair hands, and had, in spite of the jealousy of her husband, the *portier*, who cleaned the boots and shoes, presented as a token of affection and esteem to their gallant and distinguished tenant.* It was "SWERTIE'S" destiny to win all female hearts wherever he met them, and he fulfilled it to the letter.

ALF watched his brother pass through, and disappear; then, quick as thought, the boy, with panther-like eagerness, sprang to the Mosaic cabinet, and, on his pressing a small diamond button above the *serrure*, the door flew open, and, with one nervous, trembling clutch, he possessed himself of some twenty or thirty Bank of Elegance notes, that were lying in a little heap at the side. Instantly closing the cabinet, he resumed his seat on the hearthrug, as PINTO entered, carrying an embroidered tobacco-pouch.

"There, little one," said the elder brother, "there are two thousand-pound notes for you!" And he shook them from the bag, out of which at the same time dropped fifty or sixty sovereigns, and rolled on the floor. A white-and-blue Japan kitten that had been curled up asleep in a corner, pounced on the shining playthings, pursuing them under sofas and chairs, and *causeuses*, and chasing them into the intricacies of the rugs, wraps, and draperies as though she had never had any better pastime all her life than money-hunting.

"You will find another three thousand about somewhere, *très cher*," said the Whiteguardsman, languidly, "if you will take the trouble to examine the porcelain tobacco-jar, or the fishing-tackle case, or one of my boots, or—somewhere. I've looked in the sponge-bag in my dressing-room, and in my old stockings, but only drew blank." So saying, he lounged

* *Editor to Authors* (by telegraphic despatch).—We have ventured to annotate "*portière*." Surely, *portière* is a heavy curtain or some drapery suspended before a door. At least, such is our impression. We have ourselves lots of 'em at home. Shall we alter this? *Portière* is hardly the wife of the *portier*. Is she?

Authors to Editor (by special wire from Naples).—Don't alter a word. Who said the *portière* was suspended before the door? Not I. Why take away an honest woman's character (just like you men!) by intimating that the *portière* was not the wife of the *portier*? She was his wife, and in paying a tribute to "SWERTIE'S" good looks, she did but exhibit a capacity for artistic appreciation which, Heaven knows, is quite compatible with the most exalted virtue. May not the *jardinière* admire the rose in the *jardinier's* *jardiner*? Excusez M. le Rédacteur-en-chef, mais je sais tout ce que je sais. N'en parlez plus. Allez vous promener! A la votre!—W.

once more lazily on the ottoman, and drawing from a side-pocket, every button of which was a diamond of the first water, a handsome *montre au navet*, he said to himself, "Ah! Time to show on horse-back!"

By this time ALF had collected all the notes and money he could find in the various receptacles.

"Good-bye, PINTO, you're a trump!" the boy said, half sobbing, with tears of real gratitude in his eyes, which he vainly tried to suppress.

PINTO laughed, and waved a glittering epaulette gaily in the air. "A trump, am I? Well, little one, *très cher*, don't expect too much when you've only got one trump to rely on. But, little one, beware of STRAPMORE. He is a friend of mine—a dear friend, a very dear friend, as you too are likely to find him if you go on at this pace. *Au revoir, très cher!*"

At this moment the *reveille* rang out clear and strong.

"I'm a trump, and there's another!" he exclaimed, laughingly, as he lightly vaulted into the saddle, and reined in his richly-caparisoned charger with one hand, while he dashed over the splendid animal, the very model of a Whiteguardsman's horse, the contents of a quart of A Double Ess-bouquet,

"Faugh!" he exclaimed. "Her very trappings smelt of the stable, but now caparisons are odorous. Ta-ta, little one, *très cher*! Bye-bye! Go and play!" And with a flash of his burnished sabre, so dazzling as to cause several of the bystanders to lose their heads for a minute, the gallant Whiteguardsman gaily raised his plumed sabretache to several carriages filled with the most elegantly attired, most aristocratic-looking Ladies, and bending to his saddle-bow, slightly touched his charger's glossy hocks with his gilt spurs, causing her to give a bound that would have sent a less accomplished horseman over her head, but which only gave PINTO the opportunity of alighting, laughingly, astride her mane, whence, with an agility acquired in the *haute école*, he sprang up into the air, and seated himself once more in the saddle, only, this time, as the traditional gallantry and *ancienne politesse* of his House and Order forbade him, when galloping away, to turn his back upon the Ladies, he sat saluting right and left, with his bright, handsome, careless face towards his noble steed's tail, as, cheered by the crowd whom he despised as *canaille*, applauded by the men in the bay-windows of the Clubs, whose envy delighted him, and enthusiastically encouraged by the plaudits and the laced *mouchours* waved to him from every beauty in every verandah, from every belle on every doorstep, from every fair hand from every window, from goddesses below to goddesses of Grecian type above, from area to attic, dashed down Pall Mall at full speed, the hero of the hour, SWERTIE of Her Majesty's First White Guards.

CHAPTER III.

Atra Cura! Post flagellate!

THIS *jeu de villain à l'haute école** was nothing to a man who could have rivalled the great DU CORNEAU himself in the Cirque

* *From Editor* (by telegraph to Authors abroad).—Please, Ma'am, what is the *jeu de villain*?

Reply (immediate from Authors to Editor).—Dépêchez, pèchez et cherchez!

From Editor.—We have cherché'd. It's "horse-play." Is that right?

Reply.—Oui-dà.—W.



A REFINED ÆSTHETIC EXQUISITE.

"BEEN TO THE OLD MASTERS, MR. MILLEFLEURS!"

"A—NO—A—I—A—GO IN FOR HIGH ART, YOU KNOW!"

[What does he mean? We don't know, no more does she, no more does he. Nobody knows!]

Impérial. But behind that glittering horseman on whom the world smiled, and who smiled on the world, sat *Atra Cura*.* whispering to him, "You have given all your money to your brother. Why give more? You haven't a penny in the world. Where will you dine to-day? How cold it has been! Regrettez. Put an end to it all. No more coughs or colds, or other ailments."

And as the idea passed, like a dark cloud, across his shining cuirass, the name of "STRAPMORE"† rose to his lips. Why? Was it a presentiment? If so, of good, or of evil? Are we the creatures of our own impulses, or are our impulses the creatures of ourselves? Does destiny guide us, or do we guide destiny? Are we as a grain of sand to the power of an infinite, restless ocean, or is the infinite, restless ocean as the power of a grain of sand to

* *Atra Cura*. The Black Curate. In old times, when a prisoner was condemned he was taken to the gallows on horseback, and beside him sat a clergyman, who was engaged in reading him a sermon the whole time. From this office the parson so employed was invariably known as "The Black Curate," or, as the French have it, "*Le Curé Noir*."—[Well, we never knew this, but it is evidently correct.—ED.]

† "Strapmore."—Editor (by telegraph to *Authoresses abroad*).—Glad you've mentioned STRAPMORE again. He has only been alluded to once before. We've had a lot of letters since the first Chapter, asking, "Where is STRAPMORE? When is he coming on the scene?" You see, my dear Madame, the Romance is called *Strapmore*, and so it is not unnatural for the Public to make some inquiry regarding the chief personage. Congratulate you. Bring him out. Don't hide your STRAPMORE under a bushel. In almost all those charming works of yours we have had the pleasure of perusing, the chief character in the *dramatis personæ* comes in early and leaves late. So why this departure from your rule?

From *Authoresses to Editor*.—Il y a des reproches qui loutent et des louanges qui médisent. J'ai bonne cause. Tenez, très cher Monsieur le Rédacteur. Je vais resuler pour mieux sauter. Faites lever le rideau. En voiture! Allez donc!—W.

us? Who shall tell? Who knows? Who can say? Do we get wiser as we become less foolish, or is our diminishing folly but a consequence of our increasing wisdom? Do we take our hat off to the whirlwind, or is it the whirlwind that takes our hat off for us, and so saves us that trouble, at all events? Alas! these are life problems that everyone must answer for himself or for herself according to their experience. "SWEETIE" of the First White Guards knew that he had drawn post-obits on every one of his relations, and Lord MAZAGON had laconically refused his last request for an addition to his income. "*Rien de plus, pas un magot*," the proud old nobleman had replied. For he had always hated the elder son, and favoured the younger. SWEETIE could ill afford the money he had that morning bestowed on the Little One. Sooner or later he knew that ruin must come; that one night harpy-clawed, onion-breathing Hebrews would tear him from the very midst of a throng of foreign Princesses with whom he was flirting, or rush into the smoking-room of his Club, drag him away from his iced sherbet and gossamer gossip of town scandal, and bring him in chains, an executed prisoner, to some loathsome dungeon below the very deepest depths of Houndsditch. He knew this, and smiled. The languid, devil-may-care training of the *Peeze aller* Order never allowed him to be for an instant—or, at least, for more than an instant—disturbed.

Yet, though unable to picture to himself in vivid colours a *dégringolade*, or to realise a *chute des anges*, and though smiling to the gay throng, and lifting, from time to time, his plumed helmet in acknowledgment of some meaning glance, or more than gracious salute from the many Princesses, Duchesses, Countesses, and beauties, titled and untitled, who perfumed the atmosphere of the admiring circle of which he was the centre of attraction, he was unable to repress a certain pang of momentary anxiety for the future of the bank-notes he had given the Little One, and despite his careless smile, despite his gay bearing, he was most anxious to meet STRAPMORE.*

The State Ceremony lasted a long time. The White Guardsmen grinned and fretted in their saddles. The heat became oppressive. SWEETIE's charger, with the thermometer at 90° in the shade, grew visibly thinner and thinner, and SWEETIE himself felt that a semi-unconscious dreaminess was coming over him, against which he was unable to contend. In the struggle to retain the possession of his senses, he moved his legs, and the sharp spurs pricking the noble charger's sides, caused him to give such a shake of dissatisfaction as to altogether unfasten the already yielding girths, and in another second, obeying the sound of the clarion, the well-trained steed marched steadily on, leaving his master seated in his saddle as he fell fainting to the ground. A thousand golden-topped scent-bottles gleamed in the air, two thousand fair hands were stretched out to assist the swooning Guardsman, when a form of Herculean strength, broad-shouldered, but with a waist of almost waspish slimness, strode towards him, and lifting SWEETIE in his arms as easily as though he had been a child, carried him up the steps of the Aluminium Club, and deposited him in the smoking-room.

* So are we.—ED.

FOR SPEAKING HIS MIND OF MR. LAYARD.
—SERVER, served out.



BY PRIVATE WIRE.

Mr. Basinghal (City Merchant). "MOST CONVENIENT! I CAN CONVERSE WITH MRS. B. JUST AS IF I WAS IN MY OWN DRAWING-ROOM!—I'LL TELL HER YOU'RE HERE."—(*Speaks through the Telephone.*)—"DAWDLES IS HERE—JUST CAME FROM PARIS—LOOKING SO WELL—DESIRES TO BE, &c., &c." "NOW, YOU TAKE IT, AND YOU'LL HEAR HER VOICE DISTINCTLY!" *Dawdles.* "WEALLY!"

A NOBLE OFFER.

HOUSEMAIDS' wages in an upper middle-class family are—*Punch* understands from his excellent *Judy*—from £18 to £20 a year, with board and lodging, followers, and beer.

What should be fair pay, think our readers, for a Daily Governess to educate four sisters in English, history, geography, and arithmetic, for five hours daily? We are glad to be able to inform them, if any of them have daughters to teach. £24 a year without board, or about half the cost of a Housemaid.

It is *Punch's* special trade to joke, but when he writes this he is not joking—honour bright. Read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the following, out from a *Daily Telegraph* last week:—

WANTED immediately, a DAILYGOVERNESS, aged from 23 to 32, to teach four sisters in English, history, geography, and arithmetic daily, from ten till twelve, and from two till five o'clock, except on Saturdays afternoon. Salary £2 a month, no board.—Apply by letter to —, Hampstead-road. No lady need apply except one duly qualified, and



DAWDLES takes it, and does hear her voice most distinctly!

The Voice. "FOR GOODNESS' SAKE, DEAR, DON'T BRING THAT INSUFFERABLE NOODLE HOME TO DINNER!!"

NATURAL SUCCESSION.—Conclusion of peace, Beginning of war.

living within ten minutes' walk from the above address.

And not only does this precious advertiser expect to find what he, or she, wants for the money, but is so satisfied of the handsomeness of the offer, that a rush of applicants is evidently anticipated, and so a line of demarcation is drawn at ten minutes' walk of the address, beyond which none living need apply. Imagine the crowd of the excluded gazing wistfully from just beyond the ten minutes' barrier, like MOORE'S Peri—

"At the Gate
Of Eden, all disconsolate."

A Great Gun on the Bench.

At the distribution of shooting prizes to the Devil's Own, Lord Justice COTTON presided. Colonel BULWER said that Lord Justice COTTON was an old comrade, having been an efficient in the Devil's Own for nineteen years, and having in 1867 approved himself the best shot in the battalion. After this, ought he not to be re-named Lord Justice Gun-Cotton?

FAIR-PLAY.

"The truly British love of fair-play!!!"—(*Fide perorators, passim.*)



SCENE I.—*A Park. Rival Mobs (of Britons) assembled to rearrange the order of the Universe. Row, alarms, excursions, flying missiles, general scrimmage.*

Smaller Mob (gaspingly).
Oh, I say, lookes 'ere, this ain't fair, don't yer know! We was here first! We 'ave assembled in our thousands to—

Larger Mob (fortissimo).
Yah! Gar'n!! There ain't five 'under of yer altogether! Turn it up! Go home! Yah! Up with our side! Down with everybody else!!!

[*Shower of stones, sticks, turfs, and other mob-arguments.*]

Smaller Mob (faintly).
Well, if we are in a minority, ain't we a right to—
(*Hullabaloo.*) Honny 'ear

us! We appeal to that British love of fair-play which never—

Larger Mob. Ya-a-h! H-o-o-h!! [*Charges Smaller Mob en masse.*]
Fair-Play (entering). But, my worthy friends, is this exactly fair?

As you love 'em, pray, pray—

Larger Mob. Yah! Bonnit 'im with a bludgeon! Shet his mouth with a 'andful o' mud!!

[*Fair-Play is bonneted and bespattered. Exit in astonishment.*]

SCENE II.—*A Public Meeting. Advocate of unpopular opinions endeavouring to explain himself.*

Speaker. Pardon me. What I mean is—

[*Chorus of Citizens, Cads, Patriots, Pickpockets, Medical Students, Music-Hall Roughs, and other vociferous champions of their common cause. Yah! Booh! Shut up! Traitor! Shame! Turn 'im hout! &c., &c., &c.*]

Speaker. But, my good friends (*roars*), I appeal (*howls*) to that love of fair-play (*hootings and hisses*) which abides in the bosom of every Briton. (*Shrieks, yells, cat-calls, cock-crowings, and other inarticulate arguments.*)

Fair-Play (appearing). But, really, Gentlemen, the man is right—this is not fair-play; give him a hearing for my sake, for the sake of that British—

Chorus of Citizens, &c. Yah! S-s-s-s! Gar-n-n! Hustle him! Smash his hat! Collar his watch!

[*Fair-Play is hustled and robbed. Exit in despair.*]

SCENE III.—*First-Class Railway Carriage. Mild Enthusiast and several Swells discussing Political prospects.*

Mild Enthusiast. As I was about to say, Gentlemen, though loving my country as much as any man (*groans*), I would yet give fair-play to others. From the Russian point of view—

Swells (in chorus). What have Englishmen to do with that? Most un-English sentiments yours, Sir.

Mild Enthusiast. Well, as Mr. GLADSTONE—

Swells (fiercely). Gr-r-r! Bah! Beast! traitor! Ought to have been hanged long ago!

Mild Enthusiast. But—

First Swell. Fellow's very name makes me sick!

Second Swell. Fellow who'd say a word for him unworthy the name of Englishman and Patriot! Must be some confounded low Cad, or Russian Agent!

Mild Enthusiast. Why, bad as Russia may be, let her have that fair-play which it is the boast of Britons—

Third Swell. Bah! Hate to hear an Englishman play the apologist for the enemies of his native land.

Fair-Play (cutting in). But, Gentlemen, it is in doing justice to your opponents that a genuine love of fair-play is tested, and if the complacent brag of Britons is more than—

Omnes. Bah! Unpatriotic fudge! Traitorous trash! Cosmopolitan cant! Snub him! Cut him! Glare him into silence.

[*Fair-Play is severely snubbed, and subsides.*]

SCENE IV.—*Editor's Room of Party Newspaper. Editor, Sub-Editor, and Leader-Writer in Council.*

Editor. Let them have it hot, SMASHER!

Smasher. No fear! But that telegram from Pera? Just a lecture—eh?

Editor. Oh, never mind. Tells well on our side, you know. Can but contradict it afterwards if it's wrong.

Sub. By the way, that neat little epigram of which we have made such capital lately. So-and-so writes to say he never used the words, or used them with a qualification which quite alters—

Editor. A qualification be hanged! Can't be bothered with such small deer. Fire away!

Sub. Well, G——, writes to say all that about his egging on the Hottentots to have a out-in at the SUZAN is a ridiculous lie; wants an apology.

Editor. Apology be ——, well, well, stick in something evasive—say we won't press the charge at present, but if ——, you know the style of thing, SMASHER.

Fair-Play (entering unannounced). But surely, Gentlemen, this is not that spirit of fair-play about which British Journalists are always—

Editor. Sir, I have not the honour of your acquaintance, and do not desire it. Here, SMUTS, show this Gentleman out.

[*Fair-Play is shown out in a state of collapse!*]

SCENE V.—*The British Coast. Enter Fair-Play solus.*

Fair-Play. I fly these inhospitable shores for ever. Britons love me, indeed! Why I can't show my face anywhere without being snubbed as a foggy, hissed as a fanatic, pelted as a non-patriot, bonneted as a bore. I am now denounced as un-English! It is the last straw. I will betake me to foreign parts—say, to the rowdy-ruled West, or the savage-haunted wilds of Central Africa—where I may have the chance denied me in the land of my adoption. Farewell to parks and platforms! and hey for the freedom of the prairies and the pampas, the jungle and the savannah!

[*Departs for distant lands.*]

MODEST SUGGESTIONS.

(*Offered for what they are worth.*)

In order that the proceedings of the coming Congress may be marked by an extreme cordiality, lead to no untoward results, and be crowned by a brilliant and permanent success, it is suggested—

- (1) That its deliberations be conducted in Welsh;
- (2) That no one be admitted without an olive branch, a calumet or pipe, half-a-pound of mild returns, and a copy of CAMPBELL'S *Pleasures of Hope*;
- (3) That fire-arms, maps of Europe, and Memoranda for prepared speeches be left at the doors;
- (4) That before opening the proceedings, Constantinople be handed politely all round, *pro forma*, and declined with thanks;
- (5) That each of the contracting parties shall claim for the Power he represents as much of Turkey in Asia as he can draw accurately with his eyes shut;
- (6) That Poland shall be reconstituted and its governorship offered, without a salary, to Mr. COWEN;
- (7) That to restore the European balance of power, Monaco shall have Bessarabia;
- (8) That if any difference of opinion arise over this, it shall be instantly settled by the best out of three tosses with a sou of the Principality; and
- (9) That if the matter of the Turkish Fleet by any chance come up again, an arrangement be made with the South-Eastern Railway Company to hire, and run it half-hourly, at reduced fares, between Boulogne and Folkestone, till the closing of the Paris Exhibition.

Oxford Revisited.

"Dr. NEWMAN, having last Christmas been elected Honorary Fellow of Trinity College, where he was originally a scholar, has lately been the guest of the President of his College. During his stay he dined in hall, in his academical dress. He visited Oriel, the College he has done so much to make famous, and had a long interview with Dr. PUSEY at Christchurch."—*Oxford Intelligencer.*

ONCE more in Oriel! Face to face
With scenes to ancient memories due:
Is 't a new man in the old place,
Or is 't the old man in a new?

Beautiful for Ever!

MR. PUNCH, HONOR'D SIR,

I AM a Super what has performed Shakespeare, and 'eld engagements with forrin companis, French and Italian, which I mean Mr. MITCHELL's, long ago, and Signor SALVINI's since, and as such give my umble opinion, that it would have been more the correct card if Mrs. LEVERSON, when she was takin a forin artis's name, instead of RACHEL, had called herself RESTOREX.

I am, Honor'd Sir, yours respectfully, N. AMLET.

RUSSORUM DELICTA.

(Inolito quodam Russophobo decantata.)



EATI Possidentes,"
Insidiis opprimentes
Jura, rura, gentes,
Seu Portas incum-
bentes
Sive Asiam distra-
hentes,
Palmas præferen-
tes
Sed pistrinam me-
rentes,
Persas per terrentes,
Indos capientes,
Anglos irridentes,
Ostris illudentes,
Romanis impen-
dentes,
Germanos metuen-
tes,
Italos flocci pen-
dentes,
Congressu insol-
lentes,
Mira pollicentes
Pollicita spernentes,
Hic et illic eres-
centes,
Tam corpora, mores,
mentes,

Quam, gulas, unguis, dentes,
Russi partes Ursorum,

In sæcula sæculorum,
Gnaviter peragentes.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

On "Louis the Eleventh" at the Lyceum, Saturday, March 9th—
Also a Postscript and a Musical Note.

SIR,—What a fine play *Louis the Eleventh* might have been, and what a poor one it is! Its sole merit lies in the opportunities afforded to the Actor who undertakes the part of *Louis*.

That Mr. IRVING should have chosen the character for himself was both natural and judicious; but that he should have been content with the existing piece is, to me, inexplicable. There was far stronger dramatic necessity for altering and amending *Louis the Eleventh* than there was for re-arranging the *Courier of Lyons*.

That Mr. IRVING's *Louis the Eleventh* will be one of his most remarkable successes is, already, a certainty. But this result will be due to the Actor, and not to the play.

The character of *Louis the Eleventh*, considered dramatically, stands, as it were, on so narrow a border line between high tragedy and low comedy, that the startlingly rapid transitions from one domain to the other, inordinate risk of bringing into undue prominence a certain ludicrous eccentricity of expressive action, wherein lay the late Mr. ROBSON's remarkable power in such parts as *Daddy Hardacre* and *Desmarests* in drama, and in *Medea* and *Shylock* in burlesque; and wherein lay, also, the secret of his inability to attempt the higher range of sustained impassioned tragedy.

Now, ROBSON, to my thinking, is the very example, of all others, of the kind of Actor whose peculiarities would be exactly suited in such a character as that of *Louis the Eleventh*, with the single exception of the death-scene, where the opportunities offered to Mr. IRVING for painting a companion picture to the death of *Mathias* in *The Bells*, and of *Richard* on Bosworth field, offered a temptation so irresistible, as, doubtless, to have determined him in his choice. With Mr. IRVING this scene is the feature of his performance. It awakes in the spectator emotions of pity for the sufferer, it excites his sympathy; and the sight is so painful, that, when, at last, the monarch falls forward dead, the audience give a sigh of relief, and thank Heaven that his physical tortures are ended at last. Of his troubled conscience, of his craven fear of death, we are shown but little in his last moments. We are witnesses of his bodily torture, but only from their previous acquaintance with his evil life can those who assist at this terrible death-bed, judge of the agony of his soul.

Of course, in dealing with this scene the dramatist has chosen the historian PHILIP DE COMMINES for his guide, who compares the well-merited tortures of the King's death-bed with the numerous cruelties he had inflicted on others. But how much grander and greater scope for Dramatist and Actor would there have been, had he followed the same historian further than Sir WALTER SCOTT did in his Preface to *Quentin Durward*, and shown the fierce conflict between good and evil, and the final penitence of the King, whose

conversion seems to have been effected by FRANCIS of Paula, to whom he recommended his three children, and in whose arms, exhausted by physical suffering, he peacefully died.

The short cut to the character of *Louis the Eleventh*, as popularly accepted, is of course to be found in *Quentin Durward*, and that Mr. IRVING has made a close study of Sir WALTER SCOTT's *Louis* is evident from those excellently-played scenes where he shows himself so familiar with his inferiors and his "gossips." The interview with the peasant's wife (capitally played by Mrs. CHIPPENDALE, than whom no selection could have been better) was a proof of the great attention the Actor had paid to this part, at all events, of the character of *Louis*.

In brief, it may be said that as long as Mr. IRVING was exhibiting physical infirmity, physical suffering, concentrated hate, craftiness of design, abject dread, triumph of cunning, and jocularly with his inferiors, not a fault could be found with his performance. But it was otherwise, when he dealt with that subtle exhibition of the superstition to which the King's fears had degraded his religious belief. Here, in two instances, the Actor was more to blame than the Dramatist. I dwell on one. When, while *Louis* is arranging with *Tristan l'Ermite* for the murder of the Envoy, he is interrupted by the sound of the *Angelus*—(and let me parenthetically remark that this sound was no more like the ringing of the *Angelus* than it was like the Hallelujah Chorus; but that is a detail, comparatively unimportant)—he suddenly breaks off, and holding his cap before him, makes absurd grimaces at the traditional silver images fixed in its front. These grimaces are supposed to represent the King saying the *Angelus*. Now *Louis* was superstitious, but he was no fool: he believed and trembled: he prayed because he feared: he sinned, because his faith was without love. His devotion, the result of his perfect belief in, and abject terror of, an Eternity of Punishment and Reward, was most intense; it never could have been, in outward expression, contemptible buffoonery. To have seen the attitude of *Louis* in prayer would have rejoiced a saint; to have known his heart at the time would have made angels weep. Mr. IRVING can have no authority for this grotesque, nay burlesque, devotion, for had he even been guided by Sir WALTER SCOTT, he would have found that *Louis* "doffed, as usual, his hat, selected from the figures with which it was garnished that which represented his favourite image of the Virgin, placed it on a table, and, kneeling down, repeated reverently the vow he had made."

Mr. IRVING can easily correct this, and it is well worth his attention. I have not time to do more than allude to those two other blots, for which both Author and Actor are equally to blame; namely, the prayer before the image of Our Lady, and the absurd scene of the confession to *Francis of Paula*.

The well-known "prayer of LOUIS THE ELEVENTH," as overheard by his own jester, and, as the improbable story goes, related by him in the King's presence, is yet a different affair from even its development by Sir WALTER SCOTT, who, in a note, deemed some sort of apology necessary for its introduction and its treatment in the romance. It was a mistake on the part of the Dramatist to reproduce it in this play: it was a mistake on the part of the Actor to suggest to the audience, by the King's attitude and facial expression, that he was not most intensely in earnest in his attempt to win over the Saint whom he was addressing to his own view of his crimes in the past, and his intention in the future.

But if Mr. IRVING will once more study this very scene in *Quentin Durward*, he will find the key-note of *Louis's* conduct in his turning away from the crucifix. At all this the audience should be compelled to shudder, but never invited to laugh.

I do not think I have dwelt unduly on what appear to me blemishes on an otherwise admirable performance. With the public the whole will be successful. In a work of Art no detail is unimportant. The play is most effectively put on the stage, and the cast throughout is a good one; though as far as the female interest is concerned, in the part of *Marie*, daughter of PHILIP DE COMMINES, there is very little for Miss VIRGINIA FRANCIS to do, more than to play prettily the scene between herself and the Dauphin (Mr. ANDREWS), to whom the greatest praise is due for his performance of a most difficult part. As the Dauphin, only sixteen years old, in all the scenes with his father he won the sympathy of the audience, and was most deservedly applauded.

No more, at present, on this subject, from

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S.—Never shall it be said that Your Representative wittingly or unwittingly does an injustice. Least of all to such a brother scribbler (if I may be permitted to say so) as his friend Mr. W. S. GILBERT. Last week, in remarking on the manifesto signed by Mr. NEVILLE, which had appeared in the papers about the withdrawal of the *Ne'er-do-Weel*, I said, not professing to quote exactly, but giving the gist of the statement, "Ten per cent. of Mr. GILBERT's pieces were adaptations." I find that the exact words of the above-mentioned manifesto were, "Out of more than fifty, only three were adaptations." One of these adaptations was *The Wedding March*, which was quite worthy of the Author of the *Bab Ballads*.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



MONDAY, March 11 (Lords).—Lord DERBY, to Lord GRANVILLE's satisfaction and that of Her Majesty's Opposition, at least, confirmed the announcement that our Government has proposed the introduction of Greece to the Conference. England will be glad. So should Europe. Friction is all but inevitable in readjusting that very delicate weighing-machine, the balance of power. A lubricating fluid will be most useful, though no doubt Russia would have preferred bear's-grease to the Hellenic article.

Lord STANHOPE wanted to know whether Lord DERBY would bar a Russian President under any circumstances.

Lord STRATHEDEN and CAMPBELL wished to know if the Conference would have power to say Yes or No to any question submitted to it.

Lord DENMAN wanted to know if Parliament couldn't be muzzled while Conference was sitting, or otherwise restrained from making an ass of itself and embarrassing the Government by asking silly questions.

Lord DERBY said the general rule was that a Conference should elect its President, and should deal with the questions coming before it. But what they would be, or how they would be brought forward,

he preferred, for the present, not to communicate to the House, as he was communicating with other Governments.

Their Lordships maintained, by 54 to 36, indirect (by ballot, with cumulative votes) in preference to direct, election of the Metropolitan Board of Works, now Vestry-elected. Would the change give us a better Board? *Punch*, like their Lordships, *advisari vult*, and gives the Board, as it is, the benefit of the doubt.

Lord THURLOUGH wanted the Government to inquire into the alleged Cat-Worrying Case at Beaconsfield. Their Lordships seem indisposed to go into the case, and declare there was no evidence.

It looks fishy. Suppose, as some may suspect, a Cross in the Lords, why doesn't some humane M.P. try Cross in the Commons?

(*Commons.*)—The House welcomed Miss HELL as JOHN BULL's little Partner at the Conference Ball—if it ever get set a rolling—See *Mr. Punch's* Cartoon. "'Tis Greece, and Living Greece, once more!" in contradiction to Lord BYRON. Sir H. D. WOLFF asked the question, and both sides cheered the answer. This is as it should be. Diplomacy will have the opportunity of mending one of its own worst bumbles—the half-and-half measure given to Greece when the Great Powers last had their hands in the grease-pot.



NOT VERY LIKELY.

Cabby (who has been paid his bare fare before hiring). "BRING YER BOX IN! WHAT, I LEAVE MY YOUNG 'OSS A STANDIN' 'ERE OF HIMSELF!"—(With determination.)—"No, I CAN'T LEAVE MY CAB! SPOZIN' HE RUNS AWAY, 'OOS TO PAY FOR THE DAMAGE, I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW!"

In Supply on the Naval Estimates, Mr. HERMON spoke the mind of a practical man of business on the uselessness and cost of the returns which Honourable Members are always moving for, and which generally end, as returns are apt to end, in smoke. In nineteen cases out of twenty they serve no end but to help the department to waste time, and the Stationery Office to waste paper, at best to wrap up some crochet that is not worth the cost of printing, to say nothing of the cost of clerks' time in compiling them. There ought to be an examiner of returns to see that none are sanctioned without some better prospect of return than a weight of waste-paper, which overwhelms Honourable Members, and benefits nobody but the buttermilk.

Then Mr. SEELY opened fire on the Admiralty from the cellars to the attics, assailing all that is done, and all that is left undone therein, and declaring English Naval Administration miserably inferior to French. How with such Naval Lords BRITANNIA still dares to claim, or hopes to hold lordship of the sea, the next war will show! SEELY's bill of indictment was so crushing, that everybody was at once set thinking—"This is really too bad to be true!"

Lord H. LENNOX opened fire of the heaviest guns he could bring to bear on the *Infexible*, and said (ditto to Mr. REED with great spirit. Mr. REED followed, on the same side, with heavier metal. If words can sink a ship, the survival of the *Infexible* is a miracle. And if her unarmoured ends and cork stuffing can still float her, after Mr. REED's and Lord HENRY's broadsides, *Punch* can only say, "Bravo, BARNABY!"

Mr. GOSCHEN returned Mr. REED's fire, and took upon him the whole responsibility of the *Infexible*, which must, we would think, be even heavier than the armour of her citadel. It would take three hundred hitting shots to destroy her unarmoured ends. Have REED and LENNOX together as many shots in the locker? *Punch* takes leave to doubt, and prefers backing the *Infexible* to swim, with GOSCHEN, to backing her to turn turtle, with REED and LENNOX. Mr. REED's Popoffka prophecies do not strengthen one's faith in his infallibility as Pope of the Naval Architectural Church.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL introduced that old innocent—of many

Sessions' martyrdom—the Bankruptcy Bill. May *Punch* pray by anticipation R.I.P.?

*Tuesday (Lords).—*With that perfection of reason which becomes the law, our Divorce Legislation, while empowering the Court to compel an innocent husband to provide for an adulterous wife, has given no such power against a guilty one.

Lord SUDELEY, the LORD CHANCELLOR assenting, carried Second Reading of the Bill for amending this and other anomalies and absurdities of our Divorce Acts, which has passed the Commons and has the full approval of the Judges.

*(Commons).—*A duel between Captain NOLAN and Lord EUSTACE CREIL, the gallant Captain armed with breech-loader, the noble Lord with muzzle-loader, came off on the floor of the House, without serious consequences. The systems, guns, and combatants, remain as they were. Our professional authorities hold to their muzzle-loaders, and if their opponents dare them to the deadly breech, they are quite ready to meet them.

Then came on the Great Negroponte Correspondence incident, opened by Mr. EVELYN ASHLEY, who moved the House to express its regret at the conduct of a certain Ambassador in relation to certain charges in a certain newspaper based on a certain correspondence between a certain English statesman and a certain Greek politician shown by a certain representative of a certain newspaper to said certain Ambassador at a certain reception, and by him repeated to a certain *attaché* with a direction to mention it to a certain correspondent of a certain other newspaper. There is one certain conclusion to be deduced from this now thoroughly-ventilated bit of certain backstairs history—that if it is not desirable—however necessary sometimes—for our Ambassadors to communicate with the Government by telegraph, it is pre-eminently undesirable for an Ambassador at Constantinople, during the height of a Russo-Turkish war in the Ottoman empire, and a Russophobe and Turkophile fever at home, to communicate either with his Government, or his country, by *Daily Telegraph*;—and that, when he tells his *attaché*, if he sees the correspondent of the *D. T.*, to give him the Ambassador's impression of a letter he has just seen, it is not an unnatural inference that the Ambassador means the said Correspondent to make it the text



"NEVER SAY DIE!"

Ned. "MARNIN', TOMMAN! 'OW BE YEOW!"

Tommas. "POOTY 'ARTY, THANKER. BUT I'M A GETTIN' A OULD MAN NOW!"

Ned. "YE-OO OULD! LOOK AT METHOOBALUM! 'EE WOR A OULD MAN I YE LIKE, 'EE WOR!"

of a spicy letter to his paper, on which leaders would probably be founded, even spicier than the letter.

It is too late for the Ambassador to disclaim responsibility for the natural consequence of his act within a few days of a motion for a vote of censure wrapped up in the Parliamentary silver-paper of an expression of regret; and it is unbecoming for him to insinuate a sneer in the profession of his willingness to express his regret to the statesman whom his indiscretion has exposed to fierce and unjust attack.

Having thus extracted the Essence of this night's debate (which ended in a majority for Government of 206 to 132), *Mr. Punch* will only express his regret that Mr. GLADSTONE is not more discreet in his correspondence, and Mr. LAYARD in his diplomacy, and leave them both with an expression of his sincere regard and respect for both,—in their disorester moments.

Wednesday.—Mr. FRASE moved the Abolition of Capital Punishment.

Mr. GRANTHAM moved its retention.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL promised a Bill to amend the law relating to Homicide, but opposed the total grubbing up of the Gallows.

The House was impatient of a debate, its mind being made up, and summarily made an end of the Bill by 263 to 64.

The majority represents not unfairly the overwhelming preponderance of English sense, as at present instructed, in favour of the *status quo* of the Hangman. We keep our Gallows for the brute whom no rope weaker than hempen halter will bind, and no terror less terrible than Tyburn Tree will hold in awe. There are such ruffians; and for them the Gallows is, and will be, kept for the present standing. What other countries do, or leave undone, furnishes no rule to us. There is nothing however, in the experience of those countries in which the "waefu' wuddie" has been out down, to lead us to follow their example.

Thursday (Lords).—Their Lordships discussed the interesting subject of Railway Brakes.

LORD DELAWARE, LORD COWPER, LORD HENNEKER, and LORD CARLINGFORD seemed all of a mind that some kind of effective brake-machinery should be enforced, but that the Companies should not be compelled to adopt any particular kind. Up to this time they have found the best way of evading the difficulties of choice between brakes is to choose none. But the time is surely

approaching when the Public will be tired of permitting the Companies' only form of break-power to be the power to break their own carriages, and their servants' and passengers' bones.

(*Commons.*)—In answer to questions as to the Conference, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER said the Government had agreed in principle to a Congress (Principle to cover interests); that it was communicating with other Governments as to the bases (the question of Capitals having been decided in favour of Berlin we presume the question of "bases" naturally comes next on the tapis); that it would be inconvenient to go minutely into conditions (which are at present "all in the air"); that each Power would preserve its liberty to retire at any moment (this freedom of movement being involved in the very etymology of a "Congress," which you walk into, and of course can walk out of, as opposed to a "Conclave" where you are locked in); that the minority would not be bound by the majority (particularly not in Russia binding); that the Government would maintain its views—(which were not dissolving-views)—and that every Article of the Treaty of San Stefano would be submitted to the Congress (these Articles, hitherto indefinite, thanks to Russian reticence, being laid before the Congress in the most definite form as *Articles de Berlin*, seeing that *Articles de Paris* are for the moment discredited by the untoward catastrophe of the Treaties of 1856.) All this the House cheered very much.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER promised Members three weeks' Easter holidays—from April 16 to May 6—if they would be good boys and work hard.

Adjourned debate on Naval Estimates. The *Inflexible* was towed out once again, but to-night rather for a *feu de joie*, or salute, from gunnery officers, civilians, admirals, and amateurs, all bearing testimony in her favour.

After Big Ben's annual funeral chime—"The Navy is Gone to the Devil," to the air of "*Down among the Dead Men*," Mr. SMITH quietly resisted Mr. SEELY'S Motion for a Committee, and gave reasons for believing that the *Inflexible*, if not absolutely impregnable and unsinkable, is yet about the impregnablest and unsinkablest of Ironclads ever set afloat.

Then Sir ROBERT PEEL rose, and, after the exordium that we had no reserve, proceeded to show that he had none, by one of his characteristic outpourings, *à l'enfant terrible*. He claimed our own Government as an authority for the admission that "the Foreign Office knew nothing of what was going on." It follows that England, whose only official channel of foreign intelligence is its Foreign Office, knows nothing. *Argal*, argues Sir ROBERT, LORD DERBY, as head of this know-nothing department, is the proper person to represent this know-nothing England in the Congress; no doubt on the principle that two ignorances—JOHN BULL'S and his representative's—may turn out equivalent to a knowledge, as two negatives are equivalent to an affirmative.

Sir ROBERT, with all his belief in the One Lion for whom he aspires to fill the part of private Roarer-Royal, does not believe in LYONS. LORD ROBERT MONTAGU, we are sorry to learn, does not believe in LORD DERBY, but then he believes in nothing but the Turks and England's humiliation in the present, and her decline and fall in the future, if she will not be warned by LORD ROBERT MONTAGU. It is a great comfort to feel that if the worst come to the worst, England will always have at least two Bobs to bless herself with—Sir ROBERT PEEL and LORD ROBERT MONTAGU; with Sir H. D. WOLFF and Mr. CHAPLIN as a reserve.

LORD ROBERT'S protest against "accomplished facts" was grand. But he is inconsistent. He believes in himself, we all know; and where is there a more "accomplished fact" than LORD ROBERT MONTAGU, though it was not pretty to charge his brother BOB with "spitting his venom" on LORD LYONS? When BOB meets BOB, we know now what is like to come of it. But in spite of this little tiff, it is a joy to think that PEEL has MONTAGU and MONTAGU has PEEL to keep him in countenance. They may talk of England coming to the ground between the two stools of Peace and War, but *Punch* feels safe while her war-stool has three such legs as PEEL, MONTAGU, and WOLFF. Let us alter the "*Tria juncta in uno*" of her 'scutcheon into the inasonline gender, to fit these "dauntless three" who might have been seen, on Thursday night, holding "the brazen bridge of War" against all comers,—

"As stout HORATIUS held the Bridge,
In the brave days of old."

LORD E. FITZMAURICE and SIR W. HARCOURT might chaff—"It is their nature to"—but the speeches of the three gave a comforting character to the Conference discussion of Thursday, which it would not have derived from the more common-place assurances of SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, that we were going into Congress with high hearts, clean hands, minds made up, and six millions at our back . . . in money if not in men. What is the "frankness of BISMARCK and the finesse of GORTSCHAKOFF" to that?

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE accepted SIR ROBERT PEEL's speech as a proof of confidence in the Government. What a blessing is the power of "making the best of it"! It was hardly fair, when he was so pleasant to SIR ROBERT, to be so nasty with LORD ROBERT. As regards the two ROBERT's opinion of the Government, it really seems to *Punch* a case of "six of one and half-a-dozen of the other."

Friday (Lords).—That extra-gigantic swindle—even among the giant brood of eleemosynary swindles—St. Catherine's Hospital, was brought on the tapis. Government rules for management of its revenues, the LORD CHANCELLOR says, are being prepared. It is time they were. A long talk on Desertion, and the feasibility of branding Deserters again with a "D," as of old. These vagabonds ought to be marked men. It seems it can be done without giving pain; and JOHN BULL has a right to have a stamp put on the Queen's bad shillings—as the Bank marks light sovereigns.

Is the Dead Lock in Victoria—where the Council has stopped the supplies, and the Government has thrown all the public machinery out of gear,—picked yet? The Colonial Office is not quite sure (says LORD CADOGAN), but rather thinks so. But telegrams are such difficult reading. LORD CARNARVON thinks, as far as he can understand the telegram—and we don't see who is likely to carry understanding farther—that a compromise has been arrived at. But see *Commons*, where SIR M. HICKS BEACH denied the receipt of any telegram bearing out this hopeful view. "Who shall decide, when Houses disagree?"—at Home or in Victoria.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE declined to say if Russia had declined to admit JOHN BULL's little partner Miss HELLAS to the Conference Dance.

At last, MR. SMITH was allowed to introduce the Naval Estimates, like their brethren of the War Office, peaceful, normal, and unambitious, more in tune, seemingly, with the piping times of peace than this "roaring moon of war." MR. SMITH has all the men he wants, and all the money—and all the ships—built or building. And altogether, poor WARD HUNT's "phantom Navy" seems to have grown into a reality, substantial enough to satisfy the practical mind and business-like calculations of our Westminster SMITH, who now plays the part of Vulcan to BRITANNIA's Ironclads.

With the exception of two votes, the whole of the Naval Estimates were swallowed—nearly eleven millions—in the lump!

Who says the House can't do business? *Punch* had BENNY-DIZZY, the sword-swallower, last week. He might have headed his Essence this week with St. Stephen bolting the Naval Estimates, instead of Mr. GLADSTONE thinking over a new Parliamentary-coat-fit.

FLORA'S ANATHEMA.

BLUFF March, may your Boreas blow cusses,
Confounding the legions of low cusses,
Who swarm in the Parks
For political larks,
And tread down my tulips and crocusses!
Rude Roughs! of respect have they got any?
Of patriot feeling they've not any,
Of taste they've no tittle,
And care just as little,
For Britain's true blessings as botany.
My turf they would ruin by stumping on,
My blossoms they glory in jumping on;
Each cad, ooster, clown,
May Aquarius frown—
The brutes are fit only for pumping on!

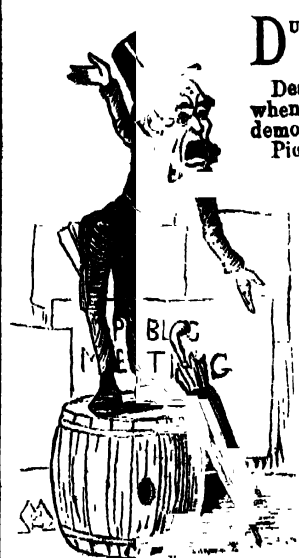
What Peace and War Demonstrations come to.

(From the Agony Column of the "Standard.")

DARING ROBBERY.—A Van-load of EGGS, about Ten Thousand, was TAKEN from outside a Shop in Old Street, St. Luke's, on Saturday evening at Seven o'clock. The horse and empty van were found in Dalston Lane. A liberal REWARD will be given to any person giving information to, &c.

St. LUKE'S!—Eggs!—Hyde Park Demonstration coming off! The connection is obvious. Ten thousand Eggs—equivalent to how many arguments! What will not Patriotism on the rampage dare!

NEW RULES AND REGULATIONS FOR HYDE PARK.



DUCKING in the Serpentine can only be allowed between the hours of two and five in the afternoon.

Dead cats are not to be admitted except when required as the missiles of a national demonstration.

Pickpockets are requested not to tread upon the flower-beds except in discharge of their professional duties.

Should carriage-horses be frightened into bolting by the enthusiasm of a patriotic meeting, the Public are requested to prevent the animals from breaking down or through the Park railings.

During the absence of the Police, habitual criminals, and other persons in official relation with the Force, will be held responsible for the preservation of order.

To save the Park-keepers unnecessary trouble, persons employed in crushing hats and destroying coats are requested not to leave the products of their industry behind them.

Copies of the Rules to be observed for the revival of persons

apparently killed may be obtained at the Receiving-House of the Royal Humane Society.

Persons walking in the Park on Sundays are advised to carry life-preservers.

The Police and the Military have received strict orders to preserve a conditional neutrality during the holding of patriotic meetings in the Park. They have, however, been instructed to prevent the crowd from setting fire to the Powder Magazine.

Persons intending to hold a public meeting are requested to give four-and-twenty hours' notice, so that the Coroner may be in attendance.

The Public are requested not to commit manslaughter on the grass, but to confine themselves to the gravel-paths for that purpose.

As the Park is intended for the recreation of the people, no respectable person will be allowed to walk in it on a Sunday.

By Order of the Home-Office.

(Signed) SHALLOW,
Justice of the Peace.

Daring Defiance.

"MR. EDMUND SALT has consented to preside at the Fifty-First Anniversary Festival of the Licensed Victuallers' Asylum."

WHAT do Licensed Victuallers fear?

With Permissive Bills dark'ning the air,
They not only put Salt in their beer,
But even put SALT in their chair!

Appropriate.

THE Grand Duke, when he makes his complimentary entry into Stamboul, after passing by the Valley of Sweet Waters, is to call on the SULTAN at the "Yield-his Kiosk." Could the line of visit be better chosen?

Self-Appraised.

SIR ROBERT's judgment,—who'll assail it?
No one. *Valeat quantum valet.*
He may say, "For what I am worth,
Take me, England!—*I am worth quam worth!*"

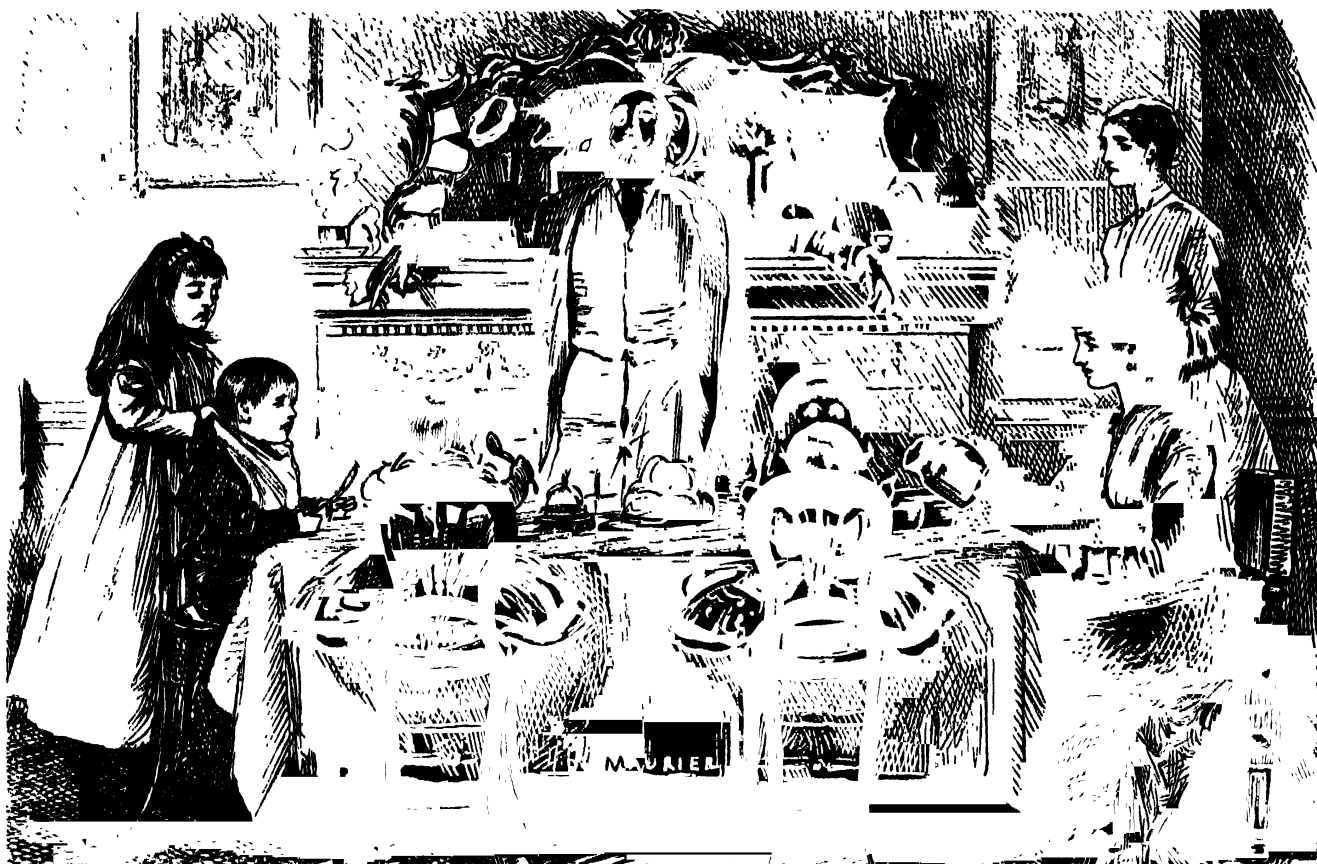
HORATIAN SUGGESTION FOR THE COMING CONGRESS.

"Laudabunt alii claram Rhodon et Mitylenen."

VERY freely translated, "Some of us will cry up clear roads (to Black and Red Seas) and acquisition of Mitylene."

THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

A CHRISTIAN Correspondent suggests a new Office for the Emperor of RUSSIA:—"President of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts."



HUMOURS OF THE SCHOOL-ROOM TEA-TABLE.

"DO HELP ME FIRST, MUMMY! DO HELP ME FIRST!"

"WHY SHOULD YOU BE HELPED FIRST, GERALD?"

"BECAUSE I'M WAITING SO PATIENTLY, AND HAVEN'T ASKED!"

MAID OF ATHENS.

(New Version.)

JOHN BULL *loquitur*—

MAID of Athens, ere we start,
Take my arm—I'll take your part.
Be my partner. All the rest
Have paired off as suits them best.
Hear me swear, before we go,
Zōn mou sās āpanō.

BISMARCK's bland, but over-kind;
GORTSCHAKOFF would ARGYS blind;
COY ANDRANSTY's coldly cute.
No: such partners will not suit.
You are small, but safe, I trow.
Zōn mou sās āpanō.

HOBSON's Choice? Oh, not at all!
I've my business at the ball:
What it is I need not toll;
Attio nous should guess right well.
Come! together let us go!
Zōn mou sās āpanō.

Maid of Athens! though alone,
Think not, dear, that I'll be "done."
They've an eye to Istambol,
Fain would leave me in the hole—
Do I mean to let them? No!
Zōn mou sās āpanō.

EPITAPH ON LAFITTE.

"Ergo postque magisque viri nunc gloria claret."—ENNIVS, quoted by CICERO, *De Senectute*.

SOMETHING LIKE A SENTENCE!

(From a Possible Law Report.)

CRIMINAL EXCHEQUER COURT.

(Crown Cases Reserved.)

Before the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE *in Banco*.

THE proceedings of this Court, which were of the ordinary character, and had been carried on with the usual high death-rate among all concerned, came to a close yesterday, the only remarkable incident during the course of the sitting being a somewhat severe sentence passed in a case of aggravated manslaughter at the close of the day.

The Jury, who were scarcely able to stand, having returned a verdict of *Guilty*, the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, addressing the prisoner, said:—

"There is no doubt whatever about your guilt, and as the circumstances of the case are of a very heinous character, I have no hesitation in passing on you the very heaviest sentence which the law enables me to inflict. You have noticed in the course of this trial the depressing and asphyxiating effects on mind and body of the poisonous atmosphere of the Court in which we have all been condemned to sit; you have seen two boxes of Jurymen carried out on stretchers, perhaps never to return; you have watched your own counsel staggering, and at last succumbing on the floor of the Court; you have heard the Usher cry for water, and listened, I trust not with unmoved feelings, to my own gasps and groans as I have struggled to maintain the dignity of the Bench by help of a respirator and a phial of sal volatile. Your crime is, as I have said, heinous, and I can show you no mercy. Your sentence is that you be brought up for judgment every day for the space of a whole calendar month."

The prisoner, who seemed overwhelmed at the announcement, fell heavily into the arms of two turnkeys, and was removed insensible—whether from the atmosphere of the Court or the severity of the sentence did not transpire.



MR. BULL'S LITTLE PARTNER.

J. B. (to MISS HELLAS, before the Conference "Reception"). "MAY I HAVE—THE—AH—PLEASURE OF TAKING YOU IN ?"—(Mentally.)—"THERE'S NOBODY ELSE!!"

STRAPMORE!

A ROMANCE

BY

WEEDER.

Author of *Folly and Parini*, *Under Two Rags*, *Arryadm'ty*, *Chuck*, *Two Little Wooden Jews*, *Nicotine*, *A Horse with Glanders*, *In Somers Town*, *Shamdrass*, &c., &c.

CHAPTER IV.—*En Route pour Bohème.*

Two women of dazzling brilliance sat in a carriage, spectators of SWEETIE's fall.

"Who's that?" asked the Loo-Loo of her companion the Do-Do, in whose elegant miniature *carte de visite*, with its red ribands, yellow reins, and yellow harness, she had come to see the show. The Loo-Loo was a fresh importation that season, and had only recently appeared in *The Light Gazelle* Ballet on the boards of the Royal Propriety Theatre.

"Not know him?" returned the more experienced Do-Do, who began to be already a trifle jealous of her new friend's undeniable

attractions. "Why, bless you, he's no end of a swell! Rich as old Water Cresses himself, and proud as a Lucifer that strikes on his own private box," and the *riante* and beautiful young *tragédienne* laughed aloud, as the crowd echoed her mirth, and, recognising her, gave her a perfect ovation, *aux œufs et aux chats*.

"Quite a reception! Wish there was music, and lime-lights, and bouquets!" she exclaimed, in high glee, as she threw herself into one of her best-known attitudes, in which she had been photographed a thousand times, and sang the first line of one of her most popular songs. The crowd went into frenzied transports. They thought they were having a performance for nothing. But the Do-Do knew what she was about. It was only an advertisement; for, in another second, the two neat little Tigers, who were perched up behind, had

descended, and were distributing bills of the Do-Do's Benefit for that day week, among the crowd.

"Always an eye to business, *ma mignonne*," she said to the Loo-Loo, as they drove off at a rapid pace, bowing and smiling to the people, through whose ranks a way was quickly cleared for her carriage by obsequious policemen.

"But his name? You didn't tell me his name?" said the Loo-Loo, who was tired of a performance in which she had played so very second-rate a part.

"His name?" repeated the Do-Do, giving her Maltese toy lapdog a hard slap on the head for venturing to yawn. "His name? Oh, you mean the big fellow's with tiddy waist, oh? Well, the man whom he picked up was PINTO PEEZE, of the White Guards. They call him SWEETIE."

"Yes, yes, I know that," interrupted her friend, impatiently.

The Do-Do shot a jealous glance at her out of the corner of her *beaux yeux* daintily outlined with the best *bouchon brûlé* that money could procure. "So, Loo-Loo knew SWEETIE, did she? Very good," she thought; but she only answered carelessly, "And the big chap who picked him up, *le grand des grands*, is STRAPMORE."

"STRAPMORE!" exclaimed the Loo-Loo. "What! not Viscount STRAPMORE, him as were the Lord BUKLYN DE WESCOTT?"

"Yes. *Lui-même*; *pas de bêtise*. You know him?"

But no answer came from her companion. A perceptible shiver ran through that frail form, her mouth trembled convulsively, and with a cry that rang through the Palace Yard, and found its echo in the very centre of the gilded saloons of the Aristocratic Aluminium Club, the fair girl fell fainting on the carriage-rug.

The Household Troops, as the carriage passed along their ranks with its lifeless burden, saluted, and lowered their arms in tender reverence, and placed their forefingers respectfully to their noses, until it was out of sight.

So the Do-Do sat by the side of her inanimate friend. The wind blew fiercely in her teeth as they sped onward towards Bohemia; the dust was in her eyes and hair; the way was long and weary, as she watched for the waking of her unconscious companion, and burred to question her about STRAPMORE.

"*Mystère!*" she muttered, between her teeth. "But I will know it." Then she bent forwards towards the coachman.

"Drive," she hissed in his ear, "drive to the Cottage where the Swiss people dwell." The servant touched his cockade. "We are in Bohemia now," she said to herself, as a smile of triumph played over her upturned features, and a very night-light of vengeance illumined her almost childish countenance, as it momentarily flickered in those liquid sorceress-like eyes. "I will see the Gipsy. *Cette fille Bohémienne!* She will be in the tent, or the Cottage; at all events CARL will tell me where ROSA is to be found. Quick! Quick!"

Thus adjured, the obedient coachman produced a second whip, and urged the thoroughbred Arab, the gift of his Grace the Duke of BEDOUIN, into a gallop. They were leaving the lamps of the town far behind them, like so many goblin glow-worms in the gloaming, and the deep, mysterious shadows of night were gathering round them, as they crossed the borders of the dark Wood of St. John.

Suddenly the horse was thrown on its haunches with a violent shock accompanied by the tinkling of bells.

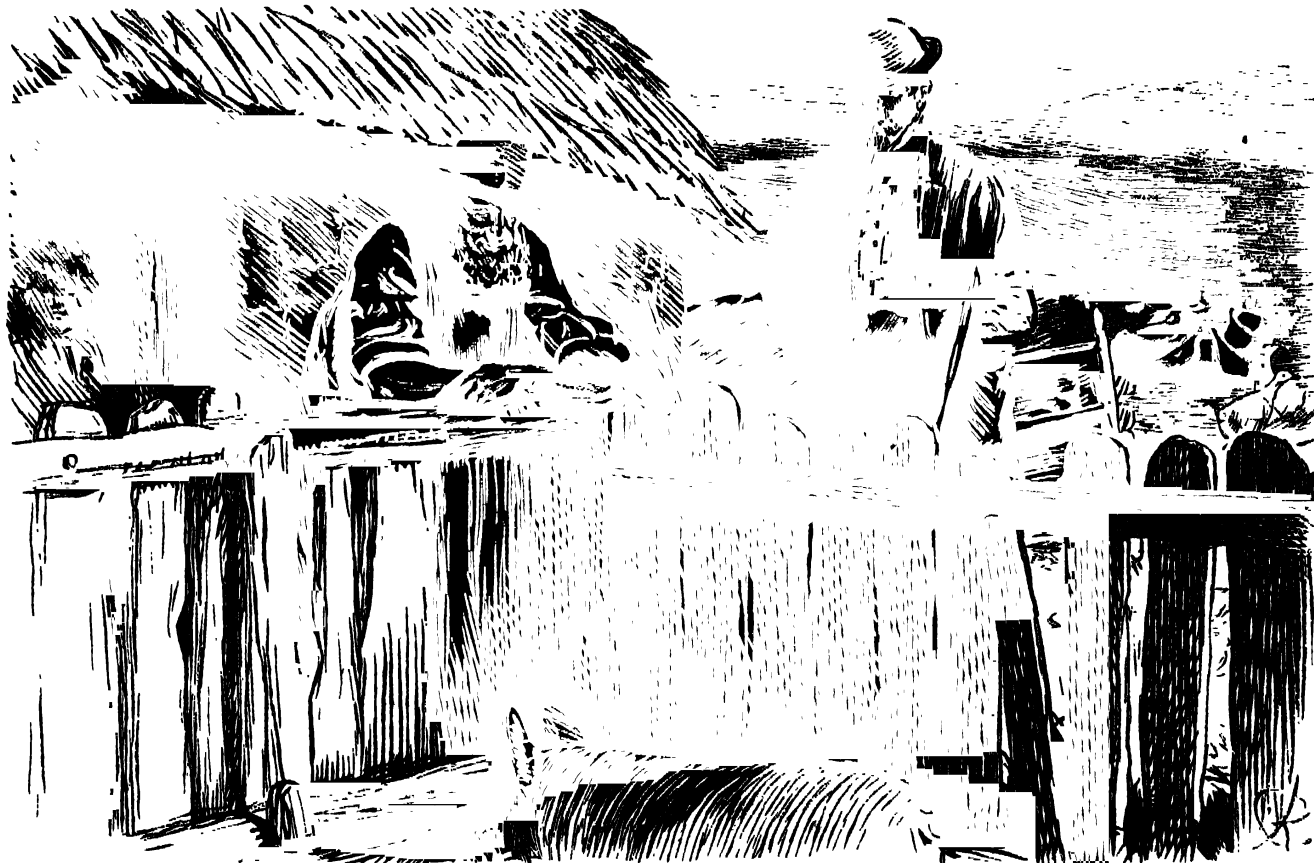
The Do-Do recognised the sound. "Qui va là?" she cried.

And the answer came back, in the low Zlang dialect, "Tzme! TIPITI WICKWETA the Gipsy! *Watjer liddul gayme?*"

CHAPTER V.—*Sum menure neri hærem! Justa fumum.*

WITHIN an hour PINTO had come, refreshed, out of his bath of luxurious *eau des Carmes*, and having been sprinkled all over with *Poudre de Seidlitz*, he lay stretched at full length on a luxurious divan in the Albany Aluminium Club, lazily inhaling the fragrant fumes of a scented cheroot between *les petits morceaux d'un gâteau du bain*, while he carelessly emptied the boiling *thé aux balais de bouleau* out of the Grecian cup with its rare Delphi handle, into the enamelled *soucoupe*, and, with that *insouciance* and real *savoir faire* of his Order, which never forsook him, slightly bending his Apollo-like head, while making a *petite moue* of his aristocratic lips, he rippled the steaming liquid with his fragrant breath, *pour faire adoucir la chaleur*.

The spacious easy chamber, furnished with every conceivable chair, sofa, and divan that the luxurious art of East and West could devise for the comfort of the *fumeurs*, was just now tenanted by a score of men in every imaginable costume—from *robes de chambre en papillotes* to *cosaques de nuit* and *papooshes*,—all *soufflant une nuage*, with every variety of tobacco that money could command,



A BACONIAN INDUCTION.

Tim. "D'YE THINK, SORR, THERE'S ANNY CHANNON AV A WAR WID THE ROOSHIAN?"

Squireen. "WELL, THINGS LOOKED QUEER A LITTLE WHILE AGO, TIM. WHY DO YOU ASK?"

Tim. "SHURE, SORR, I'LL SOON HAVE TO BE SELLIN' ME PIG; AN' IF THE COUNTRY GOES TO WAR, BACON 'LL ROISE 'S SHURE 'S ME NAME'S TIM O'FARRILL!"

from Cavendish-square-cut to Eastern New-Cut, and Sybaritic *tabac au poilu*, inhaled through soft serpent-coiling amber stems; from the soothing *tabac aux retours* slowly burning in real Scotch *Nar-gillies*, to the inspiring and, to some, overpowering, *tabac de foin-sec*, brought, at immense cost, from many a *Heuboden* in the great German Land, or from *les prairies de la Basse-Bretagne*. Fragrant Mantillas,* toothsome *Vevey Fungs*, cheroots, whose cost alone could not have been less than at the rate of twenty-five for a shilling, and the choicest *pique-riques*, were being handed round by the servants of the Albany, every one of them Albanians, wearing the native dress and moving noiselessly to and fro, obeying without speaking, never replying except when answering the bell, the very perfection of *garçons muets*. Such, briefly described, was the Lounge of Liberty, the Fane of Freedom, the Chapel of Ease, the Home of Fraternity, the Sanctuary of the Sorrowful, the Paradise of the Persecuted, the Mecca of the Mocha, of the Smoker, and of the Joker, the *Salle* of the Sallies, the rock of the Puffin-birds, the Garden of the Weeders—in two words, the Smoking-room of the Albany Aluminium Club.

Opposite PINTO was a tall dark man with the big, loose limbs of a Titan, the head of a Family, the deep, broad, well-packed chest of a *commis-voyageur*, the face of an Angel at Islington, the strength of *une corde des oignons*, the feet of a Stamp Collector, and the strong hands of a lucky Whist-player. He was standing before the fireplace, his usual attitude; for though, from his magnificent constitution, he could sit up night after night, he never by any chance sat down, and, from this peculiarity, he had received from his brother officers the sobriquet of "The Cherub."

A friendship had sprung up between these two men, "SWEETIE"

* From *Editor to Authoress*, by special wire.—You mean Mantillas, not Mantillas, surely? I never heard of any one smoking a Mantilla. I merely throw out the hint.—ED.

From *Authoress to Editor*.—*Quand je dis "Mantillas," Je veux dire Mantillas.* You're thinking of something quite different. I know Club life, *jusqu'aux ongles*, and family life too, *jusqu'aux oncles!* *Allas!*—W.

and "CHERUB," for which neither could satisfactorily account, as each hated the other like poison, and were as mortally jealous of one another as two rival beauties. Fate was ever perversely bringing them together, as on this occasion when the CHERUB had carried the fainting SWEETIE into the Club.

The old Duke of WOXINGHAM, who took life *au sérieux*, had often whispered gravely to his friends the Earl of MUZBERRY, Lord FITZ-HURSE, and old Sir SKELLITON GASKEIGH, over their bottle of Beaune, or *vin de Grave*, as they eyed the CHERUB, "Mark my words! One of these days that man will do something wrong." The companions, to whom the old Duke uttered these remarkable words, felt he was right.

"CHERUB, *très cher!*" said SWEETIE, languidly, "Lady REGULA BADDUN is bent on your destruction."

CHERUB laughed.

"*Soit!*" he replied in his melodious voice, as he spanned his waist with both hands. "You know my sentiments about all women. I am what the world calls a woman-hater, what some call a woman-despiser; what I call a Philosopher," and again he compressed his already tightly-buttoned frock-coat, with a force that spoke the determined energy of the man.

"But for all that," persisted SWEETIE, "Lady REGULA is an exception."

"Who will not prove my rule," growled the CHERUB, to whom the conversation appeared strangely distasteful. "*Passons aux autres choses.*"

SWEETIE was silent. He had no fear of this man, yet he experienced, at that moment, a secret mistrust that puzzled him.

"*Peste! mon cher!* Who's for Dodgerville?" cried the young Vicomte TOURELLES DE LOURELLES, with the slightest possible foreign accent. "*Peste, mon cher, parole d'honneur, c'est l'endroit où on peut passer un jour heureux!*"

In an instant there were a hundred acceptances. In that gay company acceptances were the rule, and whoever thought of the bills?



ACCOMMODATING.

Customer. "YES, I LIKE THE BONNET; BUT I DO NOT WANT THE CAP IN IT."

Show-Woman. "OH, YOU CAN HAVE IT WITHOUT, IF YOU LIKE. WITH THE CAP IT'S A BONNET, YOU KNOW, AND WITHOUT IT IT'S AN 'AT!'"

"Peste, mon cher!" the young Vicomte had said, "on ne pense pas aux additions, c'est une affaire de la cour de la province."

The old Duke of WOKINGHAM courteously offered seats in his coach. He was taking a party to his place at Gravesend. Sir SKILLITON and Lord MURBERRY accepted the offer. FITZ-HURB had his own conveyance; and, being an old man, it was rather an undertaking for him. The younger ones did not like to refuse the Duke, but his coach, on which he plumed himself considerably, was too slow and solemn an affair for them, and they excused themselves as best they could. SWEETIE stopped for a moment to look out for his brother, little ALF PINTO, whom he expected to see in company with the Do-Do and the Loo-Loo.

STRAFMORE walked slowly as far as his stables, where he stood for some minutes, regarding himself in one of the numerous cheval glasses with which the stalls were ornamented. He threw open his coat, and placing his hands behind him, with a powerful effort, drew the waistcoat buckle one inch tighter.

"Those who take me," he muttered to himself, "must take me at my own figure. More waist, worse speed. Now, en route for Dodgerville, and," he added, in an under-tone, as a dangerous light shot from his eyes, "the Lady REGULA."

In a few minutes more the road was alive with every sort of vehicle, from the Serpentine Drag to the fashionable *machine aux baigneurs*, from the Stage Coach, with its fair bevy of Dramatic pupils, to the open Vampire Trap, with its Lu-Lu like occupant, dreaming only of conquest, all were tooling and teaming on the way to Dodgerville.

(To be continued.)

HOW TO REPRODUCE THE HIEROGLYPHS ON CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.
—By Monolithography.

SACRIFICES TO SLANG.

AMONG British Interests one which may be considered of no small importance is the interest of the English language. In that interest really an answer is due to the question put as follows in a letter to the Editor of the *Times* :—

"Sir,—I do not know how it may have struck your readers, but Mr. FOMNES's proposal to call his reconnoitring force 'scouts' rather grates upon my feelings. The proposal itself is excellent; but why not adopt the word 'guides'?—I am yours obediently, H. A."

Consult your *Johnson*, H. A., and you will find the words "scout" and "guide" respectively defined as follows :—

"SCOUT, n. s. (*ascout*, Fr., from *escouter*). One who is sent privily to observe the motions of the enemy."

"GUIDE, n. s. (*guide*, Fr., from the verb). 1. One who directs another in his way. 2. One who directs another in his conduct. 3. Director, regulator."

And you will find this further definition relative to the word "scout" :—

"To SCOUT, v. n. (from the noun). To go out in order to observe the motions of an enemy privately."

Hence you may discern that "scout" is exactly the proper appellation for a soldier on reconnoitring service, and that "guide" is not. You say that "scout" grates upon your feelings. Why? Perhaps because you have heard it used in a dyslogistic sense as synonymous with "scamp," which it may have become from being, in Oxford slang, a name for a usually knavish attendant—"Gyp" at the other University. In somewhat the same sense an absurd or improper proposal is commonly said to be "scouted"—meaning reprobated with contempt. But why give in to these modern perversions of words?

Let no sewage soak into the well of Her Most Gracious Majesty's English undefiled. *Nolumus voces Anglice mutari.*

NEW TITLE FOR IRISH MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT.—The Not-at-Home-as-a-Rulers.

James Hain Friswell.

JAMES HAIN FRISWELL, a graceful and various writer as an essayist, novelist, and journalist, a genial, kindly, and blameless man, and a strenuous labourer, both in his literary work and his life, for the advancement of all good causes, and the help of all that needed helping, has died, as such workers usually do die, in harness, after a lingering illness, the result of the rupture of a blood-vessel nearly two years ago.

He was, *inter alia*, the Author of the "Answers to Correspondents" in the *Family Herald*. It is easy to laugh such a function to scorn, but those who know to what hosts of humble homes that *Herald* sends its messages, and how much of good or bad influence hangs on the spirit in which those messages are spoken, will understand that HAIN FRISWELL's work was not of the kind that it is seemly or sensible to pass by slightly.

While other fruit of his labours—in particular the collection of Essays entitled *The Gentle Life*—has been as well-known as widely circulated in connection with his name, this, his *Family Herald* work, however wide-spread, was nameless. Considering the gentle and right-minded spirit in which this work was done, HAIN FRISWELL deserves to be recorded as the Author of it, by *Punch*, fellow-labourer in the same field and, he is glad to think, the same spirit.

The Printer's D—— at the Vatican.

THE Ultramontanes (with an "Ave!")
Prayed, "May Liberals cry 'Peccavi!'"
Choice of new Pope leaves them tetchy.
Dele "a, v,"—remanet PECCI!

RESPECTABILITY AMONG ROUGHS.



DISCREET MR. PUNCH,

IF a fool catches sight of a crowd his first impulse is to immediately run and join it. You, Sir, of course, always take care to avoid a crowd. So do I. So does every philosopher in his rambles, unless, perhaps, he is a casual news reporter. To do so, indeed, is a point of peripatetic philosophy. ARISTOTLE preached and practised it, no doubt; and the same must surely have been one of those things which SOCRATES taught XENOPHON and PLATO.

Whoever observes a mass of mankind assembled, he may be certain that the chances are a thousand to one that he will get no good by going near them. He will probably learn nothing that will even so much as gratify his curiosity. What the British Public are staring at generally proves to be nothing of more consequence than a horse

down. Should it happen to be a biped run over, or in a fit, the Police are pretty sure to carry their fellow-man off to a hospital. Even a doctor can hardly expect to be of any use on such an occasion. He has no prospect of being paid for anything he may do, whilst he runs the risk of being booked to give evidence at an inquest. So does anyone else who interferes, and may also find himself subpoena'd to come forward at the Sessions or Assizes, and have to dance attendance at Court for a week. If a medical man, may he not even, by unsuccessfully attempting to save life, perhaps get committed by a Coroner's jury to be tried for manslaughter?

But of all crowds the crowd to shun is such a one as the late Sunday rabble meeting in Hyde Park, wherein, amidst the tagrag and hobtail—

"Persons were trampled under foot, heads were indiscriminately punched, hats and umbrellas were snatched from their owners, and thrown about, and one of the missiles used was a dead cat, which was tossed everywhere, but chiefly into the midst of respectable people who came to be on-lookers."

Served the respectable people right. They ought to have known better. Experience derived from a dead cat may, possibly, have made a few of them comparatively wise. In future, perhaps, some of those respectable people will at least not be such fools as to mingle with a mob of roughs and rowdies merely to look on. "Red ochre, too, was thrown," we are told, on the respectable people, whose clothes it must have embellished so as considerably to modify their appearance of respectability. Then many of them incurred another penalty to which every donkey must know, but doesn't reflect, that he exposes himself when he joins a crowd. "In the height of the excitement the pickpockets were busy at work." Of course; and Inspector SAYER, of the Detective Police, having seized one of them, on walking him off to the Park station, "the Inspector was instantly surrounded by an angry crowd." He did, however, walk the rascal off notwithstanding the crowd of his sympathising associates. Such rascals, more or fewer, are to be reckoned as constituent elements of every multitude, but especially of demonstration mobs in Hyde Park. Thither they are attracted by those simpletons the "respectable people" whom they expect to find there, and to plunder. If respectable people were to absent themselves, the mob, minus pickpockets, would speedily diminish. Disregard of "demonstrations" would probably soon make an end of mobs by whom Sunday is desecrated, trees and shrubs, flowers and turf torn up and trampled down, and Hyde Park defaced. Or, at any rate, the assemblages that wreak this havoc would be reduced to their vile elements. And would not this, if the preservation of Hyde Park as a public pleasure-ground should finally some fine day require the expulsion of a villanous mobility, materially diminish any objection that could reasonably be entertained to dispersing them, if necessary, with "a whiff of grape-shot"? That, too, might serve to give gentlemen of the pavement vociferous for war some little idea of the calamity they howl for.

Although unconnected with the dual house of Devonshire, let me say that my motto is

CAYENDO TUTUS.

HIPPO'S FAREWELL.

"The well-known hippopotamus at the Zoological Gardens died on Monday night. He was caught, while quite a baby, in 1849, on the island of Obaysch on the White Nile, and created an immense public excitement on his arrival at the 'Zoo' in 1850, when the number of visitors rose from 168,895 to 360,402. Down to the time of his death he continued to be a prime favourite with the public, the arrival of his more juvenile mate, 'Adhela,' in 1853, having in no degree lessened his attractiveness."

Urm'p! Urm'p! A feeble grunt! I fail space.

Old Hippo's mighty yet melodious bass
Sinks to a raucous whisper, short, not sweet!

No more that grunt shall greet

The Zoo's *habitués* with welcome glad.

BARTLETT looks grave, my *Adhela* is sad,
And poor old Behemoth is very bad.

Well, I have had my day.

Better indeed had men but let me stay

In sedgy Obaysch, island of my birth.

That cosy lair on White Nile, whence white men

Brought me, a babe, to this close tank and pen.

I dreamt of it last night—the unctuous ooze,

Where one might take one's ease, and bask and snooze,

The warm Egyptian glow, the wap and wash

Of water in the reeds! Once more to dash

Big-bulked through rushy reaches, strong and free!

Methinks 'twould yet revive me. But I see

Kind BARTLETT's boding head-shake. Good old man!

He has done all he can

To make my cage a home for a poor brute,

If in this clammy clime one could strike root.

Ah, well! I've had my triumphs, and am yet

A Public Pet!

At least, I've not outlived my popularity,

And that with Pets is something of a rarity—

Ask W. G.

What *he* thinks of the fate ne'er dealt to me!

Alas! my native Nile's no more a mystery.

Egypt, so long the Sphinxin *Crux* of History,

Has grown an open book,

As commonplace as the Egyptian Hall,

No more occult than the arcana small

Of MASKELYNE and COOKE.

By STANLEY Africa has been walked over,

And like a bale from Calais shipped for Dover

They've brought Tum's Monolith, to their dull river,

To be stared at and shiver!

Great beast although I be, I vail my fame,

To CLEOPATRA's Needle. Ah! that name!

It is my daughter's, water-born and nursed

By *Adhela*, to lengthen out our race,

(GUY FAWKES the learned blunderers called her first!!)

I shall not see her soft, expressive face,

And open smile again!

Urm'p! Urm'p! In vain, in vain

Imprisoned Behemoth with Fate would fight.

Weakness subdues me quite.

The times have changed, perhaps 'tis time I went.

That Needle! Urm'p! A nine-days wonderment.

How the great Queen would smile

Like—like my "CLEOPATRA, Queen of Nile,"

As KARSLAKE christened her—the cute Q.C.!

A lovely, lovely child! takes after Me!

May the round darling long prolong the fame

In alien isles of Hippo's honoured name.

Urm'p! Urm'p! I faint, I die.

BARTLETT—be good to *Adhela*—good bye!

Farewell the gazing crowd, the children's fun,

The lavish apple, the superfluous bun,

And all the toothful memories of the Zoo,

Methinks that not a few

Of old and young admirers will be loth,

To bid—Urm'p! Urm'p!—a long and last good-bye,

Piping regretful retrospective eye,

To Behemoth!

"The Pauper's Funeral."

"*The Pauper's Funeral*," quoted from, in a late number of *Punch*, as the work of HOOD, is, *Punch* now learns, the work of THOMAS NOEL, a connection of the BYRON family, and is to be found in his *Rhymes and Roundels*, published in 1841. As *Punch's* erroneous ascription of the lines to HOOD is a common mistake, he is glad to give to its right owner a grimly impressive poem inspired by a genuinely Christian spirit.

HYMEN, O HYMENÆE! HYMEN ADES, O HYMENÆE!



FEELING no doubt that the British public has nothing better to think about at the present moment than "marriage in high life," the daily papers are devoting their columns to long accounts of the "nuptial ceremonies" of noble lords and fair ladies, with "lists of presents." This is evidently considered very interesting reading for the commoner classes. Why should not the converse hold, and the high feel an interest in the marriage events, ceremonies and gifts of the humble?

Mr. Punch, always ready to follow the fashion at the respectful distance which alone is possible for a plebeian entertainer, is glad to publish his own special description of a late hymeneal event in humble sphere:—

GRAND MARRIAGE IN LOW LIFE.

The marriage of CHARLES BATES, Esq., to Miss ANNE DODGER, was solemnised yesterday morning at the parish church of St. Giles's. The church was well filled, and amongst those present were, Mr. FAGIN, Mr. WILLIAM SIKES, Jun. (the bridegroom's cousin and best man), Corporal JONES of the Tower Hamlets Militia, Mr. and Mrs. DODGER (parents of the bride), JEREMIAH DIDDLE and NOAN CLAYPOLE, Esqs. (of the Detective Police), with their good ladies, and many others of the *élite* of the Mint and the purlieus of Drury Lane.

On the arrival of the Bride she was received by Mr. BUMBLE (Beadle of the Parish), who, at the request of her parents, gave her away. The fair *flâneuse* wore a princess dress of the richest white calico, trimmed with pink and yellow bows, but she wore no jewels, with the exception of a large necklace of imitation gold and coralline—the gift of the bridegroom. The three bridesmaids (the youthful Misses DODGER (2), and Miss BATES, sisters of the bride, and sister of the bridegroom), wore pea-green alpaca costumes. Each bridesmaid wore a Britannia-metal brooch, with imitation Scotch pabbles, of chaste design, the present of the bridegroom. During the ceremony Signor BELLOWSINI presided at the barrel-organ outside the church, and played a short selection of appropriate music, a barrel with "*Pop Goes the Weasel*" and "*Haste to the Wedding*," having been introduced for the occasion.

After the Bride, Bridegroom, Mr. and Mrs. DODGER, and others of the company had signed their marks in the Register, the wedding party adjourned to the "Pig and Whistle" for refreshments.

Late in the afternoon Mr. FAGIN (whose remarks were incoherent from emotion) proposed the health of the Bride and Bridegroom, to which the latter was understood to respond, "For self and pardner."

The wedding presents were very numerous. The following is a list of some of the principal gifts:—

Mr. Fagin. A collection of silk handkerchiefs of the time of QUEEN VICTORIA, and two electro-plated spoons, marks erased.

Mr. de Catnach. A complete set of street-songs of the day, original editions (from the wall).

Jeremiah Diddle, Esq. Twenty-seven pawn-tickets for various useful articles, with equity of redemption.

Corporal Jones (of the Militia). A very curious pint pot of pewter, with the inscription, "The Butcher's Arms," partly erased.

Mr. William Sikes, Junior. An antique Cutty-pipe, beautifully coloured.

Signor Dodgerini. An assortment of Relief Tickets, redeemable at the offices of the Mendicancy Society.

Mr. Bumble and Lady. A "Harlequin dinner-set," consisting of two soup-plates of imitation willow-pattern, an egg-cup, two odd tea-cups and three saucers.

The Misses Dodger (2). A *papier-mâché* tea-tray, beautifully painted with a red man in a blue boat sailing in a puce sea to a scarlet and yellow island.

William Sikes, Esq., Senior (per the Governor of the House of Correction). A jenny, a lantern, and a beautiful set of crackman's implements by the first makers.

Melter Moss, Esq. A collection of imitation British coins, including sixpences, shillings, florins, and half-crowns, in a fancy device on a *fund* of Brummagem rivers of admirably perfect design.

Master Dodger. A set of chimney ornaments, representing a Parrot and a Highlander, in *Plâtre de Paris*, gorgeously coloured *au naturel*.

Mr. A. Sneaker. A table-cloth marked "Mrs. SMITH, 22, Araminta Villas, East, kitchen, 2."

Mr. A. L. L. Prigge. An antique effigy of a North American Indian taking snuff and smoking a cigar, from the collection of a well-known tobaccoist.

Mrs. Dodger (the mother of the Bride). A mangle, slightly out of repair.

The Bridegroom. A brass ring, a bead bracelet, a brooch, earrings, and necklace of rich lacquer and foil, with diamonds of cut glass (*en suite*), a sample case of spirits (one bottle of brandy, one bottle of rum, and one of gin), and his ticket for the annual goose-club at the "Goat and Compasses," Liguorpond Street.

And Mr. Artful Dodger (father of the Bride). The Family Umbrella—an heirloom.

The happy pair will spend the honeymoon at the residence of Mr. WILLIAM SIKES, Senior, who has kindly put his lodgings at their disposal during his official visit to the House of Correction.

TO LESBIA.

"In England the varieties of the humming-bird, which amount to about four hundred, are only known from the fact that their stuffed plumage is largely used as an ornament for ladies' hats. The demand thus created for stuffed humming-birds has led to a sort of war of extermination, and in the more frequented parts of our West Indian colonies the humming-bird has practically become as extinct as in England are the raven, the great bustard, the hoopoe, the golden eagle, the ring ouzel, and the kite. This being so, it is gratifying to be assured that some of our West Indian colonies are taking steps to follow the example set by English legislation in the recent Wild Birds' Protection Act, and to put a stop to the indiscriminate slaughter of humming-birds which has of late years been ruthlessly and unsparingly carried on. . . . Ten years ago a lady appeared at a ball in Paris with a dress which was ornamented with the stuffed skins of twelve hundred humming-birds. Thus more than a thousand of these exquisite little living things had been sacrificed to deck out a handsome woman for a ball."—*Daily Telegraph*.

FAIR LESBIA, as you read these lines,

Are not your cheeks aglow?

To sympathy your heart inclines

With all things here below.

Let thought of brightest birds that fly

Slain *à la mode*, stir to a sigh

That breast as white as snow,

Where Fashion, despot though she prove,

Should leave a little room for Love.

The sapphire flash, the ruby glow,

The glint of emerald sheen,

Show glorious, darting to and fro

Through depths of tropic green.

But, stuffed and still, in LESBIA's dress,

The charm is spoilt, the splendour less—

(Nay, drop that *mouse mutine*!)

How foolish, then, and vainly cruel,

The slaughter of the winged jewel!

Yes, Beauty has imperial claim

To tribute, homage, aid;

But your sweet face should blush with shame

To help a heartless trade.

Bright humming-birds, by thousands slain,

For hunters', hucksters' bloody gain,

That you may be arrayed

In borrowed plumes! Ah, cruel thought

Of splendour by such ravage bought.

Abjure such aid to Nature's dowers—

You lack excuse of need—

And leave the birds among the flowers,

To flit and flash, not bleed.

If bright bird-beauty may not move

Your heart to pity born of love,

That heart is hard indeed.

Come, prove yourself EVE's true daughter,

And set your face against bird-slaughter!

COCKNEY CON.

'Arry (loquitur). Wy does Mr. DELA'UNTY object to one-pound notes? 'Cause 'e loves 'is specie.

MOTTO FOR HOLY RUSSIA.—"Let us prey!"



MUSIC AT HOME.

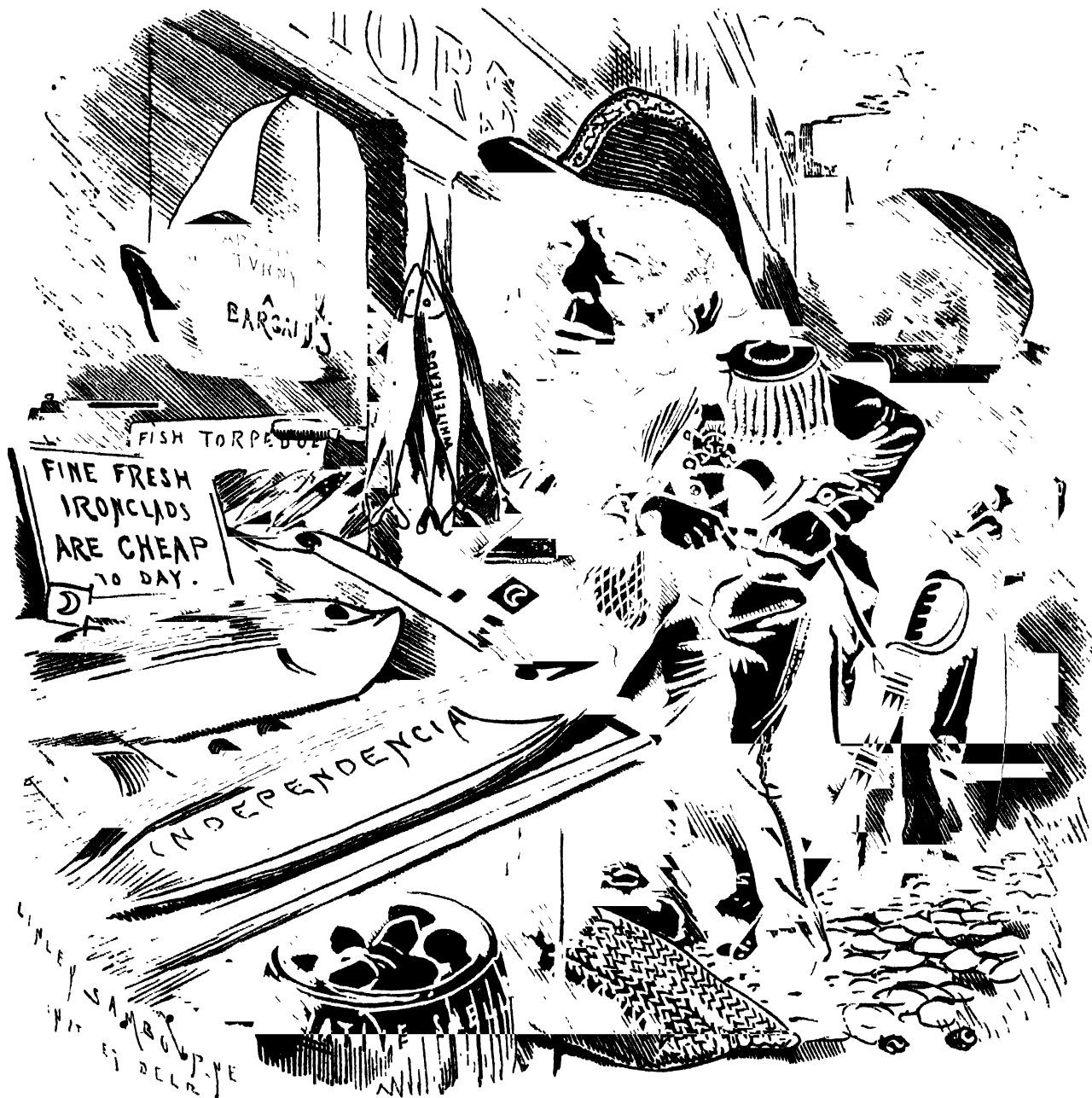
("To such base uses do we come at last.")

Hostess (whispering, to Distinguished Amateurs): "I WANT YOU TO SING NEXT!"

Hostess. "YES—BUT THERE ARE NOT YES ENOUGH—AND I WANT SOME OF THE PEOPLE TO GO!"

Distinguished Amateur (whose Voice is not quite what it used to be). "I THOUGHT I WASN'T TO SING TELL QUITE AT THE END!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



Monday, March 18 (Lords).—Lord BEAUCHAMP reintroduced his Four Bishops Bill—which disappeared after Second Reading last year, not particularly lamented. The creation of Bishops is not a form of the creative art that is likely in these days to excite special enthusiasm, though creating a Bishop *after* the creation of a See should be pleasant enough—both to the creator and the created—the pleasantest way, in fact, of putting one's friend into the See.

Lord BEAUCHAMP proposes to create four Sees—of Liverpool, Newcastle, and Wakefield in the province of York, and Southwell in the province of Canterbury. The last is to comprise Derbyshire and Nottinghamshire. There is to be an internal communication of these newly created Sees with Sees already existing, as complete as that of the great North American Lakes. Thus, the See of Chester is to discharge into the new See of Liverpool at the rate of £300 a-year; the great See of Durham is to pour £1000 a-year into the new See of Newcastle; while the comparatively small See of Ripon is to discharge £300 a-year into the new See of Wakefield; and the two Sees of Lincoln and Litchfield are to have channels of communication with the new See of Southwell, one pouring in £500, the other £300 a-year. Except these overflows from existing Sees, the new Sees are to trust "to voluntary contributions." May

they never fail; and may our sons hereafter boast that there are as good (Episcopal) fish in the new Sees, as ever were found in the old ones. Nor may the Bark of St. Peter ever be seen on these our English-Church waters!

(*Commons.*)—It seems the opponents of the Irish Sunday Closing Bill have been getting up "duffing" petitions, with sham signatures; one from Naas, purporting to be signed by more than the whole population of the town and country twenty miles round, and another from Dublin, with an adult male population of 70,000, purporting to bear 90,000 adult male signatures. PADDY, *ma bouchal*, why can't you be alay, and keep your enthusiasm within limits of the census, any way?

Sir CHARLES FORSTER said the Committee would perhaps make a special report on these remarkable expressions of Irish opinion.

Mr. WATKIN WILLIAMS—who seems determined that the other side should not have the monopoly of unwise questioning—quoting the Treaties of Paris and London, wanted to know if the presence of the British Fleet in Turkish waters was not an infraction of those Treaties; and if not, why not?

The CHANCELLOR—not smiling—"put the question by." Her Majesty's Government consider they are perfectly justified in



REGULAR IRREGULARITY.

Passenger (in a hurry). "Is this train PUNCTUAL?"

Porter. "Yessir, GENERALLY A QUARTER OF AN HOUR LATE TO A MINUTE!"

keeping the British Fleet where it is. So does JOHN BULL, as at present advised.

Mr. MACDONALD, moving the adjournment of the House, that he might call attention—not before it is needed—to the loss of life in mining accidents, threatened if Honourable Members opposite would hear him, he would speak but a few minutes, if they interrupted him, he would inflict a good deal more of his tediousness upon them. The SPEAKER pointed out to him that threatening language addressed to Members is out of order. Mr. MACDONALD was hot, but excusable, considering that he had to call attention to what all feel to be a horror and a scandal—the great annual loss of life from mine explosions. There had been, within a very brief period, nine explosions, causing a loss of five hundred and thirty-five lives. "The only proper name for this scandalous waste of human life was murder." No, Mr. MACDONALD, there is, unfortunately, another name that would cover only too much of it, and that is suicide.

Mr. CROSS temperately pointed this out to the Member for the Underground Population, reminding him that no Acts could prevent rash and reckless men from running risks by their own carelessness, and that if mines were to be worked at a minimum loss of life, "care and caution must be exercised by all concerned," a truth that Mr. MACDONALD ought to use his influence to bring home to his black diamonds of constituents. No safety-lamp will save hewers and putters who, even if they take their Davys (to the contrary), are ready to pick their lamp-looks to get a light for their pipes, let the end of never so many lives be at the end of that lucifer.

On going into Supply, Captain PRICE moved to establish a pension-fund for the widows of JACK and JOE, partly by contributions from our Seamen and Marines, partly by Government aid. If it be true, as the gallant Captain says, that Government annually makes £85,000 a year by the money commutation in lieu of rations not drawn, better it should go in this way than in making the ships look smart.

Lord C. BERESFORD backed the Captain like a trump, a blue-jacket, and an Irishman, as he is. The pension scheme would check desertion, and save us hundreds of thousands a year that now are lost by Queen's bad bargains. He knew thousands of seamen who supported their mothers and sisters, to say nothing of their wives and children. These were JACK's and JOE's sheet anchors; keep our blue-jackets and marines to them, and there would be so much the less going adrift.

Mr. CHILDERS advocated a scheme; the difficulty was to hit on the right amount of contribution.

Mr. SMITH, as in Treasury-Bench-duty bound, urged the need of caution. It was easy and pleasant to give, but not so easy to say where to stop giving. But if the Captain would not press his Amendment, he would promise to look into the matter, with the strongest desire to find a way to enable JACK and JOE to make provision for their widows. When Mr. SMITH makes such a promise, *Punch* and the House both believe it means something, and wait hopefully to see what it will come to.

Mr. DILLWYN lectured the Treasury on the danger of turning over unexpended balances from one sub-head to another; and Mr. O'DONNELL lectured the House, the Government, and England in general, on the proper way of dealing with the South African rebellion.

Sir M. HICKS-BEACH poured official cold water on the glowing eloquence of the Member for Dungarvan. *Punch* would rather trust Sir BARTLE FRAKE any day than a glib Irish grievance-monger.

A long sitting on Supply, with lively incidental discussions of, *inter alia*, the drainage of Marlborough House, and the purchase of Clockmill Estate adjoining Holyrood; the expenditure on public offices, and light-houses, legal draughtsmen and pauper lunatics; the cost of Parliamentary reporting, and public prosecutions; Queen's Colleges in Ireland—attacked by Mr. O'DONNELL as "a great institution for degrading public instruction;" and defended by Mr. PLUNKETT, as having "educated the Member for Dungarvan." Surely the £231 voted for medals and prizes at these Colleges is a cheap payment for that result, were there no other.

Tuesday (Lords).—The Government does not intend to take up the red-hot poker of Patent Law Amendment, which it dropped last year. The difficulties thereof are patent, not so the gain.

The Duke of RICHMOND AND GORDON, having already in hand one measure for stamping out Cattle Diseases, introduced another for the alleviation of human ailments, in the shape of a Medical Bill, which does everything but deal with the great want, a uniform system of Medical Examination, guaranteeing a minimum of accomplishment for all admitted to physic and operate on Mr. *Punch* and his fellow-subjects. The new Bill requires all on the Medical Register to be qualified both in medicine and surgery, enables holders of Colonial diplomas to be registered here, and provides for the examination and registration of Lady-practitioners. All very good as far as it goes, but lacking the corner-stone—a uniform standard of examination qualifying the holder for practice in all Her Majesty's dominions.

(*Commons.*)—The first Morning Sitting. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, in answer to Sir ROBERT the Second—as we say NAPOLEON the Second, in contradistinction from "the Great"—said that England would not be represented in the Congress by her Foreign Secretary, because, the whole Cabinet being responsible for England's Foreign Policy, our Foreign Secretary would be merely its agent, like any other Plenipotentiary.

Mr. O'DONNELL—we all know who rush in where beings of a higher order fear to tread—called attention to the very grave question of the Indian Government's Bill for gagging the vernacular Press, which has been passed, double-quick, at one sitting. So have mischievous measures before it, on the principle, "the more haste the worse speed."

Mr. GLADSTONE reminded Mr. O'DONNELL that as the House had before it neither the exact provisions of the Act nor the motives of the Government, it was hardly in a position to discuss the subject. Of course that was not likely to have occurred to Mr. O'DONNELL. *Il n'y regarde pas de si près.* Even the India House, said Lord G. HAMILTON, had neither the text of the Act, nor the report of the debate upon it. But when Sir G. CAMPBELL and Mr. FAWCETT joined in deprecating discussion as premature, Mr. O'DONNELL must, one would think, have felt that his motion rather smacked of "raw Haste, half-sister of Delay," and so been fain to withdraw it, with his intellectual tail between his legs.

The rest of the afternoon the House spent on the useful, but not amusing, labour of Supply—or of Demand and Supply, as it should be called, considering the questions elicited on the various items.

In the Evening Sitting, a fight over the Post-office

Contracts. It seems that the Postmaster-General has given a joint contract to the Cunard, Inman, and White Star Companies, on very favourable terms for them, according to Mr. ANDERSON, who moved, and Mr. LEWIS who seconded, a Resolution condemning the contracts. Mr. MACIVER naturally defended the arrangement—*"Ions des orfèvres, Monsieur Jossé."* Several Honourable Members showed no indisposition for such an application of the contract system as would benefit their constituents, but there seemed a strongish set against this particular contract, no constituency being interested in it.

Lord JOHN MANNERS said he couldn't help himself. He couldn't work the mail-carrying on a system of free competition. This was not a contract, nor a subsidy, but a year's pay for a year's service.

Wednesday.—The day was wasted over two Irish Bills, which even the impracticablest of the Home-Rulers denounced as impracticable. One was Mr. MARTIN's, to give house-tenants the same claim to compensation for improvements in houses as the Act of 1870 gives agricultural tenants for improvements in land. This was speedily settled by 258 to 17.

The other was Mr. DELAHUNTY's, to do away in Ireland with what that energetic Member called "those infernal one-pound notes." "The time has now come," Mr. DELAHUNTY thinks—he calls it thinking—"when Ireland ought to possess the power, now enjoyed by England, of having a specie circulation, so as to render money plentiful and abundant." Happy English, "*sua si bona norunt!*" So he proposes to enrich the Green Isle by abolishing her one-pound notes. For, thus reasons DELAHUNTY—"In England and France, where there are no one-pound notes, there is an abundant specie-circulation, while in America, the land of shin-plasters, things are going from bad to worse, and in Hungary the paper circulation is at a discount." One has heard of currency-doctors who believed that printing paper-money can make a country rich, but DELAHUNTY is the first, as far as *Punch* knows, who ever dreamed of reaching the same end by the simple expedient of doing away with one-pound notes. His Bill was talked out.

Thursday (Lords).—Ah, if Lord STRATHEDEN were but Prime Minister—may our patriots now say—with Sir ROBERT PEEL for his Foreign Secretary, what a proud position would BRITANNIA be in at this moment! Till now, Lord STRATHEDEN, like the people who write about the air of the Law Courts, has been chiefly distinguished for his heroic, but ineffectual attempts to get his views of the Treaties of 1856 "ventilated." But last night he got beyond ventilation—into full blast. Never was a grander historical picture than Lord STRATHEDEN AND CAMPBELL's of "*Britannia before Congress*," with her back to the Treaties of 1856, her right and left hands on a mobilised Army and Navy, and accomplished facts under her feet. Lord STRATHEDEN has his own table of "measures," and his own standard of "weight," but neither these, nor his derring, if discursive, essay on duality in foreign policy, Tom Cox's traverse as worked by the British Fleet in the Sea of Marmora, the "melancholy and overwhelming circumstance" of the abandonment of the Turkish lines of defence, the desirableness of the PRIME MINISTER concentrating the Foreign Office in his own hands, and of Lord DERBY performing a last despatch—the "happy" one, in Japanese fashion—with the final tableau of the friends of peace, "protected by a constabulary force from the well-founded resentment of their countrymen," produced any other effect than some good-humoured, if contemptuous, chaff from Lord GRANVILLE, and an unparliamentary description of the oration as "nonsense;" a grave rebuke from Lord HAMMOND, worded with more regard to the *bienséances*, as becomes one trained in the fine courtesies of the Foreign Office, (apparent enough from his lingering belief in Turkey,) and a good word for Greece from the last mouth whence we would have expected it; a groan over Russian designs and aggressions from Lord DUNRAVEN; a declaration of satisfaction with the line taken by the Foreign Secretary from the Duke of ARGYLL—i.e., according to his own survey of the line—and from Lord DERBY a quiet denial of Cabinet dissensions, and a distinct reiteration of England's refusal to enter the Conference as one in a game at "blind hookey"—(See *Punch's* Cartoon).

(*Commons.*)—A night of miscellaneous chit-chat, including an ill-timed question from Mr. WATKIN WILLIAMS about the presence of the British Fleet in the Dardanelles, answered by a well-deserved snub from the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

A business-like discussion in Committee of the Scotch Roads and Bridges Bill, following on an unusual and unbusiness-like grumble against going into Committee from its opponents, who don't like to have the maintenance of roads thrown on proprietors instead of passengers, i.e., defrayed out of rates instead of tolls. Colonel ALEXANDER rates the Bill, because the Bill rates the land-owners, but all depends on how the rates are levied.

Friday (Lords).—The Duke of RICHMOND brought in a Bill for amending the lot of Scotch weans, on the principle of no work under ten, "no skule, no work" between ten and thirteen, and in other respects extending a protecting hand of law over wretched little waifs and strays now cast on the streets to sink or swim.

Great excitement on learning that the War Office means to submit the Mutiny Act to a Select Committee of the House of Commons. "The Service is going to the Devil," then?—or to the House of Commons—'tis all one!

(*Commons.*)—The House resolved itself into a thinly-attended Discussion Forum, or Cogers' Hall, for a very well-sustained debate on the question, "Should private property at sea be exempt from capture in war?" *Affirmative*—Opened by Sir JOHN LURROCK, supported by Mr. GOUBLEY, Mr. GRANT DUFF, Mr. CARTWRIGHT, Mr. COURTNEY, and Mr. BRIGHT. *Negative*—Opened by Sir W. HARCOURT, supported by Mr. PERCY WYNDHAM, Mr. Serjeant SIMON, Mr. R. YORKE, the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, and the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER. Verdict, without a Division, "As you are!"

SEVEN WONDERS OF THE MUSICAL WORLD.



1. A Prima Donna, who will condescend to take a secondary part to oblige a Sister Singer.

2. A Wagnerite, whose admiration for the Music of the Future will permit him to enjoy that of the past, and still more that of the present.

3. An Amateur Performer on the fiddle, or the flute, or the bagpipes, or the ophicleide, or even the piano-forte, who, while practising, is not a nuisance to his neighbours.

4. A young Lady, who has mastered German and Italian, yet can sing plain English words without a trace of foreign accent.

5. A young Gentleman, who, being blest with what he thinks a deep bass voice, can abstain from trying songs which have many notes too low for him.

6. A musical Critic, who never mystifies his readers by allusions to sharpsevenths, or transitions to the tonic.

7. An Amateur Composer, who gives himself no airs, when he has somehow invented one that threatens to be popular.

BLIND HOOKEY.

JOHN BULL, *loquitor* :—

TAKE a hand? Well, at any legitimate game I am good for a turn, with respectable players; High stakes I don't funk, and I think I've a name For being, when at it, the toughest of stayers. But this is a game I don't quite understand; Its name, you'll admit, is equivocal, slightly; And, as I've a weakness for seeing my hand, Pray excuse my declining politely.

Suspect? Nay, the tricks of the Heathen Chinese Who'd expect at a Christian Caucasian table? But cards with the face down, I think you'll agree, May baffle the player most honest and able. I say "Walker" to "Hookey"—especially "Blind"—And if yours is a game to keep dark I'm not in it: A rubber above-board is more to my mind, And for that I'm your man in a minute.

THE VENTILATION OF THE LAW COURTS.

No wonder this is difficult—particularly when what is sought is to cleanse the air both from noxious qualities and foul particles—from its dirt, as from its offensive odours. A hard task, with any London air—but with the air of a Court of Law!

DEFINITION ANAGRAMMATICAL.

"This Eastern Question"
"Is quite a hornet's nest."

"BETWEEN YOU AND ME" (says Roumania to Russia).—"You Remain 'ere? I Remain 'ere."

CORDIAL RELATIONS.

(How they Managed the Visit at last.)

From the Sultan, Constantinople, to the Grand Duke, San Stefano.

8 A.M.

I HEAR that your Imperial Highness is thinking of honouring us by a visit. To avoid the chance of any disagreeable manifestations, would your Imperial Highness have any objection to assuming the dress of a howling dervish, having your head shaved, wearing a false nose and moustache, and to being, thus disguised, brought in to our presence in a clothes-basket? Under some such arrangement as the above, we should be pleased and gratified to see you. Name any hour you like between two and three P.M.

From the Grand Duke, San Stefano, to the Sultan, Constantinople.

9 A.M.

THE Grand Duke NICHOLAS OF RUSSIA presents his compliments to the SULTAN, and desires to inform him that he will call on him to-morrow afternoon at five, accompanied by fifty thousand men, five brigades of artillery, the bands of five crack Russian regiments playing the Russian National Anthem, and the largest staff he can possibly get together at this short notice.

The Sultan, Constantinople, to the Grand Duke, San Stefano.

10 A.M.

PLEASE don't. Never mind the nose, and don't have your head shaved, if you really don't like it; but do try and manage the clothes-basket. If you are seen here with a military escort, it will be safe to bring LAYARD down upon me. I'm ready for a compromise.

The Grand Duke, San Stefano, to the Sultan, Constantinople.

GLAD to hear it. Get into a sack, and meet me somewhere privately, say San Sophia? You'll know me. I shall be on horseback

in full General's uniform, with a mere personal staff of three hundred. There, I can't say more than that; can I?

The Sultan, Constantinople, to the Grand Duke, San Stefano.

You are most kind. Can't you get yourself and escort made up as a

travelling Circus? Please do—just this once. Or would you all come in boxes, labelled "Figs," and dine with me afterwards?

The Grand Duke, San Stefano, to the Sultan, Constantinople.

1 P.M.

BOTHER the Circus and fig-boxes! This is trifling. Look here! Do you understand? I'm going to CALL on you with the force becoming my position. There! And you had better take care to be at home. So look out!

(And then they exchanged cards, much to Mr. LAYARD's disgust.)

MARKED MEN.

WITH a view to prevent the crime of desertion and fraudulent re-enlistment Lord CARDWELL some time ago proposed that officers and men alike should, on entering the Service, be tattooed with some distinctive mark, as for example V. R. A Committee of Officers, to whom this suggestion was offered, did not seem to see it. Of course no officer and gentleman would like to be marked with Her Majesty's initials on the nose; but what disfigurement would they cause inside the upper arm? So far from being any stigma, the royal cypher would be not only a distinctive mark, but a mark of distinction. There really seems no reason why a device which would render fraudulent re-enlistment simply impossible should not be adopted; while in case a rascal had to be drummed out of his regiment, the letter V. might be



"VAPID VEGETABLE LOVES."—"The Talking Oak."

SCENE—Tea-Room at Fancy Ea'l.

Uncle John (who is chaperoning his Niece). "WHAT ARE YOU, MY DEAR?"

Pretty Niece. "OH! I AM A SALAD, UNCLE JOHN! SEE, THERE'S ENDIVE, AND LETTUCE, AND SPRING ONIONS, AND RADISHES, AND BEEFROOT. NOTHING WANTING, IS THERE?"

Uncle John. "H'M!—AH!—PERHAPS A LITTLE MORE DRESSING, MY DEAR!"

crossed out, and R. only left to stand for Rogue.

THE MEASURE OF PATRIOTIC SPIRIT AT THE MUSIC-HALLS.—A Gin "go."



“BLIND HOOKEY.”

Russia. “NOW THEN, MR. BULL, WE’RE ONLY WAITING FOR YOU.”
MR. BULL. “THANK YOU. I DON’T LIKE THE GAME. I LIKE TO SEE *THE CARDS*.”

STRAPMORE!

A ROMANCE

BY

W E E D E R.

Author of *Folly and Furini*, *Under Two Rags*, *Arryadn'ty*, *Chuck*, *Two Little Wooden Jews*, *Nicotine*, *A Horse with Glanders*, *In Somers Town*, *Shamdrass*, &c., &c.

CHAPTER VI.—A River Bank Holiday.



His dinner was over. A *tristesse* had fallen over some of the party, while others were jubilant in the heat of the glorious sparkling *vin groseilleux*, and glowing with the fire of youth, and the energy of speechless incapacity. To them, *pour le moment*, as the witty old Frenchman said, "*Les skeetelles!—c'est la vie!*"

It was the hour when nobody knew exactly anything. It was the hour when all that made Life liveable and loveable, the Life of the Old Gods on earth, was mingled in one rose-coloured, delicious essence, that perturbed the night-air with intoxicating narcotics; when valour bade adieu to discretion, when the bouquets faded, and the *bosquets* were lit with a thousand additional lamps; when the *paré* echoed no more the cry of the gay *garçon du boucher*, and a thousand pulses in the dim area palpitated at the approach of the gallant *homme policé*, whose soft footfalls mark the beat of his own heart; when all that glittered was not golden, but silvered over by the gentle touches of the electro-plastic moonlight. It was the

hour of night, and but a few of that gay party knew precisely what o'clock it was.

Leaning over the balcony, the Do-Do and the Loo-Loo, the young, the unlimited Loo-Loo, were trifling with *des radis exotiques*, and emptying dishes of almonds, almost priceless at this season of the year, and raisins of the rarest hot-house growth, purchased in Covent Garden at ten guineas apiece, and listlessly throwing them into the stream below. SWERTIE, sitting between them, was inhaling a scented *pique-rigue*, and listening to the sweet notes of the mud-lark. Below him, on the terrace, stood Lady REGULA, surrounded by her thousand butterfly admirers.

STRAPMORE sat apart. A bitter, scornful sneer was on his handsome lip, a sneer that would have well become the countenance of the cruel Roman Emperor ZENO himself, when he sent forth his edict for stopping the gaming-tables at the Baths. His eye glanced from the voluptuous form, the pearl-white teeth, the deep crimson lips of the Lady REGULA, full and rich as if fresh from a Circæan banquet, and the radiant masses of heavy golden locks that would have roused the admiration of a divine Brahma, and that had long ago excited the envy of LA TADDINGTON, and fell on a small man who, by the aid of a night-light and a pair of spectacles, was quietly reading the evening paper in a corner.

"Who is that?" asked young MOAKE of the Fewsillier Guards.

"That?" echoed CHERUB, "That is the Honourable Mr. MERES HADDOW, the husband of the Lady standing there on the terrace. She keeps her own name as being her title in her own right. You know her, of course, *très cher?*"

"Oh!" lisped young MOAKE of the Fewsilliers, "Everyone knows her. You mean Lady REGULA BADDUM. Ah, yes!" And the boy sighed.

"He, too, is wounded!" muttered the CHERUB, sardonically. "What little game is this for her? Has she no higher flight?"

She had; for at that moment she smiled the intoxicating smile that had sent men raving by hundreds, and caused women to tear their hair with rage.

Her eye fell on SWERTIE. In an instant he had kicked over the table, forgotten the Do-Do and the Loo-Loo, and had leapt over the balcony, to kneel at the feet of the Circæan sorceress.

A dark smile stole over STRAPMORE's face, and a sudden pain encoiled him. "*C'en est trop!*" he muttered to himself. Then furtively he placed both hands behind his back, and stooping forward, carefully loosened the buckle *au dos de son gilet du soir*. After this his heart beat with a freer movement. He could look up now without wincing. He could move in his cold satiric manner. The agony had passed.

"Never again must I take twice of those confounded *côtelettes de porc aux violettes* du

printemps," he said, with regretful determination, "*c'est d'âre, mais c'est absolument nécessaire. Jamais de la vie!*" Could I have sprung over the balcony as did, a minute ago, that idiot PINTO FREEZE, and have knelt at her feet? A few moments since I could not have done it; now, perhaps, I might. Yet"—and he regarded himself in one of the Dodgerville mirrors, with which the Gardens were hung, and shook his head—"it won't do," he said. "There is a Dutch roundness, *qui n'est pas le fromage*, where the outline should be fine and classical."

Was this the cause of his over increasing cynicism? Was it indeed true, that this man, STRAPMORE, the sought after, the envied, the admired, was a prey to one secret dread? Was it this man, with the ambition of a WOLSEY, who was daunted by his own shadow?

"What is this?" he said, as, while earnestly regarding the mirror, he ground his teeth in impotent rage. "The mirror is held up to Nature; and Nature—great, good Nature—what does she say? Coming events cast their shadows before them!" He shuddered. "Is it possible that I shall ever be a DANIEL LAMBERT? I who have the daring of a Lucifer, the ambition of a WOLSEY! Ha!"—and he paused as the poet's line flashed across his memory—"he was a man of most unbounded stomach!" STRAPMORE, who would have been undaunted before a million foes, quailed before this reflection in the glass.

He turned. The husband was still reading in the corner. Lady REGULA and SWERTIE were sitting on the terrace; the Do-Do and the Loo-Loo had gone back to their admirers, and were, like a couple of Cleopatras, drinking each a purl. All were gambling, smoking, laughing, dancing to the sound of the mellow tangerine, or lying about dressed in white satin, crowned with roses, and pouring over one another libations of the deep rich red burgundy. "*A bas les blanchisseuses!*" they cried, as they squeezed over their *fronts de chemise* the golden juice of blood-red wall-figs, and scattered in every direction soft, pulpy, dainty peaches, *poires endormies*, and ruddy ripe tomatoes, in one gay, careless, riotous confusion.

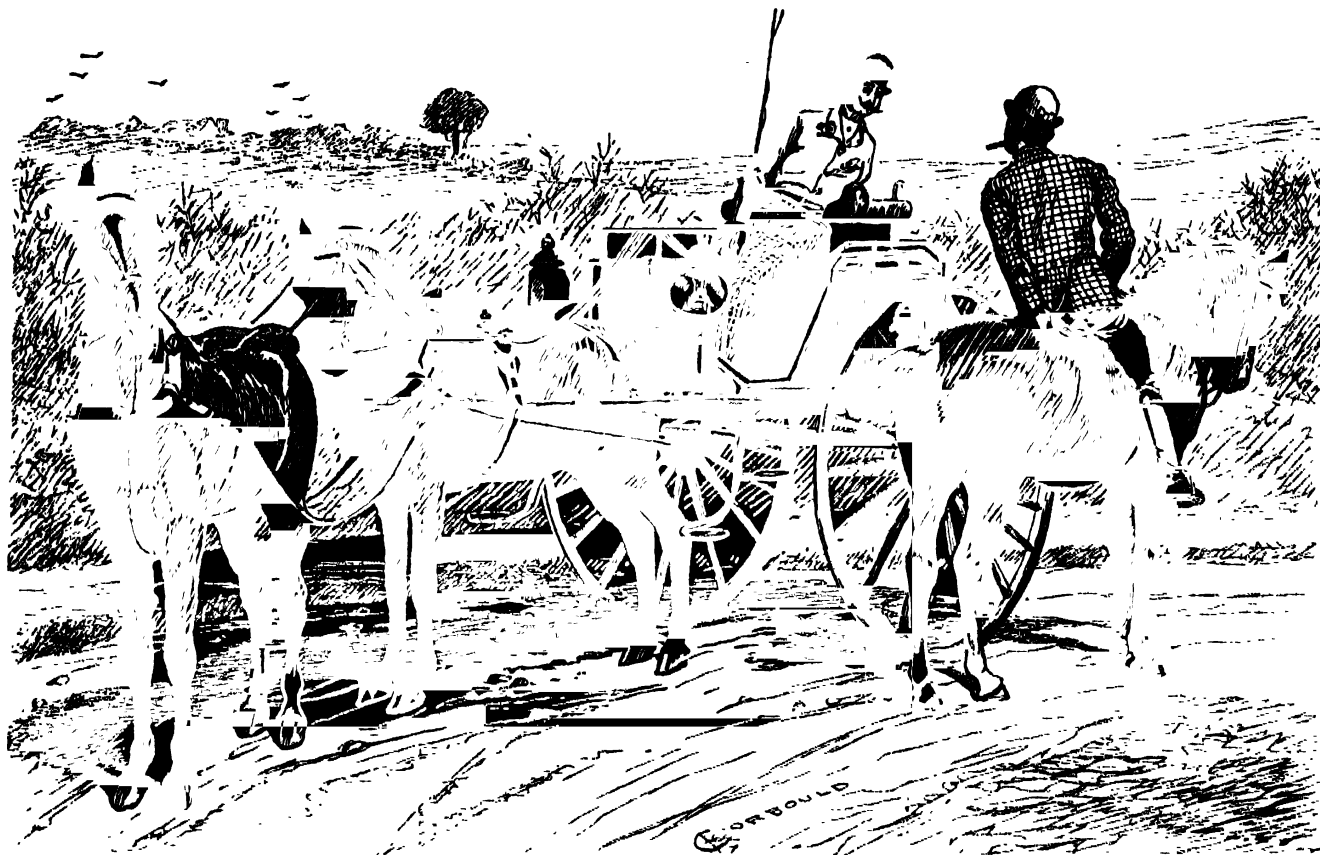
CHAPTER VII.—The sound of an *Asp irule* in *Helysium*.

ONCE more STRAPMORE turned in the direction of SWERTIE and Lady REGULA, and a bright flush passed over his pale face, and his chest heaved, and a choking sensation seized him at the sight. SWERTIE had stepped into a boat, where he was reclining in sensuous, lazy, enjoyment; while REGULA, on the bank, leaning over towards him, her basilica-like eyes shooting glances of liquid fire into his, while her inviting lips seemed to tempt his kiss as she held *aux lèvres* two white-heart cherries on one stalk, laughingly *jouant Robert-oérise*.

STRAPMORE leaned against the balustrade, his heart bounded, his bosom heaved; the strong man, the cold, disdainful, haughty sceptic was shaken, and, once more, passing his hands behind him with the convulsive effort of an agonised man, whose presence

* *Editor (per Wire).*—You don't mean "basilica-like," do you? Surely it should be "basilik." Of course, you may be right from your point of view, but isn't it a trifle too subtle for the public?—ED.

From Authoress to Editor (by Wire).—*Vous ne voulez pas dire ce que je veux dire, moi. "Basilik-like" means "queen-like." Réveillez-vous donc, mon vieux! Allez! hoop!*—Yours, W.



A RECOMMENDATION.

"MRS YOUNG FIIZFLIKE T'OTHER NIGHT."

"AW!"

"DOCCID NICE FELLOW—LOTS OF TIN—UNOLE'S JUST DEAD!"

of mind has not yet forsaken him, he unloosed another buckle of his *gilet du soir*, and breathed again.

She had seen him, she, the enchantress, the Circe, had seen him, and determined to conquer that cold, proud man at all hazards. And another, too, had watched the scene, the Loo-Loo. Concealing her emotion with a light laugh, she raised her jewelled hand, and, with a dexterous aim, hurled a twenty-guinea peach that went *pour les beaux yeux de Monsieur*.

It succeeded in its object, for it attracted his attention to her for whom he had once pretended to care; for whom now he cared no more than the rap he had just received.

A low voice from the terrace whispered, in the Zlang dialect, in his ear,

"*Twiggum spoonin in the boat! You would separate 'em? Ile telyerou.* Cross your poor gipsey's 'and with silver."

STRAPMORE bent his head, and listened to the low-tongued, soft-voiced Bohemian, and a strange unwonted fire burnt in his eyes.

"I will!" he exclaimed, in answer to her whisper. And rushing up the steps, he gained the room, where, among a hundred gamblers, reckless with the exciting vapour of *Red ordinaire* and *pique-vignes*, and crowned with garlands of the choicest flowers, stood young ALF PINTO throwing the dice, and staking more than all he had in the world. At the door was the Loo-Loo, flushed and panting, with roses, and *fleurs de Colli*, twined in her perfumed hair.

"See!" she exclaimed extending her fair, well-rounded, diamond-covered arm to STRAPMORE, "the notes young ALF PINTO gave me this morning to buy jewelled sweets with. Will you take them, or shall I make cigarettes of them?" And her dimpled, rose-tipped fingers twisted up one note for ten thousand pounds with some scented fragrant mixture of rare *choufous* within.

STRAPMORE snatched them from her.

"Take the boy away," he whispered hoarsely in her ear, "and marry him. My brougham is at the door. You love him. I know it."

The Loo-Loo bowed her head meekly. She knew that when STRAPMORE spoke, he must be obeyed. A few minutes after and the brougham had left for town with ALF PINTO PEEZE and the Loo-Loo.

STRAPMORE descended to the terrace, and peered over into the lime-lit space between the shadows and the moonlight.

"*Ah, mon gros bébé, mon ganache, v'lan! que vous êtes bête!*"

The words were low, and the voice was sweet and rich. The speaker was worthy of the voice, this blonde *aux yeux noirs*, as she lay on the bank, leaning amongst a heap of Indian rugs, rare *châles de Paisie* and yielding cushions.

The Lady REGULA BADDUN's eyes were as long as her sight; they were deep and full, and as lustrous as the hidden light that issues from the darkest lantern, or as the light from the Boopis among the ancient Heathen Divinities, and beamed, as the rays fell to the right or the left of her, most dangerous to all, as none could tell in what direction her glances were being shot from those masked batteries, that fired their deadly needle-darts, scattering lovers, like foes, in every direction at once. Her skin was as dazzlingly white as the crystal snow-sugar that crowns the summit of the *gâteau du soir douzième*; and yet, supernatural as was this striking beauty, there was a reality about the cheek with which Nature had most amply gifted her, which, while it might have startled an ascetic, would have enthralled the voluptuary, would have conquered the æsthetic with its delicate *venus-aux-carottes* bloom; while her hair, which was not exactly auburn, nor yet strictly golden, was of that strange *demi-et-demi-monde* mixture, a sort of *ecceau-heauz bizarre* tint, that I have only seen once in my life, and shall probably never see again, in fair France, or in France, at a fair, long ago, when the price was *dix centimes pour entrevoir La Beauté merveilleuse aux cheveux d'un cheval-pie*. Her nose was long, and she had a trick with her, a sort of playful movement, by which, in expressing disdain or incredulity, she could seem to lengthen it at will, yet without for one moment detracting from its just proportions. Her lips were soft, full, and luscious, as though she were always fresh from feeding on moist oil cakes of vermilion colour, framing a mouth that smiled superfluous destruction. It was a face that an Old Master might have painted; it was a face that she herself, without being an Old Master, could paint to perfection.

She was still toying with SWEETIE in the boat as STRAPMORE looked over the balustrade. In an instant, in a lightning's flash, with her right eye fascinating SWEETIE, she shot a beseeching, captivating, ravishing glance from her left, that went with deadly aim to its mark, to STRAPMORE's heart.

"He shall be mine!" she thought to herself, as, unseen by



"LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY."—*Old Song.*

Mistress (who does not allow "Followers" in the House). "WHO IS THAT YOU WERE TALKING TO IN THE KITCHEN, MARY?—OH, BUT I CERTAINLY DID HEAR YOU TALKING TO SOME ONE,—AND I THOUGHT I HEARD, INDISTINCTLY, I ADMIT, A MAN'S—"

Mary (making a clean breast of it). "WELL, YOU SEE, M'M, ME AND MY YOUNG MAN 'AVE STARTED A TALLYPHONE, M'UM—BUT HE NEVER COMES NEARER THAN ROUND THE CORNER OF THE NEXT STREET, M'UM!!"

SWEETIE, she took a silver tube from her girdle and blew a cherry-stone at STRAPMORE. "A cherry-stone for him," she said to herself; "but my right eye is my FREEZE-shooter," and she glanced at PINTO dawdling in the boat.

STRAPMORE approached and bowed coldly, as a *shiver de freeze* passed through his iron frame.

At the sound of his footstep, PINTO jumped up, and stepped on shore.

"Let me introduce my friend to you, Lady REGULA," he said. "This is Lord BUKLYN STRAPMORE."

Their eyes met, and STRAPMORE's heart swelled out with a big sigh, as he made his most exquisite bow. He felt something crack with the resonant snap of a heart-string, or of the last chord that breaks the camel's back. He nearly fainted in her presence where he stood. The last waistcoat button but one, and the last buckle of his *gilet du soir*. There had only been three.

"I must speak to you at once," STRAPMORE said, in a low tone, to SWEETIE.

"What is it?" asked his friend.

"This!" replied STRAPMORE, showing him the Bank of Elegance notes that he had obtained from ALF PINTO.

SWEETIE uttered a sharp cry, and staggered forward.

"Oh, the Little One!" he cried, piteously. "*Le très cher!*"

And from the river bank, from among the soft eider cushions, came up the sweet low song of the enchantress, as she murmured the refrain, "*Ils le font, tous! Ils le font, tous!*"

(To be continued)

Something Like Champions;

Or, La jeune fille bien gardée.

"WAR be bothered!" cries BRITANNIA.

"Who with me dare measure swords,
While Wolf-guarded in the Commons,
And Strathedged in the Lords?"

BY HEAT MEASURE.

"An interesting Paper was read at the last meeting of the Royal Society, on 'Experimental Researches on the Temperature of the Head,' in which the writer, Dr. LOMBARD, showed that mental activity will at once raise the temperature of the head."—*Spectator.*

"MENTAL activity?" Good Dr. L.,
This is a somewhat startling tale you tell.
It once was thought that mind the temper steadied,
And that the emptiest fools were most hot-head'd.
Suppose you tested our War Party's *crania*,
When in their fits of what cool heads call mania;
If it is mental effort makes them hot,
Lord! what extraordinary minds they've got!

An Admirable Test.

For Payment (of Reading Lessons) by Results.

READ at sight the Russo-Turkish Treaty, Articles 1, 3, 6, and 13 defining the boundaries of Montenegro, Servia, and Bulgaria, and the new Turco-Russ-Armenian Frontier-line.

Self-Centred.

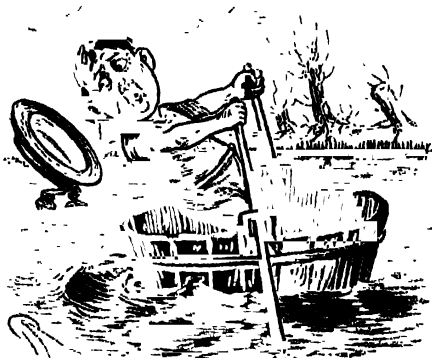
PROLEMY thought our little whirling ball
The all-important centre of the All.
Who'll save us from the egotist abyss
Of purblind Ptolemaic Patriotism?

"ONE DOWN T'OTHER COME ON!"

JUDGING by the way Mr. SMITH has been buying up foreign Iron-clads, we should say it is a case of Purchase System in the Navy v. Purchase System in the Army abolished.

THE NEWS OF THE WEEK.

OXBRIDGE, Monday.



THE Eight went out for practice this morning, and took a spin up to Bolter's Reach. Number Four coughed twice, and it was noticed that Bow was decidedly lumpy. Considerable excitement was caused by the report that Number Five was to be changed—the training was said to be too much for him. Later in the afternoon it was ascertained that he

had eaten two pounds and a half of rumpsteak, and had walked eighteen miles in less than the two hours. The rumour was, therefore, evidently without solid foundation.

CAMFORD, Tuesday.

The Stroke tried his new crew with gratifying results. Number Seven is rather short in the wind, and Four scarcely put his back into it. The coaching was done from the bank on horseback.

OXBRIDGE, Wednesday.

An important alteration has been made in the boat. Number Five has changed places with Number Four. This arrangement has caused a profound sensation, and nothing else is talked about.

CAMFORD, Thursday.

Number Three has a slight cold, and, therefore, his place has been taken by Brown, of St. Tooting's. The banks were occupied this afternoon by the whole of the University, who watched the practice of the crew in the storm from the shelter of umbrellas.

OXBRIDGE, Friday.

The Stroke having left the University to inspect the various ships building for trial for the race, the rest of the crew went out in pair-tubs. Snooks coached from a steam launch, and complained that the style of Numbers Two and Seven was wanting in stamina and form. It is hoped that the sudden death of the Aunt of Number Three will not cause the loss of the services of that accomplished Blue to the Varsity on the day of the race.

CAMFORD, Saturday.

Number Six has a slight cough, and Number Four a sick headache. Number Five scarcely pulled his best to-day, owing, it is rumoured, to a sore finger. Stroke has returned, and took a spin up to Bunkum Bridge. The Crew was coached from the towing-path.

A PROBLEM FOR PETTY JURYMEN.

"Strong hereditary predisposition to insanity, epileptic attacks, absence of motive, unwillingness to attempt to conceal the guilt, delivering himself up to justice, and a previous history both in youth and manhood not consistent with sanity are sufficient to justify an acquittal on the grounds of insanity. It is not, however, to be expected that a jury of farmers would be able to consider in detail the facts elicited in evidence in support of the various substantial proofs of his mental state."—Dr. L. S. FORBES WINSLOW ON "Criminal Responsibility."—*Times*.

SCENE—A Withdrawing-Room at a County Assize Court. Jury Retired to Consider their Verdict.

Foreman. Well, gen'l'm'n, I s'pose there can't be no doubt but what the priznur done ut?

First Jurymen. Noa. Only quesohum fur we to conzidder sime to be whether or no 'twuzn't what ye med call ixcusabul homyside, and we oughtn't to 'quit 'un on the ground o' insannuty, cause at the time 'a done 't 'a wuz out o' his mind.

Second Jurymen. Out o' his mind? Yaa! No moor out o' his mind nor out o' his skin. No moor out o' his mind than you be. He know'd preshus well what 'a was about—he did.

Third Jurymen. Praps 'a did. But dissn't mind what the doctors zed? They all agreed as how 'a cummitted the act under the inflerence of on accountabul impulse.

Foreman. Not onaccountabul, nibur, oncounterollabul. That wuz the doctors' word.

Third Jurymen. Well, 'tis all one. Oncounterollabul manes onaccountabul doan't ut?

Fourth Jurymen. Ees; manes 'a caan't help hisself.

Third Jurymen. And the doctors s'ore they belaved the priznur coodn't.

Second Jurymen. The doctors? Shee! They med zay what they likes. What I sez is I belaves he know'd what 'a wuz about.

Fifth Jurymen. Can a feller possabul know what 'a's about, when 'a's lost 'a's wits?

Sixth Jurymen. Ees, at laste zo I understand the Judge should say, as long as 'a can tell the differ'nce 'tween right and wrong.

Seventh Jurymen. There be some loonatics as can do that. Did 'ee never hear o' the chap as sed as how 'a wuz only mad nartli-west, but when the wind was sutherly 'a know'd a hawk from a handsaw?

Eighth Jurymen. If 'a didn't know what 'a'd ben and done, what did 'a goo and gie his self up for?

Third Jurymen. The doctors thinks that there one o' them very things that shows 'un a madman. If so be 'ad ben in his senees they sez in coorse he'd a tried to console the deed. Then what did 'a do 't for. Nuthun, gimmunly, to spake of.

Second Jurymen. Doan't tell me. He know'd what 'a wuz about.

Third Jurymen. 'A hadn't got no gridge agin 'un. 'A didn't rob 'un. Then dree or your of his uncles and aunts had ben put in a maddus. It run in the fam'ly. He his self was subject to vits—apoplepsy or epilepsy didn't the doctors call 'um? as proved disaze o' the brain. Doan't that show 'a wuz cracked?

Second Jurymen. Half-cracked 'a med 'a ben. But 'a know'd what 'a was about.

Ninth Jurymen. Aivun sponse a wuz mad, what then? Hang 'un all the same. 'A'll sarve for an ixamplio as well as are another one to them that be none the wiser.

Third Jurymen. If we hangs a feller when we didn't ought to, shan't us murder he too?

Second Jurymen. Doan't thee be so partickler and pigheaded. What I sez, and what I sticks to is—he know'd what 'a wuz about.

Tenth Jurymen. So I thinks.

Eleventh Jurymen. As far as I could meak out the Judge's summun-up, 'a sim'd to toll us plaiinlee to convict 'un.

Foreman. Gen'l'men, the rool to goo by at all times is most votes carries the day. Another good rule is gie and take, and split the 'differ'nce, like. Doan't ye think our best waay 'ood bo fur to find 'un guilty but recommended to massy?

Jurymen. Ees, ees. That 's about it.

Third Jurymen. Well, I won't be obstinate. I gies in.

Foreman. Gen'l'm'n, Gen'l'm'n, be ye 'greed upon yer vardiet?

Jurymen. We be. We be. We finds 'un guilty but recommends 'un to massy.

Third Jurymen. I hopes there bain't no fear that they'n hang 'un for all that.

Second Jurymen. What if they dooz? Nuthun wun't never persaad me but that what 'a well know'd what 'a wuz about.

Curtain.

"THE SEA! THE SEA!"

WE welcome with delight this announcement—

"NEW FAST TRAIN FOR THANET.—The London Chatham and Dover Company are about to confer a great boon on the visitors and inhabitants of the Isle of Thanet. It is their intention, on and after April 1, to start a special express every afternoon at 3.15, which will perform the journey to Margate-on-Sea in one hour and forty minutes. The train will proceed to Margate and Ramsgate at the same rate of speed. There will be a like fast train from Ramsgate every morning at ten o'clock, which will call at Margate and Westgate on its way to London."

As a suggestion of this nature has been offered more than once to the London Chatham and Dover Company in *Mr. Punch's* politest manner, he most willingly inserts the following lyric sentiments—being a few railway lines, written expressly for this occasion, to be set to any fresh air on the sea-coast—from the pen of Our Own Out-of-Town Traveller:—

A healthier place in this little planet
Cannot be found than the Isle of Thanet.
For Margate, for Ramsgate, for Westgate-on-Sea,
A daily train, at a quarter past three,
After April the first, on the L. C. and D.,
The run in a hundred minutes will make
That used a hundred and sixty to take.
The boon will be great when the weather is fine.
May the L. C. and D. be the L. S. D. Line!

Our Out-of-Town Traveller adds a Postscript, which is worth the Company's attention. He writes briefly, "How about Sunday? Couldn't we be got down to the same destinations between nine and eleven on Sunday mornings? Just in time for the Church by the Sea! Another chance for a Boon!"

Yours,

O. Q. T. T.

"TRUST INVESTMENTS."—The Ritualists' Motto.

WIND AND WEATHER.

METEOROLOGICAL
IDYL.

"THE Sun bursts
out in frequent
blaze;
Shade flies, light
flashes o'er the
world.
But yet in air
there hangs a
haze,
And what can
make it blow so
cold?"

"The Steeple Cook
points beak due
West;
His tail the other
way turns he.
Though that, me-
seems, is where
his crest
In such a breeze
as this should
be.

"So cold has Christmas seldom been.
It ne'er was colder, e'en in May.
Why does the wind's edge cut so keen?
Turn, pensive Shepherd, turn and say."

"Stranger, yon vaporous mountains note,
Cumuli, Alps on Alps, up there!
They're frozen clouds, aloft that float
As icebergs in the sea of air.

"Their rimy crags illumed, how fast
See how they change, and surge, and grow;
Whilst Zephyr apes an Eastern blast,
Because the sky is full of snow."

"Thanks, Guardian of the fleecy flock,
How rare, how pleasing, 'tis to find
'Mongst rustics reared from lowly stock
A cultured and observant mind!"

"Kind Stranger, scant 's the labourer's hire
In this inclement atmosphere;
And welcome—pardon the desire—
To his parched lips a draught of beer."

"Nay, Shepherd, breathe not that request;
Banish strong drink from downs and plains:
Where Science wears the Bumpkin's vest,
Let Temperance rule contented Swains."

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(A few Words about Mr. Carl Rosa's Opera Company, and the
Faust, as lately given at the Adelphi.)

SIR,

ARE we an "unmusical people?" Look at the daily advertisements of Academy Concerts, of Monday Pops, of Chamber Concerts, of Saturday Pops, of Soirées Musicales, of Philharmonic Concerts, of Concertina Concerts, of Pianoforte Recitals, Crystal and Alexandra Palace Concerts, and so forth. Travelling eastward from the Choral Society's performance at the Albert Hall, on the way to an Oratorio at Exeter Hall, you may stop on your road in Piccadilly, where under the same roof, and at the same time are being given, "*With Verdure Clad*," and "*Kiss me, good night, Mother*," followed by the "*Blue Tailed Fly*," with Tambourine and Bones accompaniment by the Christy Minstrels, who have solemnly vowed never to perform out of the Hall, dedicated to one of the St. James's, whether the Greater or the Less, I do not know. Who shall say we are an unmusical people? Not, I hope, MR. CARL ROSA, whose season is now coming to an end. He has done admirably; and every one operatically interested hopes that if not at present rewarded, like Miss DINAH, with—

"A worry large fortune in silver and gold,"

he may, at all events, be on the high road towards that consummation, devoutly to be wished, and also towards establishing a permanent

Operatic Entertainment in English, that is, in a language "under-
stood of the people."

How rapturously the entire House, with its crowded pit, and well-filled gallery, applauded the Soldiers' Chorus, and the March in *Faust*! How discriminating was their praise awarded to MR. JOSEPH MAIS as *Faust*, who began better than he went on, to MISS FECHTER as *Marguerite*, who finished far better than she had commenced, and to MR. LUDWIG as *Valentine*, who was good throughout, from first to last. Dramatically, he was one of the best *Valentines*, if not the best, I've ever seen. Did HERB MEYER LUTZ train him at the Gaiety?—for it was there, I believe, that MR. LUDWIG started. Miss MARIE FECHTER looked the German *Gretchen* to perfection; and if she commenced nervously, she showed herself quite mistress of the last and most difficult situation, in the Prison scene, which, both operatically and dramatically, is the critical point for any *Marguerite*. The audience were evidently most anxious for her success: there were old familiar associations about the name of FECHTER in connection with the Adelphi Theatre. I am speaking of the second performance, not the first. MR. CELLI's *Mephistopheles* was not sufficiently diabolic. That the "Prince of Darkness is a Gentleman," I am aware; but *Mephisto* is only that Black Prince's Lieutenant; and MR. CELLI made him more like a fallen Life-Guardsman, who had picked up his manners from a friendly counter-jumper, than a cynical wily Satanic agent. The make-up was not good. MR. CELLI's memory, perhaps, does not reach back so far as MR. CHARLES KEAN's *Mephistopheles*. There could be no better model for a "make-up" than that. He has not yet mastered the awfully devilish laugh in the Serenade; but a little careful study will soon set this all right. Considering the limited resources of that very un-Lyric Establishment, the Adelphi, *Faust* was admirably put on the Stage.

I should imagine that of all the Operas in MR. CARL ROSA's repertoire this is the most popular. The Play itself has always been a favourite, a stock piece, whether in town or country. With all the characters in it every audience is familiar. But there is another reason why this English version of *Faust* goes so well; and that is, there is no spoken dialogue, it is all recitative.

The blot on the English version of *The Merry Wives* is the "spoken" between the music. The blot on all English Operas is the dialogue. However good the dialogue may be, it has the air of patch-work. It is not musical in itself, and you have come to hear music. Singers' speaking voices are proverbially unmusical, and, clever as their acting may be, they do not seem at home in dialogue. It never comes naturally either to them, or to the Opera. Miss JULIA GAYLORD is, on the whole, an exception to this rule, but even this clever and bright young lady cannot, in speaking, get rid of a certain twang of Americanism, which is scarcely in keeping with the character of *Mrs. Ford*. All this disappears, as does stammering, in singing. MR. CARL ROSA should banish dialogue from all his libretti.

During the reign of Italian Opera, he and his company visit the provinces, to return I hope in the winter season before Christmas, and make another step towards permanently establishing his excellent Opera-in-English Company, as a thriving institution, in one of our London theatres. If the frequenters of the Pit, Gallery, and Upper Boxes only knew where the St. James's Theatre was to be found, that house might suit the purpose. Unless Pit and Gallery go in for the entertainment, the high life below stairs, I mean in the Stalls, which only associates music with Italian names, unintelligible language, white ties, late hours, toothpicks, lorgnettes, and lobbies, will never have sufficient energy to support it, having scarcely the energy to support themselves, without the aid of crutch-handled black sticks, which press painfully on the toes of—

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

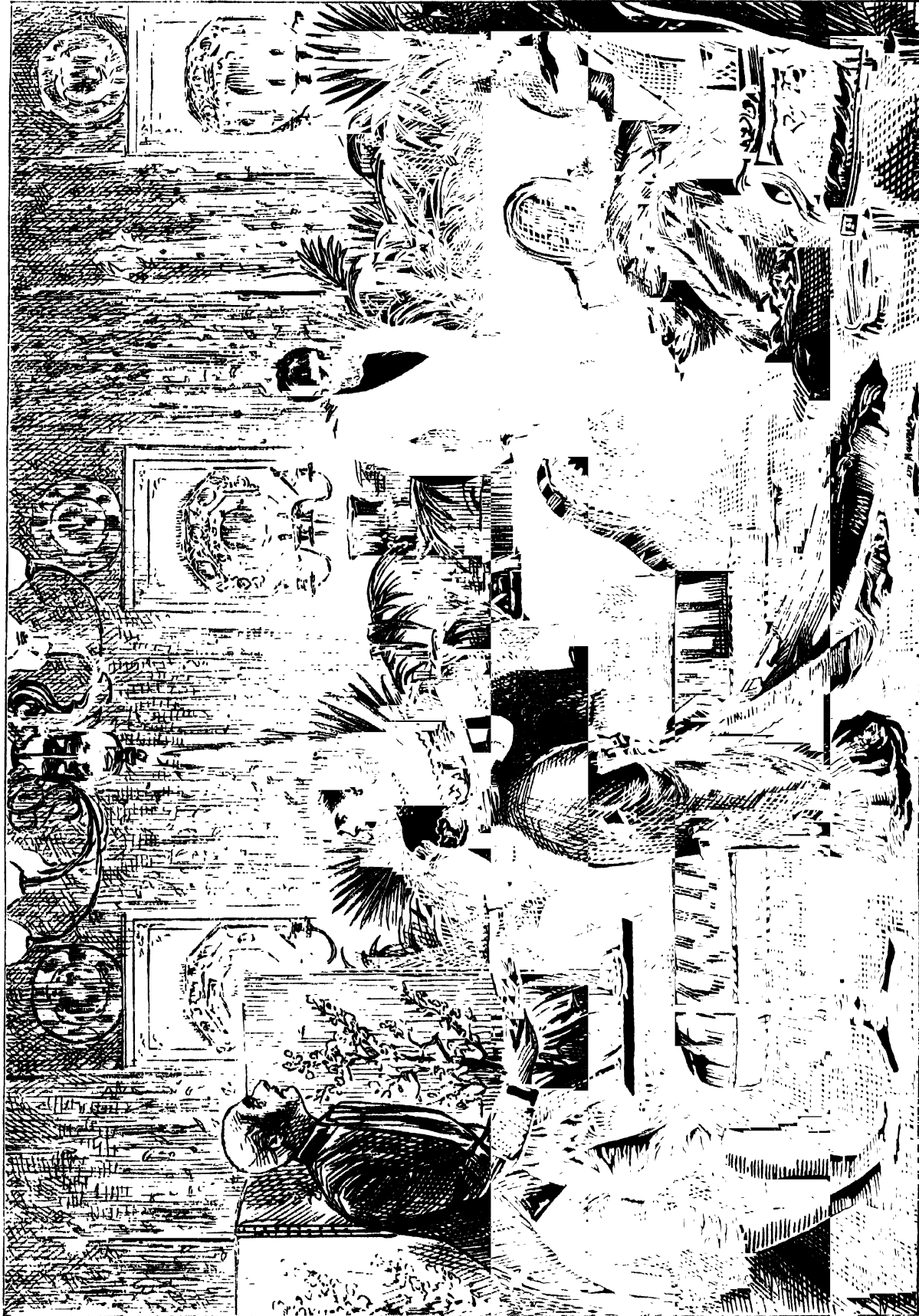
A New Line.

"HARD up" is the motto of many an elegant young gentleman not born to fortune, in these days of competitive examinations and over-crowded avenues to employment. Impecunious swells, qualified for fellowships at All Souls as "*hene rati, bene restiti, et mediocriter docti in arte musici*," will find a new line of livelihood chalked out for them by this quotation from the advertising columns of the Times:—

A PERFECT GENTLEMAN, middle-aged and non-smoker, desires a really refined HOME in a Lady's house at the West End. Would not object to furnish dressing and bed-rooms, and devote his time to the business matters and amusement of the family as part equivalent. Early breakfast and late dinner only required. Mutual references.—Address, &c.

A TRULY ODD FORCE.

MRS. MALAPROP, during the late hard weather, was heard to inquire whether the cold was in any way supposed to be occasioned by positive, or negative eccentricity?



MUSIC AT HOME.

Hostess (to new Footman, after the Guests have departed). "BY THE BYE, JAMES, YOU BROUGHT IN THE TEA JUST AS SIGNOR PAPAGENUCO BEGAN TO SING. HOW COULD YOU MAKE SUCH A MISTAKE AS THAT?"
New Footman. "BEG PARDON, MA'AM, BUT THE COMPANY NEVER LEFT OFF TALKING TILL THE SINGING BEGAN, AND I WAS AFRAID OF INTERRUPTING THE CONVERSATION."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



A WEEK of shipwrecks—First of the *Eurydice*: next, of the hopes of peace, founded on Lord DERRY's presence in the Cabinet.

Monday, March 25 (Lords).—Lord SALISBURY whitewashed Mr. OLIPHANT. He had been dismissed from the Secretaryship to Sir SALAR JUNG—Prime Minister to the Nizam, and Cook *Salmo Salar* of Native Statesmen—but he had been dismissed without a stain on his reputation. When a man has been kicked down-stairs, it should be a comfort to him to know he has left the best of characters behind him.

Lord ELPHINSTONE confirmed the sad story of the capsizing of the *Eurydice* off the Isle of Wight, with three hundred and twenty souls aboard. Some of *Punch's* correspondents have had the bad taste to send him puns on the name. He, with a heavy heart, referring to his Fourth Georgic, found this *Sors Virgiliana* singularly applicable—*tempestas* only substituted for *dementia*—"storm" for the "madness" thereof—

*"Jamque pedem referens, casus evaserat omnes,
Redditaque Eurydice patrias veniebat ad auras,
Quum subita incutiam tempestas cepit."*

*"Now, 'scaped her cruise's perils, o'er the foam,
Eurydice was gaily bowling home
When sudden the squall struck her, off her guard!"*

Such a catastrophe falls, like a private grief, on every home and heart in England.



THE LOWER WALK OF LITERATURE.

Housemaid (to jaded Literary Man, who has just finished a hard day's work).—
 "OH, IF YOU'RE NOT BUSY, SIR, WOULD YOU MIND JUST LOOKING OVER MY
 HARICLE FOR THE *FAMILY HERALD*!"

LORD GRANVILLE and the Duke of CAMBRIDGE—the Earl, as Warden of the Cinque Ports, glad to do a good turn to his neighbours, and to provide a harbour of refuge besides; the Duke, as Commander-in-Chief anxious for the strengthening of our Channel Gibraltar—questioned LORD BEACONSFIELD on the Government intentions with regard to the improving of Dover Harbour.

LORD BEACONSFIELD put the Government abandonment of the Bill for the proposed improvements entirely on the score of expense. But it looks as if the Government saw reasons to doubt the feasibility and wisdom of the proposed plans, quite independent of their cost. CAPTAIN CALVER, one of our most experienced nautical surveyors, has had a good deal to say on the subject; and as he has, by good right, the ear of the Authorities, he may have made them sensible of the weight of his objections.

Is the Government prepared to spend any money on a complete and chronological collection of casts? asks LORD WHARFCLIFFE. No, says LORD BEACONSFIELD. The Government has not even a single cast in its eye, much less a collection of casts. How should it have money to spare for smaller casts, having just spent Six Millions on the greatest of all casts—the cast of War.

(*Commons*).—*Minima* may be *maxima*, if they are Irish; and we believe the Chief Secretary, who dared declare that the Law cares not for the least of Irish grievances, would not soon hear the last of it. Thus the case of MRS. SPINKS, for twenty-eight years matron of, and now a pauper in, Cavan Workhouse, the Guardians having refused her a pension, becomes a matter of grave inquiry by MR. KAVANAGH, and of grave answer by MR. LOWTHK. The Guardians have been hard on the poor old lady; but the Irish Local Government Board can't force them to be generous, or even just.

The KROGH row is also among the *minima* that become *maxima* because they are Irish. MR. JUSTICE KROGH has been speaking his mind to the Londonderry Grand Jury on the mischief of party-processions in Ireland. Considering that ninety-seven prisoners were awaiting trial for party-riots, it would occur to few Englishmen that the Judge was to blame. But it seems to MR. SULLIVAN that the Judge has been treating St. Patrick's Day disrespectfully, and ought to be pulled over the Parliamentary coals for it.

MR. O'CONNOR POWER called MR. JUSTICE KROGH a religious and political firebrand, though his denunciation of party-processions seems more like the act of an extinguisher.

Altogether the evening was "more Irish and less nice" than was agreeable. Besides the Cavan Matron, and MR. JUSTICE KROGH, the Petitions for and

against the Sunday Closing Bill, to which there seems to have been wholesale forging of signatures, afforded occasion for Irish recriminations and obstructions, in which a great deal of precious time was wasted.

The row over the Mutiny Bill wound up the evening with quite a Donnybrook-Fair flourishing of oratorical shillelaghs, in which DR. KENEALY, MR. O'DONNELL, MR. O'CONNOR POWER, and our old friends, Messrs. PARNELL and BIGGAR, handled their bludgeons (of speech) to their hearts' content, keeping the House at it till near two in the morning, and goading the chivalrous but not always patient War-Secretary into a bellicose mood, and even within an inch of ill-temper.

After this tempest in a tea-cup, there seemed something like profanity in MR. SMITH'S reading of the QUEEN'S telegram expressing her grief at the loss of the *Eurydice* and her heartfelt sympathy with the afflicted parents and relatives of the lost ship's company.

Tuesday (Lords).—The genial Lord Houghton tried in vain to get LORD BRANCHAMP'S Bishops Bill thrown overboard—apparently from a prejudice against "one horse" Bishops, "supported mainly by voluntary contributions," which may be all very well for hospitals, but not for Bishops, who ought to be dignified scholars and gentlemen, settled in their sees to enjoy their libraries and entertain their neighbours, and to employ what may be left them of leisure from these pleasant occupations in the secondary business of looking after their dioceses.

The Archbishop of CANTERBURY gave a different view of episcopal duty, and their Lordships seemed to agree with DR. TAIT rather than with Lord Houghton.

So the Bill was Read a Second time.

(*Commons*).—Another Donnybrook-Fair night over the Mutiny Bill. This time the fight was over the flogging clauses. But the row was happily cut short by a count, the Irish combatants not having been careful—or able—to keep a house.

Wednesday.—The system of Irish—as well as English and Scotch—Municipal Elections, is now under consideration by a Select Committee. So is the Mutiny Bill—in effect. But shall this prevent Irish Members from having their say on either? Perish the thought! So MR. GRAY moved Second Reading of a Bill to Elect Irish Guardians by Ballot, which MR. FORSTER thought better than by voting papers. Perhaps it is. But, at best, it looks like a choice of evils. The Liberal Members took this, as they take every opportunity of showing that they are ready even to strain a point in support of the Home-Rulers, and enabled them to divide in the unusually respectable proportion of 161 to 208.

Thursday (Lords).—No cloud in the air betokened the storm that was to burst over their Lordships' decorous benches any more than that which so suddenly sprang up to overwhelm the hapless *Eurydice*.

But when watchers from the standing-space about the Throne saw LORD DERRY seated below the gangway, a murmur crept from mouth to mouth, and ear to ear—"Resigned." And so it was.

In a speech of much feeling, though of most studied reserve, LORD DERRY announced that the blow which cooler heads have so long feared had fallen, and that he no longer held the Seals of Foreign Secretary. He had not dissented from his colleagues on the line to be taken about the Congress. He thought it better the Congress should not meet at all, than that it should meet only to break up "*re infecta*." But the measures which his colleagues had thought it right to take on the falling through of the Congress, were not such as he thought prudent, in the interests of European peace, necessary for the safety of the country, or warranted by the state of matters abroad.

LORD BEACONSFIELD followed in a speech of equally creditable feeling and not less studied reticence. Henceforth he is free to work his will in the Cabinet and the Country. Does that will tend to war. And if war—war with what allies, and for what stakes? The Reserves are to be called out. And so the first move to—if not in—the great European "Kriegspiel" is taken. H.M.S. *Britannia* has cast off her peace-buoy, and is drifting—whither? The crisis is too momentous for jesting.

As LORD BEACONSFIELD sat down—

"There was silence deep as death,
 And the boldest held his breath
 For a time—"

And then came the buzz of pent-up feeling, and those who had heard the news separated to spread it, with the grave sense that England was one step—and a long one—nearer to “the brazen bridge of war.”

(*Commons.*)—After an interlude of trivial questioning—to which nobody listened, absorbed as all were by the tidings that had overflowed from Lords to Commons, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, in answer to Lord HARTINGTON, read the closing of the correspondence between our Foreign Office and the Russian Chancellor.

Question.—“Will you so communicate the Treaty of San Stefano to the Congress, that it may examine and consider the whole Treaty in its relation to existing Treaties?”

A question to be asked.

Answer.—“The Imperial Government leaves to the other Powers the liberty of raising such questions as they may think fit to discuss, and reserves to itself the liberty of accepting or not accepting the discussion of these questions.”

An answer—in the opinion of our Government—not to be accepted. And yet, if Russia is not to have this liberty? And must the discussion needs be useless, even if Russia decline to accept it? Is the balance of power to be resettled without discussion—by collision, not of diplomatic wits, but of brute forces?

After this, and the news of Lord DERBY's resignation, no wonder if a wrangle over the Mutiny Bill, aggravated by Mr. CAVENDISH BENTINCK's explanations, was felt to be intolerable, though it had to be endured.

And then, sequel of the earlier news of the night, came Mr. HARDY's announcement, that a Royal Message will be sent to the House—probably on Monday—to announce the proposed calling out of the Reserves, and to be followed by a Proclamation for that purpose.

Friday (Lords).—The House not yet recovered from the stunning effect of yesterday's storm. The discussion of the Queen's Message, calling out the Reserves, is fixed for Monday week.

Lord PENZANCE objects to making even guilty husbands provide for guilty wives. He knows best. So the clause giving the Court power to compel such provision was struck out of the Matrimonial Causes Bill.

The canny Scots have thus far been content to leave their charitable endowments in the control of the “pious Founder.” Is this because Scotch pious Founders have been so uncommonly far-sighted, or Scotch Managers so uncommonly “canny,” that they have managed to work the machinery that in less knowing hands, would have come to a stand-still? Any way, the Duke of Richmond has brought in a very necessary Bill, giving them power to fit the pious Founder's machinery to the needs and knowledge of the time.

(*Commons: Mornings.*) Mr. COURTNEY, with that spirit of self-dependence which distinguishes him, contended against the doctrine that treaties cannot be altered without consent of their signers.

In supply, Mr. O'DONNELL renewed his unnatural attack on his Irish *Alma-Matres*—it needed many to ripen such a son—the Queen's Colleges.

Mr. RIVERS WILSON has been allowed by the Government to take part in the Egyptian Financial Inquiry on the KUEDIVE's application, not to satisfy creditors, but to prevent complications. Will the turning on of our Rivers be sufficient to cleanse the financial foulness of old Nile—or will *ex Nilo nil* be still the motto of the KUEDIVE's creditors?

Evening.—Lord HARTINGTON, in the name of the Opposition, wishes to know whether England stands alone on the ground she has now taken—in insisting that the Treaty shall be submitted *en bloc* to the Congress—and if so, how it comes about that no other Power has been found to stand beside her? Is the country in circumstances of “imminent national danger” or “grave emergency”?

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER said the House had already had before it the pith of the correspondence with Russia, but the forthcoming papers would give our latest communications with other foreign Powers. The Government could not consent to go in to Congress without seeing the cards. This the rules of Brag and Blind Hookey do not permit. Therefore they had declined to go into Congress to play either of these games.

The House was Counted Out at twenty-five minutes past ten, only one question occupying all minds—What is the situation? And its ominous answer: War—with all Reserves.

In a Ball-Room.

Smith. Who's husband, pray, to yon décolletée Madam?

Brown. Believe he's here. Don't know him, though, from Adam.

Smith. That he were Adam one could half believe,

For one might well mistake his wife for Eve.

RE-CHRISTENED.—Ireland, under its new Chief Secretary: Lowther Arcadia.

SAD NEWS OF OUR SALMON.



AMONG the less pleasing phenomena of Progress is numbered the Cattle-plague. To that visitation may now be added a Salmon-pest, which has broken out in the rivers of Cumberland and Westmoreland. In some streams this, having been found confined to “kelts” or spawned fish, was supposed to be a disease incidental to pisciform parturition, but:—

“In the Eden, however, a more serious state of affairs exists. Large numbers of Salmon—not only kelts, but clean fish lately arrived from the sea—appear to be affected with an epidemic which destroys hundreds of them. The head and tail first, and gradually the

whole body is attacked by a disease which appears to eat away the flesh, turning it white, and giving the fish the appearance of being affected with leprosy. Such fish are entirely unfit for food. Correspondents describe them as leaping out of the water, as if in pain and in frantic efforts to escape; some return to the sea, but many perish in their attempts to reach the salt water. The Salmon caught in the estuary are not diseased in this way, and, as the epidemic is said to be spreading to the Trout, it would appear that some peculiar condition in the fresh water is the cause of the remarkable phenomena.”

Yes, as the *Times* says, the condition of the fresh water in the Eden is probably peculiar. Its peculiarity, we fear, does not consist in that special freshness which ought to belong to a river of Paradise proper as contradistinguished from one connected by tributaries with lead-mines, paper-mills, dye-works, and the other profitable sources of pollution and pollutions of sources. Is it really impossible to prevent the poisoning of rivers without destruction of industrial enterprise, or must salmon as well as trout, be finally sacrificed to Munition, in the temple of the Almighty Dollar?

THE “EURYDICE,”

(CAPTAIN MARCUS HARE.)

Capsized with all hands but two off Dunmore Head, March 21.

In sight of home, almost in sound of hail,
With a stern-wind the good ship sped along,
And her three hundred tars, young, lusty, strong—
Beneath her bellying clouds of snowy sail.

Eight bells! A darkness fell. With joy breath
Leapt from its sudden cloud the sudden blast,
Smote on full sails, and open ports, and past—
And ship and sailors had gone down to death.

Past—and sun shone once more on cliff and lea,
Sea smiled again, and sky got back its glow,
But all that life lay still and stark below,
For all the shine of sky and smile of sea.

And here and there, up from that ocean tomb
One rose, and fought with wind and wave, and fell,
And two of the three hundred live to tell
How swift that passage was from life to doom.

And now as hope, against hope cherished, dies,
And they that 'scaped a sea-grave, sleep on shore
Among the loved ones they shall see no more,
A still small voice to check our wailing cries,

“Think not these lives crowned with this death in vain,
Nor deem destruction falls with random sweep;
That they who past hence to that sudden sleep
Had been more glorious, in battle slain.

“Afloat, ashore, Old England's sons, each one,
Must hold life low as they hold duty high,
And ask not how or when 'tis theirs to die,
So they but die like men, their duty done!”

BY OUR OWN MISOGYNIST.

ONE Profession the Ladies are not likely to invade—the Church. They prefer giving, to taking, Orders.



RAISING FALSE HOPES.

Ethel (looking at her Card). "WHAT DOES 'DA CAPO' MEAN, I WONDER?"

Malcolm. "'DA CAPO'! OH, IT'S FRENCH, AND IT MEANS 'SUPPER,' YOU KNOW!"

THE IMP OF ISTAMBOUL.

"The Demon of Lies seems to be let loose in Constantinople."—*Daily News Correspondent.*

THE sea-wind o'er Marmora's wavelets blew cool,
And night's shade was closing o'er distant Stamboul,
Where perch on a minaret's height,
Sat a sooty and sinister Imp of the Pit,
Whose eyes through the gloom glowed like Lucifer's lit,
And made blacker the blackness of night,
Whilst thus the misshapen and mischievous elf
On his shadowy pinnacle spoke—to himself.

"Ha! ha! Just to think how, this couple of years,
I've been setting the half of mankind by the ears,
By the power of sheer taradiddles!
By Jingo—the imp whom for Saint they have chosen—
Why men are so easy to gull and to cozen,
To me is the greatest of riddles.

But my trade ne'er before thrived so fairly, I know,
Till its fruits come so thick, and its branches so grow,
That it taxes my powers to follow them.

'Mong my agents or dupes all the world I comprise,
The work of one half is to fashion the lies,
And that of the other to swallow them.

I've bitten them all, from Ambassadors down
To the paltriest scribbler who earns his half-crown
By saucy and scurrilous squibbing.

There is little to choose twixt the Russ and the Turk,
Who are past-masters both at lie, quibble, and quirk,
And now honest JOHN must take part in the work,
Of free and unscrupulous fibbing.

Stamboul is my great central hatching-ground, where
I can play up, unchallenged, my cantrips and capers,
But London's my surest emporium; there
The biggest canards I can hatch or inspire,
Conveyed through the post or the telegraph wire,

Are sure of a welcome that nothing can tire,
From all the head-centres of patriot ire,

The Clubs and the partizan papers.
Old Nick! What egregious muffs are these men,
Who, blessed with two eyes, will see all things askew,
Twist facts by the sleight of the tongue and the pen,
And only believe what they wish to be true.
To lie away honour and safety and fame,
A nation's good faith or a statesman's good name,
Seems work that is strictly infernal,
But now such proceedings are quite à la mode,
And violate not the peculiar code
Obeyed by a patriot journal.

I shall feel much chagrin and no little surprise
If the love of this New Propaganda of Lies,
Inspired by selfishness, quickened by fears,
And nurtured on prejudice, purblind as hot,
Doesn't set all the nations at last by the ears,
And probably ruin the lot.

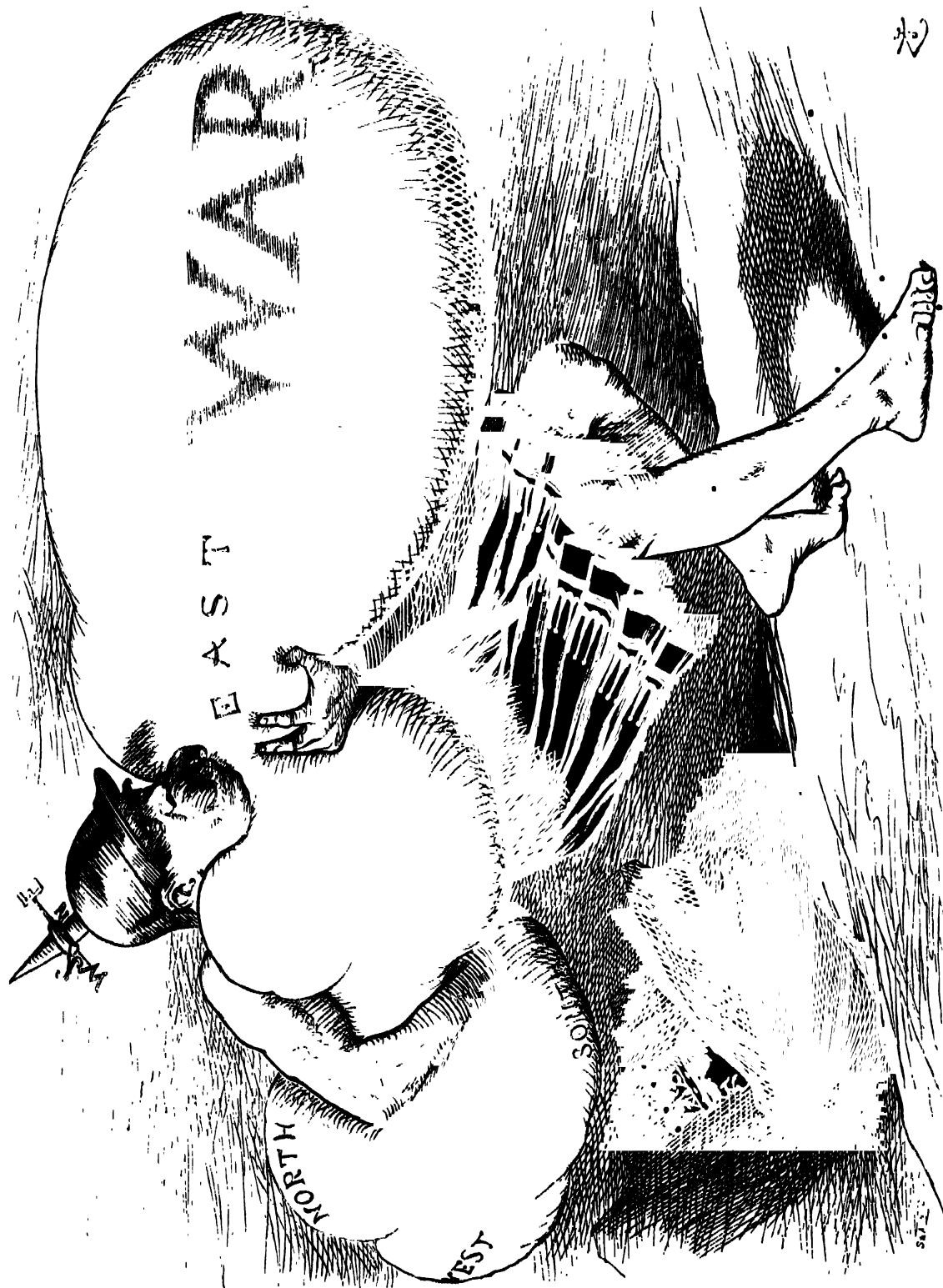
They are shortsighted fools, but it's excellent fun;
I know *who* 'll be pleased at the work I have done,
With its promise of tumults and slaughters!"

Here the Imp gave a twirl, and shot off through the air,
Direct for—Perhaps there's no need to say *where*,
And reported himself at head-quarters.

Not the Real Article.

THE so-called "Spanish Students" who invaded Paris *en troupe* during the Carnival, and were received as what they professed to be, real "Estudiantes" of the land of *Gil Blas* and *Don Quixote*, now turn out to have been Barnum-bred shams—Spanish, perhaps, but Spanish show-folk instead of Spanish students—in fact, A Delusion, not An-dalusian.

THE EASTER(N) QUESTION.—Who'll win the Boat-Race?



“ÆOLUS.”

(RULER OF THE STORMS.)

“CONFOUND THIS EASTERLY WIND! IT’S GETTING TOO MUCH FOR ME, AFTER ALL!!!”

STRAPMORE!

A ROMANCE

BY

WEEDER.

Author of *Folly and Parini*, *Under Two Rags*, *Arryadn'ty*, *Chuck*, *Two Little Wooden Jews*, *Nicotine*, *A Horse with Glanders*, *In Somers Town*, *Skandross*, &c., &c.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Canna rides ille?"

"Jam inopes, sed dic, uno noti tellus!"



HEN STRAPMORE drew PINTO aside, and showed him the notes.

"Très cher," he said, grasping his hand, "I wouldn't have believed it, if I hadn't seen it; but I have seen it, and—and—"

"And you do believe it!" exclaimed SWEETIE, awaking to the horror of the situation.

"What can I say?" pleaded STRAPMORE. "Here are the Bank of Elegance notes: here is your name to the bills with which your brother has paid me; and here is my name to bills with which your brother has paid somebody else. All forgeries."

"What is to be done?"

"Très cher, il n'y a qu'un pas: accrochez-le! aussitôt que possible."

"And my brother?"

"Qu'il aille au diable!" replied STRAPMORE. "Il en a déjà fait un cerrou avec La Loo-Loo!"

"It will break the heart of my father, or it will break my father's heart," murmured PINTO, as his thoughts wandered back to dear old Ollendorffian days, when he and his brother had taken first lessons in French together.

STRAPMORE shrugged his shoulders, but carefully, for he remembered that even the best of buttons cannot bear too great a strain.

"The police are here," he whispered.

Giving a hurried glance round, SWEETIE took two steps backward, and cleared the river at a single bound.* On the other side was waiting MATT TOCK, his faithful servant, with eight horses and a box of disguises. SWEETIE rapidly assumed one of them; high patent leather boots, short jacket with bells, buckskin breeches with gay ribands, and a pointed hat similarly adorned; then he leaped on to the centre horse, and gathering up the ribands of all colours, he cracked his whip, cried aloud exultingly, "Hoop-la! tchh!" and dashed away, standing on his bare-backed steed, and driving eight horses at once, in the dress of a Courier of St. Petersburg.

Thus he commenced his flight from England, and turned his back on the land where he could no longer show his face.

The police were after him; fortunately, a long way after him. In perpetual disguise was his only safety until he had crossed the Italian frontier.

At the first station the faithful MATT TOCK met him with a new dress. It was in the character of *Mr. Pickwick*, still driving eight horses and riding on a bare-backed steed, that he urged on his career. *Bien grisé comme Sieur GLADSTONE* he rode on his hacks, and avoiding Greenwich, was received, now made up as the Earl of LOTHAIR, by the thoroughbred Mayor of Dover, who gave him a back as far as the Custom-House, and introduced him to one of England's proudest naval piers. After this, to cross the Channel, he appeared

* *Editor* (to *Author*).—At a single bound. Isn't this rather too much of a stretch? Mind, we only suggest reconsideration; just to look before you make him take such a leap. Eh?—*Ed.*

Author (to *Editor*).—All depends on the width of the river and his athletic capacity. What more simple?—*W.*

Editor (to *Author*).—True.

as a sailor with flags, then as a *gendarme* (with a song), then as a British soldier,—MATT TOCK accompanying him all the way, running by his side, and throwing him up the things from time to time as occasion required,—until, as a merry Swiss boy, he faced the mountainous range, and, as a last trial, brought himself up before the *Judge and Jury*, and found himself in Italy.

Free at last. Free indeed. But dishonoured, lost to society, lost to his Order by his brother's act.

And on the river's bank in England?

The moonlight shone on three persons; on two by the river; on a third up above on the terrace. The last shivered, shut his book, called out, "I'm going to take some gruel and put my feet in hot water." Then he sneezed. "Good night, *REGULA*, don't mind me," and he disappeared. It was the voice of her husband, the Honourable MEREN HADPOW, and they heard his sneezes growing less and less audible in the distance.

"And so we meet, my loveliest! It is destiny," said STRAPMORE, in a low fervid voice.

She laughed, that soft, low, cobra-like, cough-no-more-lozenge laugh of triumph, and of mockery.

"Bah!" she said. "Let us be epicurean while we can. Let us see in the philosophies of the Ancients the music of the future! Let us, like the Sylvans of old, live on crumpled rose-leaves, or swing in the sunlight of the Ephiménides, happy and careless as the glorious vine-crowned Baccalaureats of old.* If there is a thread of life woven in each man's destiny, let it pass from those Fates, *Olio*, *Otho*, and *Genesis*, into the hands of those who can weave their own, and defy the thunders of a Proletarian age. These are the mellifluous poets of silence; these are the joys of love, and the bloom that is on the poet's rye too rural lay! Let us revel and roam, while the Troubadours sing to the Sirocco, and the Vargnar Zaddawg, from his Northern home, summons the Gunther to bring him his armour of ice from the glades of Barklaysquarr. No! let *LUCULLUS* dine and *JUSTINIAN* digest his own laws! For me, I would ever rob *PETERS* of a carriage, to pay *PAUL* for roses, that are the Pride of Waltham and the Glory of Dijon!"

And as she spoke she drew the roses from her hair, and scattered their dew-tipped petals to the hushed night wind. STRAPMORE smiled.

"I am not quite so Quixotic," he said. "But"—and he took her warm fingers within his own, and meeting the glance that gleamed on him, with the fire of his own dark brilliant eyes—"I love you, *REGULA*!" And as the image of herself floated in the stream at their feet, the ripple played upon her lips, that seemed to say, "My cold, proud STRAPMORE, I have conquered you at last!"

"Ah, *BURLYN*!" she said, "I teach you a better, a grander love than that of figure and of form. You laughed at the world, *et tu deriens gros, mon ami*. You curb yourself you are strait-laced. But now," she murmured, with the caressing sweetness of a serpent-charmer, "now you can unbend; now you need fear no restraints, for I love you! *BURLYN*, I love you!"

"And I you!" he cried, and a warm lurid light burnt in his eyes, as he drew her to him, in so wild and passionate an embrace that made the last waistcoat-string give, and the seam crack. But they heeded not. Could he strain after appearances now that the seams were gone? If he did momentarily care, it was but the care of one button, and that was the last. She had conquered, and this was Love! And SWEETIE, the friend, doubly betrayed, where was he now?

* *Editor* (to *Author*, by special wire). Admirable as philosophy, but isn't it a little above the heads of our readers? Who were the Ephiménides? and haven't "Baccalaureats" more to do with the University degree of Bachelor of Arts than with the worship of the Rosy God? Of course we may be wrong, but we only hint, and pause for a reply.—*Ed.*

Author (to *Editor*, by ditto). Don't hint, and don't pause. How high do your readers hold their heads? Ask "any school-boy" about the Ephiménides. Also ask any other schoolboy about the "Baccalaureats." *Corpus di Bocca*! I ought to know something about the classics. *Mais, si vous avez des soupçons, demandez aux élèves sordides*.—*W.*

Editor (by same). We will. We will have a juvenile party on purpose. (*Subsequent Note*.—We have had the party. No one admitted over fourteen, or after five p.m. All over by 8-30. Very small and very early. None of them knew anything about the Ephiménides or Baccalaureats, but they've left the house in an awful mess, and broken some of the best chairs, and nearly all the valuable china. This comes of asking "any schoolboy.")—*Ed.*



INTERESTING PROBLEM.

(On Shore at Besika Bay.)

Bluejacket (landed over his Nag's head). "WELL, THIS IS ALL VERY WELL FOR ME, SHIPMET; BUT HOW THE—blank blank—ARE YOU GOING TO GET OVER!"

CHAPTER IX.—"Gout de Tout choux."*

ITTI DUFFA sprang out of a bed two feet up in the air. She was only sixteen—only sixteen all at once—a woman quite. A cock was crowing on her thatch—he said, "How do-you-doo-dle-doo this morning?" every time he crowed.

She opened the window and laughed at the old cock on the thatch. It was so pleasant to be woken by him at three o'clock in the morning. She said, "You jolly old Cock!" and splashed half a jug of cold water over him.

There were two kids in a drawer. There was a thrush in the horse's foot in the meadow. There was a calf and a half calf on the book-shelf. There were bees in her bonnet, "and," the happy child murmured to herself, "there is a big Bee in Belgium, and there are two more Bees in Brabant."

ITTI DUFFA was very pretty.

To judge of her prettiness you had to look at her. No one ever

* Editor (to Authoress, by submarine private telephone). *Chère et très spirituelle Madame*, we've just read this chapter through twice, and want to ask, "Why this change of style?" It is not like the previous chapters.

Authoress (to Editor, same medium of communication). Was that you speaking just now?

Editor (to Authoress). Yes.

Authoress (to Editor). Say it again. (Message, as nearly as possible, repeated.) *Tres bien*. But your voice didn't sound the same as first time; and some of your words were changed. How's this?

Editor (to Authoress, by same). *Chère et très spirituelle*, we comprehend the sarcasm. Sorry we spoke.

Authoress (per eandem telephonom). *Moi aussi*. I've lots of styles. Have you never read my *Two Little Wooden Jews*, *Folly and Farini*, and *Arryadn'ty*? If not, you've got a pleasure, and a great one, to come. This chapter is something in that style, and whenever I write about my dear little favourite, ITTI DUFFA—a character so true to nature as to attract by its inborn loveliness—I shall, to the end of this Romance, invariably adopt this particular style. On the Lyric Stage—certainly in the Wagnerite Music dramas—is not a particular strain always associated with a particular character? Yes. *Eh bien alors, allez donc!*—W.

denied that. She seemed as if she had lived among the flowers, and had grown like them, only greener. Her walk was her stalk; her hands were like broad shady palms; her feet seemed as if they had just dropped off a boot-tree; each eye was a little daisy. On the First of May, she came out as a Columbine, and some shook their heads and thought her graceful, but somewhat hardy; yet when she went to dance among the village children, she stood like a wallflower. Gardeners loved her, and said she was a good sort. Her hair was like candytuft. Her mouth was tulips. Her ears, auriculas. She was seldom seedy, and then she only suffered from a sort of spring fits, which she called "the convolvuluses." When unable to walk, she hired a green fly. Her dress was fastened with lu-pins. Her happy religion was that of a Spring Buddhist, and living in a small cottage up one pair of stairs, she was considered the first floorist out of Brussels. She said, in her laughing, modest way, "I am better than the fuchsia, for there are few shier than I am anywhere." At other times she let the fuchsias fade, and then said, "I care only for the present, I don't trouble my head about the fushure."

Jôé, her peasant admirer, who heard her, gave her a present. But she only accepted it; nothing more.

She thought there were fauns in the fountains, and Pans everywhere. This was her beautiful worship. Art was her unconscious life; she kept little useless Pans in various niches, on shelves, on ledges, anywhere, where she could see, and reverence them. Often she knelt, in pure simple devotion to the deed, with a small Pan in her hand. It was early morning, a few minutes before her plain homely breakfast, and she knelt in front of the rude stove—so rude that it had often made the colour come to her delicate cheek, with its hot fierce breath, and forced her to hide her face, and turn away—on which presently she would place the pan containing all she cared for at that moment. Had a Faun come out of the stream close by, and shaken the shining spray from his yellow locks, it would but have realised what she saw in that little Pan of hers, only dripping. She would steep her bread in that, and if she proposed to herself a toast, before drinking her *chocolat complet*, she would fry the *moreaux graissés* and be happy. She wore a pair of little wooden shoes.



HOPELESS !

Jollyboy (who fancies he's getting a "Little" deaf, has gone down to Shoebury with his Nephew, to test his new Ear-Trumpet by the 81-ton Gun). "HAS IT GONE OFF YET, CHARLIE?"

Some people objected, and said there was nothing like leather; but she heeded them not. When she sent them to the carpenter's to be mended, and the cobbler thought he ought to have had the job, she stopped at his stall, laughed in his face, and cried, "Soled again!"

She was not like other girls. She said the Flowers had been her godmothers. It sounded well, and some smiled on her and believed her. But many were envious of her good fortune, and whispered that she told untruths, and that if the Flowers had been her godmothers, they must have been Flowers de Lies.

But what cared she? Nothing.

She dressed in a real hood for use, and a false hood for effect, and knew nothing of the Truth, or of The Untruth, for she was unspoiled by flattery, and unankered by care, and as long as there were marigolds, she was rich, and as long as there was a sunbeam to support the roof of her cottage, she was happy.

She was up early in the morning, for she loved larks.

This guileless creature never stopped in bad one second after she was up and about; nor from morning to night did she ever sit down, as other girls might have done, as long as she was running about. She loved her home; and none ever could say of her that she was in more places than one, at the same time. She was not garrulous, or a chatterer, yet was never silent when speaking, nor was she in the habit of uttering a single word, when she was holding her tongue. When she lay down to rest, she shut her eyes, and went to sleep, unless she kept them open, and remained awake. She lived on nothing but food, sometimes eating, sometimes drinking, as the fancy seized her. When she sang, the neighbours first stopped their ears, then their work, and then sent in to ask her not to go on any more, so ravishing was the sound.

And ITTI DUFFA lived on, loved the flowers, and the sprouts, and the bread and the butter, and the *côtelettes aux pommes de terre*, and the wine and the water, and the biscuits and the fruit, and, fond of gambolling on the turf, she only asked the simple question, that has puzzled many a wiser and a better head than hers, "As long as you are happy, what is the state of the odds?" And when the red sun set, it was even betting; though, for all that, she would

lay from nine to four every night of her life, until the breakfast hour came, when she put the pot on, and went for the field.

Often she walked into her breakfast in the great city of Brussels; she did not care for the grand and gay people, but threw mud or oranges at them as they went by.

When they looked to see whence the salutations had proceeded, they little thought they were indebted to ITTI DUFFA, trudging along demurely, with her basket of sprouts.

She had one friend in the town. He was something in the City. He had a Roman nose, and was a Glover by trade, who lived from hand to mouth, and had a finger-stall, for the season, at the corner of the street.

One morning she went into the town, when a stranger came up, and leaning against the stall, eyed her attentively.

ITTI DUFFA blushed.

(To be continued.)

Note for Noodles.

THE Quingentenary of JOHN WYCLIFFE'S rescue from his persecutors at Lambeth Palace in the spring of 1378, was commemorated, on Friday last week, by divers services and assemblies held in sundry places throughout the day, and concluding with a gathering together, under the presidency of Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN, M.P., at the East London Tabernacle, Burdett Road, denominated a "Mass Meeting." Perhaps there are donkeys whom it may be necessary to inform that the East London Tabernacle is not a Ritualist Meeting-house, and that the Mass Meeting which took place in it was an affair not at all inappropriate to the memory of the "Morning Star of the Reformation."

THE SULTAN'S ORDER (ON THE GRAND DUKE'S VISIT).—"Sweets to the Suite."

PROVERBS FOR THE COUNCIL OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—"Hanging goes by favour."



RECENT SCIENTIFIC IMPROVEMENTS.

Mistress. "YOU NEEDN'T BE SO FRIGHTENED, MARIA. IT'S ONLY THE PHONOGRAPH."

Maria. "LOB, MUM! I THOUGHT IT WAS A SEWING-MACHINE. AND I ONLY JUST TOUCHED THE HANDLE, AND IT SPOKE JUST LIKE THE VERY MORAL OF MASTER!"

A FOOT-RACE OF THE FUTURE.

(*Twentieth and Last Day.*)

THE twenty competitors were now reduced to SNOOKS and O'MULLIGAN. The former had travelled 2,084 miles, and the latter was only one mile and two laps behind. Urged by their backers, the two men crawled feebly along. SNOOKS was in rather better condition than his rival. His feet were less swollen, and his eyesight had lasted longer. Both competitors were reduced to skeletons, and had long since lost consciousness. The account of the death and burial of "SCUDDER" TOMPKINS (who had fallen dead on the track on the sixteenth day) had made no impression on either of them.

At half-past twelve O'MULLIGAN, who had taken two hours over his last lap, fainted away. The usual remedies of biting the ear, horsewhipping, pricking with butchers' skewers, &c., having been applied in vain, the luckless pedestrian was carried to his tent. Here he was attended by a doctor, who administered stimulants. Shortly after four o'clock he partially regained consciousness, and was understood to ask for a priest. On learning this, his relatives introduced a lawyer. Having won the second prize, it was desirable that he should not die intestate.

In the meanwhile, SNOOKS had crawled 2,090 miles and two laps. Just as he commenced the last lap he tottered, and would have fallen, had he not been propped up with an iron bar by one of his trainers. It was now a question whether it would be humane to urge him on to further exertion. The matter was referred to the Umpire, who decided that though the race was virtually at an end (having been reduced to one competitor), as the match was intended to try human endurance to the utmost, and thus teach a very valuable scientific lesson, further employment of stimulants would be permissible. A red-hot poker was accordingly suddenly applied to the calf of one of SNOOKS' legs, with gratifying results. The

WHOLESOME SEVERITY.

(*From our own Sporting Time-Keeper.*)

THE Oxford men, who have been strangely late this year in showing on the London water, have at last turned up, and to judge from their first public performance on Saturday, their disinclination to put in an appearance is easily to be accounted for. We have seldom witnessed a more disgraceful exhibition, and from bow, who appears to be deformed, to stroke, who is a great hulking and overfleshed specimen of humanity, there did not seem to us to be a single oar who ought not to have been hooted out of the veriest provincial boat-club.

SMITHSON, of Brasenose [6], struck us as being a particularly ill-looking lump, his "reach" being short, his action sprawling, his slide irregular, and his recovery simply disgusting. No doubt he is a mere make-shift, but we should strongly advise those who are backing the "dark blue" to have a thorough understanding on the matter without further delay.

With regard to PURCELL-BROWN, of Trinity, who is set down at present for 2, and BLINKS, of Wadham [5], we should like to ask both of these "gentlemen" whether they think they are doing credit to the colour they wear, or to the University from which they hail, by rolling about like a couple of porpoises, and so destroying the last vestige of interest in an event, on which good honest English money has been so freely staked?

As to the rest of the crew, we shall have a "word to say" to each of them when we deal with Cambridge, which we hope to do, fully and fairly, to-morrow. From all accounts, a coal-heaver's horsewhip would appear to be a more likely and effective instrument than a critic's pen, if the *Light Blues* are to be dealt with in a fashion to do justice to the public who patronise them. But we shall see. Meantime, we should like to ask the Oxford Coxswain what his Uncle was doing in New South Wales in 1839.

man suddenly seemed to pull himself together, put on a spurt, and crawled nearly half a lap in something less than two hours.

At this point the stimulating effect of the hot poker seemed to have evaporated. A feeling of great disappointment spread through the hall as it became known that the wonderful athlete could not possibly accomplish the marvellous feat of walking two thousand two hundred miles in twenty days.

At this juncture the doctor (whose services were no longer required by poor O'MULLIGAN) put in an appearance on the track. The matter having been explained to him, he suggested that perhaps a preparation of lunar caustic and oil of vitriol applied to the heels of the pedestrian might do what the poker had failed to effect. The doctor's suggestion was received with thunders of applause. The experiment was tried, and with the most perfect success. Just before midnight SNOOKS finished the last lap of the 2,200 miles, and was taken away more dead than alive, amidst the enthusiastic cheering of a throng of excited spectators.

EX NIHIL NIHI FIT.

THE oddest recommendation of a showy new Hotel lately opened in the Metropolis is to be found in its advertisement in the shape of a quotation from one of the daily papers:—"Nothing in London approaches it."

SHAKESPEARIAN REFLECTION (ON THE SIGHT OF A SPRING SALAD).

"THE earth hath creases as the water hath,
And these are of them."

"C'EST MAGNIFIQUE"—(BUT LET US HOPE)—"CE N'EST PAS LA GUERRE."—The Charge of the Six Millions.

THE CORRECT COLOURS.

(Solved.)



"TELL thee what is Cambridge blue?"
Soar where bright as *Punch's* fun rise
Ridges of divinest hue,
Basking in the golden sunrise!
Mount, and where the glowing day
Pales in azure till all's blue, love,
Take a yard of Heaven away,
And you'll find that that will do,
love.

"Tell thee what is Oxford blue?"
Hover where the sapphire ocean,
Darkening to a deeper hue,
Mirrors Heaven's eternal motion.
Plunge thee, there, a daring diver;
For the surface—no, that's not it.
In the black and blue reviver
Deeply plunge—and then you've got
it.

HARVEY A HUMBUG!

ON Monday, the First instant, a numerously attended meeting of members of the Antiphysiological Society was held at St. Luke's Hall. Besides Anti-Vivisectionists, the assemblage included Anti-Vaccinationists, Anti-Tobacco Leaguers, Compulsory Good Templars, Peculiar People, and other enthusiasts of the same intelligent description. The Chair was occupied by Mr. MOAKE.

The CHAIRMAN said they had met on an anniversary most appropriate to their purpose. ("Hear, hear!") He knew it was commonly called All Fools' Day. ("Oh, oh!") But of course he didn't speak of it as that. He regarded it as the Tercentenary of the birth of WILLIAM HARVEY, the discoverer of the Circulation of the Blood; and there were those who might think HARVEY's birthday and All Fools' Day were very different, because HARVEY was no fool. Well, he would not exactly call HARVEY a fool, for then perhaps he (the Chairman) should be told that he was another. (A titter.) But he would say that he considered him far from wise, for sufficient understanding would have enabled him to discover the circulation of the blood, or anything else, without resorting to vivisection. He certainly thought HARVEY the anatomist a very much over-rated man. There was another HARVEY whom he thought a much greater man than the discoverer of the blood's circulation: he meant the HARVEY who discovered Harvey's Snares. (Laughter.) Too much had been made of the former discovery and all such discoveries. Patients continued to die in spite of them, and doctors differed. It was argued that HARVEY's Circulation HARVEY's—discovery enabled surgeons to perform great operations before unthought of, taking up and tying arteries, and so on—things just as well let alone. He didn't believe in doctors, nor surgeons neither—he owned him-

self one of those whose faith was faith alone. (Cheers.) Faith against physio, he said; ay, and against surgery, too. The faith that sufficed for the cure of a fever would be just as equal to setting a broken bone. ("Hear!") Perhaps mere faith had never yet been tried in that case, but whenever it was, of course it would prove no less effectual than in the other. A living faith would nullify any necessity for operations on live creatures. To return to HARVEY, he would suggest that they should endeavour to make him cease to be quoted as an authority for vivisection. They should take measures to destroy the influence of his name. Suppose a prize were offered for the best Essay written with that view. Its title might be *The Unimportance of the Circulation*, or *The Discovery of the Circulation of the Blood of No Use*. Perhaps even a reward might be held out for the clearest demonstration that there was in fact no truth at all in the theory of the circulation of the blood—which was his (the Chairman's) own private opinion. An astronomer named PARALLAX had proved the earth a flat, and himself too, some said, but satire was no argument. No doubt the earth was also stationary, and so he (the Chairman) suspected was the blood as well. (Cheers.) A further remuneration ought to be advertised for a Cartoon of HARVEY dissecting an agonised lapdog, to be copied and posted all over London. A lot of physicians and surgeons were soliciting subscriptions to a Harvey Tercentenary Memorial Fund, for erecting a statue to HARVEY at Folkestone, where he was born on April Fools' Day, 1578, but by far the fittest testimonial to him would be an Anti-Vivisection poster. (Mr. MOAKE sat down amid vociferous applause.)

After a series of addresses from Mr. CHAMKE, Mr. CROTCHIE, Mr. LUNES, Mr. LOOSEBLATE, and Sir SIMON SNIP, a Committee was appointed to report on Mr. MOAKE's suggestions, and the Meeting concluded.

A FILLIP FOR THE FAITHFUL.

"Never look a gift-horse in the mouth."—Old Proverb.

[The POPE complains that the presents of the faithful assume too frequently the form of *bric-à-brac*, and too seldom that of hard cash.]

LEO XII. loquitur—

DEAR Brethren! There's nought to a Pontiff more sweet

Than the gifts which the faithful ones pile at his feet,
The signs most substantial, and surest by far,
Of a zeal that's not slack, and of purse-strings that are.
Be sure that his heart, as your gifts you deliver,
Will welcome each off'ring, and warm to its giver.
But, Brethren, one delicate hint we may drop—
We do not keep an Old Curiosity Shop,
Or warehouse of mere *bric-à-brac*, at the Vatican.
The apophthegm old, "*bis dat qui cito dat*," I can
Fully endorse, but I'd fain add to that
"He who gives what's most wanted, gives thrice."

Verbum sat.

Squat Japanese Idols we would not pooh-pooh,
They are all very well—from an Art point of view;
Nor would we discourage our liberal laics
By sneering at "Chronos" or Roman Mosaics,
But butchers and bakers would both hold it odd
If I tried to pay them with an ivory god,
While Swiss Guards might look—well, exceedingly
funny,

If offered buhl inkstands instead of their money.
Remember that oft, on this lucre-ruled earth,
Money's handier far than the best money's worth,
And a Pope cannot quite play the usurer's part,
And offer "half cash down, and half works of Art!"
'Tis painful to think that the pagan god Plutus
So deeply should e'en now inearth and embrate us.
But I think the assertion will not be deemed rash,
That the handiest gift, these hard times, is hard cash!
So if you would hit our chief need to a nicety,
Dear Brethren, you've now the straight tip. Bene-

dicite!

Somebody's Policy.

(By Theseus, King of Athens.)

"Such shaping fantasies that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends."
Midsummer Night's Dream, Act v, Sc. 1.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



A WEEK of waiting—for discussion of the Marquis of SALISBURY's Circular, administering a facer, or, rather, a series of facers, to the Treaty of San Stefano. The Government has put down its foot. The Treaty has to go, or the Lion and the Bear must have a fight for it. Even the Budget looms small in the presence of the great question—"Peace or War?"

Monday, April 1 (Lords).—An ominous day for bringing down the Royal Message, notifying to Parliament that "the state of public affairs in the East, and the necessity in connection therewith of taking steps for the maintenance of Peace and the protection of the interests of the Empire, having constituted a case of great emergency (How about style, my Lord B?) within the meaning of the Law, Her MAJESTY has been pleased to call out her Reserve Forces for permanent service." Paws off, Toby!

This is a Royal Message—albeit brought down to Parliament on All Fools' Day—only to be delivered with decorum and received with gravity. Lord BEACONSFIELD so delivered it, and *Punch*, for England, so accepts it. *Punch* renders it into his own tongue in his Cartoon. It brings the Lion and the Bear face to face on the narrow ledge of San Stefano. There is not room to pass. Three courses

remain—Dead-lock, Death-grapple, or Retreat. Which is it to be? England, Europe, and the World, look, with bated breath, for the reply.

Earl GREY—as usual the "Hal o' the Wynd" of the

House of Lords—put the dilemma which next week's debate, it is to be hoped, will resolve. "It is not enough, your MAJESTY and my Lords, to tell us your objections to the Treaty of San Stefano. What do you propose to put in its place? You can't set up his Humpty-Dumptyness, the PADISHAH, again. You refuse to recognise the uncivilised Slav, under Russ rod, heir to the Turks' lands, tenements, and hereditaments. Whom have you in contemplation, as successor to the *damnosa*, but *illegitima hereditas*, of the Ottoman?" The Ottoman!—that most troublesome of Dame Europa's pieces of furniture—which everybody wants to sit upon, and which obstinately declines to be sat upon comfortably; which is always in the way, yet can never be effectually shoved on one side; which is by common admission rotten, yet cannot get itself quietly broken up; which serves to wrangle over, to fight over, to break shins over; serves, in short, for all purposes but a comfortable lounge or a quiet place of repose. And now here is poor old Dame Europa on the point, as it seems, of tumbling over it, into the Fire of General War!



HAPPY THOUGHT.

THE GOOD OLD GAME OF "HARE AND HOUNDS," OR "PAPER-CHASE," IS STILL PLAYED IN THE NORTHERN SUBURBS OF LONDON DURING THE WINTER. WHY SHOULD NOT YOUNG LADIES BE THE HARES?

Their Lordships, after the Mountain was delivered of its Earthquake, trifled with a brace of Mice—Sootch Education, and Railway Passengers Duty.

(Commons)—The Royal Message, and the settlement of the Debate thereon, for Monday next, was the first business of the Commons also, which got itself adjusted with some difficulty. Naturally, Budget and Royal Message are two omnibuses which cannot be steered through St. Stephen's Bar in the same week without some difficulty.

It was as gratifying to Mr. Punch as, evidently, to Mr. GLADSTONE, to see Sir H. D. WOLFF so well to the front, in the capacity—if we may be allowed the word—of what Mr. GLADSTONE called "an authentic organ" of the Ministry.

Commenting on the question of the moment, and the last batch of diplomatic polite letter-writing thereon, Sir CHARLES DILKE called attention to a passage in the last Blue-Book, in which Sir H. ELLIOTT stated to Lord DEKKY that Prince GORTSCHAKOFF had stated to a "trustworthy person" that Russia would keep the Bessarabian question out of the view of Congress. "Who was this trustworthy person?" asked the inquisitive Member for Chelsea. "A question not to be asked," said Sir H. D. WOLFF, speaking as the *Turveydrop* of Diplomatic proprieties. In the august language of Chancelleries, Sir HENRY explained, "Trustworthy persons" are persons whom Ministers can not name, but can trust.

Order at length taken for the two big 'busses, the House went to play on the Irish Sunday Closing Bill, and kept playing—naughty boys!—at reporting progress and moving that the SPEAKER do now leave the Chair—till seven o'clock next morning.

The night's fun was distinguished from the obstructive nights of last Session, first, by the good humour which prevailed, due to the infusion of a small but eminently respectable English element, both Conservative and Liberal, among the night's Obstructives, which brought up the minority as high as 50 occasionally, and often to 20 and 30; and, next, by a poetical outburst from Punch's old friend and correspondent, Mr. BRIGGS, whom he congratulates on his first appearance in the character of Bard. The outburst was the more remarkable as it was inspired by a LOWTHER; the first time, it is believed, that any member of the family ever served as a peg for poetry—even House of Commons poetry. The explanation of the long night's fun is briefly that the Government has rashly committed itself to the Irish Sunday Closing Bill, which it hates. The Home-Rulers, for some reason best known to the Priests, have chosen to

take up the Bill, with the exception of a knot, who—not that they love Priests less, but that they love whiskey more—oppose it as hotly, Punch's own Major and Mr. MURPHY at their head. Fitting head for such an opposition!

"For who but the Murphy in front should be seen,
When the craythur they're fighting against is Potheen?"

With them is a knot of Liberals, who, like Mr. Punch, decline to have sobriety forced down the public throat by Act of Parliament, and so object to the Bill on principle—as the small end of the wedge. See what unrivalled elements of a pretty quarrel! An Irish question. Irish Members *pro* and *con*, of course. A Conservative Government nominally supporting, but sorely against the grain. Sturdy Conservative Members bitterly opposing. Sturdy Liberal Anti-Sabbatarians and Anti-Sumptuarians in a determined protest. A veritable witches' cauldron of incongruous ingredients, but promising obstruction, both slab and good.

Matter for a fight that shall last till the Day of Doom. The question never can, and never will, be settled. It can only be fought over, even though Mr. O'CONNOR POWER carry out his threat of putting it down on the paper for every night, and bringing it up whenever he gets an opening. Not even that Power can carry the Bill. But one thing Parliament has got at last. Exactly the Hobby for Obstruction to ride rough-shod on, over Time, Sense, Convenience, Order, and Use, all together, and, strange to say, rather to a good than a bad end, after all.

Tuesday (Lords).—A hush of horror before business began, at the news of Lord LEITRIM's murder. The sentence of the *Vehm-Gericht* was executed in a wild part of far-off Donegal. Lord LEITRIM has been long known as the most determined assertor of the right to do what he liked with his own, which the Irish *Vehm-Gericht* does not admit. He has been tried and condemned, sentenced, and executed by the Tribunal that sits in secret, but slays openly. Will the Law that is enthroned openly tolerate the Secret Sister that judges in her teeth, and executes in her despite and defiance?

Lord THURLOW opened the Sunday opening of Museums and Picture-Galleries. The question has come to be, not "Is the thing in itself desirable?" but, "Is there a popular pressure for it?" Thus far the Public-House reigns among amusements in sole supremacy of the English Sunday. While Bung has it all his own way, it is not likely he will admit Art or Nature to a share of his Sunday monopoly. But it is something to find a Bishop of London



AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

Shipwrecked Party (who sees his way to supply "A Sketch on the Spot" to the Illustrated Papers). "BEG PARDON, BUT DO YOU HAPPEN TO HAVE SUCH A THING AS A PIECE OF INDIA RUBBER!!"

admitting that the object of those who propose to open Museums and Galleries on a Sunday is to promote the welfare of the working classes. *Punch* notes this Episcopal admission as of good augury for the cause of better, because less bitter and less boozy, Sunday observance; and welcomes the out-spoken declarations of the Duke of WESTMINSTER, Lord GRANVILLE, Lord MORLEY, Lord TRURO, and Lord DUNRAVEN, in favour of Gallery and Museum v. Public-House.

But "public opinion" is not yet ripe. May it ripen to that slow maturity which promises good keeping fruit. Certainly opinion on this point is not like to be of the kind described as "soon ripe, soon rotten."

(*Commons.*)—Colonel LLOYD-LINDSAY explained how in the event of Line Regiments being sent abroad, the Militia battalions brigaded with them would be embodied as their feeders. Herein *Mr. Punch* sees a grand Historical Picture—say, for the Senior United—a sort of pendant to the once popular Grecian daughter suckling her aged papa in prison—"The Militia feeding the Line." The "trustworthy person" turned up again.

Mr. FAWCETT to a languid House, "small by degrees, and beautifully less," moved his three Resolutions, condemning Sir JOHN STRACHEY'S Indian Financial scheme—Salt-tax, Trades' Licence-tax, and Famine Fund to be spent on public works. There is one Resolution which even Professor FAWCETT, with all his pluck, cannot move—that is, the Resolution of the House of Commons not to take an interest in Indian affairs. India is too big and too far off for even the large embrace of our Collective Wisdom. So she is left out in the cold, which she ought to like, being a hot country, while Wisdom cries from the Opposition house-tops through the earnest fauces of FAWCETT, and nobody but Mr. GRANT DUFF, Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL, and Sir G. BALFOUR regardeth.

Mr. SMOLLETT pitched into everything that is called Indian Administration—the dealing with the Famine by Home and Local Governments, Indian Expenditure, and, above all, Indian Public Works, which, according to SMOLLETT, means Indian Public Waste.

The question is, ought Salt-tax to have been equalised, as Sir J. STRACHEY proposes, to the mulcting of many millions and the gain of more, or abolished altogether; and should trade-licences have been tolerated after Income-tax had been abandoned; such trade-licensing being but Income-tax in disguise, and falling heaviest on the backs least able to bear it? Sir JOHN STRACHEY will probably reply to his critics—"Admitting three-fourths of your strictures, show me any way of raising revenue that would not be open to as much or more objection." This was the plea of Lord G. HAMILTON, who put his case clearly and cleverly.

Mr. FAWCETT took two divisions—87 to 163 on the Salt-tax, 96 to 159 on Trade-licences. The honours of argument are his; but the Strachey scheme stands—and will work, with more or less creaking—all the same.

Wednesday.—The "trustworthy person" run down at last. It was the Roumanian agent at Vienna who told Sir HENRY ELLIOTT what he had been told by the Roumanian agent at St. Petersburg, who repeated what he had been told by Prince GORTSCHAKOFF. A telling revelation!

Shall we deal with fools according to their folly—or bray them in the mortar of penal law, whether their folly depart from them or not under the braying?

Such is the question raised on Mr. PEASE'S Bill for limiting the cumulative penalties under the Vaccination Act. Mr. W. E. FORSTER and Mr. GLADSTONE in favour of Second Reading of the Bill. Lord R. CHURCHILL, Dr. PLATFAIR, and *Mr. Punch* against, and the Bill thrown out—as it deserved to be—by 271 to 82.

Fools cannot be allowed to perpetuate and disseminate small-pox. The only amendment of the Law *Mr. Punch* would sanction would be one authorising compulsory vaccination of children where parents had neglected to protect their little ones from the one plague against which Science has reared an impregnable barrier, behind which—though many from ignorance and carelessness neglect it—only fools that are fanatics, and fanatics who are fools, obstinately refuse to shelter. Consideration to them is cruel wrong to their children. And to prevent this the Law must take order.

Thursday (Commons).—The Budget.—Thus, in brief:—

"To meet our bills, we ask you—
Call not this demand a whacker—
Twopence extra on your incomes,
Fourpence extra on your 'backer.'"

So take the one out of your pocket, Mr. BULL, and pay it; and put the other in your pipe, and smoke it.

Sentiment (from Sir STAFFORD):—"There's more where that came from."

Chorus (from the Country).

"We don't want to pay—but whether we do or not,
We've had the things, we've had the bills, and we're
bound to pay the shot."

Mr. Punch's verdict is, "Short, but not sweet."

Friday (Lords).—Mauritius planters have a bad name for their treatment of Coolies. They may take the charge coolly, but the mother country is not disposed to do so. Colonial Secretaries, past and present—Lord KIMBERLEY and Lord CARNARVON—are in earnest, and a Colonial Ordinance has been passed, based on a despatch of Lord CARNARVON'S, prohibiting further immigration to estates where Coolies have been ill-used, and removing those who are established there already. This is as it should be.

Certification of Deaths Lord (MINTO says) is insufficient and incomplete in Scotland. Is it that canny Scots consider bawbees wasted on a dead man?

(*Commons.*)—Dr. KENEALY bearded the SPEAKER. The House howled at Dr. KENEALY. It keenly appreciates the distinction between courage and audacity, independence and impudence.

On going into Supply, Sir U. KAY-SHUTTLEWORTH—a weak Hercules for that Augean stable—moved Resolutions sketching out a reform of Metropolitan misgovernment. He proposes to extend and remodel the Corporation, and to give it rule over all London. Can the LORD MAYOR and Aldermen play Atlas to such a load? Mr. CHARLEY says No. He would have each Metropolitan borough a municipality. Sir MCGAREL-HOGG thinks the Metropolitan Board as good a substitute for a Metropolitan Government as we are likely to get.

Sir S. H. WATERLOW declared, that if the Government would bring in a comprehensive scheme, the Corporation would not oppose, so no hostile hand were laid on mace or sword. This is a comfortable hearing.

Mr. STANSFELD maintained urgency, which Mr. CROSS denied, and objected to deal with Metropolitan Government by abstract Resolution. Certainly, the Minister who undertakes the matter will find it wants a foundation of about as much concrete Resolution as law was ever built on. Mr. CROSS wisely refused to pledge the Government to any plan—it being clear that his own mind was a chaos, if not a blank, on the subject.

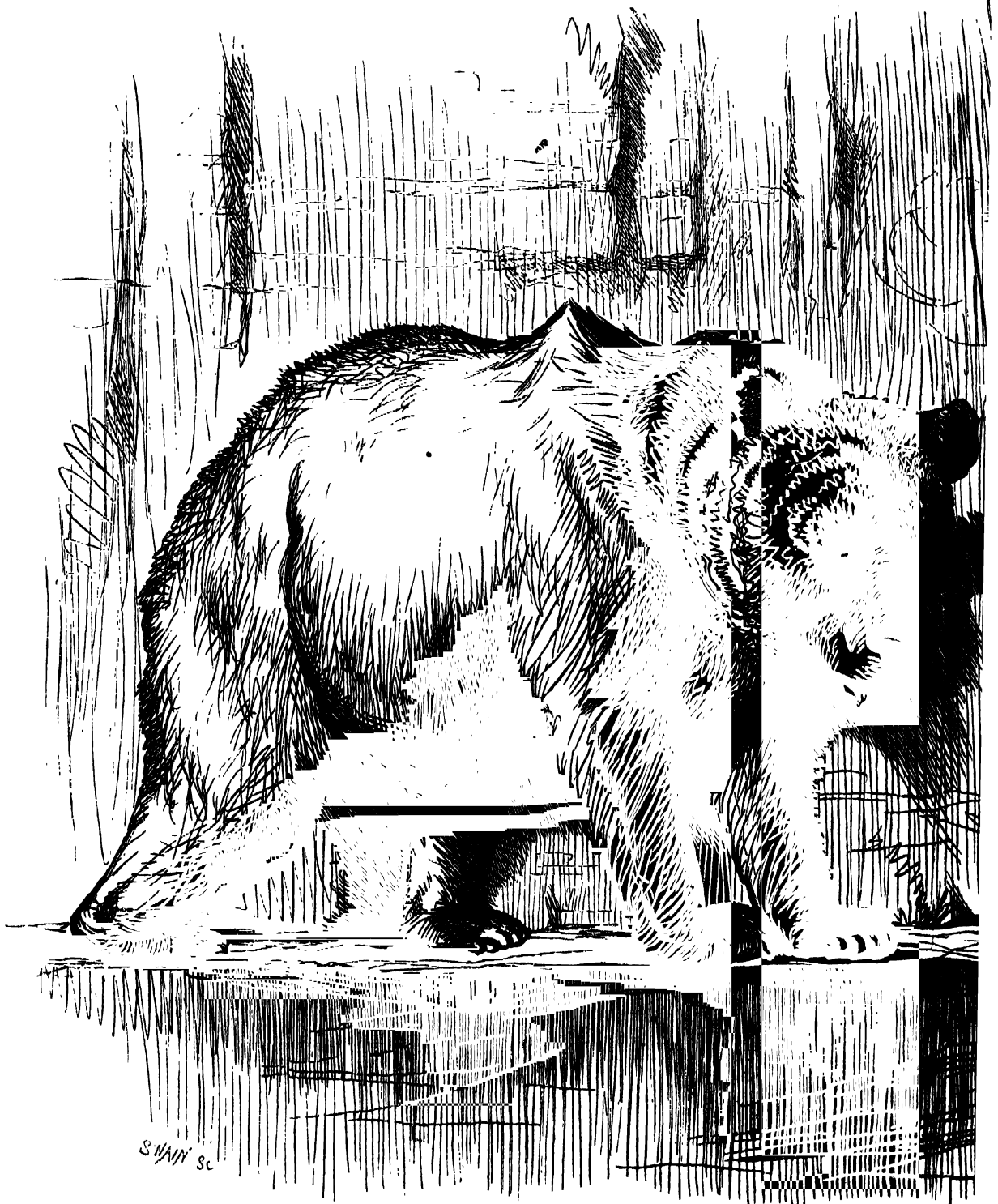
The Corporation of the Future is still, plainly enough, in the nebulous stage. In the meantime, *Mr. Punch* comforts himself with the thought, that if Metropolitan Government is not all it should be, it is better than he can remember it. It don't move very fast, perhaps, *E pur si muove*. Looking City-wards and Country-wards, he feels he can still wait for his Corporation.

Doubtful.

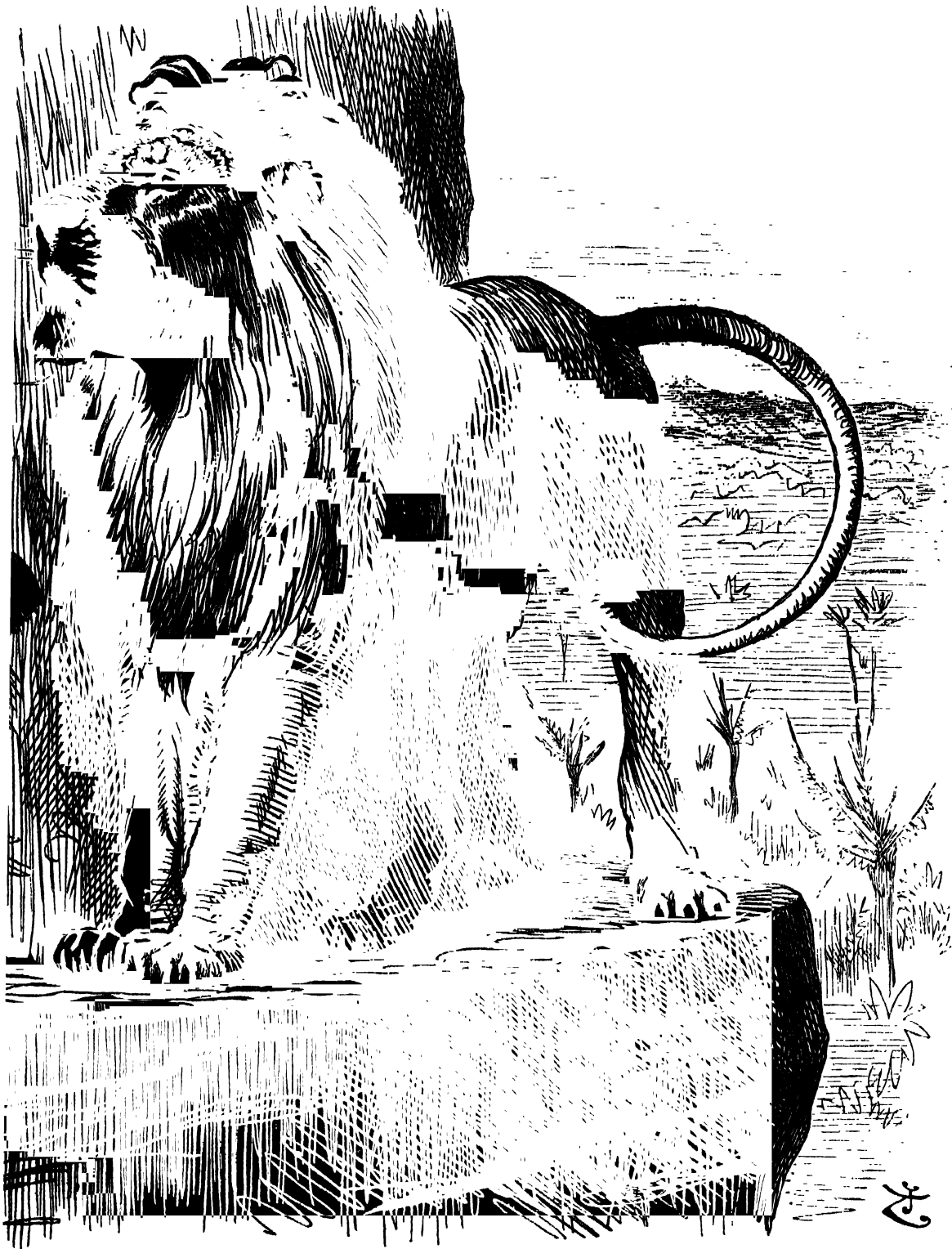
HUMPTY-DUMPTY sat on Porte wall.

Humpty-Dumpty had a great fall;

Will my Lords B. and S., they and all of their men,
Ever set Humpty-Dumpty up again?



“WHICH GOE



IS BACK?"

STRAPMORE!

A ROMANCE

BY

WEEDER.

Author of *Folly and Farini*, *Under Two Rags*, *Arryain'ty*, *Chuck*, *Two Little Wooden Jews*, *Nicotine*, *A Horse with Glanders*, *In Somers Town*, *Shamdrass*, &c., &c.

CHAPTER X.—"Quid O Bacche! ibi sum: ubi summum."



and only finds, too late, the Inevitable written in the great conundrum of the Past-time. Ah, *mes frères*, if all knew the solutions of these life-problems, which of us would dare to ask the questions? Which of us could do so, and brave the just scorn and indignation of his own fellow-creatures! Were men all Josephs, were men all Millers, there would be little chance of a living for the Joseph Miller, and his Men. No, *mes frères*, there are many now lying silent, for ever, in Earth's clammy embrace, who have been bored to death by a thrice-told tale, or riddled by a spent, worn-out acoustic! *Modus in rebus. Passons aux autres choses.*

Then, bending down, he said to her, "Will you give me one of your sprouts, pretty one?"

ITTI DUFFA answered, in her childish way,—

"I do not give them, Sir; I sell them."

And the old man murmured, "She is right!"

He knew the world. "*Redde, i, redde!*" was his ancient Roman motto, for he was a true Italian; and the pretty little wayward heathen at his side had attracted him.

"Is that your stock in trade?" continued the stranger, a young man, well formed, and manly, interrogating the little sprout-seller.

"Mine is not the stockin' trade, Signor," she replied, looking down at her little wooden shoes.

The old man smiled, and raised his cap reverently. He knew the world and its humour; he had heard that jest before now.

The Stranger seemed amused, and a strange light shone in one of his eyes, wherein was a small round glass. This was how he looked out on the world: this was his window. "It was like having a pane in his eye," whispered ITTI DUFFA to the old Glover. Whereat he raised his cap again, reverently.

The young Stranger took a bunch of sprouts, and put them in the button-hole next his heart. Then he tossed her a gold piece.

"A quid," he said, gaily, "*pro quo*."

The girl blushed, and quivered.

"Signor," she replied, "a quid is useless to me. I do not smoke."

"But I do," said the Glover, stretching out his hand; but the child had been too quick for him; she had pocketed the coin, and disappeared.

"Who is she?" asked the Stranger, in an apparently careless tone.

The old man closed one eye, and opened the other wide. Then he placed his forefinger, so as to bisect his Roman nose, at a given angle, just at the *pons snorum*.

He said, with all his old Roman wit still fresh in him,

"Take G from Glover, and what remains?"

The young Stranger flung him a purse of gold.

"Ohhè!" cried the old Glover, joyously turning head over heels, previous to shutting up his shop for the day. "Now, Sir, what lies in my power I will tell you."

And he told him, as he had said, "what lies in my power."

Then the youth, when he had heard all that the old man had to relate, muttered to himself,

"And this little Goody Two-Shoes, is she a sly-boots, after all?"

CHAPTER XI.—"*Ita! Tite! Aeris ago!*"

FOR many mornings after this, ITTI DUFFA was thoughtful. The sparrow grass ran to seed, and fed on its own luxuriance; the lettuces were moist with dewy tears, for their hearts were full; the weeds were smoking themselves in the sun.

The peasants said that ITTI DUFFA was looking wan. She thought she was looking wan too. Being wan, too, she wished she could have added "three, and away!"

But away with whom? Not with the peasant lout, JOE, who loved her, and followed her everywhere, but who, as old PANTALEONE, at the glove-stall, had said, was a mere Clown. Besides two is company: not so three.

A cow was lowing, away from her, in the meadow; a man was hiving towards her, in the field. Not JOE? Not PANTALEONE? Who then?

"I'll go bail he comes," she said, as she stood by the wicket.

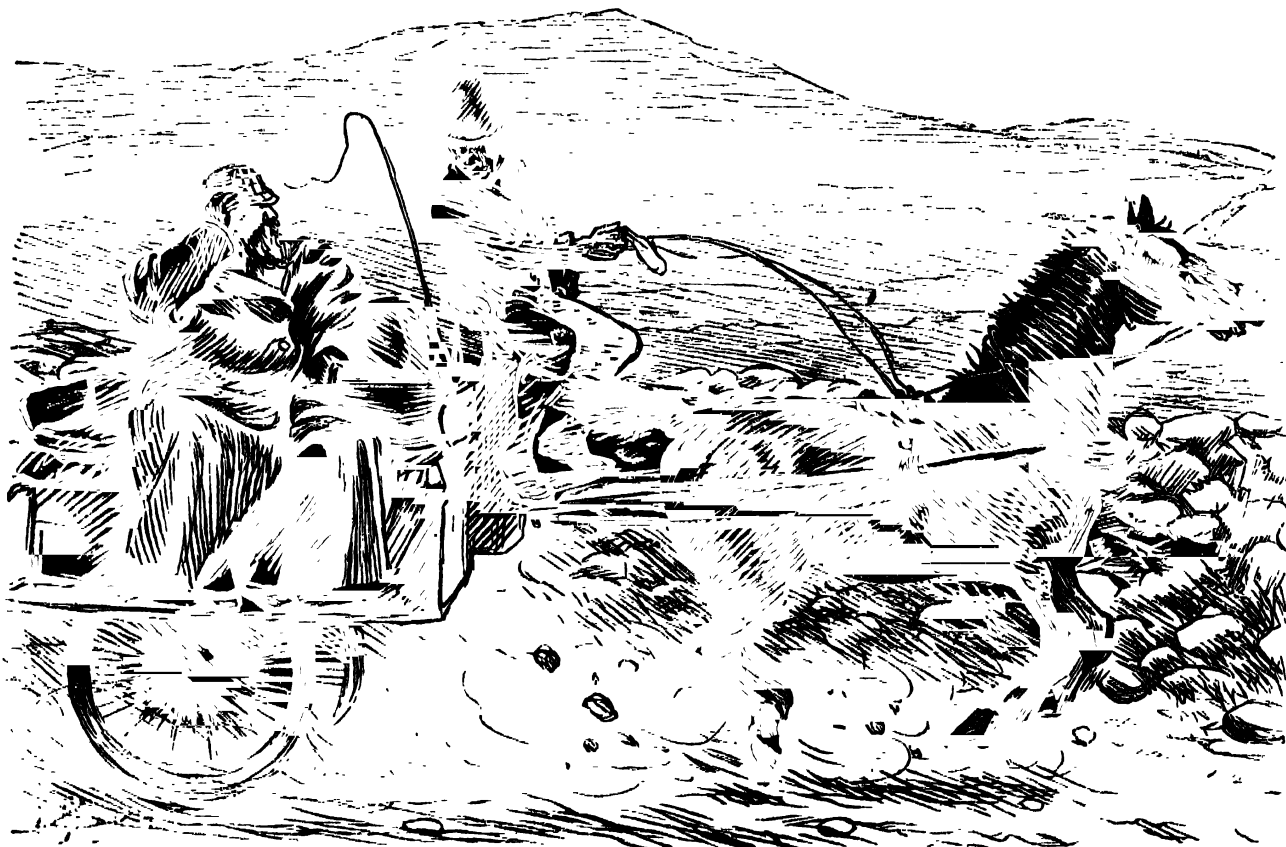
The goats danced in the frisky worship of their meadow temple, as though they had been in their own Kiddyminster; the lambs bleated, then took three baa's rest, and trotted down to see the old dam in the river. Then ITTI DUFFA threw an egg at quivering PANTALEONE, as he came out of the city, and took his way home; and he saw her, and blessed her. Others she pelted with crab-apples and medlars, from behind a wall, but they only shouted out at her in their rough, pleasant, honest fashion, and passed on. JOE looked in at the gate with a *dindon*, and a string of sausages, and, grinning from ear to ear, in his clownish way, said, "*Nous voici encore! Comment te trouves-tu demain?*" but she slammed the door in his face, and went in. Poor JOE was hurt, and coming up with PANTALEONE on the road, blamed the old man severely. The night was sultry.

What harm, were she to leave the door open? Who would come to injure ITTI DUFFA?

She took off her wooden shoes, and put on a pair of dainty slippers. They were satin, but they had also been stood in. Then she threaded her hair with a garland, and from the cold soup tureen she took a small paste star—one of a thousand, that had lain at the bottom of her dish of *potage*—and placed it on her forehead.

The moon shone in through the window, and cleared a magic circle for her on the floor.

She paused. Then she approached a cupboard, and, with childish glee, drew forth a box that the old Glover had sold her long ago. Then with a key she wound it up. It was musical, and played *Ombra Leggera*, or the *leggy Ombra*, from



NOT QUITE THE SAME THING.

Merciful Traveller. "YOUR LITTLE HORSE HAS BEEN GOING WELL. WHEN DO YOU BAIT HIM?"

Pat. "AH, SHURE, IT'S BEEN A PURTY LIVEL ROAD, SOB; BUT OI'LL HAVE TO BATE HIM GOIN' UP SLOGGIN DEERY HILL, SOB!"

Dinorah. And the solitary Man in the Moon seemed to enter into the child's whim, and sent a shadow to dance with her on the floor.

Then she flitted about, smiling radiantly, glancing and pirouetting. She imagined, in her innocent way, that the Man in the Moon was an elderly nobleman in a private box, who was admiring her performance, and who would presently throw her a bouquet, and cry out, "Brava, Colombina!"

She listened. Two slaps were given outside the cottage. Was it a signal, or was she watched?

Through the keyhole she saw JÔÉ and PANTALEONE coming up the path together, cautiously. Between them passed a masked figure, rapidly, running.

Her heart beat fast,—faster,—faster!

She had barely time to fly to the casement, when through it shot head-foremost, with hands stretched out, a brilliant flashing form, and in another moment she was clasped in her lover's arms.

Without, JÔÉ grinned with baillied rage, and tried to climb over PANTALEONE'S back to the window.

At the sound of the Patrol they cried, "*Voici un sergent de ville qui arrive!*" and fled. And the Lovers were alone: she trembling, he dressing her, in attitudes of ever-varying charm and grace.

"Oh, Mister SPANGLES!" she murmured.

"My name is not SPANGLES," he replied, tenderly. "It is SWEETIE!"

"And I——" she whispered in soft inquiry, with happy eyes, and yet a little startled.

"And you—will be Mrs. SWEETIE!"

She clung to him, crying silently. He wished he had a pocket-handkerchief in the dress, but there were no pockets.

"She does not know," he thought, "that every tear takes the gilt off the gingerbread to the tune of about seven pound ten."

And the musical box played gently one of its many changing airs, "*The One Pound Note.*"

"He shall marry her," hissed JÔÉ in the morning to PANTALEONE, "or I will work his downfall," and, therewith, he set-to to rub the pavement with butter in front of the hotel where PINTO PRÊZE—the SWEETIE of the White Guards—was living in exile.

Many accidents happened that day in Brussels. Everybody fell down, and JÔÉ alone was taken up.

During the disturbance PANTALEONE witnessed the marriage of ITTI DUFFA and SWEETIE. JÔÉ was not permitted to enter the sacred edifice dressed as he was, with the head of a *dindon* dangling out of one pocket, his usual string of *saucissons* out of the other, and a glazed hat with a cockade in it, wearing which he gave his word of honour, with his hand on his heart, that he was PINTO'S servant. But *Les Suisses* were not to be taken in, and no more was JÔÉ, so he remained outside, and heard the organ peal within, and in his bad heart he wished it were orange-peel without, that the bride and bridegroom might both come down, to his level, on the pavement.

So they started on their wedding tour, ITTI DUFFA in her little wooden shoes, and SWEETIE in his Whiteguardsman's boots, the only remnant of his former rank.

But though the sun shone brightly, the Shadows were creeping up. Slowly and surely. Slowly and surely.

(To be continued.)

Something like an Opening for us at Last.

THE *Istoc*, semi-official Servian organ, announces:—

"Serbia cannot consider the war ended until the Servian flag waves over Prishtina. Europe repudiates the Treaty of San Stefano, and Serbia, acting in conjunction with other nations, takes up an armed position to protect her own interests. An opportunity exists for England to acquire influence with the Servian people."

What a chance for England! O ye gods and little fishes! "*Non Angli sed Angeli!*" "*non Servi sed Domini!*"

Question and Answer.

Of Worcester's late election
For a short account suffice it—
Question put, "*Licet-ne?*"
Answer given, "*Non LYCETT.*"



AN ORTHODOX DOUBT.

"MAMMA DEAR, FRANÇOISE, THE NEW NURSE, ALWAYS SAYS HER PRAYERS IN FRENCH. DO YOU THINK SHE WILL BE UNDERSTOOD?"

"GIVE! GIVE!"

The Cry of the London Hospital.

HAPPY the Hospital that has a history! For a history means a far past; and a far past means landed and funded property, dating from days when a penny of bequest or rental meant a shilling and often a pound now. Thus a past for a Hospital means property. Look at Bartholomew's, and St. Thomas's, and Guy's.

A Hospital without a past means a Hospital dependent on Voluntary Contributions. Now Voluntary Contributions are wonderful helps. But they sometimes let you down. They are the best Hospital crutch, but cannot be trusted as its stay.

Here is the London Hospital. It has a right to the definite article, for it addresses itself, more than any of its many excellent and useful fellows, to the needs, the labours, and the emergencies of London—as they are concentrated in the East-End, its poorest, densest, most toiling, and most suffering part.

Here, in black and busy Whitechapel—as little of whiteness as of chapel about it now—in a high road roaring with traffic, girt close about with railways and docks and manufactories, with a huge fungus-growth of labour and poverty gathering densely all round it, stands the London Hospital, little more than a century old, having grown from a little nucleus of four hired leasehold houses in Prescott Street, Goodman's Fields, to its present proportions,—a great and well-ordered building, with its wards and waiting-halls, examining-rooms and kitchens, baths and laundries, making up close on 800 beds, with doors open night and day to all who knock in their stress of need, without distinction of race or religion; practically a free hospital, for nearly three-fourths of its patients are admitted without letter or recommendation, save the urgency of the case, medical or surgical, as it may be,—to the tune of some 7000 in-patients and some 48,000 out-patients last year. On the one side, the sleepless labour of London continuously pouring in its accidents and diseases; on the other, the sleepless kindness of the London Hospital taking in and tending this influx of human wretchedness night and day.

And yet, though the London Hospital can boast such a growth,

PUNCH'S PROCLAMATION.

Punchius, M.

WHEREAS, by the Reserve (Moral) Force Acts of no particular date, but of general recognition and universal application, it is, amongst other things, provided that, in case of imminent national danger and emergency, the Reserve Forces of Prudence, Patience, Patriotism, Justice, Magnanimity, Wise Forethought, and Rational Self-Restraint, ordinarily latent in the breasts of the sober, sagacious, and, for the most part, silent portion of the community, may authoritatively be called out on active public service:

AND WHEREAS the present state of public affairs and public opinion, and the necessity in connection therewith of taking steps for the maintenance of peace, and for the protection of the real interests, honour, and fair fame of the Empire, and, especially, of checking the insurgent forces of Pride, Passion, Prejudice, and spurious (if well-intentioned) Patriotism, now and for some time past deplorably and mischievously rampant, in our opinion, constitute a case of great emergency within the meaning of the said Acts:

Now, therefore, We do, in pursuance of the said Acts and of our earnest endeavour for the furtherance of the Public Weal, hereby direct that forthwith all classes of the Reserve Forces above specified be called out on permanent service, and shall henceforth proceed to and attend in their places (in Parliament or otherwise), and at such time or times as may be needful, to serve as part of Our Army of Moral Militancy until their services are no longer required.

Given at our Court in Fleet Street this tenth day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight, and the thirty-seventh of our reign.

VIVAT PUNCHIUS!

Predestined.

(See the San Stefano Treaty Boundaries.)

THE Greeks held that names are made, like marriages, in a higher state of existence. Does not the name "Bulgaria" support the theory?—It is evidently a compound of "Bulge" and "Area."

and does such a work, and though it has been winged by a Queen and a Princess, its wings want more feathering, that they may fly further on their errand of mercy, and cover more ground in their pelican-work of charity.

Its seven hundred and ninety beds cost £30,000 more than its fixed income. It now seeks these thirty thousand pounds of annual income, to set off against so much pain relieved, and life lengthened. Shall it be enabled to open more beds, or must it close four hundred of those it has now ready?

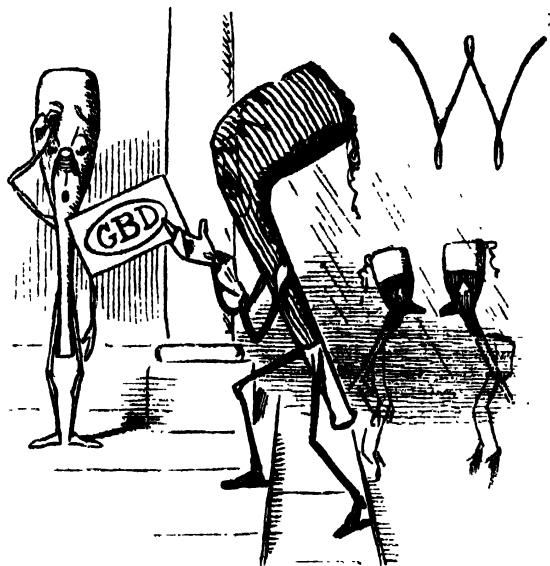
To Mr. Punch's mind, a question not to be asked in this huge, rich City—in the East End, too, the quarter where the bones are ground that make the poor man's bread, and the rich man's money.

Already the question has been asked, and a beginning made of the answer—an answer to the right tune, "That's the way the money goes!" Let all who pick up their gold on that TOM TINDLER's ground—they say there's not much for the picking up just now—set a few yards of their claim apart for the London Hospital. Why should not other guilds follow the Grocers, and give the Hospital a wing? It can accommodate as many wings as an Indian idol, and will look all the better for them. Punch rejoices to see the big Brewers—the BUXTONS, and COOPES, the BARCLAYS, and CHARRINGTON and HEADS—putting their shoulders stoutly to the wheel, and coming down with their thousands and five hundreds of annual subscription; and the big money-men and merchants, the ROTHSCHILDS, and BARINGS, the HODGSONS and BARNETTS, the PERKS and JOHN-SONS, tithing and tolling themselves to the same or like amounts for the same good object.

Let the great City Pactolus, of which these are some of the chief tributaries and affluents, turn its main stream in the same channel, and send off some of its superfluous auriferous fluid on the same good work of irrigation, till the London Hospital is out of all danger of being left stranded by the ebb of "Voluntary Contributions." Till it can take thought for opening beds, instead of closing them. Till it can open new wings, instead of closing sadly under pressure of poverty those it has already opened, by the fostering aid of Queen, and Princess, and City Guild.

A CRY À LA RUSSIE (to Roumania).—"Bully for you!"

WHERE THE MONEY COMES FROM, AND WHERE THE MONEY GOES.



ELL may NORTHGOTE, to meet war-waste, A Tobacco-tax invoke: Source and outlay are in keeping: This begins, that ends, in smoke.

Irish Road-Scrapings.

(From a Letter recently received from the West Highlands.)

"Thursday was the wildest of many wild days I have seen here this winter—hurricanes of wind and torrents of rain. A schooner has been anchored under the house for a fortnight, trying to get four days' work done in unloading 'road-scrapings' for top-dressing, and has

only finished this morning. These road-scrapings have been brought from Belfast; and the Gigha man who owns the vessel assured me that they were much better for the land than scrapings from any Scotch town—for they are fery goot against toads and serpents and vermin."

AND after that feat of Saint Patrick's—which gives such virtue to the very road-scrapings of the isle where he made a clean sweep of the "varmint"—Mr. Justice KEOGH dares insult that National Saint!

THE BEAR AND FEW FRIENDS.

"SAVE me from my friends!" may Roumania now say, especially when they are big ones, and Bears to boot. Who is saucy little Roumania that she should set up a will of her own in the teeth and against the claws of Huge and Holy Russia? *A propos* of the Russ resumption of Bessarabia, Roumanian will or deed to the contrary notwithstanding, nothing director has ever been known probably in diplomacy than GORTSCHAKOFF's last—from the very latest Blue Book:—

"Prince GORTSCHAKOFF declared to our agent that, notwithstanding our clamouring both at home and abroad, the Russian decision was irrevocable; that she would not bring this question before the Congress, because it would be an offence to the Emperor; that if another Power wished to do so, she would not be a party to it; that it was with us she wished to treat; that if she could not succeed in making us give in, she would take Bessarabia from us by force; that if we made an armed resistance, it would be fatal for Roumania."

Horace for the Cabinet.

"O Navis! referent in mare te novi
Fluctus? O! quid agis—"

But Mr. Punch doesn't feel inclined to go on

—"fortiter occupa

Portum."

At least, not at present.

TRUTH OR IRONY?

TROUT-FISHING commenced on the First of April. Perhaps the old maxim of "a worm at one end and a fool at the other" is true, after all.

FOR THE OXFORD CREW.—The very place for strictly abstemious training: Tap-low.

MRS. GRUNDY ON THE COMING COSTUME.

"It is stated that a fashionable poetess is about to attempt an important reform in female attire. The idea is to revive the costumes of the ancient Greeks, and with this purpose a *soirée* has lately been given to a number of the literary and artistic friends of the fair leader of this new movement, at which all the Ladies who were present—young or old—appeared in the costume of Penelope and Helen."—*The Echo*.

DEAR Mr. Punch, do just look here. What's this new-fangled caper, Which, to my 'orror, meets my eye whilst reading of my paper? I don't periously understand the plan they're putting forrid, But I've my strong suspicions that it's somethink right down 'orrid.

Classic! O yes, I know that game, as wants a vigorous stopper. Classic's the name for everythink owdacious and improper. The Poets and the Artists is always sweet upon it. But if they gammons Mrs. G., I'll bolt my Sunday bonnet.

The costumes of the ancient Greeks! A pretty prospect truly! They dressed in—well, not very much, and went about quite coolly. I know 'em from their statys, which is things I do not hold with. Which their dress must have been awful for ketching deaths o' cold with.

I thought our gals had gone as fur as decency permitted,—Perhaps a hinch or two beyond,—but sense they must have quitted To think about a style of dress which, even seen in pictures, Is open to my stern rebuke and most sewerest strictures.

Our West-End semi-noodities is bad enough, that's certain, But winding of one's body in a sort of sheet or curtain, With no anacstras, 'oos 'twas worn by Pennylope or Helen!—Well there, it is a thing on which it shames one to be dwellin'.

That Helen, as I understand, was scarce the style of lady As we should copy dresses from, her morals being shady; And Pennylope,—well she, let's hope, was all Ulysses thought her, But the wature of Ulysses' wife's no rule for JOHN BULL's daughter!

Better for coats and trousers at once go in a cropper, Than ape the old "aesthetic," which seems mostly the improper. Besides, our climate!—don't tell me; in spite of Art's ecstasies, 'Tis my conviction Attic tastes would end in the rheumatics.

I ha'n't no faith in Poets' plans, nor yet in Artists' notions. Your Swinburnejoneses, and that sort, to me is pills and potions. Soant classic westments ain't the cheese for our young gals and fellas, And if there's them as thinks they are, they'd better go to—Hellas!

STRAWS AND THE WIND.

At a moment when serious international relations are supposed to hang on comparative trifles, the following "tariff of interpretation" may be found useful to those who wish to register the precise value of the various little social amenities now in active exchange between the SULTAN and the Grand Duke NICHOLAS in and about Constantinople:—

Leaving a card.

A cup of tea, in presence of a couple of Plenipotentiaries and Suite.

A cup of tea, ordered up without formality, and drunk in a *tête-à-tête* on a balcony.

A Note from the SULTAN to the Grand Duke NICHOLAS, pressing his acceptance of half a dozen pocket-handkerchiefs and a pound of Ra-hat-la-koum.

The presentation by the Grand Duke to the SULTAN of the game of *Go Bang* and a superior accor-dian.

A *petit diner* at the Dolma-bagtsche Palace.

Impromptu invite to the SULTAN to come and take a chop "in quite a friendly way" with the Grand Duke.

Five hours' confidential conversation afterwards "over a cigar," in a corner, in the presence of an Interpreter, three Secretaries, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, with a map, duplicate copies of several ready-made Treaties, and seven glasses of brandy-and-water.

A disposition to open friendly negotiations.

Interchange of good understandings, followed by a telegram of four columns in cipher to St. Petersburg.

Reappearance, the next morning, on the scene of M. ONOU, the distinguished Russian dragoman.

Quiet evacuation of Buyukdere by the Turkish troops.

Unostentatious occupation of the lines of Tchataldja by the Russians.

The advantages of a close Russo-Turkish alliance amicably and practically discussed.

Further advance of Russian lines, with simultaneous friendly holding and arming of all the high ground dominating the city.

Thorough understanding as to the great advisability, "in certain eventualities," of the seizing by Russian troops, "quite in a friendly spirit," and holding till further notice, as much of Turkey in Europe as is not already provided for by the Treaty of San Stefano.

SEASONABLE MOTTO (for Anti-Ritualists).—"Festina lente"—"Feast in Lent."



"BEATI POSSIDENTES."

Brown (who is in temporary financial difficulties). "BEEN RUNNING ABOUT THE CITY ALL DAY, DEAR. I'M FAMISHED! LET'S HAVE A CUP O' TEA—AH—AND THAT COLD TURKEY——"

Wife. "OH, I'M SO SORRY, DEAR! MARY TELLS ME THE MAN DOWNSTAIRS—(in Possession!)—HAS JUST FINISHED IT!"

THE YANKEE PRIVATEER.

(A Story for the Marines.)

THE steam-schooner *Coon*, her snowy cloud of canvas contrasting with the dark cloud from her funnels, was cleaving the waters like a thing of life at the rate of fifteen knots an hour. The crew, consisting of some fifty desperadoes of all nationalities, had cleared the deck for action. Her guns had been crammed to the muzzle with shot and shell. Every man of her picked crew carried a rifle in his hand, and a revolver and outlas in his belt.

"My lads!" cried Captain SCUDDER, pointing to a ship under English colours in the distance, "do you see that darned Britisher? There floats your fortune! You've sailed and steamed a couple of thousand miles, you've left the august shadow of that glorious bird of freedom, the American Eagle, but there's your reward. It's a tarnation fat prize, and darn me if we don't chaw her up in the twinkling of a handspike."

This eloquent speech was cheered to the echo, and part of the crew went below to sit upon the safety-valve of the engine.

The *Coon* flashed through the waves with redoubled speed, and soon was alongside the unfortunate Britisher.

"Now, my lads!" cried Captain SCUDDER, waving his Gatling gun over his head, "one well-aimed broadside, then lay her alongside, and boarders away!"

"Stop, Massa!" exclaimed the Black Cook, "SAMBO see some British genelam a coming off in the jolly-boat. Golly! how dey make her walk!"

"Avast, my lads!" shouted the Captain, after verifying the Black Cook's assertion through his marine binocular. "As SAMBO says, we have visitors. Darn me, but we'll teach them manners."

By this time the boat from the Britisher had approached the *Coon*, and two of her crew, in the persons of the Captain and a Barrister-at-Law, had presented themselves before the Yankee Commander.

"What do you want?" asked the American.

OFF THE LINE.

RESPECTED SIR,

ME & my Usbing were last nite a talking about Haxidents which it is only natural as E should take a hintrest in M seeing as he get his living as a Railway guard which when I says his Living its like to be the Death of im because of them there haxidents as is now so frequent. But there he says to me says he there wouldnt be not so many if the tranes were all purwided with Continooous Breaks. Continooous Breaks I says why what for ever's that? Well says he its a new Patent as come over from Ameriky. There's the Wacuum Break he says and theres the Hortomatic Break & in pint o' faack says he theres sech a many breaks that the Drectors they're that puzzled as they dont know which is best. Well I says it Puzzles me how breaks can be good for stopping haxidents which I've known a many haxidents as ave ended in a Break. And as for making breaks Continooous I says there's our JEMIMER she's as good as any Patent I can promise you—not to mention our boy JIM as can arldy touch a teacup without breaking of the andle & if E aint Hortomatic I don't know what is. So I remane

Your most obeejant Servant,

MARTHA MUDDLE.

A Cry From Cam.

"Beati sunt qui ante nos!"

"Dead beat," dead heat to follow!

The Cambridge *Coach* may have been *Close*,
But their defeat is hollow.

WELL-NAMED.

A RECENT State paper, by Prince GORTSCHAKOFF, in reply to Lord SALISBURY's Circular, has been styled an "Annexe." How appropriate, when so much of it is in explanation of the territorial views of an Imperial SEIZER!

Sors Shakspeariana.

William (on the Diplomatic hitch)—

"Oh, touch me not!

I am not (San) Stefano, but a cramp."

Tempest, Act v. Scene last.

"To know what you want," replied the English sailor.
"Guess I'll tell you that considerable slick," said Captain SCUDDER. "We are going to blow you out of the water."

"But you can't," returned the Englishman, firmly.

"We have letters of marque."

"Won't do."

"We have got a crew of the greatest scoundrels unchanged, and I don't mind telling you that they are small pumpkins to me."

"That doesn't matter in the least."

"Then I guess you are stronger than I suppose. You mean to show fight?"

"No, we don't. We are too weak for that."

"Then what is to prevent me from blowing you into the middle of next week?"

"This!" And the Barrister-at-Law (at the request of the Captain) read the Treaty of Washington to the American Commander.

"Bout ship!" shouted the baffled SCUDDER, turning deadly pale. "Of course you and I, my lads, are not at all the sort of chaps to break the law of nations."

So the Englishmen returned to the Britisher, and the *Coon* put her head about for the nearest American port.

Upon their arrival, the crew of the Yankee privateer got religion to a man, and spent the remainder of their days in pious respectability, listening to the orthodox sermons of the Rev. Parson SCUDDER—once their Captain, and now their Pastor.

INTER-UNIVERSITY SPORTS—(CONSOLATION FOR PARENTS).

"He who runs may read."

[And so, for the matter of that, may he who "rows."]

APPROPRIATE STYLE FOR THE CIRCULAR.—"Salisbury—plain-English."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



EXPECTATION still on the strain, after a week of waiting. The country yet on the threshold of War, but, thus far, not nearer fistifuffs. After England's Collective Wisdom and unwisdom—her sages and her Jingos—have said their say, this is something. Anti-Turks are still anxious, Pro-Turks hopeful. Lord DERBY has done his best to knock the wind out of Lord BEACONSFIELD. Altogether, 'tis a pretty kettle of fish—but, thank Heaven, it has not yet boiled over.

*Monday, April 8 (Lords).—*The interest of the night focussed in the Upper House. Was not the Sphinx to speak? So, with every corner and coign of vantage crammed with straining ears—Ladies to right of him, Ladies to left of him, Commons wherever Commons are free to stand, Privy Counsellors about the Throne, myste-

rious mourning Dames among the gilt pinnacles of its canopy—the Sphinx spoke, tamely, coldly, formally, almost falteringly first, as is the Sphinxian wont, but working up to a climax of telling, if somewhat tawdry, rhetoric,—one of those "purple rags" which the Sphinx loves to tack as pennoneels to his perorations, like nothing so much as a *Daily Telegraph* Leader. His points were, that from first to last the Government had kept one tune; that the remodelling of European treaties must be the work of the Great Powers in Council, not of Russia; that the Treaty of San Stefano wiped out the Ottoman Empire in Europe, and converted the Black Sea into a Russian lake; that Russia had declined to submit the Treaty as a whole to Congress; that thenceforth the Congress was a futility. The bottom knocked out of Congress (see *Punch's* Cartoon), and all the world besides armed or arming, was England to remain disarmed? No; away with reserve, and out with the Reserves! And so, with a flourish of trumpets, enter a new Chimæra—Sphinx engrafted on Spread-Eagle.

Lord GRANVILLE put in his point—here, there, and everywhere—like a fine and finished master of tongue-fence as he is, but a damaging critic rather than a formidable opponent. Indeed, he began by reminding the Gallery that he meant to use the foil not the sword; he would mark the Cabinet's coat, not run it through the body; would criticise, but not move an Amendment.

Lord DERBY made a clean breast of it—so clean, though he reserved one point, the immediately determining reason of his retirement,



THE ONE THING NEEDFUL.

Stableman of Sporting Rectory. "I 'EAR MASTER'S HADVERTISED FOR A CURATE. MUST BE HORTHODOX—WHATEVER THAT MEANS."
Groom of ditto. "MEANS! WHY, THAT 'E MUST KNOW A THING OR TWO ABOUT 'OSSER, IN COURSE! HE'D NEVER SUIT MASTER IF HE DIDN'T."

that he has given grievous offence to sticklers for the higher proprieties, and leaves the world wondering why, if this was his way of thinking, he had not been saying ditto to Mr. GLADSTONE all this time, instead of to Lord BEACONSFIELD. Impossible to imagine a more complete turning inside out of the Cabinet policy. He did not believe in a Congress. He did not acknowledge any real foundation for the irritation against Russia. He did not perceive sufficient reason for hasty war-preparations. He did not see either the causes, allies, or objects of a war by England against Russia. He sneered at the vagaries of public opinion, and asked how a Foreign Secretary was to steer, with such "conning."

All very telling, and doubtless very true. But *Punch* must, perforce, ask with everybody, if my Lord DERBY thought thus all this time, *Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?* Why didn't they make a Jonah of him—or he of himself—long ago?

And is it the duty of a Foreign Secretary to hold "*vox Populi, vox Dei*," and steer, as the *popularis aura* shifts about? Is it not rather his business, who is set there as pilot, to shape the safest and best course, and let the swabbers and sweepers, the waiters and idlers, grumble and growl as they may?

This was very much the English of the Lord CHANCELLOR's and Lord SALISBURY's speeches. The Circular was not an ultimatum, but an *exposé des motifs*. The calling out the Reserves was not a step to war, but a measure of precaution—our old friend, "defence, not defiance," in fact. (Lord BEACONSFIELD had said the same thing in other words.) Lord SELBORNE assailed the Government with pointed but polished dress-sword, and the Duke of ARGYLL with slashing claymore. Lord HOUGHTON interposed the Treaties of 1856 and 1871. Lord CARNARVON spoke the words of wisdom and moderation so hateful in the ears of the Jingos. And then the Address was agreed to after a night of good talk, signifying little but foregone conclusions, leaving the question, "Peace or War?" very much where it was, Lord BEACONSFIELD all the weaker by Lord DERBY's damaging dissection of his policy, but the public as much bewildered as enlightened by Lord DERBY's startling revelations.

(Commons.)—Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE did snoking-doves to Lord BEACONSFIELD's Drawcanair. Never was a spirited foreign

policy so cold-drawn. It was the Beaconsfield tune in a minor-key—by no means to the taste of the Jingos. Vote of Credit, calling out of Reserves, sending of the Fleet through the Dardanelles—all was but precaution. Fighting! Lord bless you! we've no such intention! All we wanted was to have the Treaty of San Stefano put in accord with the European system. Russia, it was to be hoped, would yet see her way to this. (Whether Lord SALISBURY's slap in the face be the best way of opening her eyes may be open to question.)

Mr. GLADSTONE disclaimed any intention of moving an Amendment. How could he ask for amendment of such a dove-like discourse? If he could only accept Sir STAFFORD's pitch-pipe, as giving the true note of the Government policy! But we were, and had been, on the drift war-wards for the last quarter, and summoning the Reserves would bring us a stage nearer the argument of the sword than the Vote of Credit. Lord SALISBURY's Circular was a blister, not an anodyne-plaister. The Treaty of San Stefano stipulated for no more than Russia had foreshadowed in June last, except Bessarabia. A Congress was the only way to amend what wanted amending in the Treaty or in South-Eastern Europe.

Wilful Sir WILFRID WITWOLD moved his Amendment. The Reserves should have been reserved for a greater emergency. Their calling out is unjustifiable, whether in the cause of European peace or English interests.

Sir W. BARTHOLOMEW rapped Sir WILFRID's knuckles.

Mr. GRANT DUFF judged everybody and everything from the stand-point of Olympian wisdom, and exhibited his prescription, "*Sine Germaniâ nulla salus*." But how was BRITANNIA to get the benefit of his panacea, with a rival doctor at the Foreign Office in whose eyes calling in Dr. BISMARCK was not safety, but destruction?

Mr. GOLDNEY, Colonel BARNE, and Sir H. D. WOLFF—like Cerberus, three Gentlemen at once—gave tongue for Jingos; and Mr. HARDY—his back to the War Office and his face to India—administered a round of rattling counters to Mr. GLADSTONE in his best fighting fashion. "*Nox pugnâ interemit*"—leaving JINKS his Baby in possession of the House.

Tuesday (Lords.)—Lord BRAUCHAMP moved Second Reading

of the Factories and Workshops Act. Mr. Cross has consolidated forty-five Acts regulating Factories and Workshops into one. Lord SHAFFESBURY might well congratulate Mr. Cross—or, to put the saddle on the right horse, Sir HENRY THRING—on this achievement, and the country on the upshot of the factory legislation, which his Lordship set going, in spite of such obloquy and in the teeth of such auguries of evil.

On the Scotch Education Bill, two Scottish Dukes—BUCKLEUCH and ARGYLL—bewailed the Scotch School Boards' feeble grip o' the siller. Wonders will never cease! That Scotch School Boards should be reproached with extravagance! To be sure it is by Scotchmen.

On the new Bishops Bill, Lord REDESDALE, with the mysterious wisdom which makes a quasi-oracle of him in their Lordships' eyes, introduced a clause to enable worn-out Bishops to resign their Seats while keeping their Sees! This was voted rather too strong, even from Lord REDESDALE.

(Commons.)—Colonel STANLEY, the new Secretary for War, took his seat for North Lancashire, amidst loud cheers—partly of good will to the Colonel, and congratulations on his promotion, partly in recognition of Lord B.'s clever counter-check to Knowlesy—on the principle of "One Stanley down, another come on!"

Mr. E. JENKINS in possession of the House—and the House in possession of Mr. E. JENKINS.

"We are not aware that anything more need be recorded of most of the other orators of the evening than their names, with the briefest labelling."

Speeches from Mr. HAMBURY (who gave Honourable Members a liberal draught of his Entire, with the justification, however, that he knows a good deal more about Turkey and Turks in Europe than most of them);—Sir GEORGE BOWYER (the muddle-headed view); Messrs. RICHARD and JACOB BRIGHT (the soft-headed view); Mr. CHAMBERLAIN (the Brummagem "five hundred" headed view); Sir CHARLES DILKE (the hard-headed view); Mr. COURTNEY (the wrong-headed view); the Marquis of HARTINGTON (the long-headed view); the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER (the puzzle-headed view); and, finally, Sir WILFRID LAWSON (the pig-headed view), ushered in the anticipated division of 64 to 319.

Sir WILFRID may congratulate himself on having discharged his conscience; but we can hardly agree with Lord HARTINGTON that he is likely to mislead Prince GORTSCHAKOFF. To read the debates, and between their lines, the Prince can command Count SCHOUVALOFF's spectacles and his own. He knows that England is divided on every point—Eastern policy past and present, danger to our Interests and Empire, significance of Vote of Credit and calling out of Reserves, inevitableness of War, object of War, urgency of War—on every point, in short, but one, that Russia must not be allowed to alter European Treaties at her sole will, and that she must reckon with England in settling the balance of the year's work.

But is there any good to be got by crying Peace when there is no Peace—with the Quakers;—or War when there is no War—with the Jingos? The one question at the bottom of all men's minds—who are not for rushing blind bull-fashion at Russia,—is, does Lord BEACONSFIELD seriously mean trying to set Humpty-Dumpty up again? So that great authority, THOMAS GIBSON BOWLEN, assures us; and so even the more veiled Parliamentary oracles of Jingo, with Sir H. D. WOLFF for their prophet, seem to foreshadow. If it be so, the sooner that issue is set before the country by a Dissolution the better. For, to that effect, assuredly, the country has not yet spoken.

Wednesday.—Lord CAMPBELL'S Act makes fair provision for compensation for injuries, but the Courts have too narrowly limited its action in the case of injuries to workmen by other workmen in the same employment. The fiction of Law, called "common employment," has ended in practically depriving workmen injured in course of their occupation, even by culpable neglect of their employers, of all compensation. On railways, where such injuries are most frequent, and such neglect most common and most culpable, this injustice is most crying. A Select Committee has sat on the point, and has issued a futile report, the result of compromise.

Mr. MACDONALD now moved Second Reading of his Bill to kill "the demon of neglect," of which the Select Committee had not ventured to recommend so much as the "scotching."

Mr. TENNANT moved that amendment of the law should go on the lines of the Select Committee—which all disinterested and competent judgment condemns as a string of feeble futilities. So said the hard-headed honesty and legal and practical capacity of the House, by Mr. BRASSER, Mr. GREGORY, Sir G. FORSTER, Mr. GORST, Dr. CAMERON, Mr. Serjeant SIMON, Mr. SHAW-LEFEBVRE, Mr. BURT, and Mr. LOWE.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL promised some amendment of the law, in a half-hearted, hesitating way, and Mr. BULWER, aggravated, it seems, by Mr. LOWE'S fierce onslaught on legal fictions, talked out the Bill, not having so intended—and so thrust on one side for this Session a really important matter, wherein legislation is much called for.

Thursday (Lords).—Lord HENNIKER moved a Bill requiring Railway Companies to make periodical returns of their brake-power. To make the returns complete, they should show in one column the Company's brakes, in another their smashes.

One rejoices to learn that, with all his powers for the destruction of City Churches, the Bishop of LONDON, while uniting many City parishes, has not as yet pulled down a single City Church. St. Banet, Paul's Wharf, is to be given over to TARRY for Church services in the Welsh tongue; St. George, Botolph Lane, St. Margaret-Pattons, and St. Mildred, Bread Street,—in which PAPPS worshipped, or at least ogled and observed,—condemned by various schemes of union, have been saved by their Patrons. One is not sorry to find that WHEN'S ghost may still say "*Si monumenta quaeras, circumspice*," when he takes a brother-ghost to visit the City.

(Commons.)—Flattering hopes of the holidays.

The Committee on the Budget, after a dissection of Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE'S schemes by Mr. CHILDERS (in anything but "flying" form to-night, long-winded, and with all the solemnity of a Chancellor of the Exchequer *in posse* sitting on a Chancellor *in esse*), the House went to the Dogs with much seeming satisfaction, the age of canine taxation being altered from two to six months.

One matter to which Mr. CHILDERS directed attention, wants, and will want, looking to, that is, the rapid growth of Local Indebtedness as compared with the slow reduction of National Debt. It is such easy going down-hill to the Avernus of Bankruptcy, and such heavy pushing the Sisyphus Stone of Debt up the Hill of Repayment!—if *Punch* may so far abuse the modesty of metaphor.

Mr. GOSCHEN had a good, hearty, punishing round with Sir STAFFORD, for what he contended is a demoralising drop-down on the elastic cushion of Income-Tax. But Mr. LAINE, a formidable financial authority, supports Sir STAFFORD.

There seems a pretty general regret that when the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER was putting his fingers into the tobacco-jar, he did not slap on sixpence instead of fourpence, which would have laid no heavier burden on the smoker, though it would have given the retailer a farthing an ounce less profit; and that when he was going to the Dogs, he did not go for 10s. instead of 7s. 6d.

Every little helps, and these little, it is said, would not have been felt. For his part, Mr. *Punch* can never find it in his heart to quarrel with the Exchequer for not taking.

Friday (Lords).—Lord LEITRIM'S murder suggested much appropriate reflection to Lord ORANMORE and other Irish and English Peers. The LORD CHANCELLOR said the indecencies of the funeral scene had been exaggerated. Most *cousus de Hibernia* are.

(Commons.)—A Morning Sitting, much grumbled at; in the evening, besides talk about Dogs and Income-Tax and the rapid growth of Local Loans, Lord LEITRIM'S murdered body was dragged on the tapis by Mr. O'DONNELL, who so utterly forgot the decency due to the dead, that the Galleries had to be cleared, and the House fought or talked with closed-doors from nine till one.

FINISHING FOR FACES.



IN a recent trial for obtaining property by false pretences the principal witness for the prosecution was a lady who had undergone the process of being made "beautiful for ever." She described herself as writing, whilst undergoing it, to the prisoner, imploring its completion for £200, asking, "Now will you promise faithfully to finish me for that sum?" and adding, "If you consent to finish me for that sum, I will give you £100 the first day I see you, and the other £100 when you tell me I am finished."

She also said, "The prisoner had told me that £2000 was given for finishing the Countess of DUDLEY." One can imagine that the sort of applications employed in enamelling the skin would, by obstructing its pores and impeding its function be likely enough to induce disease which might "finish" a foolish woman; but it is only fair to say that the cosmetics which were to confer everlasting beauty consisted of ingredients which, however fraudulent, were little likely to prove fatal, or likely to do harm more than skin-deep.

The beautified victim stated on cross-examination that—

"The effect of the washes was satisfactory, but I did not notice any difference."

That, of course, was before the rash came out. She herself noticed no difference, in the glass. There she might have seen herself as others saw her, and rested content. For their part—

"The friends with whom I stayed in the country said I looked quite lovely."

Very likely—before the washes brought on a rash. The loveliness was natural, needing no improvement. But loveliness like that of a rose or a lily, or of lilies mingled with roses, is too often combined with an intelligence not greatly exceeding a senseless flower's. It is this order of intelligence which, not content with youth and beauty, desires to be made beautiful for ever, believes in advertisements offering to work that miracle, and buys solutions which cause an eruption at a guinea a bottle.

THE WHOLE HOG.

"Qualification and explanation both weaken the force of what is said, and are not always likely to be with patience received; so also those who desire to misunderstand or to oppose have it always in their power to become obtuse listeners or specious opponents."—RUSKIN.

Rough-and-ready Patriot loggiter:—



PUT up! Blow reas-
s'ning! I don't
mean it rude,
But it's dry work
and doesn't do no
good.
I like plain-sailing
and I don't like
fog,
And I am all for go-
ing the whole hog!
Reason? Fair-play?
O bless me, yes, I
know.
Soot I can under-
stand, and likewise
snow,
But this new-fangled
neutral sort o'
grey.
Blest if I cotton to it
any way.
You see your notions
of the situation
Want such a precious
lot of explanation!
"Rooshia is black,"
says you, "and
Turkey blacker."

We don't ought lightly to be either's backer."
Well, right you are; but must we then stand by
While Rooshia works her will? That's all my eye!
"You don't mean that at all?"—I dare say not.
I make no doubt you mean a thundering lot;
But what your meaning is I'm blest if I know,
Them Rooshians want to collar land and rhino;
Grab is their game, my friend. You do not doubt it?
Then where's your call to make this shine about it?
Stop it, I say, and stop it short and sharp.
That's straight. You only quibble, hedge, and carp.
Your Cossack client's bad, my boy. Eh? What?
"Rooshia is not your client?" Now that's rot.
Don't you defend the beggar? I abhor him,
And hold that he who's not against is for him.
"You are for right, not Rooshia?" That your song?
Well, all serene, then; Rooshia's in the wrong,
And so it's all the same. You're on our side.
I welcome your return to sense with pride.
"Rooshia, perhaps, mayn't be all wrong?" Ah, there!
Hedging again! "At least, one should be fair?"
I hate the word, it's cocktail, canting, shabby—
What chaps of your sort call "fair," I call flabby.
Balancing matters in that mincing style,
Is just the way a Nation's nerve to spile,
Like fighting on a tight-rope. What d'ye say?
"The road of right is oft a ticklish way,
No reason, that, why it should not be tried;
Justice is rarely all upon one side?"
Now, look you here, I am a patriot, I am;
Britain's my home, not Rooshia, France, or Siam.
I back old England; England can't be wrong.
I like things in plain English—short and strong.

Take sides with Rooshia 'gainst JOHN BULL? Not me!
GLADSTONE may howl, but I shall back Lord B.
Suppose he leads us wrong? O that be shot!
You own yourself that Rooshia's a bad lot.
That is not quite the question? Isn't it?
Then p'raps you'll say what is. It banga my wit.
"What's wrong in Europe, how to put it right
With patient justice, and without a fight,
To play our part as fits a mighty nation,
Too calmly brave to stoop to aggravation.
To let nor fear, nor hate, nor pride of race,
Blind us to the true issues of the case,
The righteous, the enduring, and the just,
And fight for these alone, if fight we must—
A task which needs more pluck and patriotism
Than braggart bounce or blatant Jingoism."
Don't like the programme; looks half funk, half fog.
'Twould leave us bilked, and landed in a bog.
No, put our foot down, show the brutes we're strong,
Stow cackle! Here's old England, right or wrong!
[Drinks deeply to "Our Noble Selves!"]

PEERS AND PHYSICIANS.

HOMŒOPATHY is looking up. It threatens to render the labours of the Medical Council superfluous. London supports a Homœopathic Hospital. At the Annual Meeting of this Charity, held the other day in the Hospital itself, Great Ormond Street, Lord ENRY took the chair. The year's subscriptions amounted to £1,576, the donations to £518; the Hospital Saturday and Sunday Funds to £89 and £217; Legacies to £700; Special Purposes Fund to £265; and the year's Receipts to £5,112; the smallest of all these sums being a by no means infinitesimal quantity. The name of Lady CAIRNS was added to the list of lady visitors. It was announced that the Earl of DUNMORE and Lord BORTHWICK had consented to act on the Board, and the Duke of WESTMINSTER was enrolled amongst the Vice-Presidents. Of course these distinguished members of the Nobility are personages of such education and culture as to be incapable of patronising a system of therapeutics which they have not by study qualified themselves to form an opinion about. Their patronage of Homœopathy must be alarming to the regular Faculty. It implies, at any rate, their conviction, *valeat quantum*, that Medicine, as taught and practised by the Medical Profession, is humbug.

A Policy of Suspicion.

SUSPICION now rules us and stimulates ire;
Let us hope we mayn't learn in the school of disaster
This maxim o'er-true, that Suspicion, like fire,
Though an excellent servant's a terrible master.

What the School Boards are Asking.

THE promotion of the noble Lord, the Member for Middlesex, to the office of Vice-President of the Committee of Council on Education has raised the question whether the "Hamiltonian System" is about to be introduced into the national instruction of this country.

Punch to Salisbury.

I HOLD it true, whate'er befall,
Though Jingo bounce and patriot rail,
'Twere better far to meet and fail,
Than never try to meet at all.

In the Royal Chapel (about 12.20 p.m.).

Remotely possible Sunday Thought:—

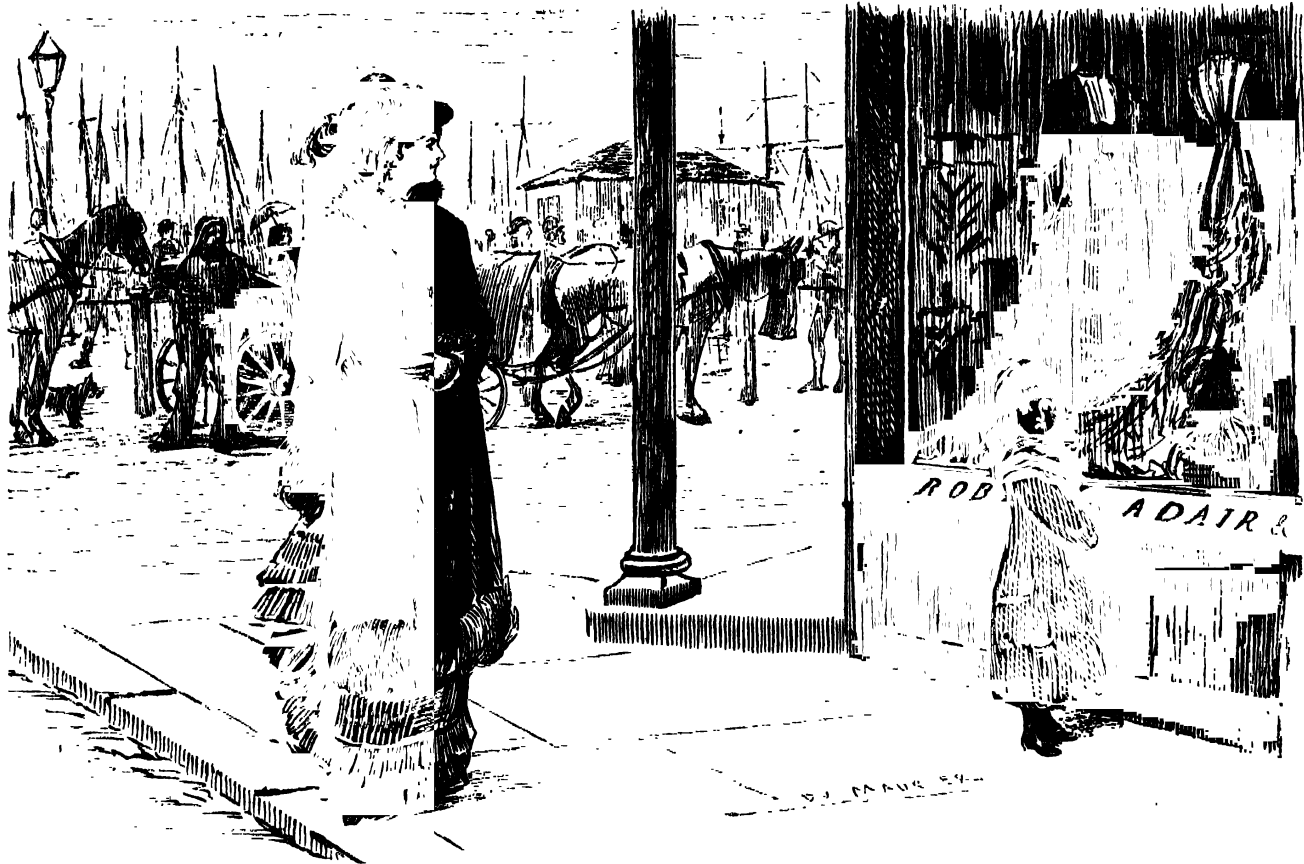
"How many thousands of my poorer subjects
Are at this hour asleep!"

MACCOLL'S SHORT WAY.

How to Prevent any more Impaling of Christians.—Don't leave the Mahometans a Stake in the country.

APPROPRIATE TITLE (for the College to train Natives for the Indian Civil Service).—*Le Palais d'Hindoostris.*

PARALLEL TO BOLTING A DOOR WITH A CARBOT.—Keeping the Shebeen door open with a MURPHY.



A DAUGHTER OF EVE.

"NOW THEN, EFFIE, COME ALONG!"

"JUST LET ME STOP HERE FOR A MOMENT, MAMMA. I WANT TO GET AN IDEA OR " FOR PARKER."

[Parker is the Lady's-Maid.

A CHAIR TO MEND.

WHEN Peace, after due *pro* and *con.*, was invited
In Congress's Chair at Berlin to preside,
Her foes were perturbed, but her lovers delighted
Her presidency welcomed with pleasure and pride.
But ere she sat down, to hair-splitting they got 'em,
And two of the disputants, *mal à propos*,
Kicking over her Chair, put their feet through the bottom,—
A delicate hint for the goddess to go!

"G.O.P." So hope the howlers who call on Bellona
To tumble her sword into Justice's scale;
To them Peace's presence, in gentle *persona*,
Portends that their war-whoops are destined to fail.
But *Punch*, steady preacher of patriot wisdom,
Whilst wrath heats Society white at each end,
Braves Swelldom, and Mobdom, and Quackdom and Quizdom,
And declares Peace's Chair Wisdom can and *should* mend.

When Duty sets lips to the clarion of battle,
Or Honour's *reveillé* wakens War's drum,
Then Valour must arm to the blast and the rattle,
While Peace sadly sighs, stands aloof, and is dumb.
But all except fools with a warm welcome greet her,
At length re-appearing War's horrors to end,
And, regretting the accident, warmly entreat her
To wait while her Chair we take measures to mend.

An Old Friend in a New Light.

A FAMOUS defendant, in a recent trial, said that she considered
"Madame ROSALIE a pleasant and agreeable person, but she had a
habit of pressing for her money." Who but remembers the old
song:—

"Every one who knew her felt the gentle power
Of ROSALIE—the Prairie flower!"

SCIENTIFIC NOMENCLATURE IN EXCELSIS.

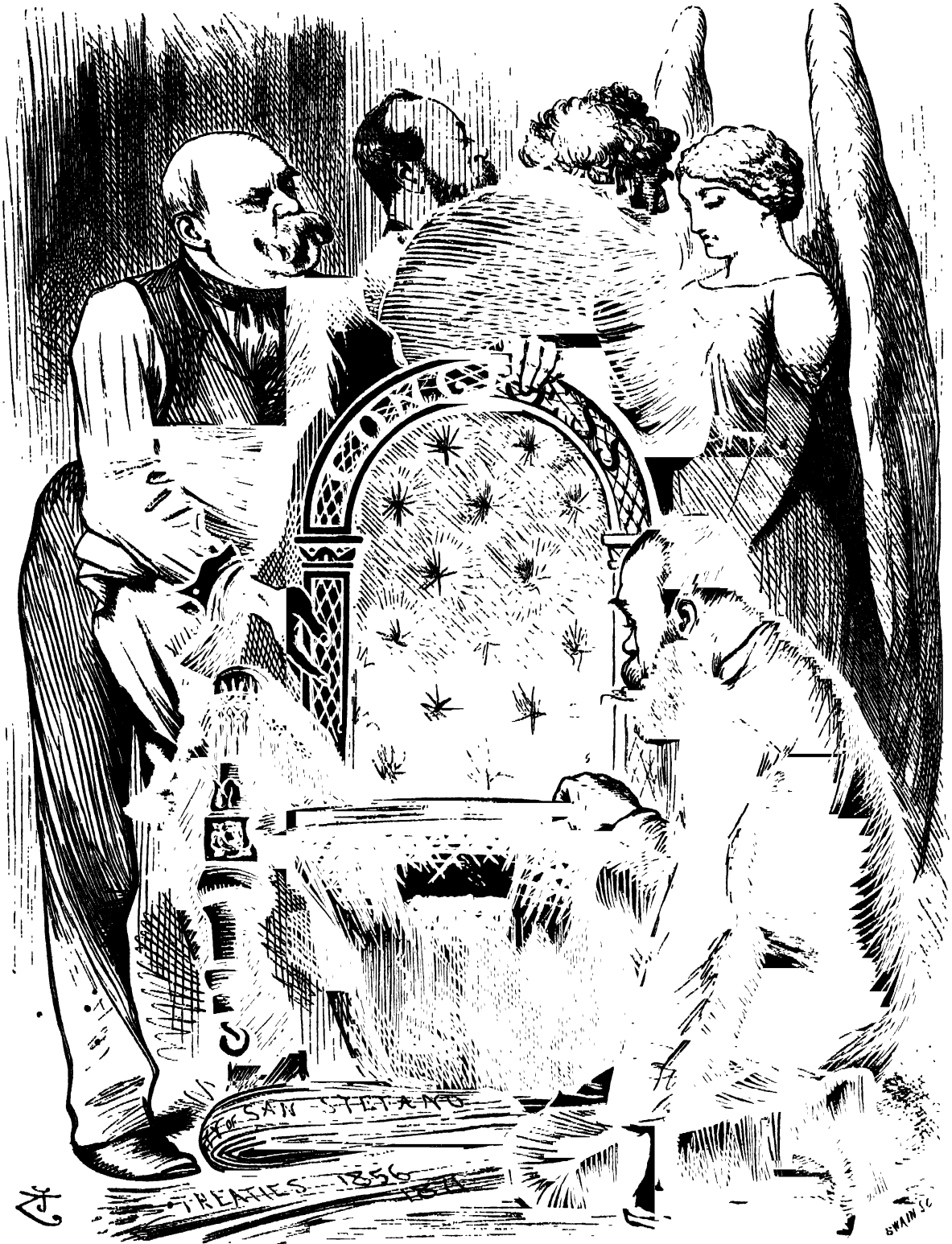
THE grand advantages of scientific description are precision and accuracy. How perfectly these characteristics are illustrated in Professor McCoy's description of the head of the Salmon lately submitted for determination to that learned Professor of Melbourne University! How the well-known physiognomy of the *Salmo salar* rises before the mind's-eye as one reads—

"The preoperculum shows the very constant peculiarity characteristic of the true Salmon of having its lower limb very long, and making a distinct (though blunted) angle with the vertical posterior margin. The nearly semicircular posterior margin of the gill-cover, composed of the outer edges of the operculum, suboperculum, and interoperculum, is well marked, as in all true Salmon, and contrasts strongly with the more rectilinear angulated form in the other species of migratory *Salmonoids*. The very oblique upward and backward extension of the lower margin of the operculum, making its greatest antero-posterior dimension nearly in the middle of its vertical dimension, is a good distinction of the Salmon from the allied species. It also presents the large re-entering angle between the lower end of the operculum and its junction with the preoperculum, showing a higher exposure of the suboperculum than in any species except the Salmon, and also shows the very oblique upward and backward direction of the suboperculum characteristic of the Salmon, and contrasting strongly with the Sea Trout and other allied species."

It must be borne in mind that the point was to identify the fish beyond possibility of mistake, as on this head turned the question whether the true Salmon had or had not been acclimatised in Tasmania. Who after reading this could possibly go wrong?

About the Shape of it.

THINGS looking crooked, SALISBURY, with care,
Strove with his Circular to set them square.
Squaring the Circular not being found
An easy job, Russia may yet come round,
With judgment weigh, and use, ere 'tis too late,
Circular arguments to put things straight.



“A CHAIR TO MEND.”

MR. BULL (to PEACE). “EXTREMELY SORRY, MISS, YOU SHOULD HAVE TO WAIT; BUT WE’RE IN HOPES THAT THE CHAIR MAY BE MENDED BEFORE LONG!”

“If Prince BISMARCK can only induce Russia to offer explanations in Congress, and to listen in Congress to an unreserved statement of the objections of other Powers, the first step towards peace will be made.”—*Times*.

STRAPMORE!

A ROMANCE

BY

WEEDER.

Author of *Folly and Parity*, *Under Two Rags*, *Arryadn'ty*, *Chuck*, *Two Little Wooden Jews*, *Nicotine*, *A Horse with Glanders*, *In Somers Town*, *Shamdress*, &c., &c.

CHAPTER XII.—"To Paris," and Back.



IN the midst of his new life with ITTI DUFFA came a letter from England.

Old Lord MAZAGON was dead.

The heir to the title, and the property, was the eldest son, QUARTO PEEZE, who had long been lost sight of.

PINTO PEEZE was summoned back to take possession before his brother, little ALF PINTO, could reap any advantage from his delay.

"ITTI DUFFA," he whispered in her ear, as she lay asleep, her soft head lying on her white arm, "I must leave you. Sleep on, my darling!"

And, controlling his emotion, he left the room, carrying his boots in his hand, so as not to disturb her slumbers; and it was only at the threshold that he stumbled over her two little wooden shoes, which had been left out to be polished. Within a few hours he was in Paris.

The English Ambassador, Lord NUFFINMORE, who, recently elevated to the peerage, had been better known as the Hon. Mr. MURKIN HADDON, the husband of Lady REGULA BADDON, at once placed a part of his magnificent hotel, fitted up with all the modern improvements—for his Government had given him a lift—at SWEETIE'S disposal.

STRAPMORE was the first to welcome him.

He had broader shoulders, and his waist was slimmer than heretofore. "I will see you, *très cher*," he said, "after the opera is over!"

"You are going with ----?" inquired SWEETIE.

A dangerous lurid look gleamed in STRAPMORE'S eyes, as he answered, "With Lady REGULA."

"You are becoming entangled!" cried SWEETIE. "You do not know that she—" but further conversation was rendered impossible by the entrance of the Lady REGULA. The trap, fresh from the bait stables, was ready at the door. With a meaning glance over STRAPMORE'S left shoulder at SWEETIE, that made his hair curl in spite of himself, she left the room, on STRAPMORE'S arm. They were gone.

That night SWEETIE was standing at the top of the grand staircase: Lady REGULA was in the hall below. They were alone. *Minuit*.

Mes frères! were you ever yet so enshrouded by the soft silvery wings of your better angel,* that they hid from you the laughing eyes, wreathing arms, and wriggling forms of the joyous *Busconductores*,—the true *Thairan Bacchantes*,—strange beings scarcely of this earth—for their feet seldom touch the ground—who allure the wanderer with the offer of their fragrant buxuses, that will waft the roaming hero of the Circus to the classic charms of the ancient Grecian Temple in the East? Never, I fear me, out of the happy fable-land of woman's trust, and poet's rhapsody.

With one of her graceful, giraffe-like movements, she reached up her beautiful head to him, and pressed her warm lips to his, as she glanced at him with eyes full of most enchanting mischief, and yet of most mournful languor. Then, as he drew back, she gave him a sharp tap with her fan—a tap so powerful as to have intoxicated a hundred other ordinary men—and for which the best, and *tout ce qu'il y avait de plus gai* in Paris, that night, would have paid a million, willingly.

* Editor (by telegraph to Authoress).—Very sorry to interfere for one moment with anyone's theological opinions, but where you ask this question about your "better angel," do you imply that there are two more angels, a good angel and a bad angel? We think our orthodox readers will want to know.—R.S.V.P.

Authoress (to Editor).—Voici ma réponse. Thus les élites savent that there are trois anges au moins, for every day in the week, et un ange endimanché for Sundays. In London you would also have L'Ange d'Islington. Allez toujours, mon petit ange!—W.

He read her aright, this sorceress. With well-bred courtesy he bowed suddenly over the top of the stairs, and their heads met. Each started back; the man, as if dazed by the glancing rays of a myriad lights; the woman, as though her alabaster forehead were clove by a mace. He, PINTO, was protected by the silver shield of ITTI DUFFA'S love; and REGULA, *moqueuse, riante*, resistless, was she to throw down the luscious *gaye vert d'amour*, so ripe, so full of inexpressible sweetness, and see it trampled under foot by a man who had once been her abject slave?

No; his fate was sealed.

"*Je vais le chatouiller sous le menton!*" she murmured to herself. Then, with a lying loveliness, she drew off her long twenty diamond-buttoned glove, as though to bid him *bon soir*.

For the moment, as he listened, he forgot who she was, who *he* was, and where ITTI DUFFA was, and leaning over the balustrade, towards the arch-coquette of Europe, as she stood in the hall beneath the open starlit roof, with eyes that seemed to glisten with the lurid light of falling stars, and with rich, tempting lips, that smiled as though they could part freely with Sovereigns, in order to pay *him* tribute, he fell,—fortunately on his feet.

Old Lord NUFFINMORE looked out from his room. He had his night-cap on, and laughed feebly.

"Good night," he said. "Don't mind me; make yourself at home. The evening papers are on the table."

Then he withdrew.

Lady REGULA had disappeared.

SWEETIE, scarcely recovered from the recent excitement, thanked the butler for bringing in candles, and sat down to read.

"Do I hate her?" he said to himself.

He paused.

Then he brought down his hand heavily on the table.

"Yes," he exclaimed, "I do hate her. I will write to her, and tell her so."

Thereupon he drew the jewelled inkstand towards him, and taking up the perfumed paper, and the intoxicatingly scented pens, he wrote briefly, but bitterly.

Then he rang the bell.

Four footmen at once answered the summons, dressed in their night-liveries; for in this luxurious house no detail was neglected, and the servitors slept in dresses of the rarest silk, their heads high up on their pillows, over which was inscribed the motto, "Keep your powder dry!" and they were always ready for action.

"Take this to your mistress at once," said SWEETIE.

The four men bowed gravely, and proceeded, in procession, two in front bearing candles, and walking backwards, and two behind doing the same, while the one in the centre bore the missive towards the Lady REGULA'S apartments, which were in the best wing—the residential, or *Liver wing*—of the building.

Then SWEETIE stretched out his legs, and thought.

"What would come of all this? What evil destiny had led him to Paris?" Poor ITTI DUFFA!

CHAPTER XIII.—In the Night Hours.

WHEN Lady REGULA BADDON quitted the Hall, she sought her own *cabinet particulier*, à l'heure du petit souper.

STRAPMORE, in the dress of a Knight Templar, impatiently awaited her arrival.

"*Arma virumque cano*," she said, laughingly, as she entered. "I couldn't come



A POSER.

Sergeant-Major. "NOW, PRIVATE SMITH, YOU KNOW VERY WELL NONE BUT OFFICERS AND NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS ARE ALLOWED TO WALK ACROSS THIS GRASS!"

Private Smith. "BUT, SERGEANT-MAJOR, I'VE CAPTAIN GRAHAM'S VERBAL ORDERS TO——"

Sergeant-Major. "NONE O' THAT, SIR! SHOW ME THE CAPTAIN'S VERBAL ORDERS! SHOW 'M TO ME, SIR!!"

before. I had to give poor NUFFINMORE his gruel. *A table! à table!*"

Her sweet laughter echoed in his ear. Her eyes dwelt softly on him, as he drew her to him and pressed the tip of his fevered nose, on which the warm hue lingered, fondly, flatteningly against that unblushing lovely face, that knew nothing more perfect than its own unbounded cheek.

"You do not eat," she cried, as she helped herself plentifully to the rich, fragrant *tripettes aux échalotes* sent especially for this banquet from one of STRAPMORE'S *Châteaux en Espagne*.

"I cannot," he replied, and his voice was hoarse, and fierce with passion, "for I am in love!"

"And yet your Templars of old were stout knights and doughty warriors!" she whispered, as her face in all its witching mockery was turned towards his under the rose-tinted lamp-light.

His face was white *comme un nœud*; he was her slave, her servant, her page boy, booted and spurred as a tiger, and he gazed on her with all the mad, savage, idolatry of a tiger's love.*

* *Editor to Authoress, by Special Private Wire, très pressé.*—Admirable simile, this! We remember how in Miss BRADDON'S *Aurora Floyd* a groom fell in love with his master's daughter, and she with him, and we can quite imagine what would be the effect on a young tiger, who perhaps might have entered into the Lady REGULA'S service coming straight and straitlaced out of an ordinary Sunday school. I am sure that where we have retained so much, you will excuse us for having omitted a few details of this excruciatingly passionate scene. *Maxima debetur pueris*, you know, and though "our boys" are printer's *parvi diabol*, yet we think, in our Editorial discretion, it is just as well to draw the line, we mean drop the line, somewhere occasionally; and, when we drop a line, we make a rule. You will understand this as meant technically of course.

Authoress to Editor.—I do not understand you at all. *Pura omnia pueris*, whether *diaboli* as yours, or *angeli non Angli*, as the fair-headed *soute Angles* were in the four corners of the Roman market. What you omit,—at your peril be it. *Ne faites aucune fleurante bêtise! Tous mes lecteurs l'aiment beaucoup. Adieu!*—W.

Editor to Authoress (by post).—You are, of course, *sans peur et sans*

Miladi's French maid tapped discreetly at the door.

"*Pas encore*," was Miladi's reply.

STRAPMORE had no eyes save for the object of his rapt adoration, or he might have noticed the pale face, and the sad beautiful eyes of the *soubrette*, as she timidly withdrew. Was her disguise so perfect that he did not remember the features of the Loo-Loo whom he had cast off in England, and sent to wed the boy ALF PINTO? No: he was mad, blinded by this one wild absorbing passion, and he neither saw, nor heeded.

He poured out champagne, moselle, hook, burgundy, all into one silver goblet wreathed with roses.

"*Buvez, jolie créature, Buvez-en!*" he cried rapturously, as taking from her white hand the *aile du chapon* that still lingered in it, he placed the cup to her fevered lips, and poured down her snowy, transparent, heaving throat, this libation to the gods.

Then they crowned themselves with the rare mustard and cress from the salad bowl, and clashing together the picked drumsticks, they careered round the table in frenzied energy.

Old Lord NUFFINMORE, whose *chambre à coucher* was just below, rapped at the ceiling with the poker, getting on to a chair to do it.

Then with her golden silky tresses falling over his shoulders, and her bright teeth gleaming between her parted lips, STRAPMORE folded her up, and flattened her out, in his strong iron-clad embrace.

"My loveliest! *Si tu m'aimes comme je t'aime, moi, jamais un couteau ne va couper en deux notre amour!*" he hissed hoarsely in her ear.

"*Je t'aime comme clignant l'œil!*" she murmured, and laughed that silent muffled laughter, that had in it a sound so low, you might have heard it in the depths of *Les Sept Cadran*s, or at the end of *Le Haut Chemin de Rataliffe*.

His eyes dwelt on her marble shoulders that shone under the blaze of the brilliant chandeliers, and he felt that his idolatry out-

reproche. Every line of yours is full of poetry, certainly. But we're afraid that our space is a little limited, that's all. Don't mind us. It's most exciting. Capital. Finish up.—Ed.



A SUGGESTION.

HOW MUCH BETTER IF, INSTEAD OF HIRSUTE ITALIAN ORGAN-GRINDERS PARADING OUR STREETS, WE COULD HAVE FAIR FEMALE PHONOGRAPHERS PLAYING OUR BEST PORTS IN THEIR OWN ORIGINAL VOICES!

weighed the world, that ambition was shrivelled up in that fiery sea of passion as a dry title-deed in the flames, and throwing his arms wildly about his head, as he listened to the carressing sweetness of the song of the serpent-charmer, he writhed, and danced, and yelled, and wreathed himself about with her loosened tresses, and then lay at her feet, flushed, dazzled, conquered, at the feet of his Queen, his Empress, his Cleopatra.

She bent over him, and over the dark, turbid, chestnut waves of his hair her white fingers poured a *flacon* of the soothing oil of Lucca.

"*Tu es fou comme un chapellier*," she murmured, caressingly.

Then he knew he was loved.

"Hush!" she cried suddenly.

"A letter for Miladi," said one of the five servants, who were bearing the missive from SWEETIE.

"*Pour moi?*" she exclaimed.

"*Oui, Madame Miladi*," replied the well-drilled servitor, "*C'est une lettre de la part de Mossoo Pinto Peeze.*"

STRAPMORE started as though he had been shot.

"*Accrochez-le!*" said the Lady REGULA imperiously, and the domestics withdrew.

"Give me that note!" said STRAPMORE, with the concentrated jealousy of a thousand *Othellos*. He had shot over the Moors in his time, and knew their ways.

She answered him disdainfully—

"No!"

"No!" he returned with the yell of a stifled panther. "No! I must, I will see it. You will give it me?"

"I will give it you, if you're not quiet," she retorted, with a tortuous sneer.

"Let me see it!"

"Won't!"

"You shall!"

EASTER HOLIDAY PENANCES FOR POLITICIANS.

LORD BEACONSFIELD.—To read through all the last month's leading articles in the official Russian newspapers touching the arrogance of England anent the San Stefano Treaty.

MR. GLADSTONE.—To abstain for a whole week from using pen and ink and postcards, and from publishing, in any way, his private or political opinions.

MR. BRIGHT.—To witness a review of the Reserve Forces at Aldershot, and to stand godfather at the christening of a score of Woolwich Infants.

MR. SPEAKER.—To preside at a night-sitting (during the Recess) of the Won't-go-Home-till-Morning Club of Rational Home-Rulers.

DR. KENEALY.—To spend a month at Portland on a visit to the Claimant.

MR. HARDY.—To receive a deputation of the members of the Peace Society as promoters of a Joint-Stock Company for the conversion of small-swords into ploughshares.

MR. STANSFELD.—To stump the country for the exclusion of Ladies from the Medical Profession.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON.—To take the Chair at the next dinner of the Licensed Victuallers.

MR. FAWCETT.—To move a vote of thanks to the Indian officials for the industry displayed in the collection of the Salt-tax.

MESSRS. BIGGAR and PARNELL.—To pass a week in retreat at the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, with the liberty of speaking to the inmates for six hours at a stretch whenever they desire it.

MR. WHALLEY.—To kiss the toe of the new POPE as the guest of the College of the Propaganda.

MR. CHAPLIN.—To read through all the Blue-Books in any manner bearing upon the Eastern Question.

MR. PUNCH.—To skim through daily columns of dull, dreary, dismal, disappointing, and disheartening debates, in order to express from them his own delightful Essence.

Very Natural.

WHAT wonder from dispatches
If risk of war ensue?
The Authors of *Diplomacy*
Are Authors of *Peril* too.

BY ANTICIPATION.—SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's last plant—the *Taxus baccata*.

"Shan't!"

He dashed at her with the candelabra; but she was too quick for him, and he fell heavily at her feet, crushing the guttering, flaring candles beneath his hands.

She laughed mockingly.

"*Aha! Vous êtes de la cire! Lèvez-vous, mon cher! si vous le pouvez, mon gros, mon cher Stout-more!*"

The sarcasm told home. His heart raged beneath his shirt of mail. He rose, with difficulty, to his knees, and shouted,—

"You love him! You love him! He writes to you!!"

She replied, scornfully, "All write!"

Then she placed the letter against his burning brow. In a second it was shrivelled up to nothing. The ashes were at her feet.

"I burn it, to save you pain!" she whispered, bending over him, till her wooing lips touched *au bout du nez*. "It was a love-letter. It told his thoughts towards me. And this letter was to me, from your dearest friend, PINTO FREEZE!"

So saying, she glided from the apartment.

Then he arose, and, with all the concentrated strength of a sublime fury, he tore the buckles and straps that bound his breastplate, which fell, as with a clank of chains, to the ground.

Once more he breathed freely.

"I could not have borne it longer! But I could have borne it broader!" he muttered fiercely, as he expanded his chest, and taking from a *commode* his evening coat, waistcoat, and white tie, he put them on, and, without staying to change the remainder of his armorial bearings, he strode heavily from the room, down the stairs, then crossed the hall, and drawing aside the curtain, stood before SWEETIE, who was seated in an arm-chair, smoking a scented *pique-vigue*.

"A word with you!" said STRAPMORE, sternly.

(To be continued.)

EASTER EGGS.

(Au Sucre.)



Prince GORTSCHAKOFF from Lord SALISBURY, a revised copy of the *Treaty of San Stefano* (European size), bound in Russia, and a copy of *Rule Britannia*.

To Lord SALISBURY from Prince GORTSCHAKOFF, an Olive Branch in gun-metal.

To Lord DERBY from Lord BEACONSFIELD (Leaving-books), *Ductor Dubitantium*, pound in half-palf, and a copy of *Irin*.

To Count ANDREASSY from the Court party at

Vienna, a Jar of best Russian Caviare, and a copy of directions *How to Procure Sleep at Will*.

To the SULTAN from the Emperor of RUSSIA, a Platinum Case, (St. Petersburg workmanship), with the Freedom of the City.

To the Emperor of RUSSIA from the SULTAN, an Oriental Briekbat.

To Europe from Prince BISMARCK, six winks, half-a-dozen nods, and an offer to pay everybody's expenses to the Paris Exhibition.

NEW SEATS FOR OLD ONES.

(A Brown Study of the Blue Boat Race.)

MR. PUNCH sat close to his study fire defying the attacks of the easterly wind. Round about his well-cushioned arm-chair lay the reports of the debates in Parliament. As a natural consequence, he was fast asleep.

"I hope I do not intrude." The speaker was a bright-looking Gentleman upon whose face was stamped an expression of sustained admiration dashed with astonishment. He continued with a slight accent, "I have been to see everything, your Monuments, your Parliament, your Law Courts, your Army, your Navy, your Volunteers, and I am overwhelmed with delight. And now, *Mr. Punch*, I have come to sound the deeper Mind of England, and I am overjoyed to find it so nobly represented in your person and your publication."

"You must be the Intelligent Foreigner," said *Punch*. The stranger bowed. "Well, Sir, what can I do for you?"

"I have seen the splendid civilisation of your great people. I have wondered at the mysterious grandeur of the British Constitution. I have seen the effect, now let me see the cause. Show me now where your statesmen, your lawyers, your patriots, your servants are trained. Show me your Oxford, your Cambridge—your National and Historical Universities."

And even as *Punch* was considering how the voyage of inspection could best be managed, the walls of the study seemed to disappear, and the Sage of Sages and the Enthusiastic Stranger found themselves standing in the centre of Tom's Quad, where the statue used to stand.

"Splendid!" cried the Intelligent Foreigner, as he gazed with rapture upon the grand old buildings whose stones have seen unmoved the change of centuries.

"With a history as splendid," added *Punch*. And then the glory of the University was unfolded before them. First came all the pious founders headed by WILLIAM of Wykeham, and the burly Cardinal who had learned too late how like the taste of Dead Sea fruit is the favour of Princes. Then followed minor worthies by the score and by the hundred—the men who in the past had given splendour to England's history. These were the children of Alma Mater who had made her famous. But there were others—poor students who had learned to do their duty to science and letters and theology in as faithful albeit a humbler fashion. And as great and small passed the walls of their old home, they bowed with profound respect.

"Ah, your Oxford was indeed a seat of learning!" exclaimed the Intelligent Foreigner.

"And on the banks of the Cam you will find a repetition of the story of the Isis," said *Punch*, with pride.

"But we are talking of the past," continued the Inquisitive Stranger. "Let me see how and what they learn in the present."

Suddenly there was a shout, and the places of those ancient and earnest students were taken by a motley crowd of young men dressed in all sorts of sporting costumes. The racket-court and the cricket-ground, the racing-track and the football-field, the arena of athletic sports and the river, were filled with energetic and active crowds, training, exercising, competing, contending.

"I see—brain has given place to muscle," murmured the Intelligent Foreigner. "But where are we now? Surely this is a new seat of learning?"

And so it was—a sliding seat. For weeks and months these seats had occupied the thoughts of thousands. Was not Number Two rather lumpy, and how about Bow's feathering? In the increasing weight of Three, was there not cause for serious anxiety? And so the rumour of the river, and the canvass of the crews had waxed and waned, had sunk and swelled, until the highest ambitions, anxieties, and aspirations of the two Universities seemed to have been drawn off into the columns of the sporting papers!

And now, after months of training, (during which ideas connected with study had been strictly subordinated to ideas about diet) the seats were to be used in earnest. The great event of the University year was about to "come off."

The sight-seers waited for the sight. Roughs from the slums of Westminster and Whitechapel by the hundreds of thousands. Welshers who had deserted, for the nonce, the suburban race-meeting for the race on the Thames. The disgraces of the drama. The useless mouths of the Army. Painted luxury and brazen profligacy elbowing squalid vice and sporting rascaldom.

At last came the boats, flashing along under the full strength of thirty-two youthful arms, trained to steel and whipcord, through a double lane of suppressed roars, shrill shrieks, and hoarse cries, like the echo of Epsom on the Derby day. Straining every muscle, the champions of the two National Universities, amidst a chorus of enthusiastic applause and clamorous excitement, raced on to the goal of glory.

"Magnificent!" exclaimed the Intelligent Foreigner. "They have told me that the object of the British Constitution is to put twelve men in a box. Now I see that the work of the British University system is to put sixteen lads into a couple of boats!—Grand, glorious, and—mysterious!"

Punch woke with a start—and some day, perhaps, the British Public will wake too!

SALISBURY TO RUSSIA.

(A Love Song à la Laureate.)

YOUR cue's reserve, whilst unreserve is ours,
How shall we then discuss as equal powers?
Reserve in one means want of trust in all.

It is the flaw within this Congress-plan,
Which, by-and-by, would set us man 'gainst man,
And ever widening soon upset us all.

This discord in our Concert, winked at now,
Would surely issue in a general row.
Hush it, or we'll no Congress have at all.

'Tis hardly worth the having: let it go.
But shall it? Answer, BISMARCK, yes, or no.
But no reserve! or we'll not meet at all!

An Unreasonable Complaint.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times* complains that Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOKE wants to make people "pay for useless puppies." But who that has anything to do with useless puppies, is *not* forced to pay for them? It is inherent in the nature of useless puppies that they *must* be paid for.

NEATLY ADAPTED.

READING, in rivalry of Rome, has had S.P.Q.R. inscribed on the panels of its Senate House—the Town Hall. A town-councillor being asked the meaning of the inscription explained it, S(mall) P(rofits), Q(uick) R(eturns).

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

SHREWD DIZZY plays, midst Jingo-jubilations,
English Reserves 'gainst Russian reservations.

WHAT ENGLAND IS SAFE TO GET BY GOING TO WAR.—Rue-mania!



IMPARTIAL.

New Curate (who wishes to know all about his Parishioners). "THEN DO I UNDERSTAND YOU THAT YOUR AUNT IS ON YOUR FATHER'S SIDE, OR YOUR MOTHER'S?"

Country Lad. "SOMETIMES ONE AN' SOMETIMES THE OTHER, 'CEPTIN' WHEN FEYTHER WHACKS 'EM BOTH, SIR!"

ARMY SURGEONS AND SNOBS.

DEAR PUNCH,

IN the happy event of our being shortly engaged in a glorious war, there will be a necessity for proper arrangements with regard to the wounded. That necessity, it is to be feared, may prove a want. There exists a difficulty in obtaining candidates for the Army Medical Department. This difficulty is so great that it has been proclaimed by the War Secretary. In a letter lately addressed to the Irish College of Surgeons he invited them to account for it, which they have done in a reply setting forth no less than ten grievances of which Army Surgeons complain. These grievances are many of them irremediable, because they are particulars in which the medical officer is treated as an inferior in social position to combatant officers. Of course no complaints of this kind can be entertained; though there is one of them that could, and might as well, be remedied, perhaps:—

"The frequent changes in warrants, after they have been published under Royal Authority with Her Majesty's signature, and on faith in the permanency of which warrants medical officers have accepted service. This has produced an utter want of confidence in and distrust of the Service."

It does not answer for the War Office to allure medical officers into the Army by representations like those by which a recruiting sergeant induces young fellows to enlist. They can resign their commissions, and the revocation of warrants which have enticed them is treatment which renders, as we find, their example a warning to others. It is therefore advisable to keep faith with them, and that would be perfectly done if present regulations respecting them were retained, and no warrant making them promises not to be kept ever henceforth issued any more.

Well, Sir, and then, of course, things would remain as they are, unless something were done. The consequence would be that, in case of war, our wounded would perish for want of surgical assistance. Now to meet both that difficulty, and also the objection to

COMMON SENSE AND CLOTHES.

A CASE of common sense has actually occurred in the treatment of a question concerning Ecclesiastical vestments. Fact. It has been exhibited by the Vicar and Churchwardens of St. Michael's, Chester Square. In the congregation of that Church there is said to be "a considerable Evangelistic element." Nevertheless the Vicar, after notice to his congregation, has taken to preaching in a surplice, instead of a black gown. This, as the surplice is the Canonical regulation surtout, was clearly a rational alteration. Then, a question having been raised as to the expediency of a similar change of drapery for the Choristers, the Churchwardens had positively the sense to issue a Circular, calling on the members of the congregation to fill up a printed form, stating whether they approved or disapproved of the proposed raiment. The issue of this uncommonly reasonable proceeding appears in a second Circular, addressed to the same parties, as follows:—

"The Circular sent out by the Churchwardens to all the seat-holders having resulted in a vote of two to one in favour of a surplised choir, the Vicar and Churchwardens feel that so decisive a vote should be respected in a matter which can have no doctrinal significance. It is hoped that the minority will acquiesce in a change which involves no principle. Surplices will be adopted on Easter Day. JAMES FLEMING, Vicar; DAWSON GREENE and J. M. HUCKLEBERRY, Churchwardens."

A Vicar and Churchwardens setting an example of discretion, judgment, fair-dealing, and intelligent ideas on the subject of vestments, deserve to be enrolled on *Mr. Punch's* register of imperishable fame.

THE MISSING LINK.

DORA's a Blue, a vastly learned Blue;

Her taste eclectic, and her creed agnostic.

Poor little FAN is of a verdant hue,

With mind scarce equal to the mild acoustic.

DORA adores dry DARWIN, HUXLEY, MILL,

RUSKIN's mellifluous prose, ROSSSETTI's sonnets;

Yet when she meets "dear FAN," 'tis strange that still

Their talk is commonly of *beaux* and bonnets.

DORA would say she stoops to simple FAN,

But ribald cynics whisper, 'twixt their winks,

That in the kindred themes of *Made* and *Man*,
Sundered she-sympathies find Missing Links!

treating medical officers as the equals of officers and gentlemen, I have a plan to propose which would be as effectual as it is simple. Let a Medical Bill be enacted, with a clause in it requiring the College of Surgeons to grant diplomas to Surgeons of sufficient attainments for the simple practice of military surgery, apart from any standard of general education. The work they have to do is principally operative. Little more is requisite than that they should be good medical carpenters. What we want is Army Surgeons of the same grade as the old Barber Surgeons. They demand to rank with Majors. All very well, if the Majors are to be Sergeant Majors. Surgeons never brought up as gentlemen would readily accept a subordinate position for moderate pay. Then, if we are to have a brush with Russia, combatant officers will have plenty of fellows quite capable of cutting off their legs and arms, but with whom they will not be condemned to associate. The next time you meet either the Secretary of State for War or the Prime Minister, don't forget to mention and advocate the above proposal for supplying the want of Army Surgeons, which has suggested itself to a retired Colonel of

THE OLD SCHOOL.

P. S.—It is a great pity that there are any Medical Commissions at all. Military and Naval Surgeons ought always to have been Non-commissioned Officers.

A More Matter of Words.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

I beg to submit for consideration—I. That the difference between *St. Stephen's* and *San Stefano* is merely an affair of words; and II. That the two terms may be reconciled, phonetically and otherwise, by the abatement of a little of what Count SCHOUVALOFF calls "steeiness" on the part of the former.

Yours apologetically,

YORKSHIRE TYKE.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

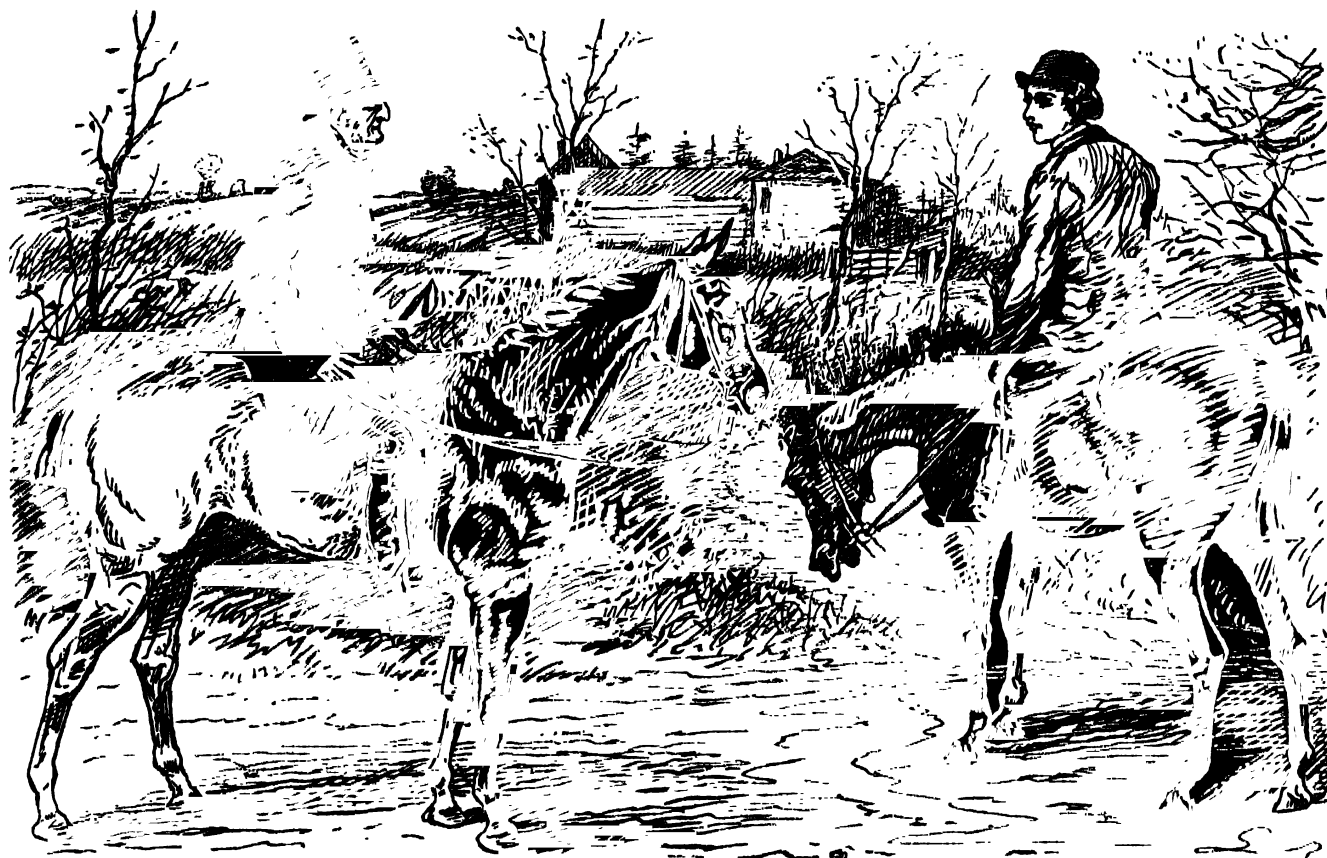


THE Great Question still *in statu*: the statue still in the block. Whether it is to be a statue of Peace or War as doubtful as ever.

The week dawned on sweet Spring-tide weather. But the political weather abroad is as squally and stormy as it well can be. What with War-cloud over Eastern Europe—War-storm in Southern Africa—armed riot against Licence-tax in India—utter prostration of trade, commerce, and manufactures at home, Parliament holiday-time does not show a holiday face to thoughtful politicians, let the Jingos crow never so loud, or bray never so blatant.

Monday, April 15 (Lords).—Lord BEAUCHAMP brought down Her Majesty's acknowledgment of their Lordships' loyal reception of her gracious Message.

Is the Duke of RICHMOND's Medical Bill a bit of superfluous tinkering about edges and handles, which leaves the hole in the kettle unstopped? It looks very like it, from Lord RUPON's handling of the matter. While the Duke, as representative of the Medical Council, leaves nineteen examining medical bodies, with different standards of qualification for England, Ireland, and Scotland, he can hardly raise the standard of Medical Reform very triumphantly. The Colleges of Surgeons and Physicians have told him so in plain terms. Perhaps the Council thinks that in the multitude of Medical Councillors there is wisdom. And they have a sensible as well as a sagacious head in Dr. ACLAND, who has earned his spurs in many a battle for the good cause in medical, educational, and sanitary war. The utmost the Duke can say is that his Bill is a step in the right direction. Let us hope it may be. A step



A PROFESSIONAL OPINION.

Young Squire (to old Huntsman). "WELL, BEN, WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT WAR?"

Ben. "WELL, SIR, I COUGHT TO THINK THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA HAS MORE COUNTRY THAN HE CAN HUNT PROPERLY, AND HE OUGHT NOT TO BE ALLOWED AN INCH MORE!"

is something, for no step is ever lost. The Bill has one characteristic in common with many good measures—it does not seem to satisfy anybody.

Perhaps the Doctors are like the soldier at the triangles—"flog high, flog low, there is no satisfying them."

Punch has only one hope and one prayer—that between the medical stools the patient may not come to the ground. And if the worst that can be said of the Medical Bill is that it might be better, probably the laity may safely open their mouths, shut their eyes, and take what the Medical Council sends them.

The Duke of SOMERSET, given to lines of his own, usually sagacious, but sometimes ungracious, called attention to the quality of Whitworth plates, and Whitworth shells, as tested in recent trials. It seems Sir JOSEPH has been "pegging away" with his usual tenacity, till he has produced a ferm of steel as tough as himself. He has made plates that will keep out any shells but his own; and he has made shells that will smash any plates, even his own. Lord BURY assures us that the Gunnery Committee, whose heads are as hard, and whose penetration is as piercing, as Sir JOSEPH's own projectiles, is looking carefully into the matter. The only question is cost. Whitworth steel comes expensive . . . and "who breaks" shells, or plates, or laws, human or divine, as we know, "pays."

(*Commons.*)—Lord HENRY THYNNE delivered the Royal answer to the Commons' Address with much neatness. The Treasurer is a treasure. Like the Jolly Young Waterman:—

"He dressed so neat, and he stepped so steadily!

He bowed so low, and got back so readily!

That from gangway to chair all were heard to declare,

This Treasurer rare filled his place to a hair."

The Government means to fortify Esquimaux in Vancouver's Island as a harbour of refuge for all our Naval strength, ships and stores, in the North Pacific, with coal handy besides. It would be a thousand shames, in the unwelcome event of War, to find privateers, or men-o'-war of other flags playing the devil with our commerce, or laughing our cruisers to scorn in those waters; all the more as in the North Pacific we are three times as far from our naval base as Russia.

In Committee on Customs and Inland Revenue, much talk about Tobacco and Dogs and Income-tax, but nothing done, beyond exempting foxhound puppies up to twelvemonths instead of six, that particular class of puppies, as Sir ROBERT PERL pointed out, requiring education,—in which point, as *Punch* would respectfully remind Sir ROBERT, they resemble other puppies, the real peculiarity of the foxhound puppy being not that he requires, but that he profits by education. There was another exemption granted of dogs employed to lead blind beggars. As if we were not all blind beggars—though we are not all lucky enough to have dogs to lead us.

Sir A. LUSH distinguished himself by one of those happy adaptations of a popular poet, in which he has won a reputation all his own. Puppy or grown-up, high-bred or mongrel, spaniel or Skye, fox-terrier or bull-dog, poor man's "whippet" or rich man's hound, sagaciously observed Sir ANDREW—"A dog's a dog for a' that."

SHAKESPEARE had said the same thing before Sir ANDREW; but it was for our genial ex-Lord Mayor to give this new turn to BURNS, the author of the "*Two Dogs*," who loving dogs as he loved all living things, no doubt smiled benignly down on Sir ANDREW, and blessed him.

A strong effort was made by Mr. RITCHIE, but without effect, to get some discrimination of duty on cigars over common leaf. But is it a duty to encourage the British weed instead of the Flor de Cabana? *Punch* protests against the rank counterfeit. Let those who can't afford Havannahs be content with plain shag, bird's-eye, or returns. They will find it cheaper, wholesomer, better, in every way. Take one form of tobacco, for instance, short cut—if Members of Parliament would put that in their pipes, and smoke it!

Tuesday (Lords).—Lord SALISBURY—on behalf of Austria—pulled Lord DERBY over the coals for an alleged insinuation that the Austrian Army could not be trusted to fight the Russians, Slav against Slav. If Lord DERBY had said so—which seems more than doubtful, though Lord DERBY did not put himself to the trouble of denying it—it was an opinion of his own, not a Foreign Office Oracle. What Lord DERBY really said, and meant to say, was that Austria was an untrustworthy ally. Everybody that ever trusted her has found her so. Since SHAKESPEARE's *Falstaff* bade Austria "Doff the

lion's hide, and hang a calf-skin on those recreant limbs," the world seems to have been very much of *Faulconbridge's* way of thinking. All the pluck and chivalry of Austrian arms has not redeemed the political discredit of METTERNICH's country for shifty policy and Machiavellian, rather than magnanimous, dealing with friends or foes. May England never have to lean on Austria for an ally!

(*Commons*.)—The Cape bush-fire does not look like being put out, or going out. It rather spreads. But there is no truth in reports of serious disaster to our arms.

As this was the breaking-up night of Miss BRITANNIA's seaside establishment, there was a natural anxiety to know whether the row in Dame Europa's school was not likely to come to a flare-up before the boys at BRITANNIA's school met again. Sir STAFFORD NORTH-COTE assured Mr. W. E. FORSTER that, speaking generally, nothing had occurred to give occasion for increased anxiety, or to diminish the hope of the arrangement of difficulties, which undoubtedly exist. *Punch* wishes he could share Sir STAFFORD's comfortable assurance.

Sir WILFRID LAWSON objects to so long a holiday as three weeks in the present emergency, though why there should be an emergency, except for the obstructive obstinacy of England—"the PARNELL of Europe"—he could not see.

Mr. COURTNEY could not sufficiently wonder at "the smallness of the point" on which England and Russia were standing out. One of the Schoolmen's idle questions used to be, "How many angels could dance on the point of a needle?" Mr. COURTNEY's wonder is how two such big beasts as a Lion and a Bear can execute a diplomatic dance, soon to be changed, perhaps, for a war-dance, on the same narrow and uncomfortable footing.

Lord R. MONTAGU rebuked Sir WILFRID LAWSON and his friends. The Government would be all the better without the hamper of Parliament. The Government were in the right. The Government had Europe at their back.

(What a comfort to feel that such cool, sagacious, experienced and long-headed politicians as Lord ROBERT, Sir H. D. WOLFF, and Sir ROBERT PEEL, are so entirely at one with the Government, to say nothing of the great Jingo out of doors.)

Mr. FAWCETT thought the House had better reassemble on April 29.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER thought it better, as the House had met so early, that it should not shorten its holidays, lest the world should say the masters or the boys were frightened. Affairs were not blacker than they had been; there was no reason to despair of a peaceful settlement.

(All very well, Sir STAFFORD, if *you* were the man in the cellar. But there is BEACONSFIELD in the background—and the war-drift goes on, on,—and *Punch* does not feel comfortable, and cannot, let him try never so hard—lean with comfortable assurance on the policy of Lord BEACONSFIELD, the strength of Lord SALISBURY, the wisdom of Sir H. D. WOLFF, the coolness of Sir ROBERT PEEL, the long-sightedness of Lord ROBERT MONTAGU, and the great sustaining force of Jingo at their backs.)

In the end, the House voted the long holiday till May 6. But before it separated, it had the rare pleasure—for any lovers of irony that might have been there—of hearing Mr. O'DONNELL arraign an article of the *Globe* for "breach of privilege." Oh, Mr. O'DONNELL—they say you are a clever man—how could you! *You* who have strained privilege so hard! No wonder if there should be a breach made in it now and then. But is it for *you* to complain—

"Clodius accusat merchos? Catilina Cethegum?
Quis tulitit Gracchos de seditione quereutes?"

Even the Home-Rulerest of the Home-Rulers were ashamed of him. His motion was silently negatived, and the House passed to the Previous Question.

In the evening, after an attempt at a Count-Out, the House did a little desultory dabbling, with no result, over the Budget Bill, and then broke up for its Easter holidays—"with what appetite it may."

Lord Beaconsfield's Diapason.

(Described with all Reserve.)

THE tumult of sacked town and burning village,
The rush and roar that prayer for mercy drowns,
The soldiers revel rout, 'mid blood and pillage,
The wail of starving folk in leaguered towns—

The bursting shell, the houses rent asunder,
The galling rifle-fire, the clashing blade—
And, ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The Diapason of the cannonade!

A BLACK COUNTRY SYNONYM. — Ruling with a rod of iron.—
Beating your wife with a poker.

TO CERTAIN ANGRY OLD PARTIES.



O be taken in good part as an Easter Homily.

"Pray, GOODY, please to moderate the rancour of your tongue, Remember when the judgment's weak the prejudice is strong."

SWEET FRIENDS!
MR. PUNCH, most politely, would ask Permission to set you a holiday task.

To you 'twould bring profit, to him 'twould yield pleasure, Would you only employ the Vacation's calm leisure,

Whilst Silence sole brooding at Westminster sits,
In smoothing your tempers and sharpening your wits.
Imprimis, your tempers! You really must own
That your tantrums have lately *too* ludicrous grown.
There's yourself, BETSY PRIG, cheap retailer of Stingo
So sweet to the taste of the lower-class Jingo;
Your friend, Mrs. GAMP (*she* a trifle more fair is),
That superline dame, Mrs. P. G. M. HARRIS,
And Madame M. POST, that pugnacious Dame DURDEN,
Whose tongue-waggings ever have War for their burden:—
Believe me, most noisy of noisy quartettes,
That your shindy inspires all sane souls with regrets.
Calm patience, dear vixens, is policy's anchor,
Among England's defences you'll hardly rank rancour.
O'er private opinion *Punch* claims no dominion;
Pray soar, if it please you, on spread-eagle pinion;
But aquiline power of claw or of beak
Is not in proportion to scream and to shriek.
Besides, wrath breeds wrath; all your sneering and nagging,
Your bouncing, and flouncing, and wild bully-ragging,
Produce at the best, if you would but believe, a
Mere echo in kind from the banks of the Neva.
E'en now we must pay in dispute and in doubt
For your needless indulgence in swagger and shout!
Be sure, if the Russian's inclined to be irate,
You won't smooth his feathers by dubbing him pirate.
The wise who would compass the highest of aims
Will ne'er waste their vigour in calling bad names.
Dear Dames, do take thought, for this shrewish polemic
Is taking the shape of a bad epidemic.
It's not to our credit that Britons are found
Like virulent vixens slang-whanging all round.
There's WOLFF, and there's CHAPLIN, tempestuous souls,
Acidulous AUSTIN and bellicose BOWLES,
Those two rabid ROBERTS, the Lord and the Bart.,
Lord STRATHEDEN and CAMPBELL, on treaties so tart,
With numerous others, have caught your complaint,
And shriek in a way that might ruffle a saint:
True,—angry old women or hot-headed boys—
They don't count for much, but they make a great noise.
And you, and such apes of your rowdiedow style,
Though helpless to aid, may just manage to rile,
Engendering rows, and establishing raws,
And flinging discredit on e'en the best cause.
Now, do, my dear souls, in this Easter recess,
Take counsel with sense, and with patient address:
Don't howl yourselves hot as PARNELL or O'DONNELL;
Call names, like the fish-fag shut up by O'CONNELL,
Or pander to Jingo's gregarious geese,
By shaking your fists in the face of poor Peace.
You'll find the old rule still holds good—*Idem Semper*,
He's best at a bout who can best keep his temper;
And England would very soon go to—well, Hades,
If ruled by a Caucus of angry old Ladies!

ON THE QUI VIVE.



THE CZAR having authorised the CESAREWITCH to accept the Presidency of the "Moscow Committee," now undertaking the organisation of a private maritime force, destined, in the event of war, among other things, "to sweep British commerce entirely from the seas," the following precautionary measures of defence will be taken without further delay.

The personnel of the Rosherville Pier will be put on a war footing. A detached villa, enjoying a commanding sea-view, will be rented for the summer months at Westgate-on-Sea by the First Lord of the Admiralty, and utilised from time to time during the season for the purpose of taking observations from Saturday to Monday.

The Channel boats will make the passage from Folkestone to Boulogne and vice versa, only in the worst weather, after dark, and flying the Fiji flag.

The Warden of the Cinque Ports will burn a lime-light in his room at night.

All the bathing-machines on the east, south-east, and south coasts will be painted an iron-grey, and receive neutral bottoms.

Torpedoes will be sunk in all the more unprotected approaches to the Goodwin Sands, and a camera obscura will be placed upon Beachy Head.

Pleasure parties, of not less than six, will be allowed to take a two hours' sail from any popular watering-place only if accompanied by a Russian interpreter, a flag of truce, and two eighty-ton guns.

The Brighton Aquarium will receive a coating of twenty-four inches of Whitworth steel.

Immediately on the Declaration of War, the fleet of the Penny Steamboat Company will be sunk in a line across the Thames, between Putney and Hammersmith, and important commands given to their captains in the Gunboat Flotilla!

And lastly, Her Majesty's ships, wherever afloat, will be ordered to give a good account of such portion or portions of the "Organised Maritime force of the Moscow Committee," as are imprudent enough to get in their way.

IN MEMORIAM.

The Right Revd. George Augustus Selwyn, D.D.,

First Bishop of New Zealand, 1841 to 1867, afterwards Bishop of Lichfield.

BORN, 1809. DIED, APRIL 11, 1878.

LEFT hate all, as this funeral takes its way—

Whate'er our church or sect, for once we can—
To him that's borne unto his rest to-day,
Each breath a Bishop, every inch a Man.

Few are the Pauls we breed in these soft times;
To live the life of travel and of toil,
Face danger, hardship, rough ways, change of climes—
The early Christian Soldier's march and toil.

Though many a Christian soldier, now as then,
Has his hard warfare—waged in murkier air,
In the close alley's fever-stricken den,
Grappling with darkness, doubt, distress, despair.

And yet that warfare finds its host enrolled,
More, the more need; but he whom we deplore
Was of more genial, if not grander, mould,
Who in that fight had showed as many more,

But in his own fight with wild life, wild men,
Stood all alone of his decorous kind;
A Christian athlete, with eyes strong of ken,
"Muscles of steel, a foot swift as the wind,

Lungs free of play in the broad-chested frame,
Firm hand on rudder, lusty arm on oar,
A voice that keen and clear as clarion came,
Courage that risks of land and sea o'erborne.

And with that strength of frame like strength of will;
A purpose clear as was his steel-grey eye;
Courage his end to see distinctly still,
And pluck to do whate'er he set to try,

So he sailed forth across Australian seas,
To where the savage Maori held his own,
Dark-robed, tattooed, close watching, ill at ease,
The white man's strength, still growing, not yet grown,

But ill-inclined to count with Maori pride,
As rough, as he was ready to o'erbear,
The claims of Tribe or Chief to thrust aside,
Nor heed how with his paper-rights they square.

And there the Bishop stood, between the war
Of Clans and Chiefs and Settlers all alone,
Holding the Christian banner high and far,
'Bove smoke of strife, and noise of war-conchs blown!

Till Settler, Savage, in all else apart,
Both owned the Christian courage, Christian zeal,
And Christian singleness of eye and heart,
Wherewith the Bishop strove for either's weal.

Until his way was clear, and he was free,
His wide wild bishopric to range at will,
To swim the river, and to sail the sea,
And set to labouring work his strength and skill.

Till savages were weaned from savageness,
And white men owned a faith ne'er owned till then:
And school and church rose in the wilderness,
Fruit of the seed of love, goodwill to men.

At length his first, best, day's work nobly done,
The brave, good Bishop rested on his oar;
And homeward drawn to native sky and sun
To his wild bishopric came back no more.

But set to other toils his heart and hand,
Less easy to admire, less large in light;
But, whate'er his work, 'twas work to stand,
For 'twas work done as in his Master's sight.

At length from work he rests, and to the bier
His good deeds follow him, and good men's love;
And one true Bishop less we reckon here,
And one good angel more they count above.

Some more "Proverbial Philosophy" on the Eastern Question.

(With Mr. Punch's thanks to Sir W. Lawson for his excellent version of an Old Proverb—"Give Russia an inch, and she'll take the Dardan-elles.")

ADVICE to England:—

"Take care of the duties, and the interests will take care of themselves."

Advice to Austria:—

"An ounce of honesty is worth a pound of diplomacy."

And, lastly, a word of warning to certain writers and correspondents of certain newspapers:—

"One scribbler can urge a nation to war, but it takes twenty Statesmen to make it think."

The New Peer.

Baron Norton.

THE new Peer will reverse the numerical rule,
Which arithmetic used to be taught on,
"Ten-fold you add force," said the Master at school,
"When you to the right add a Naught on."

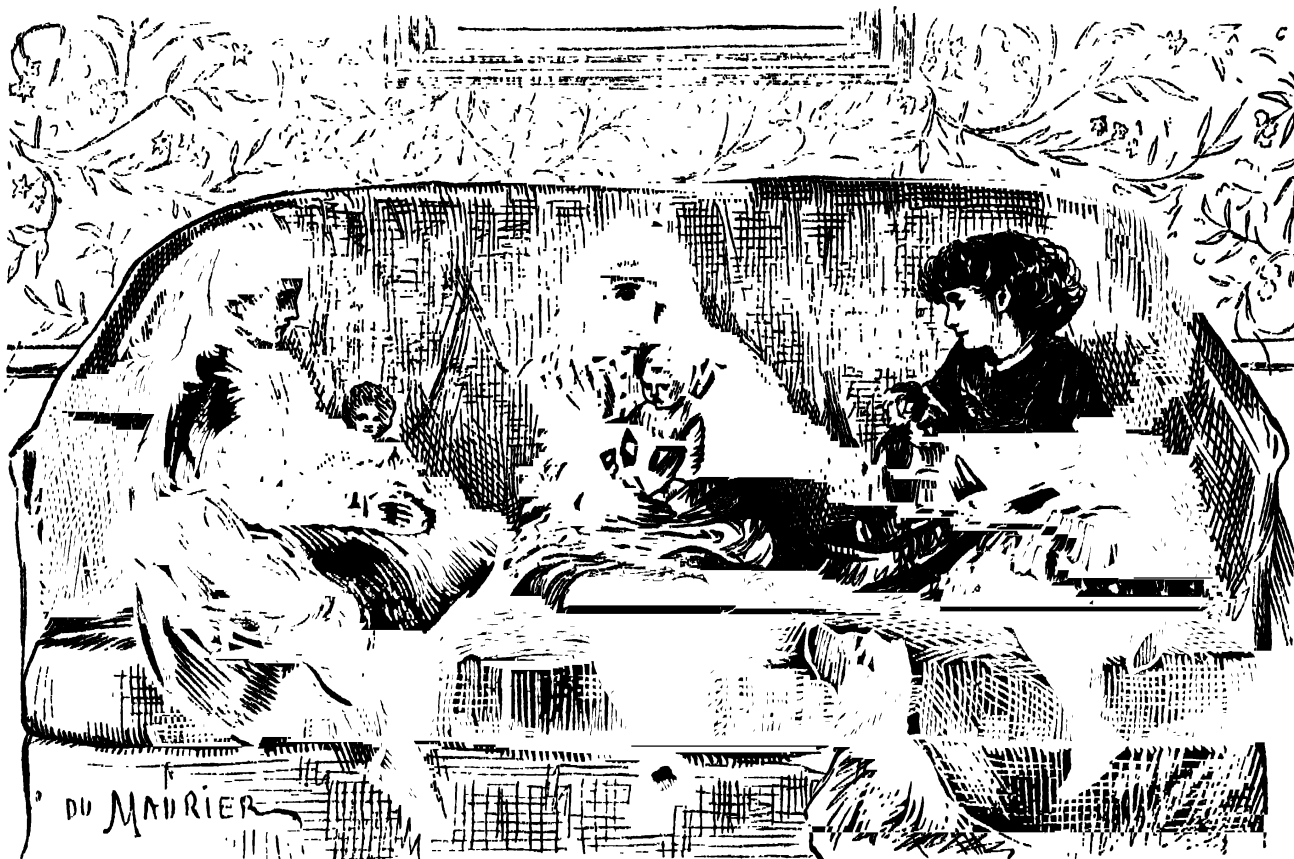
The Polytechnic Re-Peppered.

GOOD news for all classes. PEPPER is restored to the bosom of his Polytechnic family. Even lime-light, oxyhydrogen microscope, diving-bell, and better than all, Mr. WILLS's arrangement of BUNYAN, have been insipid without the excellent stimulant of PEPPER!

MAXIM FOR THE MONTH.

"Si vis pacem, para bellum."—To ensure a fine day, take your umbrella.

ONE CERTAIN EFFECT OF AN ANGLO-RUSSIAN WAR.—Private-tears in England.



DOLLY TAKING HER DEGREES (OF COMPARISON).

"MY DOLL'S WOOD!"

"MY DOLL'S COMPOSITION!!" • "MY DOLL'S WAX!!!"

THE BOAT-RACE.

(A Retrospect.)

How do the 'Varsities come to the Race?—

All a-rowing, and knowing their pluck they are showing,
And blowing, and going the deuce of a pace;With the ending depending on strong arms extending,
And bending oars rending the waves in the chase.With a spurting, exerting their muscles, and hurting
Their hearts, say the Doctors (but that's a rare case),With too much book-making, and arms next day aching—
And that's how the 'Varsities come to the Race!

How do the Ladies come down to the Race?—

With a rustle and bustle, and zest for the tussle,
And a hustle and jostle, and tearing of lace.With a gushing and blushing, and little feet rushing,
And pushing and crushing to get a good place.With a petting, and getting the odds in the betting,
And letting their fretting be seen in their face:With a swarming so charming, in toilettes alarming,
And that's how the Ladies come down to the Race!

How do the Gentlemen come to the Race?—

With a walking and talking, and pleasant "dear"-stalking;
Uncorking and forking out "pegs" from a case.With a smoking and joking, and badinage-poking,
Invoking the Stroke in the boat that they "place."With a laughing, Bass-quaffing, and eke shandy-gaffing,
And chaffing the cads till they're black in the face,And hurrying, and laying the odds—and then paying—
And that's how the Gentlemen come to the Race!

How do the Roughts and Cads come to the Race?—

With a cheering and beering, and sneering and jeering;
"My dear"-ing and leering at each pretty face.With a scowling, and fouling the air with their howling,
And prowling and growling, and grin and grimace,

With a swearing and tearing, and blue rosettes wearing,
And a daring uncaring what things they abase—
And a reeling, and feeling for fighting, and stealing—
And that's how the Roughts and Cads come to the Race!

THE WISE MEN OF THE EAST.

THE Common Council having chosen Mr. CHARLEY, M.P., to succeed Sir THOMAS CHAMBERS as Common Sergeant, it seems a pity that a body which so admirably discharges its elective functions should not be allowed to fill up other important public posts. Judging by analogy of the recent election, we might confidently look forward to such admirable and original appointments as—

For Archbishop of Canterbury—Mr. SPURGEON.

For Archbishop of York—Mr. TOOTH.

For Lord Chief Justice of England—Dr. KENEALY.

For Commander-in-Chief—Mr. HOLMS, M.P. for Hackney, with the honorary rank of a Sub-Lieutenant of Militia.

For Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland—Lord BROWN AND ORANMORE.

For Ambassador to France—Sir H. D. WOLFF.

For Ambassador to Russia—Sir ROBERT PEEL.

For Ambassador to Germany—Lord ROBERT MONTAGU.

For Governor of the Bank of England—Mr. ALBERT GRANT.

And for First Lord of the Treasury—the Right Hon. the LORD MAYOR.

"On" Stanley!

LORD ROBERT, who's one of the bellicose batch,
Thinks the late DERBY "scratching" a "happy dispatch;"
But *Punch*, in a race in which gumption were rider,
Would back 'gainst Lord BOBBY the Derby outsider.

AS LEADER OF A PARTY THAT WON'T BE LED.

ANYBODY, M.P., who likes to take it, *vice* ISAAC BUTT, Q.C., M.P.,
butted out.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—APRIL 27, 1878.



“THE EASTER EGG!”

WHAT’S TO COME OUT OF IT?

STRAPMORE!

A ROMANCE

BY

W E E D E R.

Author of Polly and Parini, Under Two Rags, Arryadity, Chuck, Two Little Wooden Jews, Nicotine, A Horse with Glanders, In Somers Town, Shamdross, &c., &c.

CHAPTER XIV.—"L'entous."



WEETIE rose at his approach.

The five servants, with the candles, stood around.

"Pardon, Messieurs!" said STRAPMORE, and every vein of his fierce, mad, humour was swollen out, black, and strong, while a sneering smile played round his parched and fevered lips. Then pointing with frenzied energy to the opposite wall, he turned SWEETIE's attention in that direction.

"Regardez-là!" he hissed, in a low, hoarse, raucous tone.

The *russe*, though only momentary, succeeded. SWEETIE looked in the direction indicated, for he had no hesitation in turning his back on one whom he had, hitherto, deemed his friend. In less than a minute he discovered his mistake. A jarring sensation shot upwards through his frame, as, impelled by an irresistible force, he flew forward several yards, while STRAPMORE, reeling from the herculean effort, fell backwards on the floor. Then, with a loud report, like that of a masked battery, the last hidden strings and buckles, by which he was bound, and which had, till now, exercised so powerful a control over his actions, yielded, and snapped asunder, like the breaking purse-strings of an over-taxed householder, under this tremendous strain.

As the well disciplined servants lifted STRAPMORE to his feet, they silently remarked that he was double the man he had been.

SWEETIE approached him. Even then, at that supreme moment, he would have demanded an explanation, and would have forgiven him. But it was not to be.

STRAPMORE bowed with careless courtesy: "Messieurs, you are my witnesses that I—"

But, ere he could utter another word, SWEETIE's right hand had darted forth, with a Titan-like force that would have burst the bonds that clipped the treasure-bag of the fabled Æolus himself, and, with the unerring aim of a practical sportsman,—to whom a bull's-eye in a shop window had been more child's play from his earliest youth, and who, when in the country, could with ease bring down a brace of birds that he had only once seen in Bond Street,—his blow went, like a lightning flash, straight

un peu dessous le dernier bouton of STRAPMORE's embroidered gilet du soir, and, on the instant, the mighty Cherub bent, like a man on whom bankruptcy has fallen unexpectedly, succumbing, of sheer and sharp necessity, beneath the sudden overpowering force of the winding-up act.

With a wild-beast howl of stifled rage, the giant frame collapsed in silent agony.

The strong, broad man became feeble, and flabby, as the helpless sail, in the calm that succeeds the fierce tempest. His face was deadly pale, his voice was hoarse, and gasping, like that of a drowning man, as he muttered to himself, "*Vivre n'est pas respirer, c'est agir.*" He slowly ascended the staircase, and, leaning over the balustrade, with one great effort, drew himself up. Then, he stood erect, as he said, calmly and coldly, "We will meet."

"Where?"

The word came from SWEETIE's throat, and the voice sounded like a weird imitation of his own by some derisive, mocking, ventriloquist, who had chosen to represent him as speaking from out of the depths of the deepest wine vault beneath the marble basement.

The servants regarded one another in a half frightened, half curious manner. They had never, before this, witnessed any such strange, any such thrilling scene, without having paid dearly for their presence, unless, indeed, they had been admitted in obedience to some authoritative orders.

STRAPMORE replied:

"Where you will. In London. *A l'Arc de Marbre, près des Jardins du Parc d'Hyde. Au coucher du soleil.*"

"Soit!"

So they parted.

These two men, who had been boys together at Eton, who had rowed together from Christopher's Clump, in one of Old Brocas's boats, up to Surly Island, who had played together at "sixes" in the dear old "Threepenny" corner of the ancient sporting fields, who had sat together, in the same school, one on the edge of the Fifth Form, the other, close to him, on the edge of the Fourth, side by side, who had run up a rival score at Tap, Bat, and single wicket, and, in the summer heat, had dived off the Barnes on the Bridge, and had swum about, merrily plashing in the pool below.

STRAPMORE had been little "BURLYN DE WESTCOTT" then, and PINTO PEEZE was "PEEZE MAJOR," but even then he had the sobriquet of "SWEETIE." And these two were now to meet in deadly conflict. And for what? For whom? Could they have foreseen

* *Editor (to the talented Authoress).*—We wouldn't for the world suppose any such place as Christopher's Clump; secondly, no boat-builder at Eton as that you are in ignorance of any subject whatever that you once take up and ever named BROCAS; thirdly, that there is no Surly Island; fourthly, that make so entirely your own; but are you quite sure of your names and localities there is no such game as "Sixes;" fifthly, no such corner in the playing fields (or "shooting fields," but not "sporting fields") as "Threepenny;" inquiry ourselves, but a friend, an old Etonian, happening to be in our room, sixthly, that "Tap" is not a game; and, seventhly, that there are no "Barnes" and casting his eye over your proofs, has hinted that—first, there never was built on any bridge, but that if "Barnes Bridge," and "Barnes Pool,"



“AUT CÆSAR AUT NULLUS.”

Architect. “WHAT ASPECT WOULD YOU LIKE, MR. SMITHERS?” (*Who is about to build a house.*)

Mr. Smithers. “HAR MUGGLER!”—(*a rival Tradesman*)—“GOT A HASPECT! ‘CAUSE—MIND YER, I SHOULD LIKE MINE MADE A GOOD DEAL BIGGER THAN ‘IS!’”

this end to their bright lives, would they not have altered their own destinies? If the Future gives no hope, and the Past no promise, then as years go on, and the recurring day of birth comes round with a new number upon the roulette board of Life, shall we not make ourselves a Present, when the hands of all our friends are held back from us? At least we can gratify our own inclination—for this power alone has been left on earth to men.

CHAPTER XV.—“*La Route la plus courte et au meilleur marché!*”

In the morning they crossed, intent upon their deadly work. They were in the same boat, these two men. Lord NUFFINMORE, having diplomatic business in London, was also on board, accompanied by the Lady REGULA.

Scarce a word was spoken during the passage of that crime-laden vessel. Nothing was heard save the shrill, cruel, agonised scream of the pent-up steam, the dull, spirit-quelling thud of the machinery, the fierce roaring of the savage vindictive waves, as they dashed at the paddle-wheels, and drove the vessel, now one way, now the other, and then, with the fury of untamed beasts, at play in the dreary wilderness, they carried it on their giant shoulders, hurling it, onwards, along a surging path, dashing it, as if to very destruction, against a living wall of crested water. The sea-

are meant, then such a practice, as diving off the one into the other, was never heard of in his time, or anybody else's. Our Etonian friend has added that, as to the first, you probably mean the Brocas Clump, which you have confused (*he says—we don't*) with “The Christopher,” a well-known Inn, which (*he again adds—we don't*, mind that) you have in one of your other novels called “Christopher's”; that, as to thirdly, you must mean “Surly,” as well known as Windsor; that, as to fifthly, you probably have told only half of the truth, as there is a part of the playing fields called “Six-penny”; that when you say “Sixes” you are evidently thinking of “Fives,” for which game there is no wall in the playing fields; and that, on the whole, (*so he finishes—we don't*, you will distinctly understand *that*), if you are not more thoroughly “up” in your other subjects than you are in this, the public will in future know how to appreciate at their true value those remarkably graphic pictures of life and character which are the special features of your undoubtedly powerful and decidedly clever romances.

birds whirled around with pitiless screech, and nought was heard on the deck, save the groans of those who lay pale, prostrate, and helpless, as after some great carnage on a field of battle; while, from stem to stern, echoed the faint, touching, heart-rending appeal for the kindly steward's aid, just as the lambs that have strayed on the road would bleat for their dam, or as the infant, abandoned by its inhuman nurse, would cry aloud, with all the vigour of a cradled Bacchus, beseeching for its absent bottle.

Once only, Lady REGULA BADDUN, with that love of human conquest which was inborn in her, a part of her very nature, attempted to speak to—and with her to speak to was to fascinate—the man at the wheel. But he would not turn aside to meet the glance of the enchantress, the fire of whose eyes was only momentarily dimmed, not quenched; but, resolutely keeping his look-out on the grey shapeless offings in the distance, he murmured to himself, “Here stands a post.” Then she staggered back, now clutching at the Captain, now at the Steward, now tripping over the legs of one prostrate passenger, now treading on the toes of another, until, hopeless and helpless, she was conducted to Lord NUFFINMORE's private cabin by the second mate—for in that supreme hour she would have clung even to the black and oily stoker for support.

And the two men, once brothers, now deadly foes, sat on opposite sides of the deck. STRAPMORE, with a feeling akin to undying hatred in the region of his heart, and an increasing longing for this

Authoress (to Editor).—Sir—If your well-informed “friend” likes to continue this romance himself, let him do so. It would be beneath me to point out to you or your friend, or both, that a Romance is not mere prosaic matter-of-fact record. If so, there can be no more trustworthy historians than Sir WALTER SCOTT, Messrs. G. P. R. JAMES, and HARRISON AINSWORTH. *Vive la bagatelle! On prend le peuple par les oreilles, comme on fait un pot par les anses. Plutôt mourir que de changer un simple mot.* My own imagination leaves still something to the imagination of others: *Le secret d'ennuyer est celui de tout dire: et les femmes sont toujours extrêmes.*—W.

Editor (to the Public).—We feel bound to place our WENDIE's-correspondence before our readers. Whether the reply of the distinguished Authoress (or the distinguished Authoress's reply) is entirely conclusive, it is not for us to say. Of course Strapmore is a romance.—Ed.



A SON OF ADAM.

Smart Boy. "HERE WE ARE, UNCLE! BUT WHAT DOES 'ON N'AY PAS ORLEEGY DE CONSUMMY' MEAN?"

Uncle. "IT MEANS ONE IS NOT OBLIGED TO TAKE ANYTHING IF ONE DOESN'T LIKE."

Smart Boy. "AH, WELL! LET US GO TO SOME CAFÉ WHERE ONE IS 'ORLEEGY DE CONSUMMY'!"

torture to end; the other, with a sickening feeling of weariness, as though there were no more light, or joy, in the world, and a strong desire to unburden his very soul, in one heart-rending, strangling, despairing, effort that should leave him well nigh lifeless.

Were not these omens sufficient to warn them! No. They had gone too far to recede, and within two hours they stood on the very shore that had once greeted them with smiles. But now—was it the fancy of these two fratricidal men?—they seemed to pass between two rows of fiends, who jeered them as they passed, who pointed the finger of scorn at them as they dragged their weary way along, while hoarse, malicious, cruel, whispers reached their ears, coming like hissing taunts from mocking fiends, who murmured audibly, "Ain't he pale, neither?"—"Don't he look like a boiled ghost?"—"Wonder if his mother 'll know him when he gets 'ome?"—"That cove's got the staggers!"—"They've had a nasty one!"—"Ave some biled mutton, my noble sportsman?"—"Oh, ain't he been washin' hisself with turnip juice!"

But STRAPMORE strode on, proud, heedless; and once more the cruel, lurid, light gleamed in his eyes, the darkness lowering more and more heavily upon his pallid features, and men shrank away from him, and wondered. SWEETIE took no notice of his foe, yet as he passed the Lady REGULA, he felt he could have dashed her white pearl buttons down the vibrating throat that had twined itself, with its venom-darting tongue, between himself and his friend, between his own existence and that of unconscious, weeping, hopeful, distant, ITRI DUFFA. So they passed on: until the evening, when the sun was sinking to its rest.

The great dewa were gathered, and received; in many a village pennies, supposed to have been lost, were discovered in every pound; pious, simple Curates shut their doors, and brushed and

oiled the looks on their temples before retiring for the night; the artist-lighter of a thousand *boes* of gas, wand in hand, proceeded in his work of marvellous illumination, with a celerity unequalled even by the cloistered monks of mediæval times, while the gentle Luna was slowly, but surely, streaking with her silver threads the ruddy golden hair of the descending Apollo, and age was creeping on the earth, and on men, and the glamour of a false light, and of rose-tinted cheeks and pearl-whitened shoulders, was being raised by the sorceresses at their wicked toilet-tables—those tables of *rouge et noir*—as the mists came up, and the vapours spread on the face of this poor, lost, weary, whirling World, as if to hide its crimes from the gaze of the mournful, pitying Moon.

The hour has come! The doom of these two men has to be pronounced. At last!

Ah, *mes frères*, who shall read in the Book of Fate, and tell us all? Who of us shall answer the vital question, "What next?"—*Et après?*

(To be continued.)

Strictly in Tune.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

THE Critics have been wondering how Lord BEACONSFIELD—bless him!—came by his metaphor, "Diapason of our Policy!" Those who are of the same mind with me, are proud to think that his Lordship, with that fine feeling of the appropriate which belongs to him, feels that a Music-Hall metaphor is the very thing to describe a Music-Hall policy.

Yours, very respectfully,
JINGO.

BULL-DOG AND BUDGET.

BUDGET be blowed that touches me!
Wy, bacoy's taxed instead of tea!
The Income-tax of tuppence more
Won't worry much infect the pore.
'Tis only tuppence more, we knows,
And up, they say, the donkey goes.
The donkey bein, yer may say,
'Im as is hass enough to pay.
And my own income's from a source
Not no ways liable, in course.
The tax as I objects to most
Is that there infimus impost,
The Dorg-tax, by a extry fix,
Riz from five bob to seven-and-six.
The Bobbies down on yer will come
In order to istract the sum.
My Bulldog, wot I kep tax-free,
Seven-and-a-kick to pay for thee,
Will make thy keep too high a pike—
Then must I part with thee, my Tike?
Hang thee or drown, if I can't sell,
And bid thee, anyways, farewell?
But if the Peelers should forget,
And for my Dog-tax I'm in debt,
Well, I can send the Guv'ment's claim,—
So much in payment of the same,
Witch none needs send without they
likes—

In "Conscience Money" from BILL SIKES.

A Pretty Pair.

(United in their Entertainment, in their Names
let them not be divided.)

LORD — has the three merits of giving unquestionably good dinners, saying not very bad things, and appreciating really el-ver people. Asked the other day whether the head of his kitchen was *he* or *she*, he replied, "Oh, *he*, of course! I could not bear to break the association of Masculine and Cook."

Bo-Peep at Brighton.

THE Church Bo-peep
Has lost some sheep,
And fain again would find them.
Let them alone.

They are off to Rome.
Watch those they have left behind them!

COMING FROM THE DOGS.



On Easter Monday a Deputation waited upon the Right Hon. Mr. TONY to complain of the increase of the Dog-Tax. On the Right Hon. quadruped making his appearance, he was received with much barking and wagging of tails.

Sir FOX HOUND (who introduced the Deputation) said that he appeared on behalf of his poorer brethren rather than for himself. The increased tax would not cause him much personal inconvenience. Fox-hunting would always be popular in England. ("Bow, wow!") The sport was supported by the aristocracy, the

middle, and even the humbler, classes, and a slight increase in subscriptions would meet the additional impost. He was quite sure that in spite of the observations of Mr. CHAPLIN, M.P., in another place, every M. F. II. would cheerfully pay the additional half-crown. Fox-hunters were the last people in the world to claim an advantage for the rich over the poor. Their noble sport was a luxury—he might say a necessary luxury—and as a luxury should be paid for. The matter was very different with the poorer classes. He thought that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER had not extended his exemptions far enough. (*Much barking.*) Having thus briefly opened the proceedings, he would allow some of the other members of the Deputation to give tongue for themselves. (*Great tail-wagging.*)

Mr. MONGREL said that he heartily agreed with the last speaker. Exemptions from the Tax had been granted to sheep-dogs and the guides of blind beggars. Well and good; but was this enough? (*Growls.*) No; certainly not. Take his own case—a case that should receive the hearty sympathy of the Right Hon. quadruped he had the honour of addressing. He was an *employé* in the travelling dramatic company of Messrs. COLLING AND SHORT. (*Barks.*) He had the honour of filling what they would perhaps allow him to call the leading part in the great world-drama of *Punch and Judy*—(*Immense barking*)—that drama which, perhaps, more than any other fulfilled SHAKESPEARE's grand conception of the function of the Stage—"to hold the mirror up to nature, to show Virtue her own feature, Scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time its form and pressure." The Managers of the Company to which he belonged, like all Managers who took a high view of their duties, were poor, and it seemed hard that they should be subject to the payment of this impost. He could personally testify to the invaluable lessons given to the British public by the performances in which he had taken part, and that at the age at which the mind is most susceptible of impressions. He had himself, he hoped, given many tender shoots a twist the right way, and taught many young ideas to shoot straight. Under these circumstances he trusted they would not consider it presumptuous if he claimed to be considered as a public benefactor and instructor, and in that character maintained that he was entitled to exemption. ("Bow, wow!")

Mr. POODLE apologised for his French nationality, but said that he had been so long a resident in this country that he considered himself quite an Englishman ("Bow, wow!") He too belonged to the theatrical profession, though not in the same elevated sphere of it as the Dog who had just addressed them. His, he admitted, was a very humble walk of the Drama. In fact, he belonged to the ground and lofty business. He was, in plain English, a sawdust Dog. It was his duty to jump through hoops, go up ladders, walk in grotesque costumes on his hind, or even fore, legs, drive a globe up an incline by the shuffling of his feet, and so forth. These exercises, humble as they might appear, had cost himself and his instructors long years of labour, much patience, and not a little suffering. His performances, he was happy to say, were popular. But popularity did not always mean wealth. ("Bow, wow!") His Manager found it difficult to make both ends meet, and he was, in his (Mr. POODLE's) opinion as deserving of consideration as the blindest of blind beggars. What, in fact, were poor Managers but blind beggars, if you come to that? (*Much barking.*)

Mr. BULL DOG said that he had joined the Deputation because, like his friend and protector (Mr. JOHN BULL), he loved fair play. (*Loud barking.*) He thought that the Tax would be hard upon the poor Man—who loved his Dog. (*Prolonged barking.*) Even Bill Sikes had a heart for the four-legged companion of his leisure hours. His friends who had spoken were representatives of hundreds—nay, thousands—of other equally harmless and useful quadrupeds. ("Bow, wow!") Surely, when *Cartes de Visite*, Christmas Cards, Valentines, and Dinner Menus were free from duty, it was a shame to tax the poor Man's Dog! (*Great wagging of tails.*)

Mr. TONY was sorry to say that he feared it was too late to do anything in the matter this year, but that it was to be hoped that the views of the Deputation

would have weight next spring. He would say for himself and his excellent friend, Mr. Punch (*great barking*), that the views which had been submitted to him by the Deputation appeared to be very fair and reasonable. The poor Man's Dog was often the poor Man's best friend, and it was a shame to tax him. (*Renewed barking.*) Invidious remarks had been made about Dogs that were fed upon new milk and legs of mutton that should have gone to wives and children. All he could say was that that was not the Dogs' fault, but their Masters'.

The Deputation having thanked Mr. TONY for his courtesy, retired, wagging their tails.

THE TURKISH THERMOMETER.

(Recent Readings at Constantinople.)

- BOILING Point, 120. Grand Banquet with the British Ambassadors. Turks prepared to march on St. Petersburg.
100. Dinner with the English Consul-General. Turks drink the health of the QUEEN on their knees.
90. Entertainment on board the British Fleet. Turks receive "*Rule, Britannia*" with enthusiastic applause.
80. Lunch with the British Secretary of Legation. Turks prostrate themselves at the name of Lord SALISBURY.
70. Breakfast with an English *attaché*. Turks express satisfaction with the Leaders in the *Morning Post* and *Advertiser*, *Pall Mall Gazette*, and *Daily Telegraph*.
60. Five o'clock tea with Mrs. LAYARD. Turks discuss the Eastern Question from a British point of view.
50. Distribution of the contents of his cigar-case by a British T.G. of Turcophile tendencies. Turks talk of the Russians with the contempt they deserve.
40. Excursion, in steam-launch, on the Golden Horn, with an English Admiral. Turks speak of the British Fleet with the respect it naturally inspires.
- Below Freezing, 30. Grand Breakfast with the Russian Grand Duke. Turks receive the name of the CZAR with enthusiasm.
20. Grand Lunch with the Russian Grand Duke. Turks insult the British Standard, and express a wish to impale Mr. LAYARD.
10. Grand Dinner with the Russian Grand Duke. Turks swear to defend Constantinople against the aggressive ambition of the English nation.
- Zero . . . 0. Grand Supper with the Russian Grand Duke. Turks declare themselves ready to march immediately upon London and Calcutta.

Verdict of the Lower Ten.

THIS ain't a poor man's Budget—
Who says 'tis, tells a cracker.
Only twopen'ce a pound on money,
And fourpence a pound on 'bacca!

"LIGHT" NOT "SWEETNESS."

PETITION to Mr. BUCHANAN of the Author whose work the Critics won't notice:—

"Εν δὲ φέρε καὶ βλεσσον."

THE DARWINIAN THEORY CONTRADICTED (*See the Cambridge Crew*).—"Natural selection," resulting in the "survival of the Un-fittest."



A LESSON IN SUBTRACTION.

Aunt Bella. "NOW LOOK HERE, TOMMY. SUPPOSE THERE WERE THREE APPLES ON THE TABLE. COULD I TAKE AWAY ONE AND LEAVE THREE?"

Tommy. "OH, NO, AUNTIE! CERTAINLY NOT!"

Aunt Bella. "AND WHY, TOMMY?"

Tommy. "BECAUSE IT WOULDN'T BE POLITE!"

THE OPENING OF THE FRENCH EXHIBITION.

By FICTOR NOGO.

WHAT is grand is magnificent. What is magnificent is sublime. The Exposition is sublime—therefore it is magnificent and grand. A glorious Trinity of adjectives. In a word—France!

I dressed myself. I put on a coat, a hat, I carried an umbrella. Not a sword, but an umbrella. The sword is the weapon of the soldier. The umbrella belongs, or should belong, to the citizen. The Man ennobles the Things. The Thing is therefore as grand as the Man. The umbrella is the symbol of the citizen. Sublime thought! Truth conquers Falsehood; the Grand overwhelms the Mean. The citizen and his umbrella are equally Great, are equally to be applauded. Applaud, then—and heartily!

We entered an omnibus. I sat near the door, my umbrella reposed beside me. There were other passengers. Mind, not men—but passengers! A passenger is one who pays six sous. All money is base. A sou is the basest form of money. One who pays six sous must be baser still. Therefore the passengers were the basest of creatures. *Misérables!*

I will tell you why. When we approached the Exhibition I called upon the conductor to stop! The progress of the omnibus was arrested. I put down the window. A *Misérable* complained. He said he had a cold! I withered him with a scornful glance, and put my head out of the window. There was a young citizen standing in the road. He was in rags, and young, but still a citizen. All citizens are grand, and the citizen of Paris is the grandest of all citizens. Why? Because there are two worlds—Paris and another. The other world is insignificant. It is unworthy of further attention. Enough!

I commenced a speech to this young citizen. I spoke of the marvels of Peace, of Commerce, of Truth, of Civilisation, of the Sublime. The passengers remonstrated. They said that they wished to arrive at their destination! They appealed to the conductor. The conductor appealed to me. I called him an embodied check-string,

BRAVO, TORO!

"EUROPE, of course, now smiles upon us, cheers us on, and prepares, in our eyes, the laurel-wreath which is to reward our first successes. It would be more to the purpose if we were not left alone to vindicate treaties, and fight the battle of Europe." *Times.*

"BRAVO, Brave Bull!" So swells the foreign chorus, And grateful such rare plaudits seem to Taurus. So the Bull swells and sleeks like fondled Cat, Much relishing the Gaul's applauding pat, And flattering titillation of the Teuton, That both to fight would urge the generous brute on. Just so a ring of rowdies in the street, Whene'er at flatcuffs two boobies meet, Will cheer them on. There's bound to be some fun, And, probably, good pickings ere all's done. But, Bull, beware! 'Tis vastly fine to pose, As Europe's champion 'gainst Europe's foes; 'Tis very nice to hear the round of praises, Which, with her tongue in cheek, all Europe raises, But ere you swallow down the tribute votive, Perhaps 'twere well to scrutinise its motive. Jacko, the monkey, can't too much admire Poor puss who pulls his chestnuts from the fire; But only let Grimalkin burn her paws, And monkey will to mockery turn applause. Which of BULL's backers all would care a penny If, like the immortal cat of famed Kilkenny, Roused Bull and Bear each other should belabour Into sheer helplessness, to please a neighbour, Be't Gaul or Teuton, Austrian or Turk, Who all would reap the fruits, the labour shirk? Then, *verbum sap.*, dear BULL, If you must fight, See that it is for honour, safety, right; For a fair place in Fame's true *libro d'oro*, And not mere windy shouts of "Bravo, Toro!"

THE NEW PEER.

MRS. MALAPROP is glad that "the Unhappy Nobleman" at Dartmoor has at last got his rights. She hears that he has been called to the Upper House under the title of "Baron Orton."

TOAST FOR RITUALIST TABLES.—Vested Interests.

a hand attached to a bell-pull, an appendage of an Administration, I continued my speech. It was cut short by a subterfuge. The omnibus moved on suddenly—with a jerk! It would have been at any time an outrage. Committed while I was speaking, it became a crime.

We arrived at the Exhibition. We descended. I led the way. My umbrella accompanied me. I presented myself at the gate. I was refused admission. I was asked for money by a wretch in a uniform. I remonstrated in the name of Civilisation. I asked if Civilisation must show the passport of Mammon. The Uniform had no answer. An impatient crowd of patriots were waiting for entrance behind me. I was the bar to their progress. I, the incarnation of Progress. Strange contradiction. But only momentary. They combined their sous. They passed them to the Uniform. I passed in.

My entrance was greeted with indescribable enthusiasm by those who had been behind me. It was grand, solemn, over-powering.

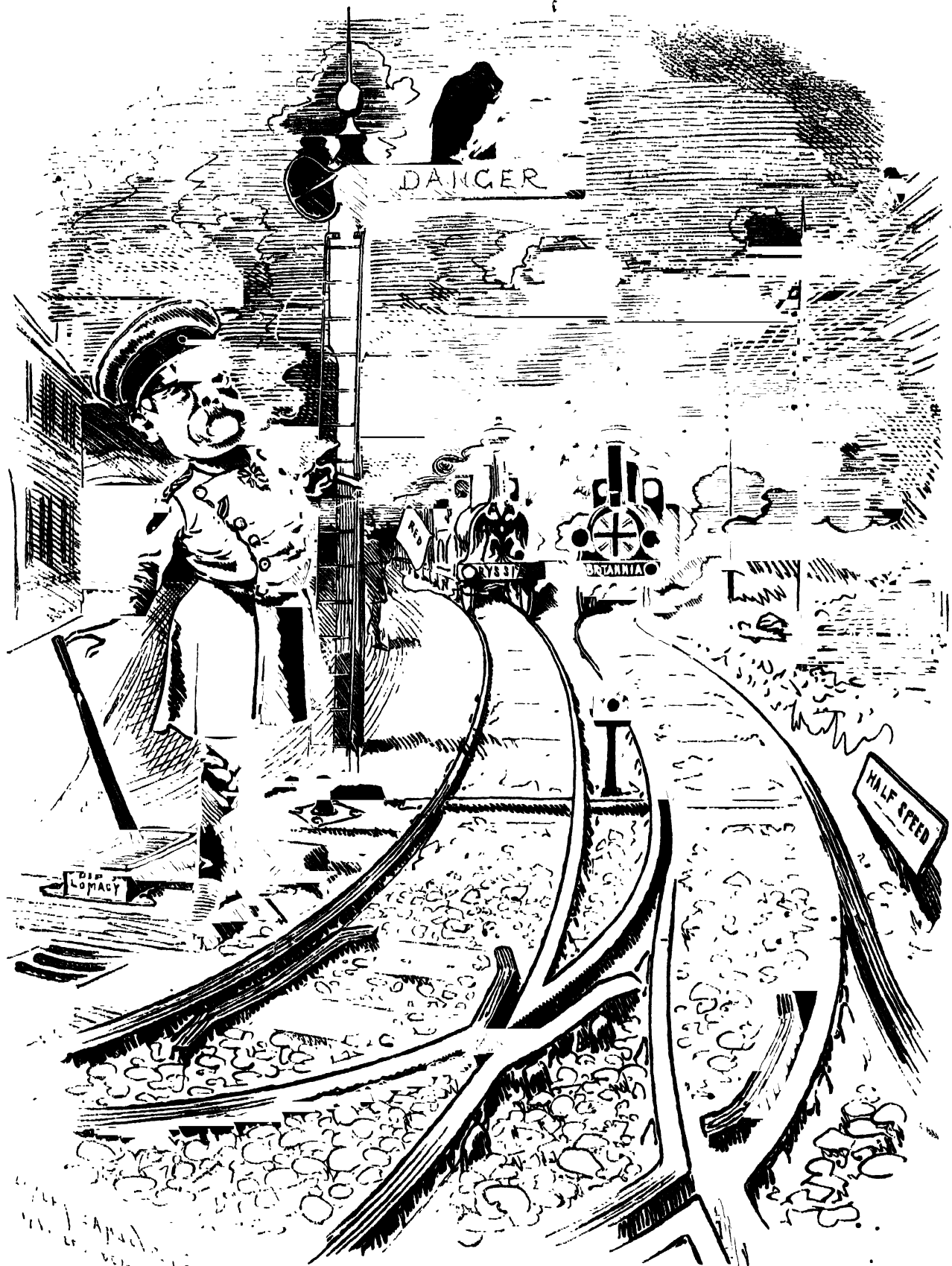
I looked around. The American Department attracted my attention. America is the Child of France. America is the home of Liberty, of Equality, of Curious Drinks. I approached. I was offered a sombre beverage with a name full of meaning. It was called a "Corpse Reviver." I raised the glass to my lips. I gave a toast—"Wisdom and Power, the Stripes and the Tricolor; the Past, the Present, and the Future—in a word, France and the United States!" I drank.

(The rest of the MS. is illegible.)

Sick Chancellors.

WITH Diplomacy at wit's end
No wonder illness mingles:
Here's Prince GORTSCHAKOFF in fever,
And Prince BISMARCK in the shingles.

No wonder his blood tingles—
Blowing up, or out, war's coals—
Till what to-day is shingles,
To-morrow may be shuals.



WORKING THE POINTS.

"THE REJECTED."



ALL has been done that
paint can do,—
And all been done in
vain!—
Here's Mr. BOURLET and
his crew
They've brought it
back again—
Oh dear!
They've brought it
back again!"

He turned his picture as he spake,
Its face unto the wall;
He gave his doleful head a shake,
And said, "She was too tall—
Oh dear!
A precious sight too tall!"

"The portraits to their owners go,
The dealers skim the line;
That thing will stick by me, I know;
She always will be mine—
Oh dear!
She always will be mine!"

"When day is gone and night is come,
And all are laid to sleep,
I think of little folks upstairs,
That I have got to keep—
Oh dear!
Who would not wake and weep!"

A FELLOW FEELING.

"A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind."

SCENE—Jingoland.

Enter the Great BOUNCE and the Great BEN, meeting.

The Great Bounce (with effusion). Ah! Good day, m' Lud!
'Ope I see you pooty bobbish. Proud to make your acquaintance!

The Great Ben (with dignity). I have not the honour of yours,
Sir.

The Great Bounce. No? Surprisin' that, m' Lud! I'm the
Great Bounce, I am, and one of your Ludship's most enthoosiaatic
supporters. Heard of me, of course?

The Great Ben (dubiously). Well, Sir, the name appears—

The Great Bounce. Ah! precisely—

"Your name seems to be
Familiar to me;

I think I have heard it before"—

If I may quote one of my own songs as aperypo to the occasion, m'
Lud. Ha! ha! You know what FLETCHER, of whatsername—seen
him mentioned in the D. T. dozens of times—said about writing the
songs of the people. I write the songs of the people, and sing 'em

too. You help make their laws, m' Lud. 'Appy thing for the
People that two great men like you and me pull so puffedly
together.

The Great Ben (dryly). I hope, Sir, that the People rightly
appreciate and appraise our respective services.

The Great Bounce. Oh, they do, m' Lud; they do. I assure you
that when my audiences give a reglar round of cheers to my singing
of my great Patriotic War Song, "Look out for the Lash of the
Lion's Tail," they never fail to give a little one in for—

"Brave BEAKY who has bid it wag,
To scare the foes of the good old Flag!"

The Great Ben. The compliment is as great as doubtless is the
song.

The Great Bounce. Not a 'aporth more than you deserve, m'
Lud.

The Great Ben. A tribute from TYRTEUS is a tribute indeed.

The Great Bounce. Eh? Tyr—, what's his name? Think I
have seen it in the D. T., but don't quite recollect who the party
was.

The Great Ben. A patriot lyrist, Sir, like yourself, and a potent
influence, though some persons, at first, were disposed to pooh-pooh
him.

The Great Bounce. Oh, we big pots must expect that sort of thing.
They pooh-pooh'd you once, m' Lud.

The Great Ben (musingly). They did, and now—

The Great Bounce. We've got it all our own way, eh, m' Lud?
GLADSTONE and his gang "not in it, dear boy," as we say in the
profession. That old party's off his chump, m' Lud, plain as a six-
foot poster.

The Great Ben (meditatively). Naviget Antieyram.

The Great Bounce. I say he ought to be clapped into Colney
Hatch, out of the way of mischief. But I think, between us, we
have just about settled him now, m' Lud.

The Great Ben (blandly interrogative). We?

The Great Bounce. Yes, our lines are a little different; yours is
prose, though topping of its kind; mine, poetry, which of course
fetches 'em smarter. But in sperrit and purpose I flatter myself
we are decidedly ditto. That perryrration of yours the other day,
m' Lud, was a tall fly and no error. Couldn't 'ave piled it up
prettier myself.

The Great Ben. You are too flattering!

The Great Bounce. Not a rap. We know how to land 'em,
m' Lud. Give 'em plenty of British Lion and lots o' tail-lashing.
DEBBY was too damp for 'em, a regular wet blanket. Can't get
steam up with cold water, m' Lud.

The Great Ben. Or float an Imperial Policy in the tideless shallows
of timid common sense.

The Great Bounce. Ah! there we are again you see, m' Lud,
birds of a feather. You invent an Imperial Policy, I invent Saint
Jingo. The phrase and the figure pair off proper.

The Great Ben. Truly the lubricant of a metaphor frequently
facilitates the deglutition of a principle.

The Great Bounce (vaguely). Ah, dessay. Little bit of Sphinx
patter that, eh, m' Lud? Beef-eating JOHN BULL is learning to
stomach your Oriental Relish at last.

The Great Ben. Many Bulls of Bashan have I yoked in my
time, though, like SALISBURY, they have roared, or, like DEBBY,
rebelled.

The Great Bounce. And having done so well with the Bulls, you mean
to have a try at the Bears, eh? Well here's 'luck, m' Lud! "Cave
in 'or cop it!" That's the talk for Bruin! Jingo means just that,
and I guess Imperial Policy means much about the same. England
first served, and the rest go snacks as they best can. That's the
line, m' Lud. Palaver about "right" is all cosmopolitan rubbish,
and "fair-play" is just pretty-pretty for Cocktail fudge. Glad I
dropped on you, m' Lud. I'll put the pith of our conversation into
a new War Song, and send yer Ludship an early proof.

The Great Ben (hastily). Thanks! thanks! And now, Sir, though
your talk is vastly improving, yet, as my leisure is limited—

The Great Bounce. Right you are, m' Lud. Shall we drink to the
Success of the Imperial Policy? You won't liquor? Well, then,
here!—"The British Lion, and may his tail never unstiffen!" Ta-ta,
m' Lud.

[Exit, with a flourish.]

The Great Ben (solus). The most trenchant travesty of a pictorial
Pasquin were edgeless compared with the personified parody pre-
sented by this swelling Ape. I feel as feels the traveller at a country
inn, who gazes on his own features hideously, yet recognisably, re-
flected in the distorting medium of a rustic mirror!

[Exit, thoughtfully.]

BUTTER-MERCHANT AND M.P.

Who should succeed BUTT as Leader of the Home-Rulers?
BIGGAR, as representing not BUTT, but Butter.

PUTTING TOO MUCH IN HIS PIPE.

"The *Estafette* attributes Prince BISMARCK's late attack of 'shingles' to neuralgia aggravated by excessive smoking."



HE Chancellor is in fact so saturated with nicotine, that in Russia "Bismarck has come to mean 'backer.'" But at least let us hope that the Chancellor's later excesses have been in smoking the pipe of peace, and that his practice on that pipe won't end in smoke.

Theft of Time.

OFFENDERS in as well as out of Parliament may well be alarmed by the following notification touching

"INDICTABLE OFFENCES.—The ATTORNEY-GENERAL, on the re-assembling of Parliament, will introduce a Bill for establishing a code of indictable offences, and Mr. PARWELL has given notice of his intention 'to oppose Mr. ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S motion.'"

Is it, then, understood that Mr. ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S Bill, if passed, will constitute Obstruction to the despatch of business in the House of Commons an indictable offence?

CHARITY UNDER THE ROSE.

MERRY MR. PUNCH,

VERY likely there are some few persons accustomed to "do good by stealth," and, should their bounty be made public, "blush to find it fame." But a philosopher can imagine another motive than modesty for concealment in the following—

"ANONYMOUS MUNIFICENCE.—At the annual meeting of the subscribers to the Wolverhampton Orphan Asylum, held yesterday, the Chairman, Mr. W. H. ROOPE, announced that a year since the last Easter meeting a sum of £4000 had been given to the institution, with a request that the name of the donor should not be made known. He also stated that, during the present year, the same donor had sent another £1000, in a similar manner, leaving him to do what he liked with the sum for the benefit of the institution."

Don't I wish I could afford to send four or five thousand pounds to an Asylum for Orphans! Suppose I did so, as I possibly might, in the hope of being rewarded for it hereafter, I should most certainly take the greatest possible care to keep my donation dark. My relations, because their own ideas are peculiar, consider me, as it is, what they call odd; and if I, rolling in wealth, were to practise munificence at such a rate and purpose as the abovementioned, I have no doubt that they would endeavour to impugn my sanity and get me declared a lunatic incapable of managing my own affairs. Munificence limited to a guinea a year, I fancy, has seldom any objection to be named in a subscription-list; but when it amounts to several thousand pounds, the reason why it is anonymous I take to be, in most cases, the very cogent one I have suggested—the fear of Colney-Hatch.

I am afraid, indeed, that the majority of persons capable of lavishing their property on an Asylum, are qualified for being placed in one. Few are the happy mortals who can afford to present a Charity with thousands of pounds as easily as a man in moderate circumstances can to give a penny to a crossing-sweeper.

But say that I, not being insane, but *compos mentis*, knowing what I was about, and fit to be at large, nevertheless sank in a charitable donation a large amount of capital as an investment in futurity. There would be yet another reason why my munificence would be strictly anonymous. If it were not, its publicity would gain me credit for opulence, and the consequence would be a constant influx of begging letters. For that reason, Sir, as well as the other, depend upon it you would never hear any trumpet sounded before the benefactions of a munificent

SMELFUNGUS.

P.S.—I feel better after having written the above. I experience a relief like the favourable effect of a dose of calomel.

BRITANNIA VINDEX!

OR, "SAVE HER FROM HER FRIENDS."

THE self-appointed Committee, organised for the purpose of supporting Great Britain in her new and nobly undertaken task of "vindictating, single-handed, the struggling aspirations of nationalities and reconstructing the ideal bases of European stability," met again yesterday.

After some delay, occasioned by the announcement that the Treasurer had again absconded with all the funds of the Society, the report was read, and the business of the meeting proceeded with as usual. The first speaker was:—

M. JULES BLAGAUD, of Paris (philosopher and journalist). M. B. said he was profoundly moved as he contemplated the latest attitude assumed by the once perfidious Albion. There could be no question about it but that the cold and calculating heart of JOHN BULL was stirred at last. Though that great but slow-witted enthusiast pretended that some paltry interests affecting the future of his Empire were at stake in the Bosphorus, everyone knew what was the real motive which inspired his heroic attitude. (*Cheers.*) That motive was summed up in two words, the regeneration of France. Yes, it was in order that France, having recovered what the sportsmen called her "second wind"—France, ever young, Titanic, and supremely confident, might spring upon her wretched provinces, and tear them with irresistible élan from the grip of the Teutonic barbarian, that the proud fleets of England now defied the fortresses of the Dardanelles, and might to-morrow surprise even the Euphrates. It did not require a knowledge of Eastern politics or of Eastern geography to cut the knot of questions such as these. (*Laughter.*) The fool could see. The idiot could comprehend. Therefore, it was glorious, this assertion of principles in the face of torpedoes, and demanded the moral, if not the physical, support of all those who saw in the universal conflagration of Europe the opportunity for themselves. (*Prolonged cheers.*) Yes, Frenchmen had but one duty at the present moment, and that was to encourage the awakened JOHN BULL with his own national "oorah" to that struggle, from which France, beatified and transcendent, will emerge with her pockets filled and her future secured. (*Cheers.*)

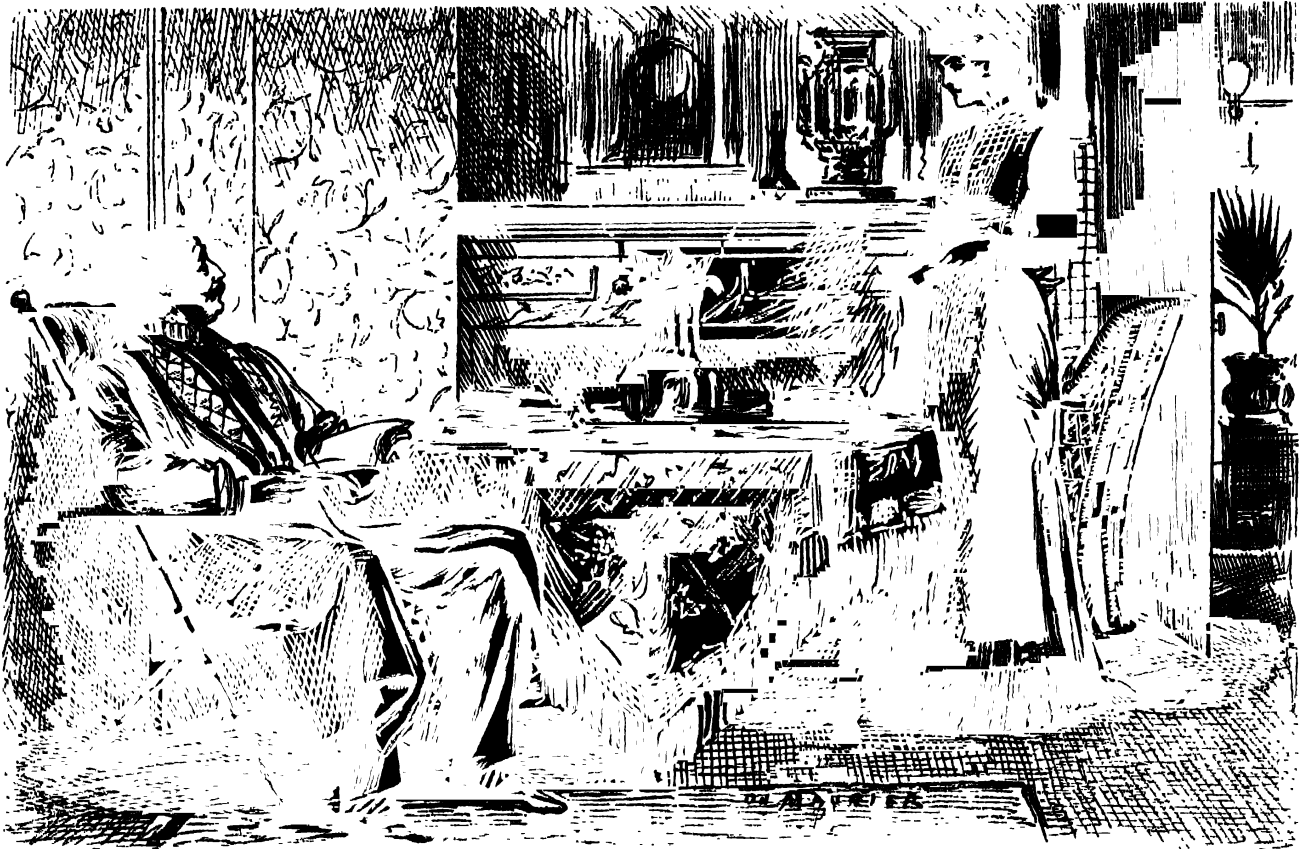
A Magyar, who refused to give his name, was the next speaker. He said he had not listened to what had fallen from his friend from Paris, and he did not suppose that anybody else had, either. (*Laughter.*) But he was a plain-spoken man himself, and was glad to put in a few words the obvious duty of England in the present state of the political horizon. It was to give Hungary her programme. That might involve a long and bloody war between the great Powers. (*Cheers.*) Russia was to be wiped out. (*Laughter.*) Turkey was to be restored. (*Immense laughter.*) They might laugh, but it was: while Germany and France were to annihilate each other. (*Hear, hear!*) As for England, if she would but commence the row, she might go to the bottom of the Red Sea, or anywhere else, to look after her own paltry interests, for all he cared. (*Cheers.*) And, lastly, Austria would be reorganised, with Germans and Slavs in their proper position of inferiority, leaving the Magyar, the true type of coming civilisation, triumphing over Eastern Europe in his national boots and principles, ready for the next thing that turned up. (*Oh, oh!*)

M. PHILOMACHOS MEGALOSTOMOS (of Thermopylae) then rose. He said he thought the meeting appeared to be losing sight of the one object which had inspired their organisation. (*Loud Cheers.*) He was a Hellenic of the Hellenes, and he had no hesitation in saying that that one object was the restoration of the political, social, and artistic supremacy of the Hellenic race, and the establishing of the new Byzantine Empire, from the Adriatic to the Caspian. (*Oh, oh!* and *laughter.*) He begged to embody that object in a resolution which he would now put to the meeting.

PAUPAK PASHA, a Turkish Gentleman, here rose, and was understood to second the above; but on his offering further explanations in bad French, by the aid of an interpreter, it transpired that he merely wished to tender his services for the vacant Treasurership.

This having been instantly negatived without a division, MM. POKERTHOFF and HANKRYPANKYSCHEFF, two representatives of a Russian Nihilist Committee, simultaneously volunteered themselves for the post. This offer gave rise to an animated discussion, which was cut short by the appearance of a couple of policemen with a Magistrate's warrant, amidst a good deal of laughter and some confusion.

The Russian delegates having been removed, the Hon. JINGO BELLWS moved the adjournment of the meeting. This having been agreed to, and it having been intimated that at the next *réunion* the advisability of further establishing the *prestige* of the country by defying the Scandinavian powers, and submitting grounds for war with the United States, would be taken into consideration, and a vote of want of confidence in the Chairman having been unanimously passed, the proceedings terminated.



DUE APPRECIATION OF ARTISTIC MERIT.

"THE DOCTOR HAS BEEN, HARRY, AND HE SAYS THERE'S NOTHING SERIOUS THE MATTER WITH COOK, BUT THAT SHE REQUIRES PORT WINE. SO I'M GOING TO GIVE HER SOME OF THAT WE GOT FOR BABY LAST YEAR."

"GOOD HEAVENS, MARY, DON'T GIVE HER THAT! GIVE HER WHATEVER REMAINS OF THE '34 YOUR UNCLE, THE DEAN, LEFT US; AND THEN GO ON WITH THE '47, YOU KNOW!"

WISE AND FOOLISH VIRGINS.

Ah, happy France!
Grave English, philosophic Germans, sneer,
At thee for shallow, frivolous, unwise,
And snn themselves in one another's eyes,
For height and depth of mind, for vision clear.

Here 's Germany, with scarce the strength to stand
Under the loads of past and promised wars,
Debts, quarrels, social feuds, religious jars,
And drill, drill, drill, through her land's breadth and length.

And here is England arming to the teeth,
And to War's Maelström drifting on and on—
A War that she is of two minds upon;
Its cause a mist of wild words hid beneath.

While France, her debts paid, healed her scars of fight,
Her Parties muzzled, if not merged in one,
Her feuds in Church and State bid to be done,
To her great Peace-Show doth the World invite—
Ah! happy France!

Compensation.

"What great effects from little causes spring!"

LORD SALISBURY, accepting the Foreign Secretaryship, is forced to resign his Chairmanship of Quarter Sessions for Middlesex.

Per contra. Lord DERBY, resigning the Foreign Secretaryship, is enabled to resume his Chairmanship of Quarter Sessions at Kirkdale.

THE LIABILITY OF MARRIED MEN.—To bear the Liabilities of Married Women.

THE ROMANCE IN RUSSIA.

THE acquittal of Miss VERA SASSULITCH of the attempt to kill General TREPOFF, whom she undoubtedly shot, is nearly, but not quite, a parallel case with that of the heroine immortalised, though anonymously, for a similar act, in a British Song of the Sea. Only she, when she "called for sword and pistol," which immediately obeyed her summons, appears to have shot the perfidious object of her indignation, BILLY TAYLOR, dead. Like our own "Captivity" in her case, the Russian Jury in that of Miss SASSULITCH, more fortunate than CHARLOTTE CORDAY—

"Werry much applauded her for wot she'd done."

But of course it was out of their power to promote her to the First Lieutenantancy of a Torpedo Boat, or any other modern analogue of that redoubtable bomb-ketch, the "gallant *Thunder*."

Adaptation of an Old-fashioned Grace.

(Used by a weary "Hanging" Committee.)

Of subjects new, of subjects old—
Of pictures hot, of pictures cold—
Of drawings tender, drawings rough—
Of all, thank heaven, we've had enough!

ON PUNCH'S CARTOON FOR APRIL 27TH.

Son of Erin. So that's an "Ayster" Egg, is it? Bedad, it's not a "Pace" Egg, anyhow.

ONE BUSY SOVEREIGN.—The SULTAN, we hear, puts off all business, declaring "*il est trop occupé*."



FRANCE'S PEACEFUL "CHAMP DE MARS!"

FRANCE. "YOU'D MUCH BETTER DROP THOSE UGLY THINGS, AND COME AND SEE MY SHOW!"

STRAPMORE!

A ROMANCE

BY

WEEDER.

Author of Folly and Farini, Under Two Rags, Arryadn'ty, Chuck, Two Little Wooden Jews, Nicotine, A Horse with Glunders, In Somers Town, Shamdruss, &c., &c.

CHAPTER XVI.—"V'lan! va la belette!"



Y the Arch of Marble stood STRAPMORE, his waist no longer controlled as in days of yore, when his highest ambition had been "good form." A tiger's lust of blood burned in his lurid eye, yet he calmly continued his Spanish game of *pjantos* with one of his seconds, the Marquis ZAZZELIO DI FARINI, and won it easily, or it would not have been STRAPMORE. Then, to occupy the time until his adversary's arrival, he played, with unchanged science and skill, five games of *sauter-gronouille*, and six of *pointe-chatte*, winning them all with a proficiency and a profound indifference to success which won the applause and excited the envy of his companions.

"*Dumcrambo!*" exclaimed STRAPMORE, restraining an im-

patient oath, as the jib-boom of the Admiralty clock marked seven, and PINTO PEREZ with his friends appeared on the ground.

There was a silence for some minutes, only broken by the short, sharp crack of the policeman's walnut, as he stood apart from the crowd, the one sole representative of Justice, where Crime was brooding in the shadows, and Mercy covered from the light of day.

SWEETIE, with his fair, silken locks, smiled sadly, as a boy passed by, carelessly whistling, on his homeward road. Had there been one thing in the world that could have reconciled SWEETIE to the certain presentiment of his impending fate, it would have been that he was hearing "*Wuemma*" for the last time.

To prevent surprise, there were sixty seconds on the watch, and this duel to the death would be but the affair of a moment.

The Marquis ZAZZELIO DI FARINI requested silence from all the spectators.

The weapons were loaded.

Sir JOHN LORENZO TROWL protested, that, where the hazard of the die was concerned, there should be no loading. The matter was explained to him, and the good-natured nobleman yielded the point. He had tried to avert the Inevitable. He had failed. He only trusted that the affair would not be long, as he had for years made it a rule always to go home to tea, and he regretted to observe that he was already a trifle over his usual hour.

The sun was slowly setting, as a cab at full gallop crossed the park. A tall, powerful man within waved his left hand, with a pen in it, vigorously.

* *Editor to Authoress (by very special wire).*—Talented Madame, as you are evidently finishing up now (and it's most exciting), couldn't you find some other epithet for the light in his eye except "lurid"? It's a very good word, and we were immensely taken with it at first, but don't you think it begins to just a wee little trifle pall upon one, eh, by constant repetition? We only suggest. Answer paid, and we can change it in a moment if you only say the word. We've an Epithetical Dictionary at hand always ready. R. S. V. P.—En.

From Authoress to Editor (per name).—Très bien, "only suggest," indeed! Suggest what? Rien, absolument rien! Ah, mon cher Rédacteur, que vous êtes un ami pour rire! What word better than "lurid"? I like "lurid." My readers like "lurid." I know several of my best friends who would put my book down in disgust if I didn't have "lurid" once, at least, in every three pages. Allez vous promener! Ça marche bien! "Lurid" pour jamais! Soyez suspendus, tous les deux, vous et votre Dictionnaire Epithétique! Allez toujours!—W.

"Who is it?" asked one of the seconds, in a low voice.

Another replied, "The Coming Man."

He leapt from the cab. It was the Left Honourable Mr. CHARLES READANWHITE, who, arriving in haste from his *Vignoble de Naboth*, insisted that they should only use their left hands, and fire over the left shoulder.

To these terms they agreed.

Once more the Marquis di FARINI requested silence.

Then the clear, ringing tones of the Marquis di FARINI, asked the question:

"Are you ready?"

The answer, given distinctly, was "Yes."

"One!"

"Two!"

"Two and a half!"

There was yet time. Oh, if they would but avail themselves of it! But in STRAPMORE'S eyes gleamed a lurid, savage light, and he thirsted for blood, and for vengeance.

"Two and three-quarters!"

"Two and six-eighths!"

Every nerve was strained as the Marquis di FARINI, throwing his handkerchief in the air, cried, for the last time:

"Three! Shoot! Pop!! BANG!!!"

There was one great piercing cry, and when the smoke had cleared away, the Marquis ZAZZELIO DI FARINI appeared gracefully bowing to the spectators from the top of the Arch of Marble, having been blown up by SWEETIE for his interference, while SWEETIE himself, the PINTO PEREZ of the White Guards, lay on the ground, lifeless, as the sun, blushing red at the sight, went down by the sad South-Western line, eager for change of scene and climate.

And the world went on in its giddy madness, as, with a look of condensed hatred, STRAPMORE strode towards his cab, which was waiting for him at the corner. Then he drove away, and the beat of the hoofs grew fainter and fainter, as the horse, at full trot, on the asphalt road, receded farther and farther from the spot. And as they went on furiously, faster and faster, so every minute was the distance increasing between the man with the brand of Cain on his brow, and the dark, sad, wicked blot on this fair earth, where lay his friend, his brother, his victim!

Down the sheltered lane by the Park side they drove with rapidly increasing speed. Before him was the arch that crowns the summit of the famous hill, where, in ancient days, the free barons compelled a crafty Monarch to sign the Charter of that glorious Constitution which has given its name to this hill of Liberty, and, above the arch, the stern statue seemed to point with avenging finger, as though crying to a legion of fiends, "Up, Black Guards, and at him!"

Away, away, he sped! Onward, onward!!

Where was he now?

He looked from the cab and shuddered as he read the words newly written up above on a wall at his left hand—his left hand that had done this cruel deed—"THE GORE. Kensington."

CHAPTER XVII.

In the Hour of Vengeance.

THE seconds on the watch have all gone, none could tell whither, so rapid had been their flight. Only two old hands remained who knew their business.

The passers-by, journeying that way, and seeing SWEETIE on the ground, asked if he had been dropped out of a balloon, or had been thrown out of a whirligig? One stranger remarked that it was very probable

he had been "shot out of a trap." Another added, "that this was likely, as pigeons often were." But all passed on their road, and left him. What was he, the PINTO PEEZE, heir to Lord MAZAGON, the SWEETIE of the White Guards, to them? Nothing. It was no business of theirs. To inter him would have been an undertaking, for which they were not prepared.

Some idlers, looking out of their windows later on, saw a man buried in thought, near the Park railings. This was better than no sepulture at all. One stranger, a passer-by, kinder than the rest, put a stone at his head. This finished him.

It was the last record of the dashing, careless, gallant youth, of him who had been popular with all, beloved of everybody, *l'ami des femmes*, the idol of fair women, the pet of Society, *le bien-aimé*, PINTO PEEZE, for a brief period Viscount MAZAGON, the SWEETIE of the First White Guards.

But the avenging Besom of Destiny was sweeping onwards.

STRAPMORE's cab was stopped, suddenly, by so powerful a grip laid on the rein, as brought the driver and the horse into sharp collision. Whose long-forgotten voice was whispering to him, "Cast your eye over this ere," as she gave him a letter?

It was the Loo Loo. The letter was in SWEETIE's hand; it was now in his—STRAPMORE's. Merciless powers! it was the one that the Lady REGULA had pretended to destroy.

From end to end he read it: his chest heaved, his eyes started from their sockets, his hair turned grey, the seams of his coat and waistcoat burst right and left, as he sank on the pavement, with a low, agonising cry.

Now, at last, he knew the truth.

The Loo-Loo bent over and hissed in his ear, "TIPITI WITCHEETA, the Gipsy.

No matter for that now. She's worked her ruin. Go to your idol's boudoir, and see her as she is, and know how you have been befooled, wretch, besotted, *aveugle*, idiot, dolt, *manchon*, duffer, *gros vieux polisson que vous êtes!*"

But he heeded her not. With one despairing cry, he dashed the cab and the cabman, who was holding out his hand for his fare, to the earth, and throwing himself on the horse, he cut the harness, leaving no traces behind, and in the dark whirlwind of his passion,

rode furiously towards Lord NUFFINMORE's. He had learnt the truth now, SWEETIE, his friend, had hated the woman he had loved, and he had killed him for this! And she—REGULA BADDUN—she, too, had a secret from him. A secret, which the Loo-Loo, and the Gipsy, knew already! And he would know it soon!

At a corner of a street he leapt from his horse, and leaving it to

browse at will, he pulled his hat over his eyes, and suddenly remembering that he had eaten nothing since he had last tasted food, he purchased a loaf, and a dried tongue. So intense was his passionate determination, that he pressed his dry tongue, with such force, as to make the white teeth pass right through it, and meet together sharply. Then he poured out a brimming sparkling goblet of *Vieux Thomas*, and tossed it down his gleaming, heaving throat, draining it to the very dregs. Golden haired, gentle maidens, holding out in their strong, nervous hands, cups of the best and rarest, imprisoned behind bars, sighed, as they darted loving glances at him from their full, lustrous eyes. But he heeded not: he only threw them gold, and passed out, and on. Once only, in his onward course did he pause. It was in front of a shop kept by a small tailor, over whose door appeared the words, "*Repairs executed with rapidity and dispatch.*" Within five minutes the nimble fingers of the man on the shop-board had sewn on buckles and fastenings, wherever STRAPMORE's stern will demanded them, and once again the figure of his former self, braced up to the occasion, and pulled together to the utmost tension, he stood before the wondering shopman upright, erect, inflexible.

He tossed a purse of gold to the man, and strode onwards.

At Lord NUFFINMORE's house he

stopped. There was no ray of pity in his eye: there was no abatement of the thirst for vengeance in his heart.

In obedience to his summons, the door was flung open.

Quick as thought, he dashed aside the butler and the footman, who would have barred his entrance, and hurled them through the stone walls into the adjoining houses.

Then he rushed upstairs, and turning the jewelled handle of the boudoir, stood before the Lady REGULA BADDUN.



"HARLEQUIN SPRING FASHIONS."

REALLY A VERY LITTLE ADDITION TO THE TOO SCANTY AND EX-SPANGLED COSTUMES
MR. PUNCH HAS NOTICED SO OFTEN LATELY.



PAUCA VERBA.

Robinson (after a long Whist-Bout at the Club). "IT'S AWFULLY LATE, BROWN. WHAT WILL YOU SAY TO YOUR WIFE?"

Brown (in a whisper). "OH, I SHAN'T SAY MUCH, YOU KNOW—'GOOD MORNING, DEAR,' OR SOMETHING O' THAT SORT. SHE'LL SAY THE REST!!!"

Was it indeed she? Was this strange, weird, pale, sallow, and shrunken figure, with jaws as hollow as the heart that had been wearing a mask in these marble halls—was this creature, with short stubby hair, this toothless hag, the voluptuous Cleopatra-like Circe, the sensuous sorceress, who had enthralled him, and made him the lost fiend he was?

In the glare of the light, her soft antelope eyes only saw the pale bronze face, and the merciless menace of the dark, gleaming, veiled, passionless glance of him, whose love had been Hanwellian in its insanity, and whose revenge would be as pitiless as the boot-rack of the Inquisition, or the torture of the Italian Grinders on organs more sensitive than their own barbarous inventions.

"I triumph!" shrieked the Bohémienne, TIPITI WITCHRETA, who stood at her side, with fragrant unguents, and a perfect wealth and glory of forged, false, golden hair. "Turni Tupmum!" she screamed, in her low Tzlang dialect. "Turni Tupmum! Turni tupi teller!"

REGULA BADDUN was paralysed. She could not utter a cry, she could not faint; her colour had gone. Ah, if she could have dyed, there and then!

Epicurean as she was, she could have called out in her dread, but that a choking sensation was at her throat, and REGULA BADDUN sank back trembling, shivering, shrieking in terror, and shuddering, as though from the fury of this whirlwind of dust which she herself had been the first to raise. In his great agony of fooled, cheated, double-villain-dyed passion, he felt that his brutal thirst for vengeance must burst forth in one great unrestrained, uncurbed, overpowering riot, of mad, cankerous, pitiless, unflinching hate!

"Faithless, toothless, truthless traitress!" he cried. And the old crone crouched in horrid remorseless glee.

Then his laugh rang out in terrible mirth. He cared no more now for figure, form, or buckles, nor for all the restraints he had put upon himself till this minute. His chest heaved like an Enceladus beneath Eton, as he hurled the pomata, the bandolinata, the rouge-box, the false eyebrows, the paste-pots and brushes, through the stained glass window; then into the fire he dashed the powder, which went off with a puff, shaking the walls to the foundation. With resistless, relentless force, he tore her false hair to shreds, broke her enamelled brushes, shivered into a thousand atoms the diamond tooth-combs which she had used for her false teeth, and then, with unabated fury, he leapt at her with the bound of a Spring chicken.

"I . . . dye!" she shrieked.

"You do—and you shall!" he cried with his horrid, demoniac laughter; while the Gipsy, from behind the bed-curtains, yelled aloud, in her low Tzlang dialect, "Itterard! Shaint gotno phrenz!"

Escaping for a moment from STRAPMORE, she threw open wide the window. A crushed and shapeless, but still a living, breathing, flopping mass, she fell against the sill—half out, half within. He had not come unprepared for this attempt. Seizing a cudgel, and holding it in both arms, crossways, he rapped the side of the window sharply, sang a few bars of a wild, vindictive air, repeated the three blows on the window-sill, as though sharpening the weapon for vengeance, and then aimed, with it, at her head. Adroitly, and with the cunning of a serpent, she foiled him each time he tried to hit her, so quickly moving her head, that the stick descended with a heavy thud on the window-sill. Then STRAPMORE paused for a second in his work, and in a harsh, rauque, cruel voice, cried, "You thought to make me rue! You shall rue, too, oh rue too too! rue too too!" And once more the stick descended, and once more she avoided the blow. A crowd had gathered in front: he waited for the blow of his revenge to fall in the sight of the assembled multitude. Suddenly, a man below gave the alarm by beating a drum, and blowing on some reed-pipes.

Then with one last look at that helpless, nerveless form, STRAPMORE, for disguise, turned into the next street, and fled. He was hotly pursued. His bulk and weight told against him. His agile slowness had gone. On! On!

Into a house, up the stairs, on to the roof, thence he would seek safety in flight. "Alas!" he murmured hoarsely, "I cannot fly."

"Like a bird," whispered a low voice in his ear. It was TIPITI WITCHRETA, the Gipsy. "Come!"

He followed her, quite like an ordinary being, as a man follows another who goes first, for he was broken in heart and spirit. She took him to their caravan in a fair. The Proprietor was in mourning for the recent loss of the Fat Man, DANIELO LAMPKETO SECONDO. When he saw STRAPMORE, he said, "With a little more feeding, and no exercise, he'll do."

Then the once brilliant, light-hearted, trim STRAPMORE accepted the terms; and when the Proprietor had closed with this offer, he opened with a new programme.

TIPITI WITCHRETA made him sign a paper, bequeathing all he had to the Loo-Loo, her daughter. He did it without a pang, for he knew that the end was near, and that his Order was barred against him for ever.

It mattered little to STRAPMORE when the Proprietor informed him that not even his Order could be admitted, the business being so good. He had no wish to see any one again.

(To be continued.)

JUSTICE TO SCOTLAND.

CANNY PUNCH,

A CORRECT appreciation of the Scottish character is evinced by an English morning paper in the statement following anent:—

"THE LATE SIR W. STIRLING-MAXWELL.—In addition to the provisions made in the English settlement, we understand that Sir WILLIAM STIRLING-MAXWELL has, by his Scotch disposition, bequeathed £100 to each of his six executors."

Then follows a list of handsome legacies, which the testator also left "by his Scotch disposition," to relations and dependants. It used to be considered unco facetious to describe the Scotch disposition as peculiarly parsimonious. But the better joke is the true one, like the above, which, on the contrary, implies generosity to be the special characteristic of the Scotch disposition.

I am, Sir, your constant subscriber,

Aberdeen.

ANDREW AULDJO.

P.S.—I enclose my card, in order that you may be enabled to forward me remuneration.

MOTTO FOR THE TAMWORTH ELECTORS (according to Mr. HANBURY).—Beer and for Beer.

ON THE BEST AUTHORITY.



MR. HANBURY, ex-Member for Tamworth, accounting for the large majority which lately returned Mr. HAMAR BASS for that borough, declares that beer was at the bottom of it, and that had a donkey been started with the name of Allsop or Bass, the animal would have been triumphantly elected. Now Hanbury is a brewer's name as well as Bass or Allsop, and Mr. HANBURY, who lately sat for Tamworth, ought to know.

THE REV. SARTOR RESARTUS.

PUNCH has had sent to him the prospectus of a firm of Clerical tailors—if they ought not rather to be called Clerical milliners—which shows the high point of progress to which things have been carried in the great Church-clothing department.

WORTH makes the woman in Paris, but we doubt if Paris can boast a Clerical milliner who could stand up beside this London firm. Talk of vestments! Why, here we have eleven kinds of Surplices alone:—the Pocket Surplice; the Cathedral Surplice; the Slightly-Gathered Surplice; the Plain-Fitting Button-Neck Surplice; the Short Cotta Surplice; the new shape Close-Fitting Surplice; the Improved Circular Surplice, with sleeves; the Circular Surplice, without sleeves; the Transparent Cotta; the Alb Surplice; and,

"Last stage of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,"

"The Plain Fitting Surplice, sitting perfectly smooth round the neck and shoulders; and so made that it will not fall away in front to show the trousers."

With all this millinery it is easy to understand how painfully out of keeping the distinctive masculine garment must be felt to be; and how desirable it is that the trousers should be kept out of sight.

We can imagine the delightful occupation of the ritualistic curate's or incumbent's morning, in perusing this delicious circular. Only the pleasure of a *petite maitresse* over the *Pollet*, or *Myra's Journal*, can be comparable with it. And then, after the feverish pleasure of reading the programme, the rapturous delight of examining the articles—and trying them on—and, finally, of appearing in them at a full service!

For, besides the dozen varieties of surplice—all charmingly described, with such tempting little touches as "much improved by the addition of lace;" "falling in graceful folds to the bottom, and allowing free use of the hands;" "sitting low on the shoulders, and showing much of the cassock;" "have a very nice appearance;" "very much worn in choirs with cassock;" "acknowledged by all who have purchased them to be one of the greatest benefits that has for a long time been conferred on the Clergy and others engaged in the service of the Church"—we have "albs," and "linen vestments," and altar-linen, "corporals," and "purificators," "palls," and "veils;" "birettas," "zuchettas," and "correct Clerical Hats;" "Hoods, Mossetts, or Tippetts," and Greek and Latin cassocks; "Stoles," and "Maniples;" "Burses and Veils;" "Frontals," and "Antependiums;" "Pamphers," and Banners, Dalmatics, and Chasubles—in fact, a perfect *embarras des richesses*

of Church dresses, decorations, and properties—the millinery always in its proper place, uppermost.

What a pregnant chapter is here suggested for the *Seer of Chelsea*! It is almost worth the while of True Thomas to shake off the torpor of age, and add another chapter to *Sartor Resartus*, of "Clothes in their relation to the Church;" painting with his inimitable pen, how in the high and happy regions of Ritualism, the "Church Militant" on earth is gradually transfigured into the higher New Jerusalem of a "Church Milliner-ant," in a Haberdasher's Heaven; peopled with angels in "transparent Cottas, much improved by the addition of lace."

MUSIC IN THE MASKELYNE STYLE.

MR. MASKELYNE has already produced a mechanical whist-player who can beat most members of the Arlington, and a mechanical draughtsman, who could give points to "Ape" or "Spy." He has now gone several wheels further, and produces a mechanical musician. Fanfare, the latest rival, or shall we not rather say, companion of Psycho and Zoe—for it is to be hoped that mechanical artists are not jealous of each other—is, we are informed, the first automaton that has ever blown its own trumpet. Another distinction of the mechanical from the human artist. But has Mr. MASKELYNE duly weighed the consequence of introducing this seductive practice into the automatic world? If all his automata take to blowing their own trumpets, he will soon find himself more and more in the predicament of miserable managers of human performers.

All former automata, it seems, have stopped short at lifting the trumpet to their lips, the sounds being produced by pipes hidden in the figure, like the trumpet-stop of an organ, or like a Minister receiving a deputation at the Office, or answering a question in the House, after being crammed by a permanent Secretary.

But Fanfare really blows his own trumpet, and his tone, we are assured, "is nearly as pure as that of the best cornet-player," while he is not liable to sulks, colds, or any of the other ills that orchestral flesh is heir to.

Like ALEXANDER looking for new worlds to conquer, MASKELYNE the Great has already conceived the idea of forming a Mechanical Orchestra. He has even begun, (Mr. MORTON, his courteous manager, informs us in his Fanfare Programme), "upon other instrumentalists." There is something awful in this quiet assumption of creative power. "He hopes" (Mr. MORTON says), "some day to conduct a dozen mechanical musicians through selections of high-class music."

We are afraid that *this* feat has been accomplished before, though the mechanical quality of the musicians may not have been as triumphantly proclaimed.

Some of our advanced physiologists have maintained that man is but an automaton.

Mr. MASKELYNE seems bent on reaching the same result from the opposite direction, and proving that automata may be made to do all that can be done by even artistic man.

A Contradiction.

THESE Lancashire Strikes
Are the worst civil war.
And the less that they loom,
The larger they are!

Superfluous.

THE new regulations for the prevention of fire in theatres, just adopted by the Middlesex Magistrates, prescribe, *inter alia*, that wet blankets shall be kept at the wings. Surely this is unnecessary, on first nights, at least, with so many wet blankets already in the Stalls appropriated to the Critics.

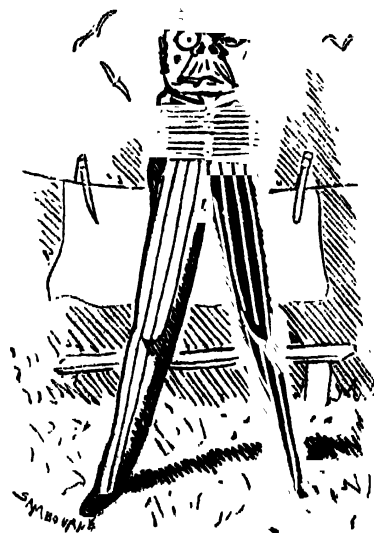
SPOKEN AND WRITTEN.

MRS. MALAPROP writes to ask the pronunciation of "IGNATIEFF." The General's name, as spoken, is hardly distinguishable, we believe, from "Ignite-chief," and if Mrs. M. should prefer to spell it as spoken, *Punch* sees no objection, but would rather admire the new nomenclature as "neat and appropriate."

ARMY RESERVES.—What JOHN BULL keeps to support the called-out men's destitute wives and families.

JINGO'S RECEIPT.—How to make men Slaves—Drive them into the arms of Russia.

HANKEY PANKEY.



AFTER all the efforts to hand over that awful example of all that is hideous in building called "The Queen Anne's Mansions," which, from the quiet neighbourhood of Queen Square, looks down on Westminster and over the Park, to a Limited Liability Company, the public has not risen to the bait. The difficulty seems to have been to say whether the limits of liability, likely to be incurred by such a Company have ever yet been exactly ascertained. In short, if the Company had been formed as originally planned, without the very full information since elicited by the Committee appointed to investigate and report on the position of the property—but too evident, one would have thought, to all Western London—these

monster mansions might really have been christened after their founder, with an addition, "The Hankey-Pankeyum."

As the "Mansions" are some thirteen stories high, the lift has been an absolute necessity. And it was perhaps no more than natural that the projector and proprietor should have had the idea of getting a lift from the public also. As it is, the Company-project is still, like the Mansions, in the air; and though the Committee are of opinion that the "concern, by careful management, may be made a success eventually," it is evident that the projector has thus far been very much outrunning not only the Metropolitan Building Act but the constable.

Architecture, at least, is avenged. The "Queen Anne's Mansions" are not yet the immense success we were assured they were, though there can be no doubt of their still being an immense eyesore.

'ARRY ON POLITICS.

WHAT, CHARLEY, old Chummy, what cheer? Yes, I'm still on the pen-and-ink lay; I'm getting no end of a hand, and shall write for the papers some day.

Why not, my dear boy? I assure yer, at present, my style's all the go;

And so, jest, to keep in my fist, I drop yer these lines, 'per P.O.

You know, as a Pal of the past, that Politics wasn't my mark; But, by Jingo, since DIZZY come in, they've bin gettin' no end of a lark.

I'm nuts on that man, and no error. I hope he will go in and win;

He knows all the ropes, and runs artful, and that is the 'oss for my tin.

I once held that readin' the papers was business for fogies and frumps—

Dry rot, which except the *P'lice News*, 'ud giv yer a dose of the dumps;

But now I've a pennorth each mornin', and often a haporth 'o nights, For I tell yer they're piled up that spicy, they touch up a feller to rights.

We're in it, my boy, and no 'umbug; I mean me and you, and our sort;

For politics isn't no longer a species of upper-class sport, Like 'unting or polo; old GLADSTONE might gush out his flesh-and-blood rot,

But BEAKER's the boy, after all, as has squared it for our little lot.

I say we're the new 'Arry-stoakacy! Not arf a dusty one, hay? We're quite 'and-in-glove with the nobs on the leadin' idears of the day;

Our manners they take for their model, our argyments too, they support,

And our music—all patriot war-songs is patternised even at Court!

I tell yer, old pardner, it's proper; I feels quite a swell, s' help me Bob.

I used to detest a big bloater, but now I am nuts on a Nob. And if that ain't "a drorin' the clarses together," why, may I be blowed;

Them 'umbuggin' Rads never done it, for all they so hollered and crowed.

Arter all, the Nobs' notions and ours is a lot more alike than you 'd guess;

A Toff is a man and a brother: it's mainly a matter of dress; Their rule's "Number One and no Snivel," they'd not lay a cent on a "Saint,"

But pile their last brad on a smart 'un, and wot's common-sense if that ain't?

No treacle-tub gammon for us, mate, nor no cosmopolitun gush! Guess we don't go in with the Softies as Russia 'as managed to rush;

It's savvy and swagger as does it; and as for the rot about "right,"

My motto is "go in a buster, and settle that after the fight."

That's patriot sperrit, my pippin, and politics tooned in that key. Goes down, like saloop, at the 'Alls, and my sentiments suits to a T. O scissors, to read our own *Telly a-towelling wood-chopping BILL*, I tell yer it's lummy, my lad, and as good as a play or a mill!

So CHARLEY, my 'earty, I'm in it—I wish you was ditto, I do: You can 'owl, and chukc oats, and cry "Traitor!" and bonnet old blokes till all's blue.

They've started our game at St. Stephen's—that shows wot swell bunting we carry;

Jest trot up and try it, my boy, is the tip of

Yours scrumptiously,
'ARRY.

NOX ET PRÆTEREA?

THE new order in Council, enjoining "secrecy of opinions in the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council," having apparently presented some difficulties to those members of that august body who, not unreasonably, fail to realise the possibility of carrying out, in the freer atmosphere of 1878, the practice common with the Star Chamber in 1627, *Mr. Punch* is happy to come to their rescue with the following suggestions:—

Let every member on being sworn,—

(1) Have both his town and country mansion surveyed by a competent architect and machinist, and fitted immediately with sliding panels, secret passages, underground outlets, and Venetian blinds;

(2) Keep his mind continually on the rack, and go to a *conversazione* in a pair of the celebrated Edinburgh boots;

(3) Make frequent use of questionable sixteenth century oaths, wear false eyebrows, and acquire a well-pitched stage-villain's laugh, for which he will take lessons from a provincial tragedian;

(4) Keep an iron mask on the premises, and advertise for a man to wear it;

(5) Arrange a finger alphabet with the Lord President, and talk to him in it with emphasis whenever he meets him out at dinner;

(6) Spend his holidays on Tower Hill, and cultivate a traitor's gait;

(7) And last, hurry, in the dusk up blind alleys heavily cloaked and disguised in a pantomime head, and dart out on occasional wayfarers with a shout of "Ha! ha! a time will come!" so as gradually to acquire a mastery over that melo-dramatic deportment which those, who of course know best, consider in these latter days an indispensable adjunct to the high and ancient dignity of Privy Councillor.

Illis Robur et Æs Duplex.

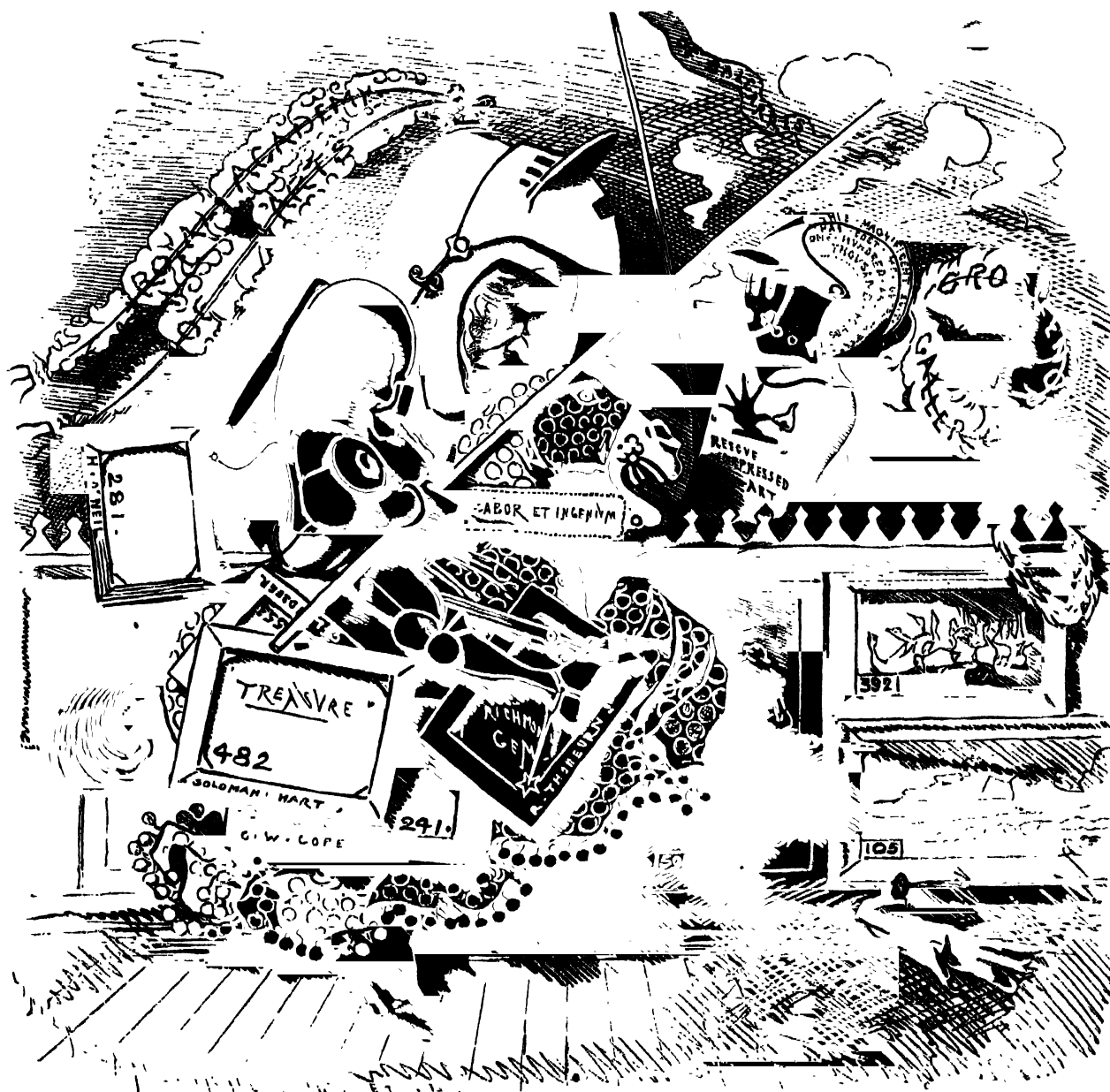
Respectfully dedicated by *Mr. Punch*, her devoted admirer, to the accomplished Authoress of "*The Voyage of the Sunbeam*."

HORACE "*as triplex*," claimed for their trouble,
Who, as sea-goers, sails first unfurled;
Now, they're not triple BRASSEY but double,
In a Sunbeam who sail round the world!

"AMIDST THE UNTHANKFUL THANKFUL ONLY HE."

MR. UNTHANK, for many years one of the Masters of the Queen's Bench, and well known and respected by many old comrades of the Northern Circuit has, we are sorry to see, been compelled, "by the failure of his health and strength," to resign his office. It may well be called an unthankful office that resigns him; but let him be thankful that he has lived to resign it.

IN THE ART-LISTS.



Sound a charge for the encounter! Sound for R.A. and G.G.!
 Sir FRANCIS to the *mêlée*! Sir COUTTS to saddle-tree!
 To the lists, fair Queens of Beauty, to rain your influence down;
 Blow your trumpets, my Art-Critics, and dealers deal the crown!

Month of aught but merry meetings, that usurp the name of May,
 Month of lilacs and light bonnets, and of Art's great opening day:

Of public views called "private," where everybody goes
 To see and be seen by ev'rybody, that anybody knows.

Month that brings up country cousins, country roses, oh, so nice!
 Month of æsthetics, hot and cold, 'twixt the *entrées* and the ice;
 Month for discussing MILLAIS and LEIGHTON and BURNES JONES,
 And discoursing, o'er the *menu*, on treatments, tastes, and tones—

Month of Art that is not Nature, and of Nature beyond Art,
 When the nightingales are singing, and the swallows flash and dart,
 When the chestnut's milky blossoms rise from fans of freshest green,
 And the lilacs are in blossom, and e'en London leaves look clean!

"Contrived a Double Debt to Pay."

THEY have lately opened in St. Paul's a *triple Monument*, of the Duke of WELLINGTON, of A. STEVENS, its sculptor, and of British stupidity and Philistinism. And the third thing thereby commemorated is the biggest, though the other two are the greatest of English Generals, and one of the greatest of English Artists.

MARK CLAUDIUM.

It is said the Russians propose to re-christen the Sea of Marmora
 "The Fleet Prison."

Our Heroines.

A MANCHESTER piper advertises—

ON hand, Several Nice Young GIRLS, Nurses or Generals, English.

Talk of English pluck, when even nice young girls are ready, not only to nurse the sick and wounded, but even to lead the fighters!

PROF. HENRY SMITH'S PROSPECTS.

Of course he is the best man. *Et après?* The best man win at an Oxford University Election? Go along with you!



"DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS."

Young Housekeeper. "I'M AFRAID THOSE SOLES I BOUGHT OF YOU YESTERDAY WERE NOT FRESH. MY HUSBAND SAID THEY WERE NOT NICE AT ALL!"

Brighton Fisherman. "WELL, MARM, THAT BE YOUR FAULT—IT BEAN'T MINE. I'VE OFFERED 'EM YER EVERY DAY THIS WEEK, AND YOU MIGHT A' AD 'EM O' MONDAY IF YOU'D A LOOKED!"

GETTING ON SWIMMINGLY.

MR. PUNCH has great pleasure in giving insertion to this letter from one of the most active propagators of a most useful movement—which enables people to do what so many nowadays find it hard to do—keep their heads above water:—

To the Editor of "Punch."

DEAR SIR,—Whilst already numerous cases of accidental drowning, as well as wholesale drownings, are reported in the daily papers, permit me to point out to parents who are about sending their children to school that it would be well if they would inquire if Swimming is included in the list of attainments, and, if not, whether it is possible to have it added in addition to other outdoor amusements. Wherever there is a bath close at hand, the attendants or Swimming Master would be glad to instruct batches of boys or girls at a very low charge; and where there are large numbers, possibly the bath proprietors would put them on the same footing as to charges liberally accorded to the Board Schools. No one who knows anything of swimming can help noticing how easily the small fry are taught to swim; and the effect produced upon a school by one or two expert swimmers—how they fire their comrades with a desire to excel in this really healthy exercise. Should parents fail to see into this matter, a great deal of the responsibility of accidental drowning will lie at their door. Let those who like to see their children acquire manly habits, accompany the youngsters to some open piece of water or bath, and watch them overcome difficulties, and at the same time sow the seeds of robust and healthy frames. It is a great pity that the movement set on foot by Messrs. HERR, STRUTTON, HOLMES, and Sir CHARLES REED and CURRIE, by which the Board School children were permitted to bathe in Victoria Park lake every Saturday morning from 10 to 12 A.M. should languish for want of a very little pecuniary support. How well I remember the thousands of boys who attended under the care of their teachers; how the timid ones gradually lost all fear, and ventured into deep water; how their appreciation of the boon was shown by the speedy style in which they stripped, and the difficulty in getting them out of the water. But for this opportunity, it is not probable that more than one or two out of each hundred would ever have a chance of immersing their whole bodies, let alone attempting to swim. Reading of the loss of the *Childwall Hall*, I could not help being struck with the fact of Mrs. L'ESTRANGE swimming about for

"BORNE ON THE BOLTS OF JOVE."

"YESTERDAY'S thunder," we read in the letter of a Correspondent of the *Times* (under date of May 2), "brought us four pair of glossy swifts, strong on the wing." How kind of Jupiter to order out his thundering team for these fast little visitors!

The Correspondent goes on, "This morning they breakfasted on the Ephemero sailing in the sunshine on Muswell Hill."

Riding the thunder to-day, and breakfasting on Ephemero to-morrow! What an existence! From the sublime to the short-lived—if not the ridiculous.

At all events, it is a verification of HORACE—

"Diapiter
per purum tonantes
Egit equos volucrumque currum."

Jove's coach may, indeed, be called henceforth the "Swift Chariot."

By a Jingo.

(On reading the Report of Mr. GLADSTONE's remarks upon English Cookery.)

GR-R-R! the old traitor! It's disgusting quite,
E'en at his country's cookery he lets loose!
No wonder he has lost all appetite,
Except for humble-pie served à la Russe!
Humbug! 'Tis but a burst of baffled spite,
Because we have cooked GORTSCHAKOFF his goose.

Punch's Price Current.

STEEL sharpening, and Iron—Northern and South-Eastern qualities—lively.

Gold asked after. Russians in the market.

Gunpowder quiet, but expected to go off.

Lead (last bulletin) likely to be wanted.

Fish and other Torpedoes quiet, but brisk business anticipated.

Iron armour-plates (British) looked after.

Steam Coals short, and would be taken in any quantity.

German Steel doubtful.

Russian Yarns not much in demand; but Russian Rope taken very freely in Roumelia.

COOKERY AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—Making the pot boil.

nearly two hours, and finally being enabled to save her husband's life as well as her own, whilst others of the male sex were drowned without being able to help themselves. Let me add here, that although a man may lose the ability to practise many athletic feats, he will never forget how to swim; and that in an emergency a knowledge of the art will produce the coolness and nerve that is so necessary to save life. At the outset of our swimming propaganda our expert swimmers were scarcely a sergeant's guard, whereas now they are a legion. The Lords and Commons' Race (for which we have to thank Sir J. D. ASTLEY, Bart., M.P.) has produced quite a *furor* for long-distance swimming; so much so, that I fear the epidemic will result in an Amateurs' Channel Swim.

To our "Country Cousins" let me cite the example of Nottingham. Whilst on a provincial tour we induced the spirited Manager of the Sneinton Baths to organise a band of honorary instructors to teach the Industrial and Workhouse children of that town, and it is on record that at a parochial Board Meeting it was thought necessary to put a skid on the wheel of this march of progress, in consequence of so many children being sent into "the House" in the hopes of their being taught to swim! To incite Professionals, let me say that this Manager is now getting upwards of £200 per annum by teaching Swimming.

What would aid us very much, is the erection of a number of private plunge-baths, like the "Holloway Baths," in busy neighbourhoods where there are long gardens which offer facilities for building at a small outlay, and scarcely any ground-rent.

In conclusion, let me say that we are having a bath built for us at this address, where we shall be able to recommence our gratuitous tuition as well as adding new appliances; but in the meantime we shall have pleasure in advising heads of Scholastic Institutions, or any one who is desirous of learning to swim or furthering this movement.

Apologising for this unusually long letter, and thanking you for the assistance rendered in giving publicity to our letters during the past ten years,

I beg to remain, dear Sir, yours most obediently,

The Hon. Sec. London Swimming Club,

"Central Baths" (corner of Wilderness Row), J. GARRATT ELLIOT.
April 29th, 1878.

THE FLOWER OF THE "JINGO" PARTY.—The Canterbury Bell(s).

A RETURN, NOT IN KIND.

("Ira, furor brevis.")



only—having attended for that purpose. Sir THOMAS WADE found it necessary, at the close of the proceedings, to disclaim the title, 'His Excellency,' given him in the motions. It was understood, that but for Mr. THOMSON's presence, the title 'Archbishop of GLASGOW' was to have been given to Dr. EYRE by the highest legal authority in the City."—From Our Own Protestant Correspondent in Glasgow.

The POPE who sends to Scotland EYRE,
"EYRE et preterea nihil" sends;
Scotland that to the POPE sends ire,
With "ire, et nil preterea," ends.

OUR TWO REPRESENTATIVES AT PARIS.

(With a full, true, and particular account of the Opening of the Exhibition, May 1, 1878.)

[** AVIS AU PUBLIC.—In explanation of the subjoined letters, we beg to state that we believe we did say to one of our two Correspondents that, "In the event of his going to Paris for the Exhibition, we should be glad if he would give us" ("give" was emphatically the word) "the benefit of his picturesque pen;" and to the other, we have a sort of recollection of having observed, that, "Should he by any chance find himself" ("find himself" was our marked phrase) "in Paris for the opening of the Exhibition, and should he feel inclined just to drop us a line, in a friendly way, saying how things were going on, we should be really pleased to hear from him." In neither case was any commission given; but we publish both letters, and, if either has a grievance on the subject, we shall be happy to present each with an introduction to the other, when they will discover one another's estimable qualities, and live happily ever afterwards. They are both first-rate fellows, and incapable of a mean or paltry action, and, above all, they are the last people in the world to take advantage of the mere obiter dicta of an after-dinner chat. Should they both like to continue to favour us with their correspondence, we will try to give them a space in our paper, from time to time, and thus cement the present amicable relations existing between them individually and their true friend.

THE EDITOR.]

Letter from Representative Number One. ** With translations to French phrases, where necessary.

PARIS, May 1 (evening), 1878.

DEAR SIR,

Of all the big *fuscos* I've ever seen, the Opening of the Exposition of 1878 has been the biggest. Exposition, indeed! It ought to be exposed with a vengeance, and that vengeance mine. "Exposition" forsooth! "The Paris Imposition" of 1878 should be its proper name.

To begin with, they wanted an Emperor to do the thing to-rights, or rather to rites; for the rites were as mimed as the wedding-breakfast on the marriage of Hamlet's father's brother's ghost,—or whoever he was; excuse me if I am wrong in my quotation; but I am

wrong altogether to-day,—riled, furious, and an Anti-Republican, instead of "Ain't-I-Republican?" as I was used to be. The weather was against it. It seemed as though Jupiter Deluvius (pardon my being classical, but I am far from Jove-ial) were saying to the Marshal, "Vive La Reine!" as a sort of hint about L'Impératrice (bless her! *et aussi* Le Prince Impérial!), and pointing out to Marshal Jésoewerests the awful mess, or muddle, and puddle, into which this poor Imposition has already got itself.

Sir, early in the morning I was up and out, in my invisible-blue-tail coat, white trousers, white tie, white waistcoat, white gloves, frilled shirt, and water-brushed Gibus. On my left breast gleamed sixteen medals, presented to me by the various Sovereigns of Europe, with whom I have been on intimate terms; while from the right side of my coat hung (for convenience, and not for the mere sake of decoration) sixteen coloured orders, for sixteen reserved places, within the building, on the Trocadero. My Aunt was with me, *enfin* *manchée*, also two other Ladies, making quite a little bevy, or a galaxy, whichever you like,—though I fancy they themselves preferred being called a Bevy,—and, of course, as true Parisians, fearless of weather, and certain of being under cover all day, we had discarded our *parapluies* (umbrellas).

Our carriage, *à la russe*, was at the door, and into it we stepped. Well, Sir, away we went. The first thing was to be wedged in among a crowd of coaches, *voitures*, and all sorts of vehicles, and the next thing was the rain. Down it came. In torrents! No umbrellas, no shelter! Our open trap, in which we were caught, had a hood, it is true; but one of its springs was weak: and while the three Ladies, snuggled in a heap, on to the back seat, I was obliged to stand up, and hold the hood, so as to prevent it collapsing. This was pleasant for "The Bevy."

"Spring! Spring! beautiful Spring!" How I anathematised the spring of that *voiture* (cab), and threatened the driver with an action! He didn't care. Then we reached a point where the police said we must walk. Such a point!! All soft clay, and squelching mud! The "Bevy" cried, and my Aunt (from whom I have great expectations) was very angry with me.

"You told us," she said, addressing me, "that you were such friends with the Marshal, that all the doors would be open to you at once, that the best places would be at your disposal, and that you would take us in before all the other people."

"Take us in, indeed!" exclaimed one of the Bevy, sobbing, "he has taken us in, and ought to be ashamed of himself!"

I implored them to moderate their tones. I showed a *sergent-de-ville* (common-sergeant) my sixteen tickets for sixteen places within the building, and he only smiled, and observed, "*Tiens! ce sont très jolis!*"—(These are very jolly.)—"Sans doute, vous allez gagner un grand prix!" (Without doubt you go to gain a grand prize.) He thought I was an exhibitor showing him a sample. Taking advantage of his mistake, I asked him to pass us in. This he steadily refused. I offered him five francs. He melted, and directed us to go through the mud and slosh, about half a mile round to the left, where there was a private door. "*Frappez vite et frappez fort!*" (strike quick, and strike four), he added, and we acted on his advice. Through a *grille* (sort of gridiron fitted into a door) an old man spoke to us.

"You can't come in by this."

I gave him five francs. "Now!" I exclaimed.

"Thank you, Sir," he said. "But I'm only a stranger here myself, and I took charge of this door (which is the way into the Reservoir works) in the absence of the doorkeeper, and he has looked me in, and taken the key, but I'm much obliged to you, Sir, all the same."

What was to be done? The rain descended. "But," said my Aunt, "you told me that all the officials knew you!"

"Yes. But I can't find any officials," I explained.

We walked on and on, in the rain, in the slush, and through the mire. To go to the Grand Entrance was impossible. The crowd was there. The side-doors were the only chance. To *sergent* after *sergent* I displayed my orders. Nobody knew me. I said, "*Je suis, moi qui parle, le Représentant de M. Punch!*" No, it wouldn't do. It was shamefully managed. Call this the Opening of the Exhibition when every door was shut! Pooh!

"Where's the Marshal?" I asked in a voice of Thunder, but they only grinned. I asked for everybody, anybody in authority, but the idiots only grinned and replied, "*On ne passe pas ici!*—*allez promener!*" (No admission. Walker!) And this is their boasted administration! Bah! Do I join in the cry of *Vive La République*? No. I sing, to the tune of the "*Highland Laddie*,"

"Oh where and oh where is my Prince Imperial gone?"

He's gone away from France, and he's not upon the throne!

And it's oh in my heart that I wish he had his own.

Oh, for the days of LUMPYRAW when—but you remember me, Sir, at the Last Exposition? And now—the light of other days is faded!

My aunt and the Bevy were furious. Presently cannon fired, cheers went up from somewhere, and we "weren't in it."

But we were near a paling that bordered an uncovered space, leading into the *Salle des Fêtes*, along which the procession, such as it was, passed.

Being pretty well up in the uniforms, I was able to point out, to my aunt and the Bevy, the top of the Marshal's cocked hat (it was all that could possibly be seen), as it moved along, followed by the tip of an ostrich feather—whereat myself, my aunt, and the Bevy shouted out "*Vive Le Prince des Galles!*" (Live the Prince of the Gals!) and we hope it was,—the spike of a helmet, the something red (I forget its name), that hangs out of a Hussar's head-dress, also something that looked Chinese, and then a lot of tips and tops of cocked hats. Then came a crowd which we heard but couldn't see, and then, wet, tired, fatigued, we walked back to our hotel, where the prices have gone up fearfully. Eighty-seven francs for an *entresol* (attic, so called from being between the sun and the top floor) at the top of the house.* Twenty francs a head for *table d'hôte* (Table of Landlord), without wine.

I mention these prices to you, Sir, as in duty bound.†

And now, Sir, I conclude for to-day. All France shall ring with the insult offered by ignorant useless officials to

YOUR SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S.—By the way, Sir, through a hole in that paling I fancy I saw a gentleman in a uniform walking with some distinguished foreigners, whose face I recognised as that of Somebody who used to pass himself off as Your Representative. If this is so, shall I expose him?

Letter from Correspondent Number Two.

Hôtel des Grands Crêves, May 1, 1878.

DEAR SIR,

HARDLY two minutes just to dash off a line. Opening of Exhibition: Big Success!! First-rate!! I was there. On the platform with the Marshal and the Marchioness. How did I get there? Tell you in two twos. I had no ticket. Hadn't time to interview the Marshal, though as an old friend he'd have been charmed, &c. Well, in next room to me in my hotel is the Grand Duke FRIEDRICH-SHALE VON SIEDLITZ. Good old chap, rather an invalid. No end of a swell. Lazy fellow he is, however, and gets up, as he goes to bed, late.

The Grand Duke's tailor made a mistake in the rooms (we have to crowd anyhow here), and placed his Serene Transparency's uniform on my chair. Could the temptation be resisted? No! The Duke was very uncertain of going, as his health is queer. I settled it. The uniform fitted me to a T. Down-stairs I went, in a cloak. At the door stood the carriage and servants,—all hired for the day and strangers, who knew not JOSEPH—I mean the real JOSEPH in bed,—but who bowed to the imitation (myself), and amid the cheers of the populace, I drove off.

There was no difficulty in getting to the Exposition, or into the Marshal's box. The police are so civil and intelligent, and everything is done in France in such perfect order. When I met the Marshal he exclaimed, "*Ilallo! mon vieux!*" but I tipped him the *clin d'œil*, and "mum," was the word, though it wasn't Mumm but Pommery was the word when we had cakes and champagne at the buffet. Everything was brilliant! All *couleur de rose*. Everybody glad to see me, when I appeared as Chief Exhibitor, exhibiting myself to the admiring crowd. *Vive La France! Vive Le Maréchal! Vive Le Prince, &c., &c.*

Yours in haste, and more to follow,

YOUR OWN PRIVATE AND SPECIALLY APPOINTED REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S.—Prices up everywhere. Enormous: and an extra cheque will be required to square his Serene Transparency, who stayed in bed all day, swearing, and throwing things at his confidential Valet, who did not dare leave the Duke's room. I think the Grand Duke will take 45 fr. 50 c. for the use of his clothes for one day only. I believe he would sell them for another five francs down, as he hasn't paid the tailor. Send cheque.‡

* *Entresols* are not at the top of a house. His derivation is clearly wrong. There must be some mistake. But our esteemed Correspondent is evidently very much upset.—ED.

† Why "as in duty bound"? We didn't commission our friend to go. We regret his expenses, but we do not defray them.—ED.

‡ With these details of prices we have nothing to do, though we give them publicity as interesting to the public.—ED.

A Query.

- "TOD-LEEN."—Death-Life! Startling name!
- Was 't to wake death to life they came?
- Or was it, with their Northern breath,
- To freeze the flood of life to death?
- Until the answer history gives,
- In "Death-Life"'s name the question lives.

A LORD MAYOR ON DESERTION.



A LDERMAN LAURIE once gained a reputation by his announcement that he meant to "put down suicide." The LORD MAYOR seems determined to make a reputation by a different treatment of the same subject—in connection with desertion by husbands and destitution of young wives. He considers that girls who contract early marriages are only rightly served if their husbands desert them, thereby driving them first to destitution and then to suicide.

A girl was lately brought before his Lordship "charged with attempting to commit suicide on London Bridge."

"It appeared from the evidence of a City Constable that at a late hour at night his attention was called to the prisoner by a gentleman. She was about to jump into the river, when he caught hold of her. She told him that she had no home, and that distress of mind had made her resolve to destroy herself.—The LORD MAYOR asked the prisoner if she was a married woman, and she replied that she was.—The LORD MAYOR: How old are you?—Prisoner: Twenty-one.—The LORD MAYOR: And how long have you been married?—Prisoner: Five years. I was married to a soldier when I was sixteen, and my husband has deserted me and left me destitute.—LORD MAYOR: And served you right for getting married so young."

Considering that girls are legally marriageable at sixteen, this seems rather hard lines. The LORD MAYOR's authority might be pleaded by military husbands with a turn for desertion—a large class nowadays. At the same time we are glad to see that the LORD MAYOR did not remit the young woman to the tender mercies of the Thames, but allowed her to be taken away by her mother, a respectable looking woman, who did not seem to be inclined to pass on her daughter the LORD MAYOR's verdict of "Serve her right!"

AN EXCELLENT AUTHORITY.

A "WELL informed" Russian paper having the other day acquainted its readers with the fact that the British Highland regiments were composed of half-clad savages, whose wild language their own officers could not understand, and whose native ferocity admitted only of their being employed in the very last extremity of national necessity, as "the *Bashi-Bazouks* of the Empire," it may, perhaps, be agreeable to those to whom, just now, such sort of statements afford pleasing and instructive reading, to meet with a little more authentic information of the same kind.

For the benefit, therefore, of those at St. Petersburg, who are not yet "well informed," and as the set-off to equally authentic information about Russia and her notables, now in general circulation amongst us, it cannot be too speedily known—

That the London Police wear cocked hats, are armed with rapiers, and are recruited from the younger sons of noble families.

That Colonel HENDERSON is a terrible thin old man, with an iron grey eye, who has sent many a beautiful Duchess to Botany Bay.

That the Prince of TUCK is the hereditary Colonel of the Tooting Regiment of Guards, and has been known, when irritated at the absence of a button on parade, to kick and cuff his Major.

That the Earl of BEACONSFIELD said at a recent whiskey party at the Mansion House, "I've got the QUEEN with me; and I've got the Country: Give me my own way for fifteen years, and I'll bring the Cromwell Road as far as Baden-Baden."

That Mr. GLADSTONE in private life habitually wears the uniform of an Honorary Half-pay Admiral of the "Moscow Maritime League," and may be seen, any hour after seven in the evening, on his balcony in Harley Street, eating *caviare* from a soup-plate and nodding familiarly to his supporters.

That the whole of English Society, from the highest functionary of State downwards, is honeycombed with the principles of a deadly subversive revolution; and that it is this terrible condition of things which obliged Lord SALISBURY to direct public attention suddenly to the Treaty of San Stefano.

That in the event of a foreign war, the Isle of Wight will demand Federation with the South American Republics.

That the knout is still used by Sir J. T. INGHAM, as Chief Metropolitan Magistrate.

That Mr. Punch is a most pronounced *Jingo*.

Perhaps, the imperfectly-informed will be satisfied with the above for the present.

PAYING IN KIND.—What his country has given KEBBLE, *The Christian Ear*.



A RISING GENIUS.

Young Lady (in course of conversation). "YOU'VE READ PENDENNIS, OF COURSE!"
 Fashionable Scribbler (who is, however, quite unknown to fame). "A—PENDENNIS! AH!—LET ME SEE! THAT'S THACKERAY'S, ISN'T IT? NO, I'VE NOT. THE FACT IS, I NEVER READ BOOKS—I WRITE THEM!"

THE TWO VOICES.

Two voices in BRITANNIA'S ear
 Sound, while the world, on watch for fear,
 Sees darkling sky and distance drear.

Two voices, one of winning guile,
 Hiding the stab beneath the smile,
 The steadfast will 'neath silken wile;

The other clear, of trumpet-tongue,
 Which ever Peace's strains hath sung
 In notes like war-cries, shrilly rung.

Both speak of Peace, but one, beneath
 The cincture of the olive-wreath,
 Covers a sword, as in a sheath.

The other lands, in Stentor tone,
 The still small voice; no sword hath shown,
 But, brandless, bears the branch alone.

BRITANNIA stands, her hand half laid
 On his that proffers, for her aid,
 Harmodius-like, his hidden blade.

Doubts of the counsel and the cause,
 In spite of prompting and applause,
 Steal to her heart, and give her pause.

Turning to him who ories, "Beware!"
 She marks the warning, heeds the prayer,
 And fain would trust them, did she dare.

Or Peace or War? Reply depends
 On instant duty, far-seen ends,
 Not clashing cries of foes or friends.

She little loves the swelling pose,
 The vaunt of arms, the threat of blows,
 The wanton challenging of foes;

Nor wholly trusts, though nobler far,
 The voice whose accents something jar,
 With warlike passion banning war.

Two voices! *Punch* would lift a third.
 While yet BRITANNIA'S soul is stirred
 With doubt, plain Wisdom may be heard.

Keep right in view, and follow straight
 Straight roads; although fools scoff or rate;
 Unselfish Justice all can wait.

Bear and forbear, though roysterers rave;
 Calm courtesy becomes the brave—
 'Tis LANCELOT best can wield the glaive.

Not to abjure wise warginess,
 Nor robbers' red revenge to bless,
 Nor aid Autocracy's success,

Is Britain's duty; but to hold
 The Scales of Justice, calm and bold,
 Against the weight of sword or gold.

Still firm and fast for right to stand,
 With heart as fixed on peace as hand
 Prompt at true need to grip the brand.

So stands she safe, come peace, come war;
 Though rival voices clash and jar,
 Her gaze fast fixed on Honour's star.

Misunderstood.

OUR Correspondent, "VERITAS," has strangely misread our recent article, "Army Surgeons and Snobs." If he will read it again, he will see that it is ironical from beginning to end. The letter is supposed to be written by an old fool "of the old school."

SUCH IS THE LAW!

BRING an action, and you'll repent it bitterly. Defend one, and you'll repent it still more bitterly.

An Irish Recommendation.

AN Irish Jeweller, in advertising Waltham watches, in the *Cork Daily Herald*, describes this species of Watch as a more durable and reliable Timekeeper than the English Lever, at three times its cost!!

ONLY A LETTER BETWEEN 'EM.

THE name of the new Russian Ambassador at the Porte is LORAN-OFF, not ROB AN' OFF, as maliciously telegraphed by the British Ambassador.



TWO PERSUASIONS.

STRAPMORE!

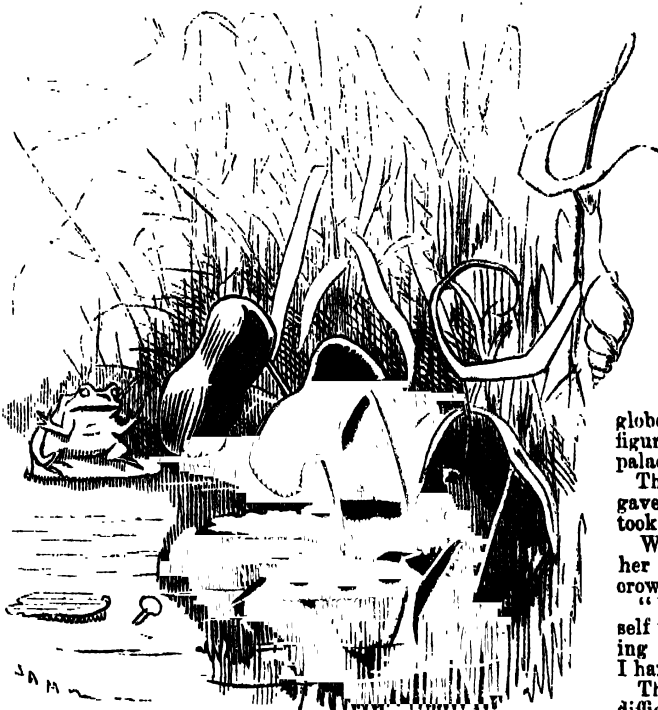
A ROMANCE

BY

WEEDER.

Author of *Folly and Farini*, *Under Two Rags*, *Arryain'ty*, *Chuck*, *Two Little Wooden Jews*, *Nicotine*, *A Horse with Glanders*, *In Somers Town*, *Shamdross*, &c., &c.

CHAPTER XVIII.—"Casta Diva!"



N her cottage near a wood ITTI DUFFA waited and watched for the return of PINTO PEEZE.

"He will return—I know him well," she murmured. "At least I thought I did. But do I?"

Then she trudged off to Paris. Hearing nothing of him there, she went on to London.

No tidings of SWAZIE, anywhere.

It was all gas, and brilliancy, and globes of flame, and painted figures, and splendour of palaces!

The Policemen gruffly gave her orders. These she took.

Where should she seek her lodging in this vast crowd?

"Where," she asked herself in her childish, shrinking wonder, "Where shall I hang out?"

Then she spelt out with difficulty the words on a bill, "Free List Suspended."

She did not reason. Wherever she saw this she went in, showing the keeper at the door that she was one of the Free List, and here she was immediately suspended.

This state of suspense could not last. Her heart was weary, and she thought of PINTO PEEZE, and how he had left her, and she wept with a passionate tenderness.

The great theatres attracted her. She entered and looked at them. She went to pieces, one after the other. Then she gathered herself slowly up, and, taking a little ripe autumnal fruit from a boy's basket, she ate it, thankfully.

She did not know the boy, nor he her. So he gave her into custody. Then an old gentleman, on a bench, heard her story: but she could not prevail. Their hearts were hard, and they did not comprehend this poor, lonely, destitute ITTI DUFFA.

Then she told the old man on the bench of the Fauns in the water, and the Nymphs, and how the sweet Flowers were her Godmothers.

These last words of hers impressed him, and he questioned her further. Then she told him of the old Gods who were not dead, of Jingo, of Jimini, of the mighty Mars, and of the old Parrs she had never known, but only heard of.

Then the Magistrate pitied her.

She complained of a cold in her head. The kind Magistrate explained to her, that this was in consequence of there being a tile off somewhere, so that the draught got in.

"We are all tiled here," he added, and kept her secret.

Then they put her in the right way for Colney Thatch.

They told her, smilingly, "Thatch your way!"

She had been off her head, she was now on her feet.

Her old strength, her old patience, and her old playful stubbornness had returned.

She heard somebody whisper that she was "an odd fish."

This set her thinking, and she laughed a little low laugh in her throat, and went her way to the Westminster Aquarium.

She stood before the man at the wicket, waiting to enter.

She uttered these simple words—

"I am a poor little sole."

For a moment he was silent; then this man bent on her the magnetic power of his bright, sardonic, meaning eyes. He was patient, humorous, gentle, cruel, tall, short, thin, stout, foolish, wise,—all in one. Then this man, with the elf's eyes, raised his fore-finger wisely as he replied—

"This sounds rather fishy."

Then he looked down at her two little wooden shoes, and shook his head.

She had a vague wish to enter. PINTO PEEZE, her SWAZIE, might be there.

She crept up to the wicket-keeper, but he only told her to stir her stumps, and that he would put her out, or that if she didn't run out, she should be run in.

She lifted her dark, hopeless eyes to him, as she whispered—

"I am FOLLE-FARINE."

The man, with the elf's eyes, understood French, and was angry with her.

"FOLLE-FARINE!" he exclaimed, "that means 'chaff.' None of your *folle-farine* here. Get out!"

A man passed out, as she crouched and shrunk away. Had she known that this was the Marquis ZAZZLIO DI FARINI, her journey would have been at an end. He would have told her how PINTO PEEZE lay by the Arch of Marble near to the gay Park of Hyde.

She was sick and cold, and white with terror.

Had the Gods and the Fauns remembered her at last? had the presence of FARINI silently whispered to her the words—

"The Truth is hidden in the Park of Hyde."

Her heart stood still, and her fair hair streamed in the wind, as she pursued her way with the pulseless, bloodless quiet of the phantom of an Idea.

To the Park!

She could scarcely walk, yet she did not envy the people who passed her by, in carriages. She paused before a carpenter's shop and saw a nail being driven home.

"Even a nail can be driven home!" she murmured—she who had no home, and no carriage to be driven in.

At length, in the breathless silence of an unspeakable awe, she stood on the boundaries of the Park of Hyde.

The secret voice seemed to whisper to her—

"Hyde and seek! ITTI DUFFA! Hyde and seek!"

ITTI DUFFA entered the Park, timidly.

There were strings of carriages, and lines of people,—gay, brilliant, laughing, jesting, flirting, as though there were no such being as a ITTI DUFFA in this sorrowful world.

Her head whirled, her eyes failed, her ears were dizzy, with the Babel of ceaseless sounds.

Then arose a shout.

"Ho there! You! Hi! Out of the way, will you!"

In another instant, as by a passing lightning flash, ITTI DUFFA was nearly knocked over by a dashing Cartoon drawn by four splendid animal-painters, and richly caparisoned. Above, sat the young Lord MAZAGON (formerly ALF PINTO PEEZE), a figure most striking on his own box, and next to him sat Lady MAZAGON (the Loo-Loo), bowing right and left, and distributing tracts in all directions, while at the same time she kept up an animated theological discussion with a Bench of Bishops, who were seated in a row, *dos à dos sur la planche aux couteaux*, on the top of the magnificent vehicle.

The distinguished ecclesiastical party were being driven into a corner by her Ladyship, and were looking forward to a game of Lawn Tennis at Lambeth.

ITTI DUFFA saw, at a glance, the likeness between ALF PINTO and his brother. The team came straight at her; and as the strong resemblance struck her, she was utterly upset.

Then, as she rose from the ground, she picked up a tract that had been thrown to her by Lady MAZAGON, as she passed on with all the Bench of Bishops in full argument.

The paper was headed, *A Warning to all Itti Duffas and Regula Budduns: or, The Fate of Unhappy Pinto Peeze, commonly known as "Sweetie," of the First White Guards, who was cut off in his prime.*

Then ITTI DUFFA knew the worst.



DILUTION.

Old Lady (to the new Rector of Turnipford, Suffolk, whose preaching has been much admired further South). "I WAS AGOIN' T' ARST YRAOU, SIR, IF I COUD'NT HAV A PRAOUW A LITTLE CLOOSER T' THE PULP'T, FOR THE'S MRS. SMITH AN' MRS. BREAUWN, THEY SETS RIGHT SMACK AFRONT O' MAE, AN' BY THE TOIME YAR SARMON COME A TREAOLIN' THREW THEM, AN' RAICH MAE, THAT FARE SUCH WON'ERFUL PORE STUFF, THAT THAT RALY DEW!!"

After that came a sad, far-away, changeless look in her eyes, and she wandered in her mind till she was tired. Then she sat down.

She thought of the scented flowers, and she called STRAPMORE, who had robbed her of her PREZZE, "Carnation cruel!"

The click-clack of her wooden shoes made the people look down as she passed. They wished to imitate the noise: they would have taken them off. But she only sighed, and said, "No; I shall take myself off now."

Some people said, kindly, "How d'ye do?" But she only answered, "What's that to you? I do as I like."

So she went onward, bewildered, but happy.

The night air came whistling in her ear. That night air she knew so well by heart, that she could have sung it at any time.

The air went on. Then she thought if she could only have an accompaniment of some sort, it might be better—she was so lonely. So she stopped, and played the fool.

At last she stood before the water, green and dark, by the Lilly Bridge, with lilies laughing at her, which annoyed her much.

"Everything is hard," she said; "even the water."

And she thought of the good old Gods Jingo and Jimini, who were not yet dead, and of the Fauns, and the Nymphs; and she saw the sky, and the stars, and the flowers, and the Man in the Moon, in the water. And she thought she would like to go to this Man in the Moon, who had always smiled on her, and who sent shadows to play and dance with her.

Then the night-chimes from the old steeple rang out, and they seemed to be saying to her, "*De-Lu-na-ti-co in-qui-ren-do-de-Lu-na-ti-co*," and all over again.

"I know what that means!" she murmured to herself, joyfully.

"It means, 'Inquire within of the Man in the Moon.'"

Then she smiled down on him, and he, from the silent water, smiled up to her.

Then she bent down to kiss him, lower, lower, lower—

The next morning the moon had disappeared, and ITTI DUFFA too. And on the tops of two reeds, in the centre of the water, that bent

under the weight, were two little wooden shoes, and on the soles was written—"*This side up. With care.*"

"With care!" It told the whole tale.

JOS and PANTALONE and the old man at the finger-stall, attended her funeral; and, on her tombstone, by the pond'side, among the bending reeds and the sweet flowers she had loved so well, was inscribed,

GOODY TWO-SHOES,

ITTI DUFFA,

The ill-starred Maid who lost her of life in this Pool.

The Fair was open next day, out of respect to the hapless girl, and around the chief booth, where a stupendous Fat Man from England was being exhibited, the peasants congregated.

Their entire conversation was about ITTI DUFFA, who had married PINTO PREZZE, the unhappy nobleman who had been killed by a wicked English Lord.

Then the stupendous Fat Man wept bitterly.

The peasants said he had a gentle heart. They did not know it was conscience that was gnawing on the vitals of that Fat Man's existence. He longed to declare himself. He longed to say, "I am STRAPMORE! Who killed PINTO PREZZE? I, said STRAPMORE!" and so he went on. But grief only fattened him, and he became more and more valuable to the Proprietors.

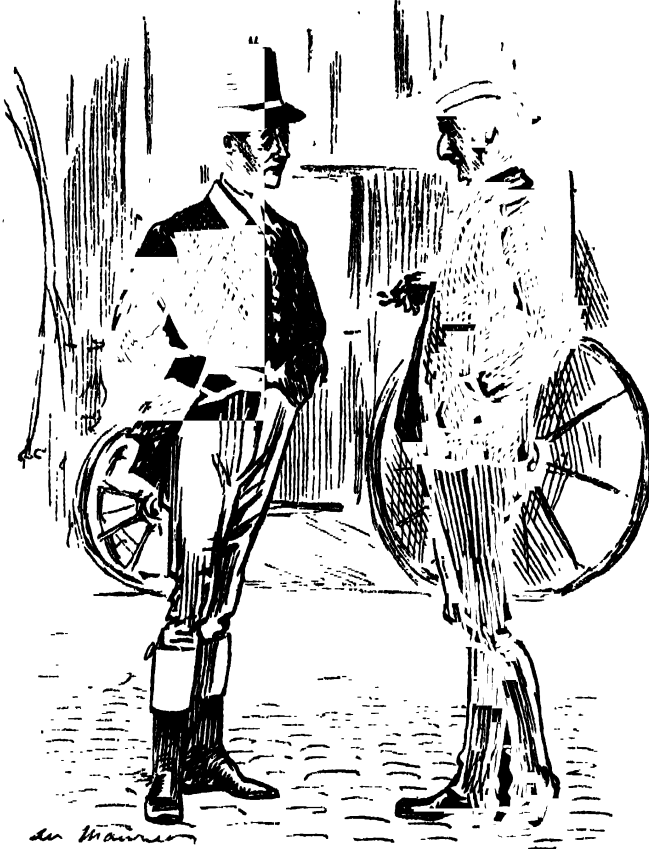
"When I look round—and no one can look rounder than I do—what do I see? Misery everywhere."

Then he looked at the window.

"Ah," he sighed, "if I could but escape!"

It overlooked the river. His still active brain devised a plan. At the expense of the delighted caravan Proprietors he ordered an enormous supper. He supped alone, at the dead of night, before the open window, and nerving himself for a supreme effort, he gradually blew himself out.

The next morning, rewards were offered everywhere, unsuccessfully. STRAPMORE had disappeared.



PHILOLOGICAL.

First English Groom (new to Paris). "AND THE FRENCH GENT AS HE DRIVES ROUND THE CORNER, HE PULLS UP QUICK, AND CALLS OUT 'WOA!'"

Second Ditto (who has been in Paris some time). "HE COULDN'T HAVE SAID 'WOA!' AS THERE AIN'T NO 'W' IN FRENCH."

First Ditto. "NO 'W' IN FRENCH? THEN 'OW D'YER SPELL 'WER'?"

The blow-out was so powerful, that its effect was to carry him on for nearly three days several miles seaward.

He floated, with the stream, down the river, to the sea. The people saw him and thought it was a buoy; they had no idea it was a man, least of all STRAPMORE.

He found himself alone, on an island of sand and shell, with one vast hamper of champagne. Then he drank deep. The skies reeled round him, in whirling circles of light; shooting-stars took steady aim at him, but missed him; waves of hoarse sound dashed his ears, and he sank down, among the sea-weed, murmuring to himself the last cry of the sorrowing old Pagan,

"Ozone! Ozone!"

Then his limbs were shaken by a voiceless agony, and the irrevocable Past came over his spirit, confusing the awful Present and the unknowable Future, and in his great anguish he clutched at the leaping waves around, and tried to cover himself with them, under the impression they were his bed-clothes, while he murmured to himself,

"Pommery—très sec—very wet night—ozone—REGULA-BADDUN." And so, broken, blinded, voiceless, senseless, he sank on the grey yielding sands, alone, in the silence of the night.

A Sister of one of the Religious Orders, that are not admitted after seven, was walking along the strand by the sea-shore.

The African sun was hot at noon.

She stopped before a heap of clean, worn-out, wet clothes.

"They have been washed ashore," she said to herself, sadly.

Then she looked for the initials, to see to whom they belonged.

She uttered a great cry.

"B. DE S." BUCKLYN DE STRAPMORE.

And this was all; all that remained of her STRAPMORE. Only these wretched old habits, that he had thrown away and done with for ever!

An old man, with a venerable beard, and wearing many hats to protect him from the rays of the African sun, examined the suit, wept over them, shook his head, blessed her, and passed on his way.

She gathered them up, dug a hole with a little wooden spade, buried them in the sand, stuck a bit of slate up, on which she wrote,—

STRAPMORE,

NO MORE.

Then she reverently took off her bonnet. After that she never recovered.

L'ENVOI.

Lord and Lady MAZAGON are rich, prosperous, and happy. They have never less than eight Bishops to dine with them, and Archdeacons come in to tea. Sometimes Lord MAZAGON observes to his wife as they drive past the Arch of Marble, "Poor PINTO! what a fool he was!" and Miladi, who never differs from him, admits the justice of the observation. The Do-Do set up a large millinery establishment, and rapidly acquired a fortune under Lady MAZAGON's patronage. The business has recently been extended to perfumery and "articles de looks." TIPITI WITCHEETA, the Gipsy, occasionally visits England, when she is accompanied by JOÉ and PANTALÉONE.

Lord NUFFINMORE, on his wife's disappearance, took to asking himself riddles, and shutting himself up with repartees. Ultimately he was shelved by the Government, and in this condition he was found some years afterwards. He was subsequently buried and forgotten.

The Fauns and the Nymphs play in the reeds. Years go by, and the old Gods Jingo and Jimini, are not yet dead. The Satyrs are sought by artists as sitters: they blow on their pipes, and the mad world dances: and as I, sitting by the fountain, write these last words, and am thinking what has become of the Lady REGULA, and why dinner which was ordered for seven o'clock should not yet have been announced when it is fully a quarter to eight, the booming sound of the distant gong, and the appearance of the dark-robed and white-tied Butler in the costume of a Minister of the Evening Dinner Service, bid me put down my *stylius*, bid me wish farewell to my ITTI DUFFA, and my PINTO PEEZE, my MAZAGONS, my REGULA, and my STRAPMORE, and tell me that the moral in finishing a Romance, is the moral of the Dinner hour,

"BETTER LATE THAN NEVER."

SANDIE'S LAST.

THE Treaty of San Stefano appears to have aroused the energetic opposition of a class of Turks who might have been expected to offer but an inert resistance. According to the Constantinople Correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*:—

"The Lazie population at Batoum protest against annexation by Russia, and a deputation is said to be on its way to Constantinople to offer to raise, if necessary, an amount of money equal to their share of the indemnity represented by the cession of Batoum. Twenty thousand Lazies are said to be mustered near Batoum, ready to dispute the entry of the Russians."

The spirit animating the Mussulmans against the Muscovite encroachment must be very strong, since it has aroused even the Lazie population, and urged so many of the very Lazies to muster for active service.

Between the Lot.

(By a Perplexed would-be Patriot, after reading the conflicting extra-Parliamentary utterances during the Easter Recess.)

RECRIMINATION is vexation,
Self-praise is just as bad;
CROSS and JOHN B. quite puzzle me,
And Jingo drives me mad!

The Warning of the Sibyl.

ANAGRAM—(A HAG MAN—A Scarecrow.)

{ RISMARK. IGNATIEFF. ANDEASSY. }
{ SALISBURY. BEACONSFIELD. GORTCHAKOFF. }

Spells—

Say Back! Match ignites! Fire kills!—
Die!—bury afar off!—sobs and groans!

"THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE" (according to Mr. BRIGHT).—One-and-sixpence a day.

LATEST FROM PARIS.

Letter from PETER GOODBOY, Esq., Paris, to Mrs. GOODBOY, South Kensington.

The Exposition, Paris, May 4, 1878.

MY OWN DEAREST LITTLE WOMAN,



I AM sure, were you here, you would agree with me that I was quite right when I decided that I would come alone to this miserable place, just to look round, and see if I thought you would like it. At the time, you may remember, you imagined I was selfish—in fact, you said as much. Ah! if you could only look into my heart! However, I will speak no more of the past, but confine myself to the present—which, I need not say, is very dreary without you.

I promised to report upon Paris. I do. Paris, in a word, is unbearable. The place is crowded with foreigners, and all "the best people" (I know

how you respect the aristocracy) are absent. It is not considered the thing to stay in the place during the Exhibition. Surely this is an excellent reason (were there no other) for your staying away. I am sure Mrs. PLANTAGENET BROWN would not think of coming, and I should not like my dear wife to be less particular than Mrs. PLANTAGENET BROWN.

The prices are enormous. I date this letter from the Exhibition itself, as I have not yet decided upon a hotel. I am staying for the moment at a very uncomfortable *hotel garni*, near the Grand Opéra, but spend a great deal of my time in hunting for something cheaper. You had better address your letters for the present, therefore, *Poste Restante*. Living, too, is very dear. They have raised the prices at all the *Maisons Duval* five sous! Think of that! In consequence, I am forced to look for a dinner elsewhere.

As there are none but foreigners in Paris, there are absolutely no fashions. I have tried to find the addresses of the dressmaker and bonnetmaker you gave me, but have not yet succeeded in discovering them. Perhaps they may have gone away in consequence of the Exhibition. As, if I remember aright, you said one of them lived in the Rue de la Paix, I have no doubt that this is the case. I have not yet been to the Bon Marché, but a friend tells me that they are only selling English goods of two seasons ago at that noted *magazin*. You wanted me to pick up some frocks for the children there—perhaps I might get you a bonnet instead, if you thought it worth while? Shall I go beyond twelve francs fifty?

There is nothing worth seeing at the theatres, and the Bois is quite deserted. In fact, the place is intolerably *triste*. You should pity me—particularly in my enforced condition of bachelor loneliness and discomfort.

I rather fancy that I said I should be back by Monday; but, as I want to study some curious agricultural inventions in the Exhibition, I think I shall stay another week just to look at them. It will be a very great sacrifice. It would be so different if you were with me, or, even if the place were only a little more amusing. As it is, I cannot help congratulating myself, as a kind and loving husband, that I am alone, to bear the infliction. Kiss the children for me, and believe me,

Your own darling old hubbie, PETER.

Telegram from PETER GOODBOY, Paris, to CHARLES SINGLETON, Megatherium Club, London.

En garçon for another week. Come over. Splendid fun. Have taken a couple of *fauteuils* at all the best theatres for the next six days. Dine regularly at VÉROUX'S. Have taken room for you next mine at the Grand. Expect you to-morrow.

Haché Menu.

We understand that the Grand European Dinner, under the distinguished patronage of Prince BISMARCK, for which the invitations, it is still hoped, will shortly be issued, will be so strictly "*à la Russe*" that not only will nothing be placed on the table (the usual ornaments in flowers and sugar excepted), but all the serving will be a "*fait accompli*,"—the Turkey, the most awkward "*pièce de résistance*," having been first boned, and then treated as a "*consommé*."

MISSING FROM THE CHAMP DE MARS.

THE following "exhibits" have unaccountably been omitted from the official catalogue to the Paris Exposition:—

Russian Department.

Duplicates of the orders conferred by the Czar upon Prince CHARLES of Roumania.

Copy of the Menu of the entertainment offered by the Grand Duke NICHOLAS to the SULTAN.

The visiting card of Mr. LAYARD left upon H. I. H. the Russian Commander-in-Chief during his visit to Constantinople.

A fac-simile of the apocryphal will of PETER THE GREAT, with marginal notes by his present Majesty the Emperor ALEXANDER.

And a revised draft of the Treaty of San Stefano.

Austrian Department.

Secret Correspondence of Count ANDRASSY with the British Government.

Curious balance of forces, Magyar, Slav and German—a dynamic puzzle.

Unpublished communications with Prince BISMARCK.

And confidential understandings with the Authorities of St. Petersburg.

French Department.

Private Diary of Marshal MACMAHON during the last three years.

A volume of Wit and Humour by the Author of *The History of a Crime*.

"Après?"—a Historical Prophecy, by M. LEON GAMBETTA.

German Department.

The Political History of the "serious indispositions" of Prince BISMARCK.

Sketch Maps of Europe for 1889 and the remaining years of the century, from the portfolio of the Imperial Chancellor.

A curious collection of Puppets, with directions how to work them, by O. Von B.

And a German adaptation of "*We Don't Want to Fight*," with Prussian variations.

British Department.

Definitions of "Unanimity," by Lords CARNARVON, DERBY, and BRACONSFIELD.

The "tossing-up" half-crown of the British Cabinet.

A collection of views in and about Lancashire, dedicated to the Right Hon. Colonel STANLEY, Secretary at State for War, by the author of *Lothaire*.

"A Blaze of Triumph," being the last chapter to an autobiography signed "B. D."

And (the greatest curiosity of the Exhibition) a Jingo who "*does want to fight*"—in person!

Mutual Insurance.

THE liability of Masters, under the Employers' Liability Bill, to compensate their Servants for injuries done by them to one another in their common employment, will probably not tend to increase the carefulness for their common safety of workmen in general. It can hardly be expected, for example, to make coal-miners more particular in their use of Davy Lamps, in firing shots and igniting matches. Perhaps, if Masters are to indemnify Servants for mutual injuries arising from accident, Servants, on the other hand, might fairly be bound to make good amongst them any damage accidentally done by any of them to their Masters' property.

Punch stands Corrected.

MR. HANBURY writes to us:—

"DEAR SIR,—I am sorry to spoil the point of your joke in this week's *Punch*, but I am not in any way connected with the well-known firm of brewers,

Very truly yours,
R. W. HANBURY."

This shows that the brewers' name was not so essential a mark of the animal at Tamworth as Mr. HANBURY fancies.

TWO PROBLEMS NOT IN EUCLID.

"GIVEN good Servants, to find good Masters and Mistresses;" and "GIVEN good Masters and Mistresses, to find good Servants."

EXCHANGING A GRIP.

MARKS of the Russian Bear's claws—in every clause of the San Stefano Treaty.

LAW AND LICENCE.



S Censor Morum. Mr. Punch has much pleasure in publishing the following account of a meeting of the Diddlesex Magistrates, held with a view to granting Wine and Spirit Licences to certain places of public entertainment. It shows what admirable assistance his censorship has in the Diddlesex Bench.

On taking his seat on the Bench, the Chairman complained that the Clerk had not touched his hat to him. He would have the Clerk know that the Magistrates were determined that they should be treated with respect by everybody.

The Clerk having explained that he was short-sighted, and had not seen the Chairman, the business of the day was commenced.

Mr. MILDMAY, Q.C., said that he had the honour to appear for Sir RALEIGH CRICHTON, the proprietor of the Etherial Restaurant, which, as the Bench might know, was bottlenecked with the Etherial Fine-Art Gallery.

The CHAIRMAN said that the Bench knew nothing of the sort. The Bench were not to be bullied.

Mr. MILDMAY, Q.C., disavowed any intention of hullyng the Bench. He would respectfully state that Sir RALEIGH had spent a very large sum of money upon the Fine-Art Gallery.

Mr. DOUGHERTY (a Magistrate).—We don't want to hear anything about that. What have we got to do with the Fine Arts?

Mr. MILDMAY, Q.C., begged to explain. Sir RALEIGH had opened his Gallery here for the promotion of culture than as a source of profit. The frequenters of the Gallery belonged to the most respectable classes, and were sure not to abuse the privileges accorded to the Restaurant. He respectfully asked for a spirit-licence to the Etherial Restaurant.

The CHAIRMAN asked if the Restaurant were a public-house?

Mr. MILDMAY, Q.C.—Certainly not.

The CHAIRMAN.—Well, we are here to license public-houses. People seem to think we are here for the convenience of the public. I have no hesitation in saying that we are here for nothing of the sort.

The other Magistrates heartily concurred in their Chairman's statement.

Mr. VERGES (a Magistrate).—Besides, this Sir RALEIGH CRICHTON, or whatever his name is, has treated us with disrespect. I won't say anything about the private view, but—

Mr. MILDMAY, Q.C., interposed. He was sure that Sir RALEIGH had not the slightest intention of showing disrespect to the Bench. He was quite certain that the Bench would consider the case entirely on its own merits.

After two minutes' conversation, the licence was unanimously refused.

Mr. Serjeant DUFFY then rose to ask for a spirit-licence for Mr. MELTER MOSS, the proprietor of the Royal and Imperial Pig-and-Whistle Music-Hall and Casino. The learned Serjeant reminded the Magistrates that the licence had not been applied for for the last seven years, as Mr. Moss (through a misunderstanding) had been residing at Dartmoor and Portland. He asked for the licence with considerable confidence, as the Royal and Imperial Pig-and-Whistle

Music-Hall and Casino in years gone by had been well known to the police. Mr. MELTER MOSS had a very kind heart, and never allowed any of his guests to depart until they had had a good sleep under the tables, and were quite sober.

The CHAIRMAN interrupted the learned Serjeant to inform him that the Bench had unanimously agreed to grant Mr. MELTER MOSS his licence.

MEPHISTOPHELES AND MARGARET.

At Hawarden the other day, when the delegates from the Manchester Liberal Conference and the Welsh Liberals waited on Mr. GLADSTONE,

"One of the speakers was Mr. WILLIAM MATHER (Salford), who in the course of his speech asked Mr. GLADSTONE to come forward to help them rescue the QUEEN, 'a guileless Lady in the hands of that fearful *Mephistopheles*.'"

This fearful *Mephistopheles* is, of course, Lord BEACONSFIELD. Her Majesty Queen VICTORIA must be implied to occupy the position of *Gretchen*. But that won't do—for where the dickens is *Doctor Faustus*?

"Another speaker, Mr. WILLIAM CROSFIELD (Warrington), alluded to Lord BEACONSFIELD as a wolf in sheep's clothing."

Comparisons may be odious, but correct for all that. "*Mephistopheles*," and "wolf," though hard names, are intelligible, whether merited or no. But what is the "sheep's clothing"? Lord BEACONSFIELD may go clad in his Premier's uniform or in the robes of a Peer, but neither one nor the other can be regarded as the emblematic vestiture of innocence. Let us hope, however, that the preservation of peace will confute the cry of wolf, and that at least the Prime-Ministerial *Mephistopheles* will not prove so black as he is painted.

GOLD IN EGYPT.

BURTON'S *Anatomy of Midian* seems like to turn out anything but an Anatomy of Melancholy. Gold, silver, copper, lead, turquoises, alabaster, sulphur, to say nothing of antiquities from the ruins of thirty-two ancient cities—such are some of the treasures this new Moses has brought back from the land of Midian, the "Ophir," it is believed, which furnished SOLOMON with gold. It will go hard with our century and its Stock Exchanges if they do not find their Solutions to draw gold, if not out of Midian, out of a Midian-Exploration-and-Exploitation Company, promoters—say—Baron GRANT and His Imperial Highness the KHEDIVÉ.

We see magnificent pickings, not so much from under the stony ribs of Midian as out of the pockets of the public of all nations, which rises to magnificent programmes and a dazzling prospect of possible or impossible per-centages. And what a field for the prospectus-drawer is this re-discovered land of Midian! Meantime, whatever plucking of his own poor fellows or the public the Khedivé may contemplate, all honour to Captain BURTON for the pluck which has been crowned with such a rich find as these newly discovered treasures of Midian. May they not prove spoilers of the Egyptians. They could scarce spoil the credit of their rulers!

HOME-RULERS IN HARNESS.

THE Honourable and useful Member for Dungarvan, the other day, visited and harangued his constituents. A number of them, headed by a priest, went out five miles from the town to meet their worthy representative.

"Hands also assembled, and the Member was received with much popular rejoicing. The horses were unyoked from the carriage, and Mr. O'DONNELL was drawn, amid triumphant cheering and shouts for 'Obstruction,' through the town."

Shouts for "Obstruction" during a triumphal progress! How truly Hibernian! They might have been taken by opponents for invitations to get in the way.

Horses unyoked? Had they but been asses! "Obstruction," considered as a political cry, approaches to a bray as nearly perhaps as possible for any vociferation that could have been uttered by creatures on two legs drawing a carriage.

Posts—Positive, and Comparative.

"HERE stands a Post!" cries CLEMENT SCOTT.

He's not the biggest boaster.

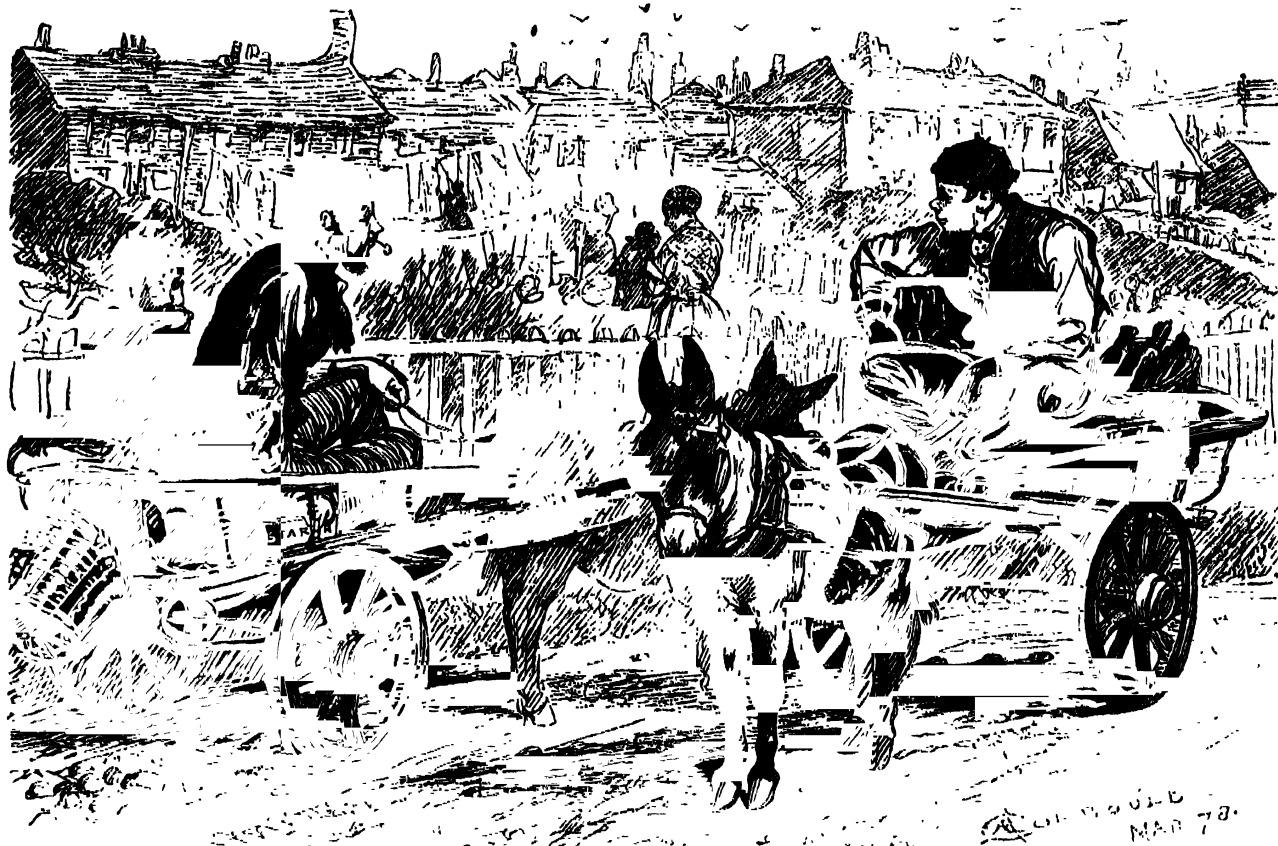
SCOTT, Champion Bill-sticker, we've got—

Who cries, "Here stands a Poster!"

ANOTHER MOTTO FOR HOLY RUSSIA.—Prey without ceasing.



"THAT FEARFUL MEPHISTOPHELES!"



THE DERBY QUESTION.

Ooster. "GOIN' TO THE DERBY THIS TIME, BILL?"

Bill. "WELL, YER SEE, MY MISSUS SAYS AS 'OW IT'S WERRY EXPENSIV, AND SHE'D SOONER GO OUT O' TOWN FOR THE 'OPPIN', LATER ON."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

THAT troublesome body, called "Parliament," has reassembled. *Punch* hardly knows why. They had got a holiday. Why couldn't they keep it, and leave law-making, and troop-moving, and deciding grave questions of peace or war to their betters—Lord BEAconsfield & Co.? It must be extremely inconvenient to Her Majesty's Government to be bothered with questions, when Lord BEAconsfield has Indian troops to shift, and Her Majesty's personal instructions to take, and the business of the War Office and the India Office and who knows what offices besides to look after. But if Her Majesty's Opposition has any right to ask questions, which is all it seems to be good for, *Punch* would have liked to see Mr. GLADSTONE in his place at St. Stephen's on Monday, instead of receiving deputations at Hawarden. Hals o' the Wynd who fight for their own hand are as much out of place in Her Majesty's Opposition as in Her Majesty's Government. As soon as the House met—

(Monday, May 6), Lord HARTINGTON—*Punch* admires his impudence—wanted to know:—1st. Whether the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER could tell the House anything about the new negotiations said to be in progress between Her Majesty's Government and the Government of Russia? And 2nd. Why the House had not been told, before it broke up for the Easter holidays, that Indian troops were going to be moved to Malta?

Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE could not tell the House anything about negotiations, and really did not see what the House had to do with the moving of troops, Indian or English. What the House *had* to do, was to vote the money for moving them; and that it would have to do very soon: it might make itself perfectly easy on that score. Mr. BRIGHT, during the holidays, had charged the Government and himself with deceiving the House. Just let Mr. BRIGHT stand up and say the same thing from his place in Parliament, *subaude*, and he would punch his head!

Mr. FAWCETT had not the remotest intention of charging Sir STAFFORD with intending to mislead him, or anybody. All he knew

was he *had* misled him, and a hundred other Members. When he wanted to cut the holidays shorter, he was told in the House that there had been no change of policy. He called bringing Indian troops into Europe a change of policy. (How so, you stupid Professor? If Lord B. meant to do it all along, it wasn't change of policy. It was development of policy. If you'll only open your mouth, and shut your eyes, and take what Lord B. will send you, you may have a good many more "developments" yet.) What was the meaning of the Mutiny Bill? (To punish soldiers who disobeyed orders. Who knows how soon we may have to pass something of the kind for Opposition Obstructives in the House of Commons?) Our standing Army was limited to the number voted annually by Parliament. Not so the Indian Army. The Government might bring 200,000 of that Army into Europe—if they could bring 7,000. (Cheers from the Ministerial Benches, lustily led by Sir R. P., as much as to say, "Why not? Oh! if they only could! Wouldn't it be jolly!")

Sir G. CAMPBELL didn't like it, no more did Sir W. HARCOURT, nor Mr. LAING, nor Mr. NEWDEGATE, nor Mr. RYLANDS; but Sir R. PREL did very much, and so did Mr. BAILLIE COCHRANE.

Sir ROBERT PREL felt it rather distressing to hear Mr. NEWDEGATE complimented by Mr. RYLANDS for constitutional backbone. What he wanted to see was every Member on that side of the House supporting Her Majesty's Government through thick and thin—(Certainly, Sir ROBERT; and the thicker the mud, the thicker should be the men.)

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER really could not understand what all the row was about. India would find the soldiers if England would find the money to pay them. That had better be done quietly. The troops were moved; and there was an end of it. He didn't see why the House should be moved, too.

And then the House sat corrected, passed to the important business of the salaries of the House of Lords' door-keepers, and Assistant-Librarian, and the Secretary of the Lord Great Chamberlain—who, it seems, is a Captain and Lieutenant-Colonel in the Grenadier Guards. And could there be a fitter man—*Punch* would ask any



INNOCENCE AT THE BAR.

Police Superintendent (in plain clothes). "WELL, MY LASS, I MAY JUST TELL THEE THAT THIS WHISKY IS GOING TO BE ANALYSED."

North Country Barmaid (innocently). "I'M CERTAIN IT'LL NEVER DEE FOR THAT!" *Police Superintendent.* "WHY?"

Barmaid. "B'CAUSE IT'S NEARLY ALL WATTER!"

sensible person—than an officer of the Household Troops for the Secretary of their Lordships' own Nobleman-Usher, Gold Stick in spocjal, and Master of the Ceremonies on all great occasions when the QUEEN and her Peers foregather? Who but a Court soldier should hold up the train of the most gorgeous and glorious of Court flunkies? Surely it is strictly according to the fitness of things. And it was one by the name of "JENKINS" who tried to cut down the vote of the salary of this Soldier-Secretary! Oh, JENKINS—JENKINS! "*Quantum mutatus ab illo!*"

This insolent attempt of the Lower House to look into the salary-list of the Higher, was followed by an equally impertinent intrusion on the salary-list of the House of Commons, and—on that horror's head horror to accumulate—on the pay and office of the Lords of the Treasury and the Lord Privy Seal! And that, too,—as if to add insult to injury—in the same breath with grumbling at the payment of such insignificant persons as cattle-plague inspectors! Altogether, the night's work could only be described as disgusting! Impertinent curiosity first, followed by impertinent attempts at cheeseparing—unsuccessful, as *Punch* hardly need say.

Tuesday.—After the Lord Grand Chamberlain and his Secretary last night, the Brummagem CHAMBERLAIN on the *tapis* to-night, with notice of a Motion, condemning—impertinent person!—the Government policy of warlike demonstration, and expressing the opinion—as if he had any right to one—that the good government, peace, and freedom of the South-Eastern populations, and the honourable and peaceful settlement of the existing difficulties, will best be settled by a European Congress and a frank definition of the changes in the Treaty of San Stefano which the Government consider to be necessary for the general good of Europe, and the interests of England!

What these changes are is just what England wants to know. But what business has Mr. CHAMBERLAIN to ask such troublesome questions? Let him wait till Lord B. thinks proper to vouchsafe an answer without being asked. He is the best judge of the right time to enlighten us.

Captain PIM, that simple sailor, means to move the House to move Her MAJESTY to move the Great Powers to meet in Congress in London!

More questions about Indian troops and their movements from Mr. WHITWELL, Mr. HOLMS, and Mr. LAING.

The Indian Government had paid the Ghoorkas' travelling expenses to Malta; but, of course, we shall have to repay them as soon as a Supplementary Estimate can be got out. The Indian troops serve under an Act of their own, and are bound to go where they are bid, though the Bill of Rights prevents them from being brought into this country without leave of Parliament. Ridiculous old Bogey of a Bill of Rights! We shall have to set that to-rights next.

Mr. HOLMS asked if the Niggers could be ordered to the Channel Islands. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER said they could. So the Jurats had better look out; or, if the Government should find it necessary to clear Jersey Guernsey and Alderney of their cows, in case of cattle-plague invading those islands of the bleat, they will know where to look for the armed force.

Mr. MELDON moved in a matter, where motion has been too long delayed, the salaries of the Irish National School Teachers—the worst paid, and so, naturally, about the most disaffected body of men in the three kingdoms. And it is to them England entrusts the bending of the tender Irish shoot, which should be a scion of the British Oak, but is only a sprig of ashleish, good for nothing but breaking heads. It was delightful to see, for once, Irish Members of all shades, Mr. SMYTHE, and Mr. C. LEWIS, and Sir J. LEALIE, supporting Mr. MELDON, and even Mr. LOWTHER, for the Government, agreeing to his Resolution, on condition of omitting a reference to what we fear is too true, the general discontent of the National School Teachers.

Punch is glad to clap the Home-Rule Member for Kildare on the back, and to say, "Well done, MELDON!"

A handful of the House on its Pease and Q's, after narrowly escaping a Count Out on Intoxicating Liquors' Licence, had the satisfaction of being Counted Out, on Mr. MONK's Bill for abolishing *Congé d'Elire*. Naturally, a MONK would like to see Deans and Chapters made nullities of. But Mr. HUBBARD opposed the attempt to do away with this clerical fiction. He thinks he sees in it a popular check against improper appointments. What a wonderful mind Mr. HUBBARD's seems to be! He dreams of correcting the inequalities of the Income-tax; and he believes in the *Congé d'Elire* as a check upon improper appointments!

Wednesday.—County Courts are very good things; but Mr. COWEN wants to put them into the place of their superiors *per saltum*—constituting seven County Court circuits, with travelling Judges at £3000 a-year, resident assistants at £1500, and a regular judicial apparatus. In fact, Mr. COWEN proposes to localise justice, to bring down our big-wigs to lesser wigs—punies indeed—and altogether to trim the great lights of the law-courts into very farthing candles. At least that is what the proposal looks like in legal eyes. How it may seem to suitors is another matter. But hitherto we have not been in the habit of consulting the geese as to the sauce they were to be served up with on the tables of the law. Are we going to begin now? No, say the Lawyers, with one voice—Mr. O. MORRIS, and Mr. GREGORY, and Mr. LLOYD, and Mr. WHEELBOURNE, and Mr. SERJEANT SIMON, and last, not least, the ATTORNEY-GENERAL. Perish the idea of the one-horse Judge! There are three County Court Bills already before a Select Committee. Let the Hon. Member wait till he sees what comes out of that cauldron, before flinging his own Bill atop of the seething mass of County Court Reform.

Mr. COWEN took the hint, and withdrew his daring Bill. We have not yet heard that he has had any mysterious stroke, such as in old times was wont to fall on those who laid rash hands on Altar or Palladium.

Thursday.—We have unfested or de-fested—which ever the word is—the University foundations of the past. But Government, by its Attorney-General, declines to fetter the pious founder of the future. He may fence his foundation with what conditions of creed he likes. This is in accordance with what the Courts have declared to be the law in the Hartford College case. But is it sound policy? Thus does a Tory Government set to rebuilding the walls which a Liberal Government of the future will have to pull down!

Mr. GREY and Mr. RUSSELL—the double-headed nightingale of South Northumberland—took their (or should we not rather say *his*) place, and the oaths, and signed the roll. As Stefano says in the *Fempest*, "Four legs and two voices—a most delicate monster!" What a pity both heads cannot be allowed to talk! "His

forward voice (which is that?—the Liberal?) to speak well of his friend (W. E. G. P.); his backward voice (the Tory?) to utter foul speeches and to detract." Evidently the function of the Tory voice just now. But we are not to have this new sensation. After the two have taken their one seat, the next business of the House will be to say which has a right to it; and then, like *Stefano*, "to pull its monster" by the lesser legs out of the seat, and so perform the operation which nobody adventured in the case of the Siamese Twins, and sever the united pair—at the cost of the Parliamentary life of the one who has no right to a place in the Collective Wisdom.

Then to Committee of Supply, in which Messrs. PARNELL, BIGGAR, and MACDONALD came out as Joseph Humes of the period, in denunciation of the monstrous waste of cheese-parings and candle-ends. If only the trio would be as economical of the public time as they profess themselves careful of the public money!

A very lively little "mill" between the home and foreign-made cigar. Mr. RITCHIE, bottle-holder for the British article, would weight the foreigner with two pence a pound extra duty, declaring that Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOOTE's proposal will be the death of the British Havannah. We should not much care for that, if the German Havannah were any better. But as it isn't, we cannot but wish that the British manufacturer were granted the two pence which Mr. RITCHIE says (and proved to an empty House by elaborate figures), will be his salvation. But Sir STAFFORD maintains his scale of duties. He says his new arrangement will promote "healthy competition." Does the competition between British and German-made Havannahs deserve to be called healthy? Is it not rather a competition of abominations?

Of course Sir STAFFORD carried his Motion, by 184 to 82, but Mr. RITCHIE made out his case for all that.

Then the House fought over Mr. DILLWYN's proposal to adjourn the Debate. The Budget will have to be recast, said hard-headed and hard-mouthed Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL. There will be the cost of transporting the Indian troops to Malta to provide for—a million and a half, at least, and not an inch of margin between revenue and expenditure. Is the House to have no opportunity of talking that over?

Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOOTE said the House would have ample opportunity when the Supplementary Estimate was brought in. But he had to give way after a Division, and the Third Reading of the Budget Bill was postponed till Monday, when Mr. FAWCETT, in the name of the British Lion, proposes to have it out with Government about bringing the Bengal Tiger into European waters. And Sir H. JAMES will ask an awkward question on the same ugly subject.

Friday.—The House and the Jewish community have lost a valuable Member in Sir F. GOLDSMID, a victim to Railway Directors' shameful neglect of obvious precautions for the safety of passengers, and to the supineness of their accomplices in Parliament. Now a very valuable life has been sacrificed, Colonel YOLLAND is making inquiries, and the Government will consider if nothing can be done. Query: will the killing of a Jewish Baronet have the same startling effect as SIDNEY SMITH anticipated from burning a Bishop?

Mr. JAMES called attention to the Parochial Charities of London. But will attention come, Mr. JAMES, when you do call for it?

Mr. CROSS is looking into this precious sink of iniquity, jobbery, and malversation. There is some hope in that. The Cross at the door was the old City sign of plague in the house, and a warning, "bring out your dead." Unfortunately, though the plague of vested interests in ancient wrongs is still raging, in the City and elsewhere, the abuses are not dead, but all alive oh! and the difficulty is in getting live abuses carted off. They used sometimes, it is said, to bury live plague-patients by mistake. It is hard to get that mistake made with living abuses.

Mr. GREGORY talked of Stock Exchange frauds and rascalities. Ah, if he will invent a Gregory's Mixture that will cleanse the City's bosom of that perilous stuff. General chorus to the air of "Pools and Their Money."

A Tory Utopia.

On the 9th instant, being the fiftieth anniversary of the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, a deputation of Dissenters, grateful for that vindication of religious liberty, waited on Earl RUSSELL at Richmond to present him with an address of thanks and congratulation. This being reported in the next day's news, occasioned old Mr. MILDEW to exclaim—

"The Test and Corporation Acts were bulwarks of the British Constitution, Sir. Their repeal was the first step to the subversion of the Monarchy. It was a fatal mistake, Sir. But the country might yet be saved. What I say is this. Re-enact the Test and Corporation Acts, unreform Parliament, repeal the Roman Catholic Emancipation Act, and restore Temple Bar!"

MOTTO FOR KEBLE COLLEGE.—Not fast men but fasting.

COCKNEYS AND COMMONS.



THE Commons all over with bloom
Are blazing, resplendent as
gold;
Out in blossom the gorse and the
broom—
What a glory and joy to behold!

From their flowers, when the
Zephyr is still,
And the sun in the firmament
glows,
His hot rays an aroma distil,
Which regalement affords to the
nose.

As thou crossest from Hammer-
smith's shore
By the Causeway suspended in
air,
See the holiday folk trooping
o'er
Posies emerald and golden that
bear.

They have been to Barnes Common, and thence
Broom and furze torn with fingers profane,
Upon Sundays, when multitudes dense
By the railways descend from Cockaigne.

Putney Heath and Ham Common as well,
And all Commons that London surround,
Those despoilers invading pell-mell
Very shortly will bare to the ground.

For our Commons we've fought with the few,
Their enclosure who compassed for gain.
To be spoiled by the popular crew,
Have we rescued their beauties in vain?

FOOD FOR FOREIGNERS.

A DEMONSTRATION of good old-fashioned British abhorrence of the ways of foreigners occurred the other day in the quarter where they most do congregate. On Saturday last week a shop for the sale of horse, donkey, and mule flesh, as in France, Belgium, and Italy, was opened in Castle Street, Leicester Square. Of course

"The event created an unusual amount of excitement in the neighbourhood, and demonstrations of aversion continued throughout the day on the part of a rough mob. So much was this the case, that half-a-dozen police-constables were engaged in keeping the roadway clear for the ordinary traffic, and in preventing an anticipated disturbance."

This outburst of popular displeasure meant something more than the mere intolerance, on the part of the roughs, of tastes different from their own, and the disposition to interfere with other people, which they share with anti-smokers and teetotal fanatics. It signified, also, that peculiar detestation of outlandish food which animated our forefathers, but has been latterly supposed dying out. This sentiment would probably have been much intensified if, besides flesh which the British Public deems unclean, there had been exposed on sale the additional abominations of snails and frogs; whilst the superaddition of a few of the esculent fungi they call toadstools would have driven them frantic. To eat of the flesh of mules and donkeys, at all events, may well have been considered by that crowd as an act of cannibalism.

A Reserve Force (in Medicine).

QUININE.—Former wholesale price, ten shillings an ounce; present wholesale price, sixteen shillings an ounce, and rising with the Warometer. *Practical Result:* Hospital and Club patients forced to go without it, and put up with inferior bitters in its stead.

Lucus a non Lucendo.

(A Strong Case.)

LORD BEACONSFIELD, at the Royal Academy Dinner, with the pictures of the year all round him, lauding the Imagination shown by English Artists.

BACKING THE FRENCH LOT.—*Champ de Mars* against the Field of ditto.



POLITE FICTIONS.

Mrs. Brown. "DEAR ME, MR. JONES, ARE THOSE TALL YOUNG LADIES REALLY YOURS? I HAD NO IDEA YOU HAD DAUGHTERS GROWN UP!"

Mrs. Jones (who is still possessed of considerable personal attractions). "OH, YES! I WAS MARRIED AT FIFTEEN, YOU KNOW! AND IS THAT YOUNG GENTLEMAN REALLY YOUR SON?"

Mrs. Brown (who is also possessed of ditto ditto ditto). "YES—A—I WAS MARRIED AT TWELVE!"

A GOLDEN WEDDING.

MAY 8, 1878.

(With Punch's regards and respects to Lord Russell.)

WHEN fifty years of wedded life and love have passed away.
'Tis a graceful German custom to celebrate the day
With a bending down of children to the crown of good grey hair,
Flowers, gifts, kind words, and wishes, to the old, from the young
and fair.

We have ta'en the "Golden Wedding," and from German made it
ours,
Young faces gathered round grey heads, good wishes, gifts, and
flowers;
But such a Golden Wedding as we to-day have seen,
Not often has had honour since such festivals have been.

The Golden Wedding of Lord JOHN and Liberty his love—
'Twixt the Russells' House and Liberty 'twas ever hand and glove—
His love in those dark ages he has lived through with his bride,
To look back on from the sunset of his quiet eventide:

His love, when 'twas not easy to love her as 'tis now,
When every knee is bent to her, and bared is every brow.
When his lady is *our* lady, who in honour hold the name
That was then proscribed and spit on—a mark for scorn and shame.

His love, when he that loved her and sought her for his own
Must do more than suit and service, must do battle, trumpet-blown;
Must slay the fiery dragons that guarded every gate
On the roads by which men travelled for work of Church and State.

His love, when he that loved her must breast an uphill track,
With ears shut to the voices that called him to turn back

To high hopes, great ambitions the world's best gifts to share—
Prize of pleasure, bait of profit, so he'd leave that lady rare—

Beautiful with a beauty seen through all the foulness flung
Upon her sad sweet face by smiting hand and scornful tongue.
He saw and loved that beauty, and true to it was he;
Through evil days and ill reports his well-beloved was she.

Now time brings its revenges, and all are loud to own
How beautiful a bride she was, how fond, how faithful shown.
But she knows the man who loved her when lovers were but few,
And she hails this Golden Wedding—fifty years of tried and true!

And see the happy family that gather round their knees,
The peaceful days, the ordered ways, just laws, and wide-spread
ease;
The young strength from the weakness of old hates strangely
sprung;
The sound of hymns for curses, peals of peace for tocsins rung.

Look and listen, my Lord RUSSELL, 'tis your Golden Wedding-day,
We may not press your brave old hand, but you hear what we've to
say—

A blessing on the bridal that has known its fifty years,
But never known its fallings out, delusions, doubts, or fears.

Thomas and John.

AMONGST the signatures to the "Declaration against War," headed by the Duke of WESTMINSTER, occurs the name of THOMAS CARLYLE. Mr. CARLYLE is not generally believed to be a partisan of peace at any price; and the most vehement of Anti-Russians might suspect that there may be something to be said for the side on which THOMAS of Chelsea is at one with "JOHN of Birmingham."



27

A DELIGHTFUL ACQUAINTANCE.

H.R.H. "REALLY, MADEMOISELLE, YOU LOOK CHARMING IN YOUR NEW CAP!"
LA RÉPUBLIQUE (*in a flutter of delight*). "AH, ALTESSE!"

OUR OWN GUIDE TO THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Instructions—Observations—Three Belles—Lily and the Lion—The Road to Ruin—No. 1 Round the Corner.



E in time! Walk up! and see the Show! Here's your own faithful and friendly Guide. No Pits, Boxes, or Stalls—all Gallery. Walk up! Walk up!

Pawn your umbrella at the counter on the left, and get a ticket. You won't get more than eightpence on the best silk, but this is a shilling for admission, and sixpence for the Catalogue. Mind, insist on receiving this amount from the sideman who hands you your ticket. Often the umbrellas are re-

ceived, the ticket given, and no money with it. Clearly this is wrong.

The men behind the counter are called, officially, the Uncles of all the Umbrellas.

Up the steps to the wicket.

Now to everybody.

You can occupy a few moments, and lighten the labours of the wicket-keepers, by pointing to the right-hand wicket, and asking, "How's that umpire? Out!"—the word "Out" being written up very distinctly.

If you go in by the centre gate you pay a shilling. But the pleasanter, and cheaper route, is to go to the gate on the left—carefully observe this direction—where you will see a book. By merely inscribing your name in this book you can pass in for nothing. Why so few avail themselves of this privilege, can only be accounted for by the existence of that hauteur and reserve, which is so characteristic of the English people, who object to giving their names in public, and who are positively timid about signing anything, without having previously read it.

You can sign your own name, as your presence in the Academy will inflict no lasting disgrace on your family. But should you prefer to use a *nom de plume* or a *nom de pinceau*, write yourself down as "MILLAIS" or "LEIGHTON," or any Academician on the list. They're all good fellows, every one of them, and they won't mind it, bless you!

Of course, much depends upon how often you intend inspecting the Academy; also what intervals are to elapse between your visits, and so forth. In all this let prudence and economy control your actions. *Valete et plaudite.*

Now then, "In I go, JONES," as SMITH said to his friend. Whereupon the other wag, annoyed, retorted, "Barn JONES!" And so we go to

Gallery No. I.

No. 2. Mrs. LANGTRY: a Sketch. By H. WEIGALL. As there are three portraits of this lady in the Academy, we will jump at once into Galleries II. and III., and classify them thus:—

No. 2. (Gal. No. I.—or First "Gal.") Mrs. LANGTRY, a sketch. By H. WEIGALL.

No. 155. (Gal. No. II.—same "Gal" again, though.) Mrs. LANGTRY. By E. J. POYNTER, R.A.

No. 307. (Gal. No. III.—still the same "Gal," only more so.) "A Jersey Lily." By J. E. MILLAIS, R.A.

And sum them up—

Gal. No. I. POINT. Gal. No. II. POYNTER. Gal. No. III. POYNTER.

No doubt about it. Here we have positive, comparative, superlative, as plain as a pikestaff—no, I mean as beautiful as a butterfly.

The Lily of Jersey is lovely. So are the pears of Jersey; delicious!

But there can't be such a pair (of this kind of Lily I mean) even in Jersey. Jersey is one of the Flannel Islands. I am glad to think that I wear Jersey next my heart! Let us sigh, and pass on. What a poem I could write, if there were only a few more naturally easy rhymes to Jersey! A song,—with music by WELLINGTON GUERNSEY. There was a composer of that name, I'm sure.

In all the towns upon the Morsey,
There's no such Lily as in Jersey:
In fact, the case is *vice versa*.

But then perhaps this would be a libel, unless it were accepted as a poetic license, which is the sort of license that Sir Courts MILLS has got from the Magistrates—a license of imagination.

A propos of Jersey, the Ladies and Gentlemen whom I am addressing may not be aware that one of the Flannel Islands claims to have been high and dry at the time of the Deluge. It was here that NOAH and his family stayed, for some time, during that season. Hence its name—*Noah's Sark*. It was here that NOAH went ashore, or, as the Nautical Poet says,—

"Mister NOAH
Went ashore."

And when he left, the inhabitants, in grateful memory of his brief stay, erased the patriarch's name from their visitors' list, never mentioned him in conversation, and simply spoke of their island as Sark. You see, Ladies and Gentlemen, as was lately pointed out in a *Times* leading article, you do get some information by coming to the Academy, *me dace*, which you wouldn't have obtained, if you had stayed away. Moral.—Never stay away.

One more couplet, Ladies and Gentlemen. Give your orders while the Divine Affatus is in the room. Another dish of couplets—hot and hot:—

Come with me to Piccadilly,
Come with me to Pick a Lily,
Painted by our Mister MILLY.

That's a couplet and a half.

'Arry the Irrepressible (among the bystanders). I say, what sort of ilo did MILLAIS use for this pictur' (Without waiting for the answer.) Why, *Ils o' Jersey*, to be sure!

[Exit 'ARRY by one door, and re-enter by another.]

Finding myself (as your guide) in Gallery No. III., whither I have strayed in search of the "Jersey Lily" (let J. M. M. be knighted at once for this as Sir PETER LILY), I cannot allow you to return, without visiting at once

Nos. 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, forming the series, called "The Road to Ruin,"—by W. P. FRITH, R.A.

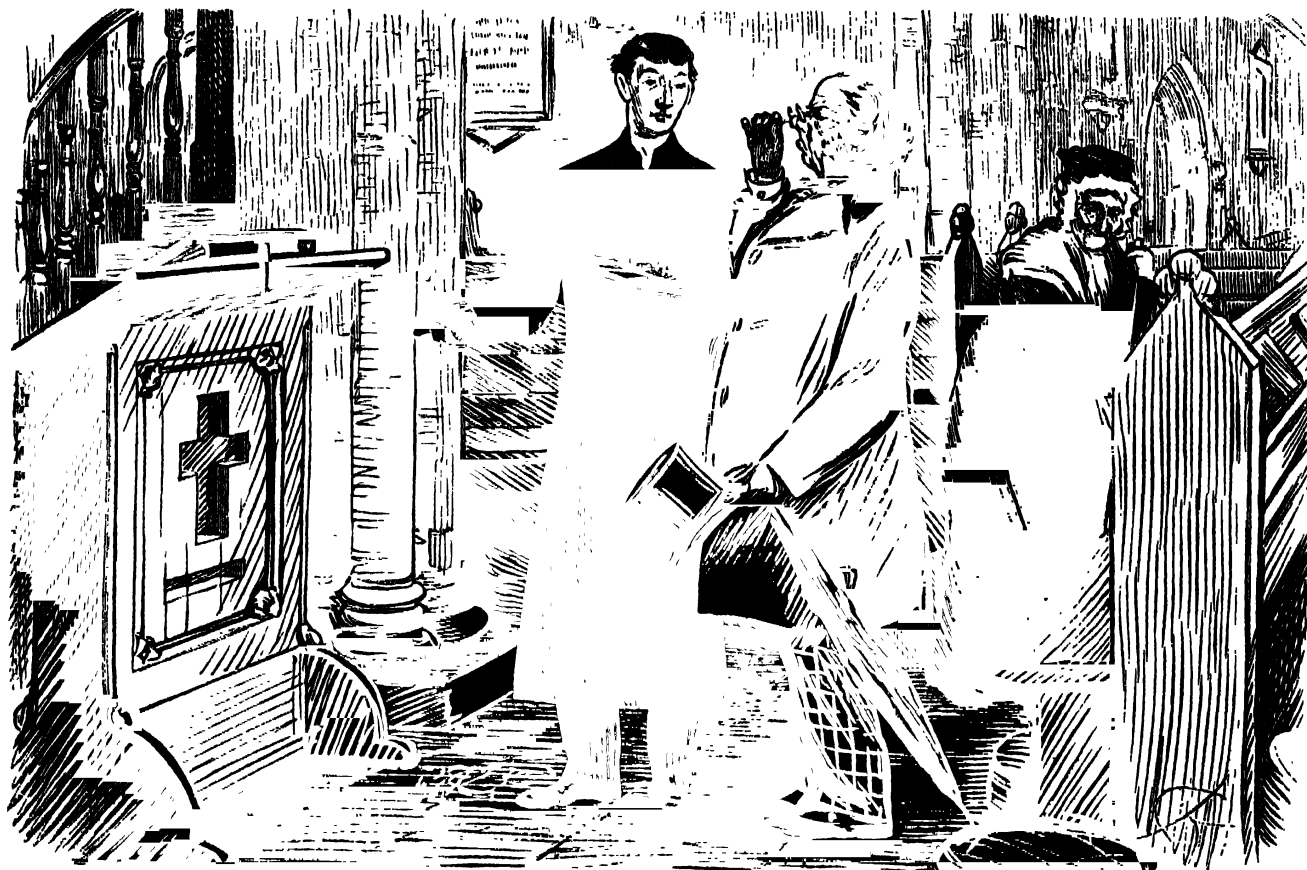
Even the Policeman (Constable R.A.), who is placed there to keep the spectators moving, is deeply affected. He assumes indifference; but ever and anon he turns away to wipe a manly tear, and perhaps, methinks, to seek some refreshment from a small supply of walnuts, which he has ready, aye ready, for eating, all shelled, picked, and carefully prepared in his tail-pocket. He is a study in Blue. *Circulez, Mesdames et Messieurs!*

Now, then, No. 1, "Loo in College." Will you take Miss? Evidently the first Miss-take. Notice that the Room itself is in Quad—in the College Quad, of course; but thus it is that the Artist allows coming events to forecast their shadows: for in Picture No. 293, the young man himself, long after his College days are over, will be on his road to Quad.

No. 292, Ascot or a view of the Gamb'ling, and the Playing on the Green.

No. 293, The Shadows, forecast in No. 291, arrive; and they are very shady. *Arcades ambo*, Sheriff's Officers both.

In No. 294, the Fool, who has so soon "parted," is in Boulogne, where he has tried to write a play, and hasn't succeeded. Again, see the irony of the first of the series made to tell even here! He had neglected his learning at the University! French had not been a compulsory part of the Academical Education. Oh, would it had been! For even now he might have retrieved his fallen fortunes. By translating and adapting a few French plays, which he could have bought cheap in their own native land, he could have secured a modest competency. But no: he has to depend on his own brains; and, alas! he has none. Yet stay!—he has, he must have—for in No. 295, he has bought a pistol (the French play would have been so much cheaper, and far more remunerative), and is going to blow those brains out. *Is he?* that's the question. Mr. FRITH calls this "The End." But I ask, with *Miss Squeers*, in *Nicholas Nickleby*, "Is this the hend?" and I answer, "Yes, so far as the series and the moral is concerned." But, no: it is not the end, dramatically; and be it my cheerful mission to make the spectators happy, as they tail off from this last powerful and sad impression, with a sigh, wishing that the curtain would rise once more, and show a gleam of happiness. I ring the bell; I raise the curtain. Believe me, that young scamp has had far more brains than Mr. FRITH all along has given him credit for. I am certain, that this apparent simpleton—whom we will call *SARXY*—has been playing a deep game.



CONSPICUOUS BY ITS ABSENCE.

Crafty Ritualist (to influential Churchwarden, who has heard complaints about the new Reading-Desk, and has come to see about it). "‘CROSS,’ MY DEAR SIR? WHY, YOU SEE, NOT ONLY IS THERE NO CROSS ON IT, BUT ONE HAS ACTUALLY BEEN TAKEN AWAY!"

Scene, the same as in No. 295. SAMMY, the Young Mun places the pistol to his head, having fixed on the precise spot where his brains are.

Sammy (desperately and very loudly). Now—at last—to end this wretched existence!—to finish this miserable life, which only brings misery to all who love me. Farewell, my own dear EMILY (his wife). Farewell, my little TOMMY, my BILLY, my—(goes on with the names of his family, including the Boulogne Baby: then, wildly). "Come, Desperation, lend thy furious—"

[The door is suddenly burst open, and enter Uncle JOE, Aunt DEBORAH, the Wife, and Children.

Uncle JOE (knocking the pistol out of his hand, and concluding the quotation). "Hold!"

[Pistol goes off harmlessly in the air: nothing in it except powder. AMELIA, his Wife, throws herself on him: his Children cling to his knees: Aunt DEBORAH clasps her hands in gratitude to Heaven: and Uncle JOE stands in a conventional but impressive attitude. Tableau.

Uncle JOE. SAMMY, my boy, unbeknown to you, I have watched over your struggles and temptations. Like Burchell in the Vicar of Wakefield, and Oliver in the School for Scandal, I have been an Uncle in disguise. It was I (in a white hat and a green veil) who encouraged you to bet at Ascot: it was I, who, disguised as Smouch, the Sheriff's Officer, presented you with a writ (on which occasion I tipped the servants not to tell, though they would stay and enjoy the joke on the landing); and it was I, who, attired as a Boulogne landlady, traded upon your ignorance of foreign customs, and the French tongue, in order to charge you five francs fifty for shrimps and tea, and then expostulate with you in Boulogne Billingsgate. This angel (pointing to his niece) has told us all! Here is a cheque for two hundred thousand pounds, and you'll all come home to tea, and live with us. DEN! you goose! (to his sister) don't cry! I'm an old (sob) fool, I (sob) know, but I can't (sob) help it!

[Bursts into tears.

Sammy (seizing the cheque, and deeply affected). Uncle! Aunt! How can I ever repay you! (Anticipates their answer, and continues with effusion.) Never! (Aside to his wife.) I say, AMELIA,

we've managed it first-rate! The old 'uns 'll never suspect. (Aloud to spectators at the Academy.) And if our "friends in front" will only forgive past failings, and smile upon our future errors, there will not go home to tea this evening, a happier party, than those who complete the picture, and finish the tale in my

ATTIC STORY

on the last stage, étage au cinquième, of

THE ROAD TO RUIN.

Music. Limelight. Curtain. Everybody "called," and Mr. FRITH bows his acknowledgments from a private paint-box.

'Arry (one of the friends in front, to Constable R.A.). But, I say, why did he come over to England? When he were in France, at B'logne, why 'adn't he B'lown his brains out there?

Constable R.A. (indignantly). Move on, Sir, please!

[‘Arry disappears.

And now, Ladies and Gentlemen, we will return to Gal. No. I.—the Gal. we left behind us—and commence with what is so often a lever du rideau at the theatres, the laughable farce of "No. 1 Round the Corner," which here is

No. 1. IMOGEN. By WM. FISHER. A work of pure Imogenation. Observe her eye! FISHER ought to catch it. He has.

That's quite enough for to-day. We'll go straight on at our next visit. Au revoir!

A Really Broad Churchman.

THIS is a real advertisement from a Hampshire organ, not unknown to Sir H. D. WOLFF:—

TO CLERGYMEN.—A UNIVERSITY GRADUATE will be glad to FURNISH SERMONS on reasonable terms. Theological views as may be desired. Warranted original, and never previously supplied. Evangelical, Ritualistic, or Latitudinarian. Always on hand, a choice selection of effective quotations, suitable either for the pulpit or the platform. Terms exceedingly moderate. Strictest confidence observed. For further particulars, apply, &c.



LAST RESOURCE.

POOR JONES, DETERMINED TO FIND AN UNPREJUDICED PUBLIC, TAKES HIS SEAT EARLY IN PICCADILLY, WITH HIS REJECTED PICTURE ON HIS KNEES.

PLAYING THE PREROGATIVE.

A FANCY OF THE FUTURE.

(Dedicated Respectfully to a Distinguished Quarterly Reviewer.)

THE Policeman passed, and did not notice them.

Then the two cloaked figures crept cautiously into the shadows; and as the iron tongue of Big Ben tolled out the still morning hour of one, as if by a common consent, they removed their masks.

"Well, my Lord Marquis," said the Earl of B-C-N-S-F-LD, for the elder of the two strangers was no other than the celebrated Statesman whose genius had created this stirring epoch; "well, and how does it all work?" There was an undertone of assured triumph in his voice, and, as he spoke, he carelessly flung back the rich folds of his Venetian cloak, at the same time disclosing the revolver, dark-lantern, and kitchen poker, with which he was modestly but efficiently equipped.

The sight of the weapons seemed to recall the wandering attention of his colleague, who had been gazing vacantly in the direction of Parliament Street. "How does it work?" he replied, absently echoing the interrogatory of his Chief, "how does it work? Ah! of

course. Well, it works well—very well!" And then the poor worn-out voice grew husky, and human nature, struggling with the strain that was this once to prove too much for her, gave way.

The proudest Peer in the House, the gallant, light-hearted Marquis of S-L-S-B-R-Y stood here in the dark, at the foot of Westminster Bridge, and wept like a little child.

The Author of *Tancred* was not the man to deal roughly with an outburst of emotion, however ill-timed. Though the impatient beating of his foot upon the pavement showed that he was annoyed at the interruption, he let it take its course.

"He is a little over-taxed," he said, thoughtfully. "This Government of two, of which he alone discharges the duties of the entire Executive, is beginning to tell upon him;" and he was about to address a few kindly words of encouragement to the now calmer Marquis, when the latter spoke.

"This is my day's work," he said, brightening visibly, as he pulled a pen-cilled list from his waistcoat-pocket. "Shall I read it to you?" His companion gave a slight nod. He went on.

"The rest of the Cabinet have been seized and placed in honorary confinement in Rosherville Gardens."

A slow glimmer of satisfaction half-kindled the eyes of the listening Earl. "Good!" he cried; "very good! When we have to govern a great country without a Parliament we can't mince matters, eh? Go on, my Lord, go on! Rosherville Gardens! Very good! Go on!"

The night wind wailed through the grand old constitutional battlements above, and then the voice of the Marquis seemed to sink to a deeper note as he continued.

"We have to govern without a Parliament, and—without supplies!" There was a slight irony in his voice now, but he resumed—"That obstacle, however, has been overcome. To-day all the Chelsea china in Belgravia has been seized by Special Commissioners, and to-morrow Government hirelings will empty the tills at all the Metropolitan Stations; while, on Saturday, the contents of the treasury of every theatre in London will be simultaneously seized at one o'clock precisely, and brought straight to the Horse Guards!"

"There will be money for the troops—piles of money for the troops," replied the Earl with an enthusiastic laugh. "Ha! ha! Who says that the sinews of war are not within the prerogative of the Crown!" And he twined his arm familiarly in that of his colleague, and made a movement as if he would depart.

"Come!" he said jovially—"day is breaking. We will breakfast at the Grosvenor."

In another minute the two figures, now masked and silent, were stealing stealthily towards Charing Cross;—stealthily, for these were troublous times, and martial law was the stern but necessary order of the day.

"Stop!—we're spotted!" whispered the younger Statesman, as the two halted, suddenly, opposite the Horse Guards. "The sentry has seen us!"

"Yah! yah! is dat you, JON?" came the challenge across the vacant cab-stand; while the West Indian Sepoy, who was doing duty for the two Blues who were at that moment encamped with their Regiment at the top of the Himalayas, covered them with his rifle.

"Don't be alarmed. I have the password from the Duke," said the Earl, jauntily, under his breath. "Listen!" And

then, with a sweet strong voice, and perfect Ethiopian accent, he cried, "Ole Jox, kickin' up ahind and afore."

In an instant the rifle dropped, and on the fresh morning air was borne the countersign, "Pass, Ole Jox. All well! Yah! yah!" Exchanging a smile of satisfaction, the two Statesmen proceeded on their way towards Charing Cross.

"The Caffres have quite astonished Windsor, I hear," said the Marquis, gaining courage, as they neared the statue of CHARLES THE FIRST. "Certainly the 'importation of the Empire' was a fine card to play."

"It was," rejoined his chief, gazing proudly up at NELSON'S cocked hat; "but it was nothing to playing the Prerogative."

BEAUTIES AND BELLES.



N acknowledging "The Navy" at the Royal Academy Dinner, Mr. W. H. SMITH said:—

"My friend sitting on my right has complained to me that the ships of the present day are unpaintable. That is no doubt to be regretted, but the sailor always conceives that to be a beautiful ship which is capable of doing its duty thoroughly, and maintaining the honour of its flag."

Although our modern Iron-clads are unpaintable, they are nevertheless beautiful enough to be "beauties without paint." So are our Muslin-clads, all of them—if they would only think so.

THE HAUNTED LIMBO.

*A May-Night Vision, after a Visit to the Grosvenor Gallery.
(With acknowledgment of a hint from Hood)*

I.

A WORLD of whim I wandered in of late,
A limbo all unknown to common mortals;
But in the drear night-watches 'twas my fate
To pass within its portals.

Dusk warders, dim and drowsy, drew aside
What seemed a shadowy unsubstantial curtain,
And pointed onwards as with pain or pride,
But which appeared uncertain.

I entered, and an opiate influence stole,
Like semi-palsy, over thought and feeling,
And with inebriate haziness my soul
Seemed rapt almost to reeling.

For over all there hung a glamour queer,
A sense of something odd the spirit daunted,
And said, like a witch-whisper in the ear,
"The place is haunted!"

II.

Those women, ah, those women! They were white,
Blue, green, and grey,—all hues, save those of nature,
Bony of frame, and dim and dull of sight,
And parlous tall of stature.

Are longa est,—aye, very long indeed,
And long as Art were all these High-Art ladies,
And wan, and weird; one might suppose the breed
A cross 'twixt earth and Hades.

If poor Persephone to the Dark King
Had children borne, after that rape from Enna,
Much so might they have looked, when suffering
From too much salts and senna.

Many their guises, but no various grace
Or changeful charm relieved their sombre sameness;
Of form contorted, and cadaverous face,
And limp lopsided lameness.

Venus was there; at least, they called her so:
A pallid person with a jaw protrusive,
Who palpably had found all passion slow,
And all delight delusive.

No marvel she looked *passé*, peevish, pale,
Unlovely, languid, and with doldrums laden.
To cheer her praise of knights might not avail,
Nor chaunt of moon-eyed maiden.

Laus Veneris! they sang; the music rose
More like a requiem than a gladsome pean.
With sullen lip and earth-averted nose
Listened the Cytherean.

This Aphrodite? Then methought I heard
Loud laughter of the Queen of Love, full scornful
Of this dull simulacrum, strained, absurd,
Green-sick, and mutely mournful.

A solid Psyche and a podgy Pan,
A pulpy Cupid crying on a column,
A skew-limbed Luna, a Peona wan,
A Man and Mischief solemn;

A moonlight-coloured maiden—she was hight
Ophelia, but poor *Hamlet* would have frightened—
A wondrous creature called the Shulamite,
With vesture quaintly tightened;

These and such other phantasms seemed to fill
Those silk-hung vistas, which, though fair and roomy,
Nathless seemed straitened, close, oppressive, still,
And gogglesome and gloomy.

For over all there hung a glamour queer,
A sense of something odd the spirit daunted;
And said, like a witch-whisper in the ear,
"The place is haunted!"

III.

And there were creatures, nondescript, half-nude,
With flesh and raiment of amazing colours;
With strange and spectral life they seemed endued,
A prey to nameless dolours.

Carven from teak, hewn out of malachite,
Of moonshine some, and some of cheese half-rotten,
Their forms appeared, oppressive to the sight,
Monstrous and misbegotten.

And when they stood, they ever stood askew,
And if perchance they walked they always hobbled.
Limbs had they that like twisted thorn-trunks grew,
And heads which wagged and wobbled.

They hung all huddled in the dim inane,
Helpless as the three legs on a Manx penny,
Tangled in snaky scarves, as vesture vain,
Or else they wore not any.

"What, what are these monstrosities?" I cried.
"Chimeras worse than aught in ancient stories?"
Then, in reproof, a solemn voice replied,
"These things are allegories!"

A Time (of teak), a Death (of mouldy cheese);
Day, standing cramped and dismal in a doorway;
Spring, lolling limply, hopeless, ill at ease;
And Summer, chill as Norway!

I could no more; I veiled my wearied eyes.
I said, "Is this indeed the High Ideal?"
If so, give me plain faces, common skies,
The homely and the real."

But no, this limbo is *not* that fair land,
Beloved of soaring fancies, hearts ecstasie;
'Tis the Fools' Paradise of a small band,
Queer, crude, absurd, erratic.

I turned, and murmured, as I passed away,
"Such limbos of mimetic immaturity
Have no abiding hold e'en on to-day,
Of fame no calm security."

For over all there hung a glamour queer,
A sense of something odd the spirit daunted,
And said, like a witch-whisper in the ear,
"This place is haunted!"

Plates before Pictures.

THE LORD MAYOR, on a recent appropriate occasion, took the opportunity to call attention to the absence of Pictorial Art from the Mansion House. The want of paintings at the Civic Palace has doubtless remained unnoticed chiefly because the attention of everybody there has been exclusively devoted to the plates.



MYOPIA.

Little Binks (to Unsteady Party who had lurched heavily against him). "I BEG YOUR PARDON, I'M SURE, BUT I'M VERY SHORTSIGHTED—"

Dissipated Stranger. "DO' MENSHT, SHIL—[I'VE MET GOO' MANY SHOR'SIGHT PROPL'EM MORN', BU' YOU'RE FIRSH GEN'L'M'N MADE 'SHL'SHT' POLOGY!]"

THE PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

FRAGMENTS OF A PROJECTED AESTHETICO-POLITICAL EPIC.

By the E-RL OF B-C-NSF-LD.

"Of late years the English School has given an indication of aiming at a higher range of imaginative composition than has hitherto prevailed; and I am not surprised at such an indication, because a national School of Art must inevitably in the long run represent the character of the nation to which it belongs. And certainly if there is an imaginative Nation in the World, it is the English Nation."—Lord BEACONSFIELD at the Academy Dinner.

These are thy works, Supernal Phantasy!
Dower divine of the Caucasian mind,
And heritage of England! Some there be
Who sneer at Saxondom as dull and slow;
Myself in earlier days—but there, no matter!
Standing amidst this annual Art-array,
This periodic Paradise of Paint,
Who dares deny the Gods' divinest gift
To the imperial race I deign to rule,
And, ruling, to inspire? "Inspire?" Precisely.

Semitic inspiration, Asian fire,
And Orient *finesse*, these things it needs
To supplement the Shakspeare in its blood.
A Polyphemus huge, to which I lend
Touch of Ulysses, quickening its bulk
With alien energy.

But standing here
Amid his yearly yield of phantasy,
I laud the Titan. So *Titania*
Might deftly tickle waking *Bottom's* ears,
And praise him for the beauty of his dreams.

Dreams rule us, and great dreamers rule the World,
That is, when they can well discriminate

'Twixt Vision and mere Nightmare. Here be dreams,

A twelvemonth's tale of them from May to May,
Set forth on canvas. I work out *my* dreams
On the world's solid stage; but Phantasy
Is fashioner of both.

The High Ideal,
Like *la haute politique*, attracts high souls,
Imagination's favourite realm. And here?
Humph! No Madonnas simper from these walls;
Lords of the Silver Bow are absent here;
But the Ideal is a Protean Sprite,
And hath as many Avatars as Vishnu.
Job, Psyche, Hamlet, Faust, Sidonia—
What matter, so the constant soul inform
The changing shape? Here, truly, it takes many!
Religious? Here what Syrian fervour burns!
What more than Grecian fire and Grecian glow
Tasked to excoogitate that infant Samuel,
Or plan the wild perspective of yon plain!
Lacks not the wondrous power which "bodies forth
The form of things *unknown*." Historic? Humph!
"Historic Conscience" has been charged with freak
And whim, but what are they to the strange work
Of Art's historic fancy? Then again
The Idyllic! With what fervour does rapt fancy
Devote itself to pools and pretty girls
In classic poses! Last (which should be first),
The dear Domestic, idol of the day,
In every phase of moony sentiment
And mild facetiousness!

Imagination?
Stage-properties, and papp, and pretty-pretty!
With spurts of the fantastic and the insane!
So sums the Cynic. So might I have summed,
In days when I was Ishmael undisguised.
But now,—well, my Beotian Behemoth
Likes titillation; since he's well in hand,
The spur's superfluous, and might spoil all.
'Twill please poor Polyphemus to imagine
That he's imaginative. *Bourgeois* taste,
Parochial inspiration, homespun feeling,
And bagman comicality, alike
Are rampant here, and war with the Ideal,
Ay, e'en as nigger minstrelsy might war
With the Olympian music of Apollo.
Cockney conceptions and *bizarre* conceits,
Are these Imagination's rightful issue,
Or births of smug complacent commonplace
And straining impotence?

No matter! Could they,
These solid Britons, soar, they'd scarcely stoop
To my *manège*. The dullards once derided
My own Ideals; called them tawdry, turgid,
Mere soap-bubble, pyrotechnic glitter:
Now is 't not a magnanimous return,
In view of this array of housewife Art—
FRITH'S tragedy, the comedy of CROWE,
The poetry of POOLE, the historic force
Of COPE, or HART, or THORNBURN—is 't not kind
To laud their wealth of latent sentiment,
Their passion for heroic incident,
Ideal beauty, intellectual grace?
Sphinx compliments Chimera! Well, at need
Phœbus divine, Lord of the Silver Bow,
May sometimes draw the *long* one; ay, and hit
The white, although his target is not Truth.
But, say, the pleasures of Imagination.

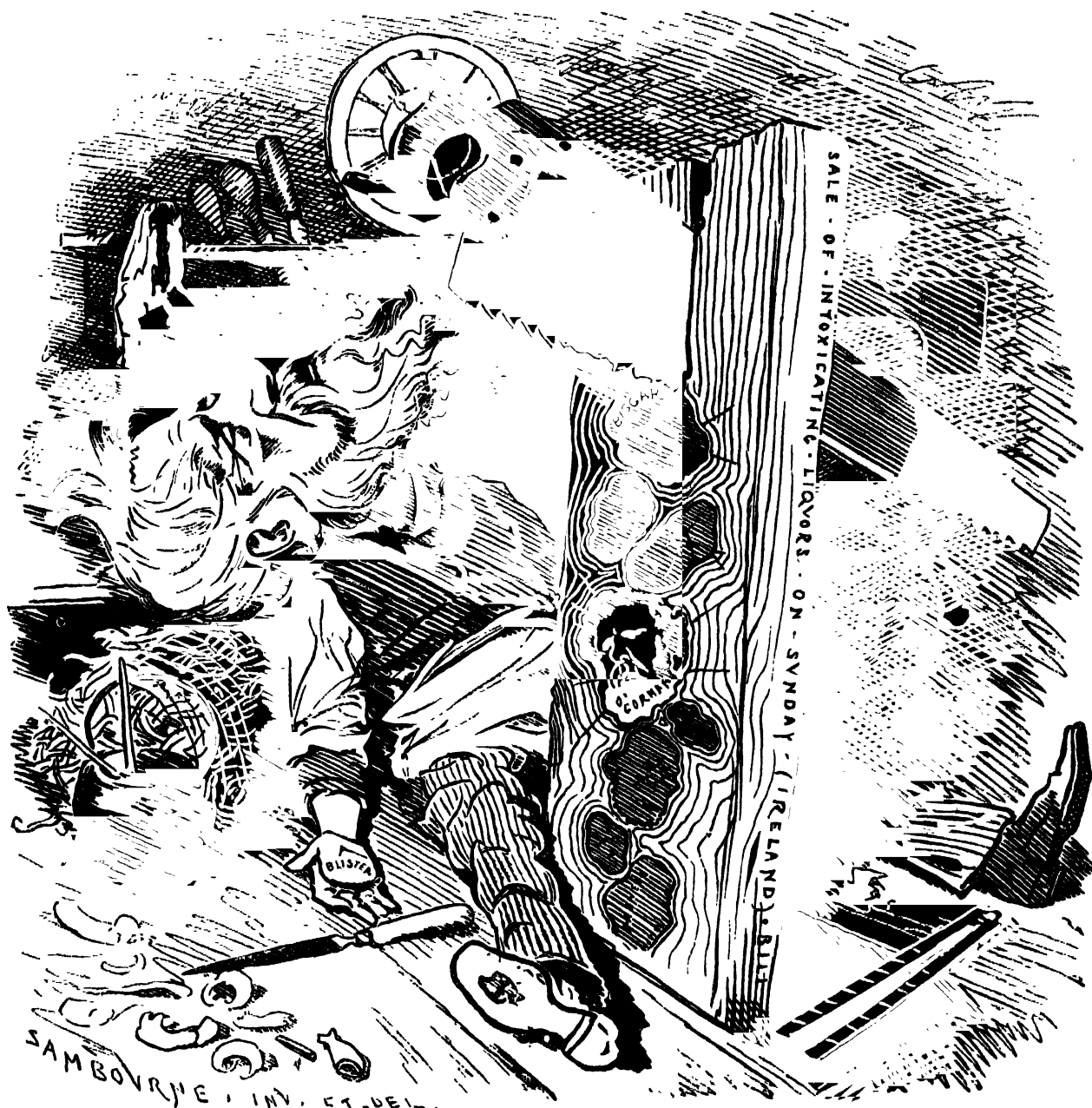
Beer and Biscuits.

PALMER, Quaker, Liberal, Gladstonite, Anti-Jingo, and great local biscuit-baker, has been returned for Reading by a triumphant majority. Call you this nothing? ATTENBOROUGH, the Tory, had no chance, though he offered the electors a perfect assortment of pledges. After Tamworth, Reading! Is there no reaction here? Or will the Jingoers, as they thrust "Beer" down our throats in the one case, cram "Biscuits" into our mouths in the other?

ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

"FINGERS"—our black defenders. "Jingoers"—our black guards.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



MONDAY, May 13.—The Lords came back from their holiday in the country to their holiday in the House.

Lord SELBORNE is going to raise the Constitutional question of the employment of Indian troops out of India without consent of Parliament.

Et après ?

(Commons).—Sir H. JAMES asked his question, "Will the troops moved from India bring up the forces employed above the number authorised by Parliament?"—and got his answer, "They will."

Et après ?

Next Monday the Marquis of HARTINGTON means to raise the Constitutional question, "Is the Bill of Rights still in force?"

Et après ?

In the mean time, by way of rehearsal, on Third Reading of the Budget Bill, the question was trotted out by Mr. H. VIVIAN, who contended, in a smart speech, in which he did not mince his words, that "Government had not only cast a slight upon Parliament, but had behaved in a highly unconstitutional manner."

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER explained, at the length

which indicated a bad case, how it was that Parliament had not heard a whisper of what the Government intended. On the 27th the Cabinet decided "on principle" to move Indian troops to a Mediterranean garrison. On the 28th Lord DERRY resigned. On the 4th of April came the Budget. Not till the 12th did the India Office send authority to the Viceroy to move the troops to Malta; not till the 16th were the necessary orders given in India. "How could I move an estimate for the cost of movements still *in nubibus*?"

All very well, Sir STAFFORD. But the House was still sitting when the movement was determined on, and heard nothing of it.

Mr. DODSON thought the Government had jockeyed Parliament.

Mr. ARTHUR MILLS thought they had done quite the right thing.

Mr. MITCHELL HENRY protested against this fashion of astonishing Europe behind the back of Parliament.

Mr. RYLANDS did not see, if this sort of thing might be done, what protection we had from the Bill of Rights.

Mr. FRASE protested against the way the House had been treated by the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER. So did Mr. E. JENKINS, Mr. NEWDEGATE, and Mr. LAING.



PATRONAGE.

Stone-breaker (to Artist). "TIME! IS BAD, MASTER; BUT IF YOU'LL DRAW IN ME AN' MY MATE, WE'D NOT MIND STANDIN' A PINT O' FOUR!"

(Methinks our Members "do protest too much," if nothing but protest is to come of it.)

And then the Bill was passed by 111 to 19; and another effort of Opposition force was frittered away.

Then to Supply.

Mr. O'DONNELL, complaining of the injustice done to Irish Members in the Reports, moved to cut down the vote for Mr. HANSARD by £3000, and Mr. GRAY "backing him," was grievously mewed down, to Mr. SULLIVAN's great wrath. Mr. O'CONNOR POWER was even within an ace of dragging, as he said, the mewing Member "to justice." Mr. GRAY deprecated this. He looked on the incident merely as evidence in favour of DARWIN's doctrine of development. He was told the Honourable Member who mewed could also crow.

Ultimately HANSARD saved his £3,000 by 278 to 26, and then Mr. O'DONNELL fell foul of the salary of the Editor of the *Gazette*. Why don't they give the post to Mr. O'DONNELL?

The Member for Dungarvan then turned his powerful mind to the vote for Stationery for the Queen's Colleges in Ireland, to which Irish Roman Catholic Members have pledged themselves to stop the supplies. But surely between Obstructives and Stationery there should be not hostility, but harmony. Altogether, however, the Irish Members managed to give the House what no doubt they would call a good time.

And then, about two in the morning, when the reporters had put up their books, and quiet Members were looking forward to bed, came on, of all Bills, the Irish Sunday Closing Bill; and the Irish Members, for and against, set in for serious Obstruction, and showed their mastery of the Art by dividing on Motions to report progress, and that the Chairman do leave the chair, till twenty-five minutes to ten on Tuesday morning.

Punch takes leave to congratulate the House and the Irish Members on their night's work! Time was made for slaves.

Tuesday (Lords).—Bishoprics Bill read a Third Time, though Lord ROXBOROUGH thinks "suffragans" would be more economical, more elastic, and more efficient.

"An elastic episcopacy," is a new idea. But their Lordships preferred the less elastic arrangements of the Bill, and passed it by 107 to 83.

(*Commons.*)—Mr. O'MORGAN moved, and got, a Select Committee, to inquire what steps ought to be taken to simplify land-title and facilitate land-transfer. Why should not Honourable Members inquire if it amuses them? The lawyers can give you the best reasons why the inquiry should come to nothing. At the same time, is there any parliamentary reason why the House should add one more to its many egregious failures to give the lawyers the go-by.

Sir H. JAMES gave excellent reasons for moving a Resolution that City Aldermen and Common Councilmen should not elect judges.

Mr. C. LEWIS moved a counter Resolution, to the effect that they did it beautifully.

The debate resolved itself into a discussion of recent appointments; and ended in 102 to 57 for Recorder CHAMBERS and Common Serjeant CHARLEY. Summary of the debate, "Alarums, excursions, and Chambers let off," and "Charley is my Darling."

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL brought in Sir J. STEPHEN's Bill for amending the law relating to indictable offences. Can it be possible that so excellent a measure has any chance of becoming law? It would be enough to neutralise the bad work of even this Session.

Wednesday.—Mr. MELDON moved his Bill for assimilating Irish Borough Franchise to English and Scotch. Except Mr. WARD, the Irish supporters of the Bill held their tongues—for once. The opponents of the measure had all the talk to themselves. There had been a good whip for the Bill. A considerable body of advanced English Members supported it; so it was only rejected by 228 to 197. Is it possible that anything could make the Irish constituencies worse? If so, probably this change would do it.

Thursday (Lords).—The Third Reading of the Factories and Workshops Bill brought up Lord SHAFTESBURY on the riots which are now disgracing Lancashire, and renewing the excesses of a past generation. His Lordship, speaking for the great bulk of the operatives, declared his conviction that these riots were the work of "the idle, the vagabond, and the worthless." But they ought to be disclaimed by the best of their fellows.

The first fruits of the calling out of the Reserves, the starvation of wives and children, were discussed. The men had come forward at the call of the Government. Were their wives and children to be

thrown on the rates, or taken charge of by the War Office? The one course seems cruel; the other is dangerous.

Lord CARDWELL hoped the Government would deal with the matter in a just, fair, and generous spirit. So does *Punch*. So does England.

Lord BEACONSFIELD felt the subject to be one "of a highly interesting character." The wives and children of the Reserve men were already receiving their allowances in advance instead of in arrears, "which was, of course, an advantage," and showed the Government were not indifferent to the matter. But he would rather Lord DELAWARE did not ask for the correspondence about it between the War Office and Boards of Guardians. It might not be pleasant for the War Office.

(*Commons*.)—The House talked about the Lancashire Riots; Mr. CROSS sums up the Home Office instructions, which are unexceptionable, "Order must be preserved, but the greatest discretion must be used in employing the military."

In Supply, another Irish row over the Queen's Colleges' stationery. "The Queen's Colleges' stationery"? Would they *were* stationary. We shouldn't have all this row about them. It is their advanced and advancing character that makes them intolerable to the Priests and their nominees. But the row! We have all read or heard of the Cave of the Winds in the *Aeneid*. "*Vasto rex Aeolus antro*." It was from the Cave of the Winds that the tempest rushed, when Mr. CAVE declared that Mr. PARKER was "a curse to the country." This naturally set Irish backs up, and shillelaghs were flourishing, and coats off, in a jiffy. "Is it a curse to the country—and him a blessin' to the House o' Commons—bedad!" And so at it, whack, whack, for the best part of the night.

But for all that, wonders will never cease—a Clause of the Irish Sunday Closing Bill was carried!

Friday.—The House sat at two. Mr. CROSS gave the last news of the Lancashire riots. He agrees with Lord SHARPSBURY that the rioters are the idle, worthless loafers of the districts. But why don't the decent, sober, hard-working operatives put down the idle, worthless loafers, who bring them and their cause into discredit?

Lord HARTINGTON, *Punch* is glad to know, means, for once, to go to a division on Monday. Till Her Majesty's Opposition dare divide, it has no right to call itself united.

Sir M. H. BEACH gave notice of Amendment to Lord HARTINGTON's Motion:—

"That this House, being of opinion that the constitutional control of Parliament over the raising and employment of the military forces of the Crown is fully secured by the provisions of the law and by the undoubted power of this House to grant or refuse supplies, considers it to be unnecessary and inexpedient to affirm any resolution tending to weaken the hands of Her Majesty's Government in the present state of foreign affairs."

This is, at least, raising the issue fairly.

Let Her Majesty's Opposition prove itself worthy of the occasion, or "for ever after hold its peace."

A fight over Colonel WELLESLEY's appointment as Secretary of Legation at Vienna *per saltum* over the heads of ninety-three secretaries and *attachés*. No doubt, Colonel WELLESLEY is a very lucky man. His name has helped him, and his connections and his commission in the Guards; but also his services as Military Attaché at St. Petersburg, the hardships he has borne and the risks he has run during the campaign. No doubt, many of the ninety-three have been very ill-used. But, after all, is it a matter to move Parliament in? If there is any job in the case, is it by any means one of the gravest kind, not half as bad, in all probability, as a score that are yearly being perpetrated in every branch of the civil, military, and diplomatic service? In short, it is a tempest in a teapot; and but that the House has lately been wasting its time so much more discreditably, *Punch* would be sorry that it had devoted so much time to Mr. BENNET-STANFORD's Motion.

Altogether, what with riotings out of doors, and rows and wrangles within, the kicks of an impotent Opposition, and the rough-riding of a high-handed Government, *Punch* does not remember a more disagreeable and discreditable week, since he undertook the weary work of expressing Essence of Parliament.

Ox and Bull.

It is expected that an Honourable Representative of a constituency in the Sister Island will move the following Amendment to the Preamble of the Cattle Diseases Bill:—"Whereas divers Cattle, whether native or foreign, are suspected of infectious diseases, it is expedient to slaughter them with a view to save their lives."

PALATES AND PALETTES.

THE absence of Paintings at the Mansion House, another Correspondent remarks, is the more surprising, as so much attention is generally paid there to the pleasures of the palate.

"THE LATEST INTELLIGENCE."

(From Our Own Correspondents.)



PARIS, Monday. I HAVE it on the best authority that Count SCHOUVALOFF in his interviews with the Czar has informed His Majesty that it is the intention of the British Government to seize Cronstadt, Sebastopol, and Odessa, unless the Treaty of Stefano is immediately withdrawn.

ROME, Tuesday. I AM told on authority which I cannot doubt, that Count SCHOUVALOFF, in his interviews with the Czar, has urged His Majesty to be firm. The Ambassador declares that the British Government will submit to any terms to avoid war.

VIENNA, Wednesday. THERE is no doubt that Prince

BISMARCK will support Russia. I am assured that the German Chancellor, in bidding adieu to SCHOUVALOFF, made use of the following remarkable words: "Russia may rest assured that we will not permit the Triple Alliance to be disturbed. My authority is beyond question."

ATHENS, Thursday. I HAVE no hesitation in declaring that Russia can hope for no support from Germany. Prince BISMARCK, in bidding adieu to Count SCHOUVALOFF made use of the following important words:—"The Triple Alliance, commenced as a mystery, has now become a myth. Russia must fight her own battles. *Beati possidentes*, no doubt; but even possessors have responsibilities as well as rights. This in confidence."

BERLIN, Friday. I HEAR from St. Petersburg that the mission of Count SCHOUVALOFF will certainly end in peace.

ST. PETERSBURG, Saturday. ADVICES from Berlin declare that the mission of Count SCHOUVALOFF must inevitably terminate in war.

PARIS, VIENNA, BERLIN, Sunday Morning. WE are in a position to state that the news you published from Rome, Athens, and St. Petersburg, is thoroughly inaccurate.

ROME, ATHENS, ST. PETERSBURG, Sunday Night. WE are able to declare that the intelligence you have derived from Paris, Vienna, and Berlin is absolutely incorrect.

Looking Up, by Jingo!

MAY the following piece of statistics prove less ominous than it looks:—

"GUNPOWDER.—In the last four months the value of gunpowder exported was £137,494; last year, in the like period, it was £107,085."

The exportation of gunpowder slightly on the rise, is, so far, good for British manufacturers, and bad for no other people but foreign combatants. Let us hope that our Powder Millers will not be further enriched by the enormously enlarged sale through the immensely increased consumption of gunpowder, purchased by Her Majesty's Government in enormous quantities at the expense of her subjects, and exported only to be burnt against enemies too likely not to prove worth powder and shot, expended on them by thousands of valuable soldiers and countrymen of our own, destined themselves to become food for powder.

RED BRICKS AND RUBRICKS.



All go in for Christian *greats*.
Though like Christians some be plucked,
All in Christian beds are tucked;
Fed in hall on Christian dinners,
Not like us, poor Christ Church sinners,
Who, confessing thus our guilt,
Thank our stars that Keble's built!

ADVERTISING A LA MODE.

(By Mr. PUNCH's Own Man.)

12 Noon.

HAVING received a magnificently illuminated card of invitation to assist at the inauguration of the Grand Hotel and Aquatic Casino of the good town of Shrimpsville-on-Sea, I duly presented myself at the terminus of the London, Dublin, and Edinburgh Railway Company at the hour fixed for the departure of the special train chartered by the Directors of the Company. I could not help congratulating myself upon the fixture of the date of the ceremony.—Had I been asked to take part in the interesting celebration yesterday, I should have been forced to decline, as my services were then required to chronicle the initial passage of the new boat built to run between Herne Bay and Dinard by the Short-Sea-Passage-between-London-and-Paris-Company. To-morrow, too, would have been out of the question, as I have to attend the Press Lunch offered by the charming, talented, and popular Manager of the Royal East End Gaff. To-day, however, I am quite free, and can therefore recount the proceedings which are to give Shrimpsville-on-Sea a new Hotel and an Aquatic Casino. As I write, representatives of the Fourth Estate are taking their places in the magnificent saloon-carriages which have been put at their disposal by the Directors of the undertaking. It is a beautiful day, and everybody is in excellent spirits.

3 P.M.

I open my letter to say that we have arrived safely at Shrimpsville-on-Sea. The little watering-place is simply charming. Nothing can be more picturesque than the numerous bathing-machines, and the town pump is really a magnificent work of art. And now let me describe the Hotel and Aquatic Casino. * * * You will see from the tariff (which I give above) that the charges, all things taken into consideration, are very reasonable. We are now going to partake of the excellent *déjeuner* which has been so liberally provided for us by the worthy Directors of this really excellent undertaking. I have just seen the *menu*, and find that the dishes are of the most *recherché* description. The wines, too, are of the best brands. I can just see the necks of the champagne bottles peeping out of the *ice-pails*.

7 P.M.

Just open letter to say it's all right. Directors capital fellows—all of 'em, and so say all of us! Chorus, "And so say all of us!" British Constitution. Very tired. Very tired. Going to sleep. All right!

† The Editor regrets that want of space prevents the publication of the description.

PEARLS FOR PARIS.

(Expected to be added shortly to the Exposition.)

ELEGANT Extract from an After-supper Speech, by H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES, confessing his Platonic attachment to the New Republic.

Autograph Letter from the Czar of all the RUSSIAS, pledging his imperial word to do his utmost possible to preserve the public peace, despite the provocation of the Jingoos, and the Dizzy-bodies.

A Treatise on the Gout, viewed as an hereditary political disease, with a Preface, written jointly by Prince BISMARCK, and Prince GORTSCHAKOFF.

Romance, by VICTOR HUGO, founded on the patent facts:—(1.) That Paris is the axle of the common weal; and (2.) That every man of genius is by birth a Frenchman.

Proclamation by Lord BEACONSFIELD, as the Prime Autocrat of England, announcing that the knout will, on conviction, be applied to all political offenders, i. e. persons who oppose his spirited foreign policy.

Addition to the Avary, in the form of a Round Robin, signed by nine-and-ninety Reporters for the newspapers, representing and regretting the marked inferiority of the present Exhibition in the matter of convenience of access to refreshments.

A Barometer umbrella-stand, warranted to change its colour on approaching change of weather.

Confession by Herr WAGNER that, in his belief, the Music of the Future will be composed in China.

Précis of a measure just prepared for Congress, for securing Transatlantic copyright to European authors.

Pattern of a salt-spoon to be forthwith introduced at foreign *tables-d'hôte* for the use of British tourists.

A new patent noiseless latch-key, invented expressly for the comfort and convenience of fashionable young Ladies.

Extract from an *Avis aux Voyageurs* suspended in a chamber at the Sublime Hotel, announcing that the charge for *bougies* will be lessened to One Sou during the continuance of the Exposition.

A Paris newspaper containing, by desire of its subscribers, a good supply of English and other foreign news, in lieu of the bad novel that used to fill its *feuilleton*.

THE LORD MAYOR'S ORACLES.

WE have already had occasion to call attention to some of the LORD MAYOR's oracular utterances from the Bench. There was one in the case of a young wife, who in despair at being deserted by a soldier-husband, had attempted suicide, to the effect that if her husband had deserted her, "it served her right for marrying so young."

The subject of his Lordship's latest oracle is Education. A young rogue was brought before him, charged with robbing his employer.

"The prisoner's father stated that his son had been educated as a pupil-teacher. The LORD MAYOR: His education does not seem to have done him much good. In fact, he appears to have been over-educated. People who are educated commit these offences much more easily now than formerly."

In another case—

"JAMES CROOME was charged on remand with stealing tea from Nicholson's Wharf.—The prisoner was found upon one of the floors with the tea in his pockets.—Mr. POUND, with whom the prisoner was apprenticed, stated that he and his family were all well educated.—The LORD MAYOR: Talk about education making us so much better; I don't believe it does.—Mr. POUND: If convicted, the prisoner's indentures will be cancelled, and he will be ruined.—The LORD MAYOR: And serve him right. He will make room for a more honest lad."

Probably this is only the LORD MAYOR's illogical and inarticulate way of expressing his conviction that sending lads to school will not necessarily turn them from a dishonest bent, and that evil or foolish acts must entail evil consequences. If so, it is a pity that his oracles so ill convey his meaning, because they are likely to introduce serious confusion of ideas in heads as foggy as his own, and may give occasion to uneducated and unfeeling asses to gird at education and to justify hard-heartedness.

If we wanted a case to show how grievous an evil the want of education may be, where could we find one so striking as that of the LORD MAYOR?

Here is a man in a prominent position which gives him the opportunity of venting unwisdom from the judgment-seat, and for want of the school-training which would have enabled him to weigh the force of words, and master the rudiments of logic, he talks such mischievous nonsense as *Punch* has been forced, much against his will, more than once, to protest against.

BEATI POSSIDENTES.—Query, when possession costs £200,000 a day?



AN ALTERNATIVE.

(Time, 9 P.M.)

"CHARLES, LOVE, LADY LEDSBURY IS AT HOME TO-NIGHT, AND MRS. GELASMA HAS A CONCERT, AND THERE'S THE DUCHESS OF IPSWICH'S DANCE. NOW, ARE WE GOING TO THESE PLACES, OR NOT? FOR IF WE ARE, IT IS TIME FOR ME TO GO AND DRESS; AND IF WE ARE NOT, IT IS TIME FOR ME TO PUT A MUSTARD-PLASTER ON MY CHEST, SOME FLANNEL ROUND MY THROAT, AND GO STRAIGHT OFF TO BED!"

HOW IT HAPPENED.

SCENE—A Council Chamber. DATE—Some time on or after the 1st of April last. The Prime Minister discovered drawing fancy short cuts from India on a pad of official blotting-paper. Other Members of the Cabinet brushing their hats in the act of departure.

The Prime Minister (closing his reverie). Seven thousand, or seventy thousand! or, for the matter of that, seven hundred thousand! Capital! (Rises.) There! That's settled. There's nothing else, I think?

New Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Nothing but this. (Hands a Rhyming Dictionary to the late Secretary of State for War.) I shan't want it for the European work, you know. But you'll find it very useful with LYRON. And if you'll take my advice, you will not stifle the instincts of higher imagination. Remember the Hexameter Imperial is the key-note to an Indian despatch, Eh, my Lord?

The Prime Minister. It is the metre in which our policy is penned.

The late Secretary of State for War. Thanks very much. I'll look at it when I get home. (Puts it into his pocket.) I don't think there's anything else to tell STANLEY?

The Prime Minister. Nothing. The regiments are fixed: the new blue trousers of, I trust, a showy material and effective cut, are in hand; while as to the ships—?

First Lord of the Admiralty. They are provided, my Lord, and stored, to the last scuttle of coals.

The Prime Minister. Good. (With enthusiasm.) This is a great, a momentous move, Gentlemen. We separate under splendid auspices!

All (responsively.) We do! We do!

(They cheer, and re-brush their hats.)

The Prime Minister. Then, au revoir! (The rest of the Cabinet hurry off. He reverts to the blotting-paper.) Seven hundred thousand! A few strokes more or less with a little pen, and we can wake this Empire up in all its Titan strength, with remoulded shape and swarthier limb bid it astound the wondering world, and then, if the Commons should kick—

Re-enter the Chancellor of the Exchequer, hurriedly.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer. Beg your pardon for interrupting you; but do you know, talking of this Indian move, what with all this chopping and changing, and confusion, we've somehow quite forgotten—

The Prime Minister. What? Not to order the Ghoorka Regiments' new facings?

The Chancellor of the Exchequer. No;—to mention it in the Estimates!

The Prime Minister. Is that all?

The Chancellor of the Exchequer. That's all!

[They indulge in a burst of thoroughly hearty laughter as the curtain falls.]

The Oxford Election.

THE Tories cry, "Twere fatal SMITH to choose;
Brains are so dang'rous without sound Church views;"
But no suspicion in their mind remains
Sound Church views may be dangerous without brains.

MAKING A NIGHT OF IT.

WHAT can be more foolish than to remain dancing from ten or eleven at night until three or four in the morning? Staying up talking and listening to talk from four one afternoon till twenty-five minutes past ten next morning.



OUR "IMPERIAL" GUARD.

LORD B. "YOU HAVE OFTEN HELPED *HER*, MADAM."

INDIA. "AND NOW I AM COME TO HELP *YOU*!"
[BRITANNIA doesn't exactly know how she likes it.]

A WORD WITH A FRIEND.



S MALLPOX, friend OBADIAH, continues, worse luck! to infest the neighbourhood of London.

Not a nurse is admitted into the Smallpox Hospital unless she has been previously vaccinated, and Smallpox has never been caught by any such nurse.

So, Friend, thou must see that if the Vaccination Act were universally enforced, there probably would be an end of Smallpox.

A distinguished member of thy Society, who owns that facts, so far as he knows, "appear to be in favour of Vaccination," nevertheless objects to the enforcement of the Vaccination Act on parents who

disobey it, by repeated fine and imprisonment. He calls the law which subjects them to those punishments "monstrous," and he thinks that "it is a monstrous invasion of the rights of parents thus repeatedly to punish them." And so, perchance, thou thinkest likewise.

But suppose even that parents have the right to risk their children's lives, what right, Friend, has any parent to insist on letting his child catch the Smallpox and infect his neighbours? Think of that.

There is a certain mistake, Friend, which some Friends may possibly make touching Vaccination. They imagine, perhaps, that the Vaccination Act invades liberty of conscience, as though disbelief in Vaccination were purely a matter of opinion, and dissent from the Faculty as legitimate as dissent from the Church. They fail to discern the difference between a theological and a surgical *opus operatum*, and think it as monstrous to impose the one upon them as it would be to force the other. But the utility and incumbency of a rite are points of private belief which the State has nothing to do with. A rite enforced is a wrong. The efficacy of a preventive process of Surgery, and the necessity of it for the public safety, are questions which the State may be able, and bound to decide, and legislate thereon accordingly.

The State cannot recognise Dissenters whose dissent is medical. Nor does it permit the Peculiar People, even on religious grounds, to allow their relatives to die for want of medical assistance, even in cases which do not endanger other people.

Some quacks at one time kept a shop in the Strand for the sale of pills which they said cured all diseases—except those they prevented. Thence also they issued a publication to puff their pills, which was actually entitled *The Medical Dissenter*, meaning an organ of Dissenters from established medical science. They pretended that those pills, purifying the blood, were the most effectual preventives of Smallpox. Had this pretence been true, and demonstrable, Vaccination ought to be superseded by those catholic, though Dissenters' pills, and the State would be bound to enforce their administration. But as it is, Medical Dissent, when dangerous, has no claim to be tolerated.

Doubtless, Friend, a short way might be taken with the Anti-Vaccinationists, and, as our distinguished Friend points out, adopted in preference to repeated penalties. "If the law is right and wise," he asks, "why does it not take the child from the arms of its mother, and force the Vaccination upon it?" Why? Peradventure, OBADIAH, the best answer to this question is the one Mr. Bumble, accounting all dissent unpardonable, would give—"Because the Law is a Hass!"

Prate and Progress.

THE Convocation of Canterbury has resumed its sittings, in subsequence to the reopening of Parliament. On Wednesday last week the newspapers announced that "Both Houses of Convocation assembled yesterday at Westminster for the despatch of business." Convocation will no doubt despatch as much business as it generally does, and, considering the amount of progress Parliament is making, thanks to the Obstructive Legislators in the House of Commons, we can hardly tell whether the one or the other is likely to despatch the least. At present they appear to vie each with each in not getting on; but Parliament beats Convocation by taking more time to do nothing. However, they seem to agree in their two principal occupations—both murderous—the one killing time, the other, despatching business.

OUR OWN ACADEMY GUIDE.

SECOND VISIT.

Begin with Gallery No. 1, and then on as best we can. Suivez moi, s'il vous plait.

No. 15. *Mrs. Bayley Worthington*. By P. H. CALDERON, R.A. Ideal Representative of a fashionable watering-place, as Hibernia is of Ireland, and Britannia of England. Excellent idea. Admirable portrait. Hope Mr. CALDERON will continue the series all along the coast, and what charming pictures he will make of Mrs. Brighton, Hastings, Eastbourne, &c. All to be hung upon the South Coast Line. The expression on this Lady's striking physiognomy is suggestive of "Well, I don't think much of you." Perhaps she is thinking of Mrs. Margate and Mrs. Rosherville. Bravo, Mr. CALDERON, you will have a splendid testimonial given you, in the shape of all the There-and-back numbers of the London Brighton and South Coast Railway Guide for the last ten years, handsomely bound.

No. 21. *Sandford and Merton*, in fancy costume, are going out to a ball without the permission of their revered tutor, Mr. Barlow. Hearing his step, they run down the kitchen stairs, and hide in the cellar. Observe the shadow, which the coming event of Mr. Barlow descending, with a supple cane in his hand, casts on the stone steps, and the terror depicted on the boys' countenances. A noble work styled by the Artist, "*The Princes in the Tower*." By J. E. MILLAIS, R.A.

No. 25. *Psyche*. By E. M. BUSK. No. It is "*Tue-tou chez Tata*."

No. 36. *The Pool*. By A. RAGON. Well, I should not mind in very sultry weather being in that pool, without a Rag on.

No. 44. *Study of a Kashmiri Nautch Girl*. By VAL. C. PRINSEP. A very Brown Study. Was she really as Nautchy as she looks? Nautchy, but nice. And thou shalt be my Valentine!

No. 46. *The Hour*. By J. PETTIE, R.A. *Tres petite*, PETTIE. But, surely, you meant "*The Hour*," not the "*Hour*," which is the name of an extinct newspaper. Unless you intended it for one of "*Hour Girls*."

No. 48. *Study of a Man's Head*. By G. C. HINDLEY. The man's head is fresh from the brush of Mr. HINDLEY, who studied it during the process, having first sham-poo'd, and then oiled it.

No. 51. *The Rev. T. Collingwood Bruce, L.L.D., F.S.A.* By R. LEHMANN. This is a tribute of respect to the Church by a Layman.

No. 53. *Women Moulding Water-jars, Algeria*. By EDUAR BARCLAY. Of course, Algeria should be written *Al-Jar-ia*. Artist's name suggestive. *Bar clay*, they couldn't mould the jars.

No. 59. *The Marquis of Bath*. By G. RICHMOND, R.A. Is that the way the Marquis dresses in the country? What a shocking bad hat!

No. 64. "*Home Sweet Home*." By G. D. LESLIE, R.A. Rather an affected family (affected by the music, perhaps); but they'll grow out of it.

No. 69. *Mrs. Dearman Birchall*. By FRED. G. COTMAN. What a nice name for a Schoolmistress! Tenderness combined with severity. In this case the word suggestive of tenderness precedes the one implying severity. The actual process is the reverse of this. But I don't believe she would have the heart to do it, Mr. COTMAN.

No. 86. *Christiana, &c., &c.* By R. THORBURN, R.A. I thought it was a scene near Colney Hatch. Out-door patients taking an airing. Girl gone mad on the subject of GAINSBOROUGH, and dressing herself all in blue. However, Mr. THORBURN says it's quite a different subject altogether. He ought to know.

No. 96. *Girl Reading*. By C. E. FRUGINI. Not at all. She is considering, "Shall I read the book, or eat this orange?" Really, the Artists don't know what their own pictures are about.

No. 114. *Cassandra's Prophecy*. By G. POPP. Oh, is it? And POPP ought to know, as he wrote the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, unless I am very much mistaken. It is suggestive of "Walk up! Walk up! Classical Entertainment inside! Poses Plastiques just a-goin' to begin!"

No. 145. *Nausicaa*. By J. LEIGHTON, R.A. Perfect. NAUSICAA is saying cooly, "Oh, don't! Now promise you won't! I'm so ticklish!"

No. 167. *Martaba, a Kashmiri Nautch Girl*. By VAL. C. PRINSEP. Here we are again! Captivating slave-very! What is she drinking? LARSEN's Beef-tea? "Warranted for the hottest climate," &c. If so, what a splendid advertisement picture this would be, companion to the well-known Nabob Sauce. Or else it would do, if labelled, "*A Little Indian Pickle*." Was she?

No. 181. *Mariana*. By E. BELL. Very likely that was her name. But MARIANA has evidently just returned from a party, and is conscious of having over-danced, and taken too much lobster-salad, and bad champagne. *Mauvais quart d'heure!*

No. 190. By P. H. CALDERON, R.A. Mr. CALDERON explains this



TRANSPARENT.

'Liza (noticing newly-married Couple). "RIDIC'LOUS, Y' KNOW! JUST AS IF FOLKS COULDN'T SEE THROUGH IT! WELL, THERE! WHEN ME AND MY YOUNG MAN GOES TO 'AMPTON COURT, ARTER, WE'RE TIED UP, I'LL HAVE THE CARRIAGE MARKED 'MARRIED,' AND NOT BE ASHAMED ON IT!!'"

picture by a letter from OLIVER CROMWELL, and another from a gentleman called "Squire Papers." Having looked at the picture before reading the explanation, it had occurred to me that it was "Nuns going out for a drive at so much an hour, while the others are crying at being obliged to stay at home." Or it was "Nuns going to market, and the Superiress giving her last instructions as to what they were to pay for a duckling and peas, or whatever it might be." But I am wrong. OLIVER CROMWELL's letter to Mr. CALDERON is highly satisfactory.

No. 356. *Come to bathe quietly, but, oh, I'm afraid there's a horrid lot of frogs here!* By E. ARMITAGE, R.A. The Catalogue suggests quite another idea. The picture doesn't.

No. 406. *An Autumn Morning.* By H. JOHNSON. View of Sponge Cake Farm, with a large slice cut out of one of the poundcakes fantastically shaped like a hay-stack.

No. 1375. *Salmon Leap, Cenarth Falls, Cardiganshire.* By FRANK MILES. It should have been called *Salmon and Wales*. Of course, we were aware that "*Salmon leap*;" But who, or what, is "Cenarth?" But why "Cenarth falls," when "*Salmon leap*," is a puzzler. Poor Cenarth! sorry for him. The Fish is leaping, MILES, in the air, and the Artist is to be congratulated on the leap he has taken, and not in the dark.

"We Don't Want to Fight," &c.

(Classically put.)

DEAR MR. PUNCH,
How is this for marks?

"Inviti quanquam sœvo configere bello,
Adsit opus, Jingo testamur Bellipotentem,
Sunt nobis nummi, sunt agmina, tela, carinus."

Yours,

ETONENSIS.

AT LONDON, AND ST. PETERSBURG.—SHUFFLE ON, and SCHOUVALOFF.

PARLIAMENTARY QUALIFICATIONS.

IN view of recent Parliamentary experiences, the Committee appointed to inquire into the conduct of Parliamentary elections have, we understand, decided to recommend the following test-questions to be, in future, put to all candidates for Parliament by the Returning Officer. Candidates unable to answer them to be, *ipso facto*, disqualified:—

1. Can you go without sleep for twenty-four hours at a stretch?
2. Can you make a speech of three hours on a subject you know nothing about?
3. Can you crow like a cock, mew like a cat, bark like a dog, and bray like an ass?
4. Are you prepared to hiss and hoot everyone voting in a different lobby from yourself?
5. Are you able to call a man a liar to his face (or behind his back) without infringing the rules of Parliamentary debate?
6. Can you defy the Speaker, challenge his ruling, and call him to order, without rendering yourself palpably liable to arrest by the Sergeant-at-Arms?
7. Enumerate the various methods of obstructing a measure before the House, enlarging specially on the respective conveniences of counts-out, reports of progress, adjournments of the House, the Committee, or the debate, as the case may be, and motions that the Speaker or Chairman do leave the Chair, &c., &c. Illustrate your reply in a supposititious report of an all-night sitting.

Text and Acceptation.

BEATI pauperes we read,—

The poor are *nil habentes*?

"No," BIRMAROK says. "Not they; that need
Beati possidentes!"



THE NEW HUSSAR HESSIAN'S AND PANTS.

"SEE, I'VE DROPPED MY HANDKERCHIEF, CAPTAIN DE VERR!"
 "I KNOW YOU HAVE, MISS CONSTANCE. I'M VERY SORRY. I
 CAN'T STOOP, EITHER!"

HOMAGE TO HARVEY.

(In Disguise?)

TO THE EDITOR OF "PUNCH."

SIR,—In your impression of the 13th ult. there was an article entitled "Harvey a Humbug," which I read with indignation, regarding it as a gross libel on the memory of a great and good man. But a friend kindly explained to me that it was only a report of a public meeting, that of an Association called the "Antiphysiological Society," and all mere irony; what was meant being precisely the reverse of what was said. Now then, Sir, how am I to construe an advertisement I read the other day, since the above date, in the *Times*, commencing as follows?—

HARVEY'S CLAIM to the DISCOVERY of the CIRCULATION of the BLOOD.—HARVEY'S merit has been very much exaggerated. HARVEY never consummated the discovery of the circulation.

Then comes an extract from a preface to a medical work, of which the writer says, touching HARVEY, that—

"He left the circulation as an inference or induction only, not as a sensible demonstration. . . He had no notion of the one order of sanguiferous vessels ending by uninterrupted continuity, or by an intermediate vascular network in the other order. This was the demonstration of a later day, and of one who first saw the light in the course of the very year when HARVEY'S work on the heart was published. MALPIGHI, the POPE'S chief physician, examined the circulation by the microscope in 1666, and so demonstrated it."

Is this all irony, too, Sir? Irony like yours? The following notice, observe, was appended to the apparent, if ironical, disparagement of HARVEY:—

"The above ADVERTISEMENT is inserted by the SOCIETY for the TOTAL ABOLITION and UTTER SUPPRESSION of VIVISECTION."

What then, Sir, does the body professing itself a Society for the Abolition and Suppression of Vivisection, in depreciating HARVEY, mean to do him honour, like the deliverer of the address to the Antiphysiological Society which you reported? By saying that HARVEY did not discover the circulation of the blood, do the Antivivisectionists really intend to say that he did? If so, then, the former and the latter are both equally ironical. In the same spirit those ironical adversaries of Vivisection, I suppose, would contend that Sir CHARLES BELL was not the discoverer of the connection of the motor nerves with the fore, and the sensitive nerves with the hinder, divisions of the spinal cord. This, then, would be irony too. Sir CHARLES BELL'S discovery, also, was effected through experiments on living animals, performed, as no doubt were HARVEY'S too, as humanely as possible. The Antivivisectionists who disparage HARVEY, and would likewise, in consistency, decry BELL, vilifying both ironically, have also, I suppose, adopted a title which, representing them as aiming to put down Vivisection, is ironical as well. They would have us understand that their object is to promote that practice and not to prevent it; and the pretence of the latter design is only their irony. In short, they detract from the fame of HARVEY—of whose profession I have the honour to be a humble Member—only to extol him; just as you, perhaps, by way of an intended compliment, might call me an ass. But that sort of irony—indeed all irony whatever—is open to misconstruction, and, preferring the naked truth in plain language, by which I can never be taken in and led to make a fool of myself,

I remain, Sir, ever yours faithfully,

SIMPLICITAS.

BEATI POSSIDENTES.

AIR—"The Vicar of Bray."

WHEN gallant BRACONSFIELD uprose,
 His Party's pride and glory,
 He frighted all our country's foes
 In fashion truly Tory.
 And now that each true heart's at ease,
 And every wrong is righted,
 All argument at once should cease,
 And Britons be united!
 That this is law, and shall remain,
 I boldly make profession;
 A patriot's duty's to sustain
 The Party in possession!

The Ship of State's in peril great
 Of rough and dirty weather,
 And seeing things in such a state,
 All hands should pull together.
 Why she was steered on such a tack,
 If each raise awkward question,
 We'll larrup each base lubber's back,
 And scout the vile suggestion!
 For this is law, &c.

The obstinate and trait'rous dogs
 Who claim to have "opinions,"
 Would quickly swamp in faction's bogs
 Our glorious dominions.
 When English interests are at stake,
 No time for shilly-shally;
 Wake, Britons, wake, all else forsake,
 And round your Leaders rally!
 For this is law, &c.

The country should be one—with us:
 The dolts who favour schism
 Are moved by spiteful animus,
 And void of patriotism.
 For 'tis most clear, to doubt it's sin,
 Each true-blue Briton knows it,
 That whensoever our side's in
 'Tis treason to oppose it.
 For this is law, and shall remain,
 I boldly make profession;
 A patriot's duty's to sustain
 The Party in possession.

MILITARY AND NAVAL INTELLIGENCE.

WE are given to understand that at all official banquets, it is intended to replace the time-honoured toast of "The Army and Navy" by "Our Sepoys and Seaboys."

DREAM-GROUPS AT THE ACADEMY.



VICTIMS, Fallen amongst Thieves—Nausicaa, Zenobia, and Mrs. Langtry, Shopping in Constantinople, in Gustly Weather, on a Showery Day, in the Time of Roses.

Lord Coleridge on a Flaw in the Title of the Laird, Sedge-cutting in Wicken Fen, in the Glow of Morning, Fifty Years Ago.

The Marquis of Bath and the Marquis of Waterford Tipping the Princes in the Tower, at a School Treat, in Smithfield.

Sir Henry Hawkins asking a Member of the Long Parliament—"When did you last see your Father?" In Newgate, Under a Cloud; at the Trysting Tree on the Road to Ruin; or with the Chinese Minister at a Country Cricket Match in the Bernese Alps?

An Anxious Moment—Right Hon. Robert Lowe, Four Miles from any Town and Sympathy, on the Heath, in Solitude, with the Lowing Herd and Cornish Lions.

St. Martin's Summer—Right Hon. W. H. Smith (Westminster Union) Shrimping, with the Coral Fisher and Britomart and her Nurse, in a Social Eddy, in a Salt-Water Marsh, and thinking of an Eastern Question (an Eastern Puzzle), Conditional Neutrality, Trial by Battle, and the Post Bag.

Convocation, As Dry as a Limekiln, with Separate Interests—Bishop Claughton, Dean Howson, Mr. W. E. H. Lecky, Earl of Shaftesbury, Professor Huxley, Rev. Newman Hall, and Rev. James Martineau.

A Dream of Ancient Egypt—the Gods and their Makers, and the Pasha, with the Tibia and Loot.

The Hour After an Entomological Sale—A Colorado Beetle?

A Love Missile from the Study of a Nautch Girl, Ready for the Hair come of Age, after Childhood in Eastern Life.

Lieut. Cameron's Welcome (Home, Sweet Home) from his Explorations in Africa, by the Three Graces, the Lively Polly, the Loughborough Nuns and the Lady Mayoress.

To Our Next Merrie Meeting All Among the Barley in Reaping Time, in Sherwood Forest, with Lieut.-Colonel Loyd-Lindsay and Major Browne Winding the Skein, in the Evening Light, for La Gloire de Dijon, and the Wayward Daughter.

AN AMENDE HONOURABLE.

PUNCH has no quarrel with anything about Queen Anne's Mansions except their ugliness. He had inferred from a statement in the City Article of the *Times* that an attempt—not the first—had been made to convert an unsuccessful private speculation into a limited liability company. He is glad to stand corrected by Messrs. QUITTER AND BALL, the accountants, whose statement puts a different face on the matter, though it cannot on the Mansions. Ugly they are, and must remain; but though heavily burdened, it seems that there was nothing "fishy" or unfair in the contemplated transfer of them by their projector and proprietor, Mr. HANKEY, to a limited liability company.

To complete and carry on this gigantic and amorphous pile, this *rudis indigestaque moles*, requires more capital than its projector can command. But there is no "hankey-pankey" about his proposed operation for bringing fresh financial blood into the big body. The Mansions have been fairly valued, the charges on them fairly made out, and after the debts and assets had been set off against one another, a considerable balance would have been payable to the vendor, whose only fault, besides the original sin of having built—we won't say "planned"—the ugliest pile of buildings in London, seems to have been too great eagerness to complete his gigantic caravanserai, and his too great liberality to his tenants. But what

loss there was, was mainly due to working an incomplete undertaking with the staff of a complete one.

The creditors mean to carry out, and carry on, Mr. HANKEY's design, with less liberality, we presume, and so as to make it pay its way, but not, we fear, with less defiance of the laws of architecture. That must be past praying for. In all other respects the Mansions may yet be as sound financially as we trust they are structurally; and as those who live in them like them, and, above all, as the tenants speak well of their landlord, and declare that his only fault has been giving them more than money's worth for their money, *Punch* is but too glad to withdraw all he said, or thought, to the discredit of the Mansions and their master's plans for bringing more capital into the concern. He seems to have shown himself a model landlord, if he is the reverse of a model architect.

MUMPKINS ON MAY.

WHAT a marvel of a May!

Why, unclouded sunbeams play,
As of old, upon the herbage and the flowers;
And the wind, so wont to rest
In the East, blows South and West,
And the husbandman is blest
With mild showers.

Ne'er a morn with rime is white;
Not a leaf droops nipt with blight,
Nor do birds with cold shiver cower and hush;
Hark! they whistle, chirp, and sing,
With the Nightingale for King;
Cuckoo, Skylark on the wing,
Blackbird, Thrush!

But the plains in May that smile,
Now and then, about this Isle,
Will be ploughed soon or built on, every one;
Model farms will intervene
Close and crowded towns between,
Where now glows the spangled green
In the sun.

For fifty years, folks swear
They've not known a May so fair.
In fifty more, dear friends, where shall we be?
Ah, in your time and in mine,
As our waning years decline,
When another May so fine
Shall we see?

We are frail as blades of grass;
Like Spring flowers away we pass.
Even now I want a pill—I don't feel well.
I by no means mean to croak;
But our end is dust and smoke,
And each clock, in every stroke,
Sounds a knell.

Chelsea and China.

"SAIRRY," said Mrs. HARRIS to Mrs. GAMP, "as well be out of the world as out of the fashion. I'm a thinkin' of where would be the best place to go to for a blue tea-service and some plates and dishes."

"Chelsea, in course, my dear," Mrs. GAMP answered. "Cheyne Walk. An' it's there as Mr. WHISTLER lives, too—which it's only nateral."

Gout and its Cure.

"The last new cure of Gout in Bohemia is the sting of three bees placed on the foot."—*Daily News*, May 13th.

HE came in on the Bee's wing;
He goes out in the Bee's sting.

A PREFERABLE POLICY.

APPEAL from PHILIP drunk to PHILIP sober? Not if you want to get anything out of him. Appeal from PHILIP sober to PHILIP drunk.

OH, IF WE COULD!—The best way to suppress the "Irish Obstructives." To Scotch them.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



OST eventful week of the Session. First, the great Gladiatorial game in Lords and Commons. Then the return from St. Petersburg to Chesham Place of the Russian Eagle, dark, two-headed, double-clawed, bearing in either talon peace or war—who shall say which to offer, which to have taken?—a week big, it may be, with issues greater even than peace or war; a week that our children, and grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, to many a generation yet unborn, may have reason to look back on.

Place aux Pairs!

First, in the Lords' Lists (Monday, May 20), rode the courteous Baron of SELBORNE, and touched the shield of that good knight, my Lord of CAIRNS; and then—to describe the encounter *à la Laureate* :—

For four long hours, opposed within the lists, They charged and clashed and counter'd, locked in steel;

Defying each the other's point and edge; Each impotent to shake the other's seat: So that all they that watched about the lists, Still looking to see either hurled to hurt, Still seeing each erect and *debonair*, Delivering their staves, at each new course, Frateous and fair as first, said, murmuring, "This is no fight *à outrance*, but a trick Of tourney, where these Lords but show their skill;

Not level lance, as in grave cause and great, St. George to aid, and God to guard the right."

So it was, that in Monday's encounter of lordly legal wits and weights, between Chancellor that was and Chancellor that is, to the lay mind the upshot is utter bewilderment on which side went the best of the battle—my Lord SELBORNE contending, with admirable force, that a grave breach of the Constitution and of the Law had been committed in moving Indian troops to Malta without the consent of Parliament, Lord CAIRNS arguing, with plausible law and potent logic, that neither the Constitution nor the Law had been trenching upon one whit. One maintains that the Bill of Rights and the Mutiny Act have in effect been broken through; the other, that neither applies to the case.

The utmost, says my Lord CAIRNS, that Government has done has been to go to the Indian Treasury for the first cost of moving the Indian troops, till they can ask Parliament to repay the money out of Imperial revenues. That repayment asked for and granted, they are in order with the letter of the Law as they are already with its spirit. The great point at issue—has Lord BEACONSFIELD violated, or, if not violated, strained the Constitution, by giving Parliament the go-by where the Common Law of England, as declared in the Bill of Rights, says the consent of Parliament must be asked and obtained?—remains, as far as the light of the great legal luminaries of the Lords goes, exactly where it was. Lord SELBORNE says "Yes," Lord CAIRNS says "No." Each gives reasons for his view that appear to the lay-mind conclusive till the other has given his reasons for the opposite conclusion.

Such was the upshot of Monday's debate in the Lords. Only two notable incidents mark it, besides this resultless clash of legal swords. One is, the defection of one of the staunchest of Conservative Dukes—RUTLAND—from his Leader, whom he charges with having put a grave slight, and committed a great encroachment, upon Parliament. The other is, the wholesome counsel administered to Her Majesty's Opposition by the Head of Her Majesty's Government. ("*Fas est ab hoste doceri.*") Let the Leaders of Opposition lay to heart this lesson of the Leader of the Crown, the Cabinet, the Majority,—and the Jingoos.

"If the noble and learned Lord who introduced this question believed that we have acted contrary to the Constitution, he ought to act up to his bold phrases, and come forward declaring his belief that our action was unconstitutional, and that it was his duty to ask the opinion of Parliament upon it. The noble Earl who spoke last said he did not do that because he did not like to be in a minority. But you will never be in a majority if your nerves are so delicate. (Laughter.) You must assert your opinions without fear, and if they are just and true and right, you will ultimately be supported by the country."

Put that in your pipes, my Lords GRANVILLE and HARTINGTON, and smoke it, and swallow the smoke.

Lord BEACONSFIELD laughed the Opposition's law to scorn, and would wait to defend his policy till he thought proper.

(Commons.)—Here, too, the same combat was going on, but not with quite the same air of mere tilting with blunt lances.

My Lord HARTINGTON and the good knight Sir MICHAEL-HICKS BRACH at least met point to point, Amendment to Resolution. Both should be of the Essence of Parliament, if there is to be virtue in that extract for times to come. Here is Lord HARTINGTON'S Resolution :—

"That, by the Constitution of this Realm, no forces may be raised or kept by the Crown in time of peace without the consent of Parliament within any part of the dominions of the Crown, excepting only such forces as may be actually serving within Her Majesty's Indian possessions."

Here is the Colonial Secretary's Amendment :—

"That, as the control of Parliament over the military forces of the Crown is sufficiently secured by law and the power of refusing supplies, it is inexpedient to pass a Resolution weakening the hands of the Government in the present state of Foreign Affairs."

To-night the tilters were the two movers, Sir CHARLES DILKE, Messrs. DILLWYN, McIVER, and Captain RICHIE,—in the *mauvais quart d'heure*, when Members are dining instead of debating, or dosing over debate,—then Mr. LAING and Mr. CHAPLIN, Sir W. HARCOURT and Under-Secretary the Hon. EVELYN STANHOPE.

The Government had moved Indian troops to Malta, and would have to come to Parliament to pay for it. The Government might have asked Parliament before moving the troops, but the Opposition would have opposed, questioned, criticised, protested, perhaps even divided. In any case a noise would have been made and time would have been lost. There was good ground for contending that neither the Bill of Rights nor the Mutiny Act stood in the way. The LORD CHANCELLOR was ready to maintain as much. The letter of the Constitution said, a *fecit* for its spirit. My Lord B. was ready to jump that, and the Cabinet to jump *à pieds-joints* behind him. So it moved the troops—"In Mallam defuxit Orentes"—and left Parliament to hear of the movement from the newspapers. It is impossible to prove in legal black and white that the Government have violated the law declaratory of the Constitution, however

those who set Parliament above Prerogative and trust the Constitution more than the Cabinet may feel that the Constitution has been turned, if not trampled under foot, and a step taken which no Minister, since Lord NORTH's days of high Prerogative, has dared to attempt, and for which even Lord NORTH asked the protection of an Act of Indemnity. Those who think thus have eased their consciences by recording their protest against this ominous precedent. This has been the business of the week in Parliament. It has been a good fight well fought, and well worth fighting. My Lord HARDINGEON led the way gallantly, and like a good knight; and we are bound to say was as knightly encountered by him

"Chi sul suo scudo porta il fegato."

as he now takes up German, French, Latin, or Greek, it might be well to make hopeless muffedness on horseback a disqualification for a Commission. Thus far the War Office might wisely go to meet Lord HARDINGE.

(*Commons.*)—The Gladiatorial combat of Monday resumed. First in the list was that ablest of Intractables, Professor FAWCETT, who, not sating when he bores others, can defy the penalties of boredom in the strength of an honest purpose, and now contended with characteristic straightforwardness that Government had pursued a policy of secrecy and concealment which nothing could justify; had set Parliament at defiance, and deprived it of an opportunity of expressing its opinion; that if carried out to its



Tuesday (Lords).—A bad account from under water of the *Eurydice*. She is settling down in the mud, and seems likely to stay there, getting heavier while she laughs lighters to scorn and defies dockyard dummies, saying to the hawseers "haw, haw!" and joggling herself out of toggles. Why essay to bring back *Eurydice* from that lower region where she rests with her brave dead—her hull their fittest coffin?

Lord HARDINGE is exercised with a sore fear that having eased the Army of the incubus of athletic asses, we are going to hand it over to the feeble officering of studious spoons, and asks that marks may be given to athletics and horsemanship at Woolwich and Sandhurst examinations. *Punch*, a little further on, has helped him to an examination paper. Without exactly giving marks to steadiness in the saddle or proficiency on the swinging trapeze, or requiring a man to take up foot-ball, hurdle-jumping, or cricket, or swimming,

logical consequences, this policy would degrade the House of Commons into the mere registrar of the uncontrollable decrees of our uncontrollable Government.

After Professor, ATTORNEY-GENERAL. To Mr. FAWCETT succeeded Sir JOHN HOLKER, cool, shallow, self-complacent, self-confident legal brass, against obstinate, earnest, self-convinced conviction. Sir JOHN whittled away the Bill of Rights from a measure that declared the Common Law of the realm into a measure that made a bit of statute law, and did not make it well; pooh-poohed the Mutiny Bill in its application to the impugned act of the Government; contended that all that Parliament had to do with the matter was to find the money; and that if the QUEEN could move her troops where she pleased in time of war, she could do the same in time of peace; that "neither the Mutiny Act, the Bill of Rights, the Act for the Government of India, nor the wonderful Constitutional principles



PLOUGHING THE MAIN.

(Visitors to the Exposition Universelle.)

Suffolk Farmer (who suffers a good deal). "MUCH HE KNOW ABOUT HIS BUSINESS, THIS CAP'AIN! HE DON'T FARE TO 'TTEMPT TO KEEP IN THE FURROWS!"

which had been pumped up by his hon. and learned friend the Member for Oxford had anything to do with the matter at issue," and that "it was much better that Parliament should look to the interests of the country than that it should engage in quibbles about Constitutional Law."

A Star-Chamber Attorney-General could not have held the right of the Crown higher, or doffed Constitutional and Common Law aside more lightly.

And then arose Achilles, and smote this light-armed archer till he reeled again and his flimsy armour rattled about him. Setting aside the unequal odds, it was a sight to see GLADSTONE fall foul of HOLKER, make mincemeat of his law and hash of his arguments, sit upon him, squelch him, trample on him, dance over him. The "action of the Government," said W. E. G., "had been unconstitutional in two particulars. First,

"They had incurred a charge for those Indian troops at the very time they were proposing and carrying the financial measures of the year, without providing any ways and means for meeting that charge."

Next,

"They have placed the House of Commons under the virtual necessity of meeting expenditure which they have incurred without its sanction or knowledge."

Besides being unconstitutional, their action has been illegal, not only in defiance of the Bill of Rights and the Mutiny Act, but of the Common Law of the land, which puts the number of the Imperial Army under the control of Parliament, first by the vote of the men, then of the money.

"The QUEEN obtains from Parliament the right to raise 135,000 troops—strictly limited as to the use of the men, firstly, by the vote of the number; secondly, by the vote of the money; and thirdly, by the expiration of the Mutiny Act. But within two or three hours, by telegram, there are in another part of the world 200,000 or 300,000 troops, a number which, if need be, may be doubled, under no control from the vote of number, the vote of money, or the control of the Mutiny Act—that vast force having none of these restraints, unlimited as to number, and backed by a Treasury filled by more than £50,000,000 in the year—the whole of that vast force is at the will and plea-

sure of gentlemen sitting opposite, to be used for any purpose they please, without saying why, so long as they do not want any money. Is that to be the state of things under which we are to live? I cannot listen for a moment to the plea that there is no practical danger. That was the plea that was made in the time of 'ship-money.' It was said boldly and truly that Charles wanted the money for equipping a fleet—it was really required; but such were his unhappy relations with Parliament he could not get it from them, and, consequently, he must get it where he could. Shall we consent to part with the securities obtained for us by our fathers? It is not merely whether we shall rush into the midst of danger, but whether we shall go within an inch of it. Do we think that liberty is a thing so safe, so popular at all times, that the sentinels of the Constitution may occasionally go to sleep? Is that the view entertained by the House of Commons? It may be that this division will prove that such is the view of the majority. * * * But I find no difficulty in seeing my way to the right conclusion in these circumstances. I think it is our duty, from generation to generation, not to abandon, not to impair, not to suffer to be impaired, the ancient and ancestral liberties of this country; and to guard with the utmost jealousy every security that has been thought wise by the great sages of the Constitution for the purpose of guaranteeing our liberties. I was out of town when my noble friend gave notice of his motion, but I thank him for having given notice of it, and for the announcement of his intention to take the sense of the House. If these things are to be done, they should be done in open day, and the majority in favour of these proceedings will be a historical fact of cardinal importance. It is our duty to run the risk of that vote; it will be a great evil, a national calamity; but there is one evil greater, one calamity deeper still, and that is that a day should come when the minority of the House should shrink from its duty, and cease to use every effort to bring to the knowledge of the people the circumstances in which its liberties are being dealt with by its representatives."

"Ditto to Mr. GLADSTONE," says *Punch*, for all he may agree with the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER that whatever right is claimed for the Crown, or the Cabinet as its organ, must be controlled by reasonable and Constitutional construction.

After this memorable oration, it matters little what was said, *pro* or *con.*, by Mr. BALFOUR and Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL, Mr. FORSYTH and Sir H. HAVELOCK, Mr. GRANTHAM and Mr. CHILDERS. But we are bound to record the protest of Mr. NEWDEGATE, pendant in the Commons to the Duke of RUTLAND in the Lords, against the act of the Cabinet.

With the interruption of

Wednesday, wasted over an Irish Borough Rating Bill, which came to nothing, the debate was continued, and concluded on

Thursday, when the ball was kicked off by Mr. CROSS, who denied that the Government had done anything unconstitutional—or why had not their action been challenged in the Lords? (a fair query)—or illegal—or why had they found a Chancellor and an Attorney-General to back their view of the Law? At a moment of emergency and danger they had taken bold and prompt action, knowing that Parliament would sanction the expenditure incurred in taking it. *Voilà tout*. There was really no case for getting on the high ropes as Mr. GLADSTONE had done—no violating of the Constitution: no playing of the Prerogative: no riding rough-shod over Parliament—only a bold arraying of the national force in a moment of national emergency.

Mr. HERSCHELL, in a lawyer-like way, gave a lawyer's reasons for his conclusion that the claim of the Cabinet—

"Amounted to nothing less than the right of the Crown to maintain a Standing Army anywhere it pleased outside the limits of the United Kingdom, without the consent of Parliament, and this was opposed not only to the spirit of the Statutes, but to the Constitutional practice of the last two centuries."

Mr. ROXBURCK levelled his horns and gored Mr. GLADSTONE and the Opposition savagely for trying to embarrass the Government at a critical moment.

Sir A. GORDON—another Conservative recalcitrant—reminded Mr. ROXBURCK how, at the most critical moment of the Crimean War, he had himself moved a Committee of Inquiry into the conduct of the Ministry who were carrying it on.

Mr. W. E. FORSTER, though on crutches, felt bound to stand up for the Constitution:—

"Their object was not censure, but to put on record such a Resolution as would prevent the Government establishing a precedent for the infringement of the liberties of Parliament." * * * He should not have thought that any Government would have taken upon itself, in the name of the Crown and the Crown only, to bring about what seemed to be the greatest possible innovation—an innovation as regarded the relation of the United Kingdom to India, of this country to foreign Powers, and of the Crown to the other estates of the realm. There appeared to be in the House an attempt to minimise the step taken by the Government, but that had not been the case outside the House. Russia—Europe had been startled by the sudden discovery that we were not only the greatest naval power in the world, but one of the greatest military powers." (*Cries of "Hear, hear!" from the Opposition and cheers from the Ministerials*).

There it is, Mr. FORSTER. The cheers explain the division. Lord BEACONSFIELD's bold step, taken without sanction of Parliament, has strengthened England's military front, and Lord BEACONSFIELD's majority in Parliament accepts, approves, and ratifies his Lordship's act—and so, we have a right to conclude, does the country, till it says or shows otherwise.

In the face of this, Sir HENRY JAMES may retort crushingly on Mr. ROXBURCK; and argue convincingly in support of Common Law and Constitution against the light and airy treatment of both by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL. He may get Mr. CROSS into any number of cleft sticks; and even set Lord CATERS to-rights on the respective powers of the Crown and Parliament in relation to Standing Armies. No need for Sir STAFFORD to reply on Sir HENRY, or Lord HARTINGTON on Sir STAFFORD.

The troops are moved; the slight to Parliament is condoned; the Supplementary Estimate is presented—£100 a man! What need to add that the House divided 347 to 226—majority 121 for bringing Indian troops into Europe in time of peace without the previous sanction of Parliament. And the majority in the House, if not out of it, treats Lord BEACONSFIELD as the Admiral treated BILLY TAYLOR, "and werry much applauds him for what he's done."

SORTES VIRGILIANÆ.

FOR THE CAËR.

"Pacem orare manu, præfigere puppibus arma."
Æneid. x. 80.
"Lift hands for peace, and Yankee cruisers arm!"

FOR LORD BEACONSFIELD.

(*As Allecto, to BRITANNIA'S Junc.*)

"Hoc etiam his addam, tuas si mihi certa voluntas
Finitimas in bella feram rumoribus urbes,
Accendamque animos insani Martis amore,
Undique ut auxilio veniant; spargam arma per agros."
Æneid. vii. 548.

THIS, too—my dizzy leadership obey,
My neighbours I'll to fight by rumours sway;
My Jingo fire with love of frantic war,
Move Indian aids, and arms sow near and far.

NATURAL SELECTION.



LAST week Mr. BURR "drew the attention of the Irish Secretary to a departure from the ancient practice of appointing the Mayors of cities in Ireland to be Governors of Lunatic Asylums." Wise people! Whatever may have been the motive of this doubling of functions, whether the governing of Irish citizens was supposed to qualify for the governing of Irish lunatics, or the control of Irish lunatics to supply useful experience for the rule of Irish citizens, it is clear that those who established the practice saw that the two duties had a natural relation; that the ruler of the Irish City would be at home in the Irish Lunatic Asylum, and the Governor of the Irish Lunatic Asylum at home in the Irish Civic chair. Mr. BURR might, perhaps, illustrate the wisdom of the practice by his experience of

Irish Home-Rule and its Rulers in Parliament.

COUSIN AMY'S VIEW.

SCENE—The neighbourhood of Locksley Hall.

Enter LADY AMY HARDCASE (*ætat. forty*), with a book of poems and several children.

LADY AMY *loquitur*.

CHILDREN, leave me here a little; don't disturb me, I request; For Mamma is very tired, and fain would take a little rest.

'Tis the place, the same old place, though looking somewhat pinched and small.

Ah, 'tis many and many a day since last I looked on Locksley Hall!

Then 'twas in the spring of life and love—ah, Love, the great Has-been!

Love which, like the year's own Spring, is very nice—and very green!

In the Spring the new French fashions come the female heart to bless,

In the Spring the very housemaid gets herself another dress;

In the Spring we're apt to feel like children just let loose from school;

In the Spring a young girl's fancy's very apt to play the fool.

On the moorland, by the waters he was really *very* nice; There was no one else at hand, and I—forgot Mamma's advice.

He indulged in rosy raptures, heaved the most suggestive sighs, Said the very prettiest things about my lips and hazel eyes.

All his talk was most poetic, all his sentiments were grand, Though his meaning, I confess, I did not always understand.

So that, when he popped the question, I *did* blush and hang my head,

And,—well, I dare say the rest was pretty much as he has said.

But I think that his abuse is really quite too awfully warm, And to make the matter public was, I must maintain, bad form.

"Puppet" 's not a pretty word, and how he runs Sir RUFUS down! Yet a man who's *not* a poet need not be a tipsy clown.

Poet! That's the point precisely. LOCKSLEY could not comprehend

That a bard may be a bore e'en to his mistress in the end.

Geniuses are awful worries, full of fancies, fads, and fits, And a genius as a lover drives a girl out of her wits.

Rhapsodies and raptures *always* form a too exciting diet;

There are moments when a maiden, though in love, would fain be quiet.

Too high strung, and too ecstatic was poor LOCKSLEY's normal mood, For a woman does not *always* want to moan and gush and breed.

Solid fare and wholesome fun, if poets only would believe,
Are essentials in the life of e'en the softest slaps of Eve.

Yes, he called me shallow-hearted, servile, false, and all the rest,
But if he had not so plagued me,—well, no doubt 'twas for the best.
True Sir RUFUS is not lively, but he lets me take my way,
And I do not feel at present drawn to "sympathise with clay."

Drag me down, indeed! We move in quite the most exclusive set
In the County. What is there that I should specially regret?

LOCKLEY's famous—yes, and married, notwithstanding his fierce
stare,

To a dame with lots of gold and very little taste for verse.

Nice to be a Lion's Lady in Society, no doubt!

Not so nice to smooth his mane at home when Leo is put out.

Talk of tantrums! Read these lines he published after—well, the
jilt,

Pitching into poor Mamma and charging me with nameless guilt!

Dear Mamma! I thought her hard—but I'm a mother now myself,
And I know what utter nonsense is the poet's scorn of self.

"Old and formal"—that's the way he pictures me. Extremely
kind!

Ooz, if you could see me now, you might a little change your mind.

"False" and "old" are bad enough, but "dowdy," that is down-
right rude;

Bards, for all their lofty talk, are not a gentlemanly brood.

They've extremely touchy tempers, and are very apt to say
Very nasty things indeed, if they are not allowed their way.

"I have hit an angry fancy." There I really think he's right.
But you see that sort of thing is not a woman's fancy, quite.

'Twas his "fancies" bothered me; and all the stuff that follows
here

May be splendidly poetic; I should call it simply queer.

"Airy navies, purple pilots, savage women," and the rest!
Why did he not wed a Negress, if he thought he'd like it best?

Or if, as he says, he knew her words were nonsense, I would ask,
Wherefore utter, pen, and print them? 'Twas a most superfluous
task!

"Woman is the lesser man"! I hold that false as it is hard.
The most womanish of creatures surely is an angry bard.

Yet, sometimes, when, as at present, Spring is brightening all the
land,

Comes that longing for the fields Sir RUFUS cannot understand;

Comes a ghostly sort of doubt if e'en Society can give
All, quite all, for which a well-loved woman might desire to live;

Comes a memory of his voice, a recollection of his glance,
Thoughts of things which then had power to make my maiden
pulses dance;

Comes,—but I'm extremely stupid. Well, I know if our dear FAN
Took a fancy for a poet, I should soon dismiss the man.

Here she comes! She'll wed, I hope, rich Viscount VIVIAN ere the
fall.

She ne'er had had that chance, had I espoused the Lord of Lockley
Hall!

"Musam Tenui Meditatur Avena."

THE remarks made by one of our Conservative contemporaries on
Saturday last, about two recent elections, were obviously unfair.
Mr. TALBOT, as M.P. for Oxford, may represent Culture; but no
one can deny that Mr. PALMER represents Reading, as well as
Biscuits.

To Sir J. McGarel Hogg.

(With Punch's compliments.)

"METROPOLIS Waterworks Purchase Bill" discharged. 'Tis just
as well;

It's pretty clear this Purchase Bill would have turned out a Sell.

GOING THE WRONG WAY ABOUT IT.

HOPE by Anti-Socialist law-making to make an end of HOEDLS!
My worthy SCHMIDTS and MÜLLERS, 'tis a notion fit for noodles!

ALI SUAVI'S UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT AT A RISING.—Neither
Suavi-ter in modo nor fortiter in re,

COMPETITIVE CRICKETERS.



I SAY, *Punch*, old
boy, I wish you'd
give a bit of *ku-
dos* to those fellows
in the House of Lords
who are trying to let
fellows get Commis-
sions in the Army
for playing well at
cricket or riding
pluckily to hounds.
The fellows kudossed
should be Lord HAR-
DINGE and Lord
HAMPTON, whose
names both begin
with H; and they
might as well begin
with B, for they are
Bricks Both—*Har-
cades Hambro*, as our
friend ARMY would
say, if he wanted to
show off his know-
ledge of the Classics.
Clipping dodge that
of Lord HARDINGE,
to quote the Duke of

WELLINGTON—old fogies always swear by the Old Duke, don't you
know?

"Viscount HARDINGE remarked that the Duke of WELLINGTON used to
say that the best officers were those who were accustomed to ride with the
hounds."

Arma virumque cano, don't you know? or, as CHARLEY construes
it, "An Army man and with a dog." I say, wasn't that an awfully
good story of Lord HAMPTON'S?

"A right reverend prelate, who had risen to great eminence as a school-
master, had told him that a Commission had been placed at his disposal for a
boy of his school. In making the selection he had not chosen the boy that
would be most successful at the University, but he had instituted an exami-
nation compounded of physical and intellectual tests; and in sending the
Captain of the Eleven of the school he thought he had sent the boy who would
best maintain the reputation of the school."

Awfully jolly fellow this Right Reverend, don't you think?
Instead of choosing some big Sap, fit only for the Sappers, fancy
picking out the Captain of the Cricketers! My eye! don't I just
wish that our Doctor would do likewise! Because I and CHARLEY
CRIBBER we are going in for Crams, because our time is up next
Christmas, and we've got to go to Sandhurst, and it's an awful
bore, of course, to have to read in such nice weather, just when
fellows, don't you know, must go in pretty hard for practice, if they
fancy they've a chance to play in the Eleven.

CHARLEY says it would be awful jolly if athletics were as good as
mathematics in Competitive Exams; and if fellows could get marks
for foot-ball or lawn-tennis to count as high as those for Latin or
Geography. I'd say the same as CHARLEY, if it were not tortology
—that don't look spelt quite right, but you'll know what I mean—
and so no more at present from yours truly,

Dr. Swishtail's, Saturday.

BOBBY BICEPS.

New Setting an Old Saw.

THE old distich ran—

"If you be hurt with horn of hart it brings you to your bier;

But barber's hand can boar's hurt heal, therefore thou needst not fear."

Punch would substitute, after last week's Debate—

If you be gored with ROEBUCK's horn the hurt is not severe:

And though the ROEBUCK's bore as well, you'll survive it, never fear.

THE BILL, THE WHOLE BILL, AND NOTHING BUT THE BILL.

SEVEN thousand Sepoys at Malta will cost JOHN BULL (see Sup-
plementary Estimate) £748,000, i.e. £100 a man. Black draughts
come expensive! "Throw physic to the dogs!" said *Macbeth*.
"Throw money to the dogs!" says BRITANNIA.

Muscle and Mind.

"MARKS for athletics!" the Swells cry amain;
"So much more for muscle, so much less for brain.
Since muscle's the point with your upper-class lad,
And brain gives the pull to your lower-class cad."



A HARD CASE.

Enter Young Husband, who throws himself into a chair, and exclaims—

"WHAT! TOOTHACHE AGAIN, MARIA! I DO CALL THAT HARD UPON A FELLER! WHY, YOU HAD TOOTHACHE WHEN I LEFT THIS MORNING! AND HERE HAVE I BEEN AT EPSOM ALL DAY, WITH THE JOLLIEST LOT O' FELLERS EVER GOT TOGETHER IN ONE DRAG, AND WON A POT O' MONEY, AND HAD NO END OF A JOLLY TIME, AND I DID THINK I SHOULD FIND SOMETHING CHEERFUL AND JOLLY TO GREET A FELLER WHEN I GOT HOME! AND THERE YOU ARE!—TOOTHACHE AGAIN! I DO CALL IT HARD UPON A FELLER—PRECIOUS HARD!"

RIVAL DOCTORS; OR, A CONSTITUTIONAL QUESTION.

SCENE—Consulting-Room at St. Stephen's. MR. JOHN BULL, with Doctors BEACONSFIELD and GLADSTONE in consultation over him.

Mr. Bull. Well, Gentlemen, your diagnoses differ greatly, and your prescriptions are singularly dissimilar. Who shall decide when Doctors—

Dr. Gladstone (scornfully). Doctors! This person has no better claim to that respectable title than CAGLIOSTRO, or an advertising quack!

Dr. Beaconsfield (blandly). Professional jealousy, MR. BULL, is very potent, especially with disappointed practitioners. As I have succeeded to the practice which this—ahem!—Gentleman, from proved incompetence, had to resign, it is not unnatural that—

Mr. Bull (impatiently). While physicians squabble, patients suffer. May I suggest that I am more interested in my own health than in your recriminations?

Dr. Beaconsfield. MR. BULL, this angry Gentleman attended you for a considerable time. His treatment was not precisely successful, I believe. His heroic regimen, his drastic drugs, harassed you in every organ, and ended in establishing a state of chronic irritation, as little conducive to health as to comfort. Under my mild and strictly antiphlogistic treatment, by a careful alternation of tonics and sedatives, your system has regained its tone; and now, to serve his own purposes, he would fain persuade you that you are in a perilous state, make you a sort of *Malade Imaginaire*—

Dr. Gladstone. Insidious Sanguado! Like the Vampire Bat, you soothe your victim to slumber that you may the more easily and unsuspectingly draw his life-blood. When opiates and depletives have done their evil work, what looks like calm, may end in—collapse!

Dr. Beaconsfield (acidly). Collapse? Nay, MR. BULL, I think I can guarantee you against the fate which has already befallen this Gentleman's professional reputation. The old original "True-Blue Pill" is the safest of family medicines; while a—for the present—gentle dose of my newly-introduced "Oriental Black Draught" will, I am convinced, strengthen you considerably, and secure you against the worst effects of the febrile epidemic now so prevalent.

Dr. Gladstone. I affirm, on the contrary, that his treatment intensifies the very disorder he affects to combat.

Dr. Beaconsfield. Ah! He is jealous of the fame already acquired for my Indian Tonic, which, even should the fever attack you—and that, of course, is always possible—would safely pull you through it.

Mr. Bull (doubtfully). But how, in the long run, would it affect my Constitution?

Dr. Gladstone (triumphantly). Ah! That's the question! Let him answer that!

Dr. Beaconsfield (blandly). Believe me, my dear MR. BULL, your Constitution is perfectly safe in my hands.

Dr. Gladstone. Safe? Why he is undermining it as fast as he can! He never understood it, or appreciated its delicate adjustments. He would strengthen one organ at the expense of the others, developing locally a factitious force which would issue in general paralysis. He would concentrate power in the upper parts of the frame, while enfeebling all the rest of the body by excessive drain of the circulation. He says my drastic remedies established chronic irritation. I assert that his boasted alteratives, if persisted in, will lead to acute mania, and end in utter atrophy.

Mr. Bull. Gentlemen, Gentlemen, you excite, you puzzle, you alarm me!

Dr. Beaconsfield. Give me your confidence, Sir, and this person his congé, or I will not answer for the consequences. If you listen to him longer, he will mar the best results of my recent treatment.



“DOCTORS DIFFER!”

DR. WILLIAM G. “I WARN YOU, MR. BULL, YOUR CONSTITUTION IS BEING SERIOUSLY IMPAIRED BY THAT—A—PERSON’S TREATMENT.”
DR. BENJAMIN D. “MY DEAR MR. BULL, YOUR CONSTITUTION IS PERFECTLY SAFE IN MY HANDS.”

Dr. Gladstone (indignantly). Your treatment? Mr. BULL, I have perused this Charlatan's writings. I have watched his practice, and I know that his system is consistently—yes, I will say consistently—unsound, and, above all, un-English. Your temperament, Sir, is not Semitic, your Constitution is not Venetian, and the Oriental-Italian Nostrums of this modern Nostradamus will not suit you.

Mr. Bull (aside). His words echo my own innermost misgivings. And yet the other seems clever. His assurances are comforting, and I would fain give him a fair chance, if not at the risk of permanent injury to my Constitution. (*Aloud.*) Well, Dr. B., I am in your hands—for the present. I may say, however, that I am more concerned about general Constitutional soundness than merely local vigour, or the external show of ruddy robustness. I may hint also that I am strongly averse to needless blood-letting; that your Oriental Black Draught is at best a doubtful experiment in western therapeutics, and that the "Patent Prerogative Pill," which you seem inclined to favour, is a medicine in which I have never had any faith, and which is extremely unpalatable to me, however cunningly sweetened, or carefully covered up.

Dr. Beaconsfield (aside). Humph! Not over-gracious or confident; but still a settler for Dr. G.

Dr. Gladstone (aside). CAGLIOSTRO triumphs,—for the present! Yet I think I have put a spoke in his wheel. But a time will come! When JOHN BULL has been quacked into a Constitutional Queer Street, he will be glad to fall back upon the legitimate Faculty!

EXAMINATION PAPER FOR CANDIDATES FOR THE ARMY.

(With the Compliments of Mr. Punch to Lord HARDINGE.)



COMPARE six Generals who have been distinguished Cricketers, and trace the effect of a thorough knowledge of the game through their most celebrated campaigns and decisive victories.

2. Treat the capture of Sebastopol from the (a) Cricketing, (b) Foot-ball, and (c) Paper-chaoc point of view.

3. Supposing you were ordered to climb a pole forty feet high for purposes of strategic observation, how would you proceed to secure yourself when you got to the top of it?

4. Give an account of some of the best known fox-hunting runs by the Commander-in-Chief's hounds during the Peninsular War.

5. Is there any analogy between the Queen's Regulations as to captures in war, and the rules of Prisoners' Base? If so, point it out.

6. Give a short account of the University Boat Races for the last ten years, and the reasons for the victory or defeat of the winning and losing crews.

7. How far can you jump before, how far after, Mess—under ordinary circumstances?

8. How far do you think you could jump after Mess to get out of the way of a cannon-ball?

9. What class of exercises have you practised in the Circus Riding School? Can you do the bare-backed business—the flying, garter, and balloon leaps—and the juggling act? If you have passed into the First Class in Acrobatic and Pantomimic Performances, describe the animation business; a lion-leap; a cup-spring. Define a trampoline.

10. Can you stand on your head with your helmet on?

11. Describe the process of coming down from the trapeze in full regimentals.

12. Do you hold a Certificate of Proficiency in Sparring from the Bruiser-Major?

13. Give the words of command for the "Sword Exercise on the Back-floating?"

14. How would you form a rallying square in six fathoms of water?

15. Write a short essay upon "The Bicycle, and How to Use it, (a) for Reconnaissances; (b) for Scouting-duty; (c) on service as an Aide-de-camp or for field reconnoitring."

16. Supposing that you wished to pass a deep ditch on active service and had only a tight-rope available, would you "return your sword" before commencing the traverse?

17. Give a short athletic autobiography, stating your favourite exercises, masters, contests, prizes won, &c., and, when you have finished, place your papers upon the desk, and prepare to take part in a six mile race with your Examiners.

OUR OWN ACADEMY GUIDE.

THIRD VISIT.

It is most gratifying to notice how the visitors to the Academy follow out minutely all the instructions given them on my first visit. It is pleasant to observe how everybody, by having studied this Guide, is gradually becoming acquainted with the true subject of each picture.

Also, which is eminently worth recording, the manners of the visitors to the Academy this year have vastly improved. My toes were only trod on severely twenty-five times when I was there last Tuesday, and I received two apologies. I had fifty digs in the ribs, given me by pushing people, with only one "Beg your pardon!" but in the majority of cases I was able to return the digs with interest. You can't have *otium cum dig.*—it's impossible. *Otium sine dig.* Only sixty stout, near-sighted persons placed themselves between me and the pictures I had waited an hour to see. Only forty ill-bred, selfish bores walked right in front of me while I was critically examining one of my favourites. If there is one place where merit can be obtained by the exercise of all the Christian virtues within half-an-hour, the Academy is that place. The floor and the gratings are more slippery than last year, but the ventilation has been improved. I suppose it is the only way of seeing collected Art, but pleasure is painfully discounted during this Pilgrim's Progress through the Pictorial Purgatory. Never mind! *Courage, mes Braves! Entrez! J'y suis! J'y reste!*

Now, then, into Gallery No. 1, where, at our last visit, *Mesdames et Messieurs*, we neglected a work or two, and then, forwards!

No. 10. *Meeting of Scottish Jacobites.* By CLAUDE CALTHROP. Here we are again. Will there ever be an Academy Exhibition without some meeting of some Scottish Jacobites? *Vivez les Costumiers!*

No. 91. *The Barren, Barren Shore.* By FRANCIS A. FRASER. A very few years ago we should have had the Baron, Baron GRANT.

No. 102. *A Trumpeter.* By H. WEGALL. Dedicated to the Whist Club. Life-size portrait of the man who knows how and when to play a trump.

No. 109. *The Silent Pool.* By ERNEST PANTON. A lively amusement, specially when you've lost your last life, and the star of hope has gone. Let somebody buy it for the Criterion, as an ideal portrait of SPIERS AND POND; *Spiers* will be represented by the *Spectators*. (Oh! oh! send for Constable, R.A.! This is jest, not Ernest—Pantons!)

No. 117. *The Night-blowing Stock.* By WM. J. MUCKLEY. Well worth the attention of investors. This Stock gives seven per cent. for your money.

Nos. 156, 157. *Diana Hunting and The Triumph of Bacchus.* Studies for Decoration. By W. CHRISTIAN SYMONS. The first should be called "Hunted Hunting," or, "The Chased Goddess Chasing." And the second "Overcome by Wine," for if the "*Triumph of Bacchus*" means anything, this is what it does mean. But Mr. C. SYMONS should drop the "CHRISTIAN" out of his name, if these are to be his choice subjects, W. HEATHEN SYMONS would be more appropriate.

No. 160. *Down by the Riverside.* By C. W. WYLLIE. "Oh, WYLLIE! we have missed you" before this; but now I've got you, permit a question—Where's the "Down?" I've inspected the picture through a microscope, but can't distinguish any "down." Is it in Ireland? And do you mean, "Down. By the Riverside?" Pretty enough, whatever you mean.

No. 171. *A Member of the Long Parliament.* By J. PERRIE, R.A. Portrait of "An Obstructionist." That was a Long Parliament, with a vengeance, when you didn't go home till morning, and not then!

No. 208. *Head of a Girl.* By MARCUS STONE. Suggests a tale.

No. 210. *The Cities of the Plain.* By E. ARMITAGE, R.A. "The Cities of the Plain," as the ingenious, but ignorant, Sunday-School pupil answered, "were where all the ugly people lived." The *Jersey Lily* was never there.

No. 216. *Ready!* By Sir J. GILBERT, R.A. Not "*Cavalier seul*," but a crowd of them. Marvellous for its dash and go. "*Ready*" is an inspiring subject. There should be a rush for the



"WAR'S ALARMS."

Timorous Old Lady (in a twitter). "ARE THOSE CANNON BALLS, STATION-MASTER?"

Station-Master (compassionately). "OH NO, MU'M, THEY'RE ONLY DUTCH CHEESES, 'M', COME BY THE ROTTERDAM BOAT LAST NIGHT—THAT'S ALL, MU'M!"

possession of this picture, seeing how anxious everyone generally is to "collar the Ready." A companion picture to "Ready" might be "Tick." Its treatment I leave to Sir JOHN, but there's the Sir-gestion. "Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif!" (*Shakespeare, Henry IV., Part II., Act II., Sc. 4.* I give the reference, in case anyone should be curious as to the quotation.)

No. 241. By C. W. COPE, R.A. Commander CAMERON has done special service. True. But what special service has the Church of England provided for the Return of—and as a return for—Commander CAMERON's service? I don't know. The Service for the Restoration was abolished long ago. Yet here we have the Vicar of Shoreham, the Commander's father, and his Curate (who, of course, couldn't help himself) in full canonicals, with service-books in their hands. It may be all right. I hope it is, sincerely; and trust that this picture of a *Surplice*, by a *Cope*, will not injure the reverend Gentleman's position. He is safe, however, legally; for the service is *al fresco*, and not within the Church. On the whole, it strikes me that C. W. COPE, R.A., has been rather wasting his time over the Cominghome Cameron picture.

No. 264. *Welsh Moorlands.* By ALEX. W. WILLIAMS.

"The distant landscape draws not nigh
For all our gazing."

It should be "for all our grazing." The mistake in this picture is the omission of Welsh rabbits at feeding-time.

No. 279. *Right Rev. Piers C. Claughton, D.D.* By J. E. WILLIAMS. Chaplain-General, late Bishop of Colombo. Where are his insignia of Chaplain-General? Certainly his Reverence should wear an ecclesiastical cocked-hat—something like a mitre with feathers—if he holds this rank in the Church-Militant. Is there a Chaplain-Colonel? also a Chaplain-Captain, and so on? The Chaplain-Adjutant ought to come into Mr. MARKS's bird's-eye view of "Convocation" (No. 288, mentioned lower down). One advantage, however, the Right Reverend ex-Bishop possesses over his episcopal brethren, and that is, that while he has no *locus sedendi* in the House of Lords, he has always a seat in the House of *Piers*.

No. 286. *Convocation.* By H. S. MARKS, A. Intensely humorous—in idea. But why call it "Convocation?" With that picture before you, Mr. MARKS, surely it ought to have occurred to you that the more appropriate title would have been, "The Quarter Sessions, or an Assemblage of Beaks."

No. 372. *Peeling Potatoes.* By Mrs. LUKE FILDES. Half-a-crown reward to the uninitiated visitor who pronounces correctly the name of "FILDES" for the first time. The same for correct first pronunciations of ALMA-TADEMA, YEAMES, YOGESIAS (a nasty one this), PRILOLO, OULESS (a regular stumper), MOSCHELES, LEHMANN, LUTYENS, GRÜTZEN, BORHM (I've heard some people go dreadfully wrong over this), and, I dare say, a few others. This remark has not, I admit, much to do with the picture of *Peeling Potatoes*. This picture should be placed after the last of Mr. FRITH's series; then, as there is a Policeman (Constable R. A.) before No. 1, there would be a *Peeler* at both ends.

No. 993. *Sir Henry Hawkins.* By J. COLLIER. Very satisfactory, when one remembers that this is how COLLIER draws HAWKINS. Next year I hope there'll be a return match; COLLIER drawn by HAWKINS. Why not follow it up with CAIRNS by MALINS, BACON by FREY, COCKBURN by HUDDLESTONE (and *vice versa*).

No. 1333. *The Raid of Ruthven.* By W. B. C. FYFE. Mr. FYFE says in the note, "An incident in the life of JAMES THE SIXTH OF SCOTLAND," a clear note from our FYFE, unless explained by a spectator of the future, thus:—Little boy wants to get something nice out of the jam cupboard, while the guests are at dessert. His tutor, or his uncle, detects him in the act, places his back against the jam cupboard door and says, "No you don't!" This might have been termed "incident in the life of King JAMIE."

(Here's Constable, R.A., after us. So, run for the wicket, out we go, down the stairs, anyone's umbrella, and away till next time, which will be the last visit. Then to the Grosvenor!)

SAFE TO BE TAMED.—What the Russian "Cruisers" will never want—a British RAREY.





CLUB SMOKING-ROOM.

6:30 P.M.

Octogenarian. "LET ME OFFER YOU A LIGHT, AND SAVE YOU THE TROUBLE OF GETTING UP!"

Youth. "A—THA—A—NKS! SO KIND OF YOU!"

Octogenarian. "DON'T MENTION IT! I ALWAYS MAKE A POINT OF BEING CIVIL TO RICH YOUNG MEN WHO SMOKE AND DRINK SHERRY JUST BEFORE DINNER!"

Youth. "A—WHY?"

Octogenarian. "WELL—THEY MIGHT PERHAPS MENTION ME IN THEIR WILLS, YOU KNOW!"

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR THE ARMY.

MR. PUNCH, ONNER'D SIR,

A YUNIFORM WURKUS test i olds the pillageum of porochial economy. There mustn't be no discrimination between the wictims of misfortun and the Paupers wot as come to puv-erty through wice and unprovidence. If so be a man ave left is wife and famaly ohargabel on the Parish it don't sinnify a pin's ed weather he was snached away by Sudding Deth or the Caul of Dooty. Porochial economy probbits the Gardians to alow one set of Paupers any luxuries or cumfurts beyond anuther. They mustn't do no more for enny on 'em than keep 'em from Starvashun, and they can't do no less for none. 'T'ood never doo to treat Paupers like other ofonders and diwde 'em into classes, and for there to be a Fust Class of Paupers like there is of Missedemeanants. Sitch a hinvidius distinkahun as that hair wood be the Thin End of the Wege. The fust Class Paupers wood bimeby get to be Pensioners, in Door and hout, the Latter smokin their siggars and suppin their clarrit, wilet has for the Former, at this Time of Yere we shoold werry shortly be Hadwerttain for Tenders to supply 'em with Lam and Sparragrass. No, yer Honner, the Principals of Porochial Economy requires all Paupers wotsomedeve to be treated as hekally Wishuns, and Witch they ar.

These here then, yure Honner, bein My centiments. Hi shoold in Cearse be the wery Last Pusson to jine in the Cry ow Ard it his for the Pore Wives and Childern of the men wot's ben call'd out of the Resurves into the Army bein through loss of their Fathers' Employment throw'd on the Parrish not for to be Granted suffishant houtdoor Releaf wot with the Guvment Allowance to kepe 'em out of the WURKUS, bein as it is and Ment to be a Place of Penial manetenance. Wen the Men left the Army and jined the Rezerve, and marry'd, and So on, they know'd wot they was Liabel to, and their Wives as Wel. So they ain't got no rite to complane wotsomedeve, nor no more claim to any extrty consideration than huthers as. So wen i says i'm rather afear'd 'twood be advisabel to make sum littel difference in Faver of them they've left behind, yer Honner, i'm shure you'll aquitt me of avin bin

sedooeed from Porochial Economy by any sort of Pittifull and morkish Felins. No, no, yer Honner; but wot i feels is this, wot the Consequens mite bee of carryin sitch economy in their case strickly hout.

Their Uebans and Fathers has left their Omes and Oockipashuns if Necessary to fite for their Country. They won't fite praps with all the sperrit they mite if they adn't to think their Country ave Aloud their Wives and Children to be druv so meny Abandun'd Paupers into the WURKUS. And then they may say to theirselves Wot fools we was ever to henter the Army and the Resurv at all, and huther men inclined to list for Sogers may take warnin by their Exampel not to foller it, witch ain't by no means the sort of Exampel we means to set by the Porochial Economy of drivin abandun'd Paupers into the WURKUS as a Rool. A werry hexcellent rool, but there's no rools without ixsepshuns, not heven the rools of Porochial Economy, tho' the ixsepahun to the Abuv honly Pruves the Rool. But needs must wen the devvle drives, hand has to the Resurve Menn's Destitoot Wives and Children i'me afraide our wisest coarse is for to make a Ixsepshun, so as not for to push Porochial Economy too fur for the Public Safety. Witch, insted of savin, it wood be penniwise and poundfoolish in the Hend. Cause wy, arter all, in the Long Run Porochial and Public Hinterests is the Same. It won't pay for us to set the WURKUS agin the Barricks, and for the Releevin Hoffer for to withold Releaf so as to hinterfeer with and frustate the Recrootin Sarjant. Werry sorry to say so, as yu may suppose, but that, Onner'd Sir, 'ood be too bad for even your Obejent Umble Beedle,

BUMBLE.

P.S.—Wives 6d. a day each, children 2d. Won't Guvment make it up enuff to keep 'em out of the Ouse, wen the necessary for so Doin is hobvins even to the wery Porochial Authorrities theirselves. Wot must be the consequens to the British Army of the WURKUS gettin for to be named the British Sojers Indignant Wives' and Children's Asilum? Stil, if possabel, spare the Raftpayers.

The Knowledge Most Needed.

SIR JAMES M'GAREL-HOGG, the other day, presided at the opening of a new building in Whitfield Street, Tottenham Court Road, erected to provide baths and washhouses for the southern portion of the parish of St. Pancras. It contains two swimming-baths. The London School-Board, at a late meeting, adopted measures to constitute swimming a branch of education. This is indeed as it should be. What sort of instruction can be more serviceable for the children of the poorer classes than teaching them how to keep their heads above water?

Law Mender and Law Martyr.

"REFORM and codify the Law as well." Tempt not, rash man, the fate which all foretell.

Read STEPHEN, read the future in the past: Must our first martyr also be our last?

Honour Where it is Due.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK'S Widow is to have GEORGE CRUIKSHANK'S Pension continued to her. This is giving honour where honour is due. Let due honour be given also to Lord BEACONSFIELD as one of the best Administrators of H.M.'s Pension Fund that England has ever had.



ENCOURAGING.

George (who has just engaged himself to the Girl of his heart) breaks the happy news to his friend Jack (who has been married some time).

Jack. "Ah! Well, my DEAR FELLOW, MARRIAGE IS THE BEST THING IN THE LONG RUN, AND I CAN ASSURE YOU THAT AFTER A YEAR OR TWO A MAN GETS USED TO IT, AND FEELS JUST AS JOPLY AS IF HE'D NEVER MARRIED AT ALL!"

OUR OWN ACADEMY GUIDE.

FOURTH VISIT.

NOTE.—Pay your visit to the Academy as early as possible. Not that if you go late you'll find all the portraits out—which, by the way, you ought to be able to do at any time, or they're not the portraits I take 'em for—but because the pictures generally look so fresh. This applies specially to the figures and portraits. ALMA TADEMA's at 9 A.M. are too realistic: you feel quite inclined to say, "Beg pardon, I'm sure. I'll look in again when you're quite ready to receive me." But all the portraits appear fresh—fresh as paint. Their clothes seem to have been brushed, and there's a satisfied, brisk, sparkling air about them which wears off about lunch-time; and at 5 P.M. they all look hot, dusty, tired, bilious, and sleepy. Take my advice, and go early!

Be careful when inspecting the architectural designs in Gallery No. IX., to notice the figures. They like being taken notice of. They will, in most instances, well repay the trouble.

In No. 1089—*Interior of the Private Chapel at Tyntersfeld*, by ARTHUR W. BLOMFIELD—observe the Protestant minister, in academic gown and bands, explaining matters to a Catholic priest, in surplice and cassock, who, however, does not appear to be listening to him very attentively.

Look at the figures in

No. 1053. *New Hall for Music and Theatricals at Ticehurst, Sussex*. By E. F. C. CLARKE. Observe the Amateur Tenor who is just going to oblige the company. If his voice is only as big as his head, the roof will be taken off.

No. 1047. *Exterior View of the proposed Roman Catholic Seminary at Clapham, for the Diocese of Southwark*. By JOHN CRAWLEY. Very effective design; but notice in the foreground Father NEWDEGATE, in cassock and biretta, conversing Mr. WHALLEY, in shooting-coat and pot-hat. A propos of Father NEWDEGATE, just cast your eye on

Nos. 1051 and 1077. *Queen's College, Oxford: Design for decoration, with*

old Windows restored. If treated in this manner, why not restore it altogether, and present it, as a birthday present, to His Eminence Cardinal MANNING?

No. 1091. *North-west View of the Cathedral, Queens-town, (exterior), and*

No. 1114. *Interior View of the same Cathedral*, by Messrs. PUGIN and G. C. ASHLIN, are magnificent. I do hope Messrs. PUGIN and ASHLIN will not allow the effect of the interior to be spoiled by fixed seats, but insist on chairs, Continental fashion. There are difficulties; but the poor could have their chairs for nothing, and the rich can pay for the poor. This remark applies equally to the designs of JOS. A. HANSON and SON. What's in a name? Much, when you can't mention one of these gentlemen's works without calling it a Hansom building. The Messrs. HANSON must take first rank—a Hansom cab-rank, of course—in their own line. By the way, why weren't the HANSONS asked to send in designs for the Cabmen's Shelter?

In the name of the Law, where are the Police? I mean, where is the Policeman? Why has CONSTABLE, R.A., been removed from the line of Mr. FRITH's pictures? What has become of him? Has he gone wrong, or entered a monastery? He was not there when I was; but perhaps he didn't know I was coming. Oh Bobby! I have missed you!

No. 201. Two Lions wandering by moonlight on a terrace; and a Lioness going up some steps looking back at the others with a sort of wink, as much as to say, "He's somewhere about. Come on!" By B. RIVIERE. Where was the Artist himself when he drew these hungry-looking animals? In ambush, behind that ruin at the top of the steps? It should have been called "Fee Fi Fo Fum, I smell the blood of a Gallic man," or "Hide and Seek." Meet you again next year; au revoir!—no, O Riviere!

No. 380. *One of the Last Days of Robert Burns*. By Mrs. H. (E. M.) WARD. Touching picture; very. A propos of "touching," though, if BURNS were suddenly "took" with an inspiration, and stood up, it would be bad for the roof, I fancy. Sporting men, who see the picture after being informed what the title is, will ask, "ROBERT BURNS? What did he lay?" They think he was a professional book-maker. Well, so he was.

No. 482. *A Chef d'Œuvre*. By S. HART, R.A. Wouldn't the Academy authorities have done wisely to have acted on the motto, "*Ars est celare Artem*?"

No. 543. By A. STOCKS. Recommended as a profitable study for the Ritualistic Clergy.

No. 546. By A. DIXON. A cheerful subject. It might be called the Result of Serious Convictions.

No. 553. By C. LANDSEER, R.A. Mr. LANDSEER calls it "Pirates." I thought it represented Amateurs rehearsing; the box of dresses having just arrived from the Costumier's. "The Pirates," perhaps, is the name of the play. Is it Mr. C. LANDSEER's?

No. 602. *Uncertainty*. By ARTHUR HUGHES. Evidently, "Will he bite?" Good for colour, or, rather, good for *Hues*.

No. 610. *The Prince's Choice*. By J. R. LAMONT. And a very odd one, to give the young Lady a kiss in public. But, in those days, and in those dresses, bless you! men, and women too, would do anything. Is it Kiss in the Ring in the olden time? There's a respectable ecclesiastic waiting for them at the church door, so if the Kiss comes first, there's the Ring to follow. Quite right, Mr. LAMONT; that you haven't got any more pictures in this Academy is a matter for regret and Lamont-ation. (Where are the Police?)

No. 613. *All among the Barley*. By E. H. FAHEY. Good name: but, seeing what the young couple are evidently interested in, and noticing the strong growth of poppies, perhaps the better title would have been "Poppy-ing the question."

No. 636. *The Otter's Stronghold*. By S. S. NOBLE. Admirable, NOBLE. But where's the Otter, and on whom, or of what, has he got a strong hold? Cookney says, "Call that Otter 'untin'! Why, as they're all in the water, I should say it's more cooler 'untin' than Otter 'unting.'" (This was said in the absence, on leave, of CONSTABLE, R.A.)

No. 638. *Moonlight*. By HENRY MOORE. Advertisement picture for TIDMAN'S Sea Salt. With this picture, some Sea Salt, and a romantic turn of mind, one would never want to go down to the seaside, no never, no Moore.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



"Conference or Congress coming!" I cry—
 "A full and fair one—by-and-by."
 If you ask me when, and where,
 It's to meet—I answer "There!"—
 Where 'tis best for BISMARCK'S bile,
 For 'when'—well, not this yet awhile."

SUCH is the upshot of the week's rumours. A little more confident and *coulour de rose* to-day, a little more dashed with doubt and darker to-morrow, but on the whole indicating, as the Marquis of SALISBURY (*Monday, May 27*) told Lord CARDWELL, in the Lords, "That the prospects of a Congress being held have materially improved." Still, it is only a case of prospects and *pour-parlers*. When it comes to meeting, of course "poor parlours" (as an abandoned correspondent dares to suggest to us) "will be exchanged for sumptuous drawing-rooms" suited for the sittings of Plenipotentiaries who are setting about the most important act of diplomatic *cuisinerie* since the Congress of Vienna re-arranged the menu of Europe. Such acts should not be rapid acts, or it will be the worse for the actors, as witness the Treaty of San Stefano—ominously named from the protomartyr, as we see now that all Europe has taken to throw stones at it. So delay is *not* dangerous.

Does the Duke of RICHMOND'S Cattle Bill go farther than is necessary for stamping out the plagues of rinderpest, pleuro-pneumonia,

and foot-and-mouth disease? Does it aim at stamping out a quite different plague—that which plagues protectionist home cattle-breeders and dealers—the importation of foreign cattle? There is such a suspicion, and perhaps at least a shadow of a shade of a ground for it. As the Bill stands, all fat cattle coming from certain regions of Europe are to be pitilessly slaughtered on landing. It vests in the Privy Council a discretion in the case of cattle home-bred, or imported from Canada and the United States. The Marquis of RICHMOND deprecates this distinction as invidious. What's sauce for foreign beef should, he thinks, be sauce for British; the discretion which can deal with British and American stock may be trusted to deal also with Swedish, Norwegian, Spanish, and Portuguese.

Norway has had no disease; yet the fat Norse ox must be slain as soon as he sets foot on British ground. It is all very well to say not many Norse oxen are imported. But the effect on price of such restrictions is not to be calculated by a rule of proportion. The Bill savours of protection. It is openly charged with tending to raise the price of meat, to the gain of the British breeder, and the loss of the British feeder. The Marquis moved a Clause giving the Privy Council a general discretion to relax the rule of slaughter on landing.

The Duke, as President of the Council, best knows how far its



"A BREAK IN THE CLOUDS."

STODGE, WHOSE THREE PICTURES WERE REJECTED BY THE ROYAL ACADEMY, SEES A WAY OUT OF HIS DIFFICULTIES!

discretion may be trusted. He declines to trust it beyond English and Yankee stock. (They should write over the door in Whitehall, "Privy Council Cattle Department, Discretion Limited.") But he disclaimed the intention of protecting the breeder; the Bill was meant to protect all—breeders, farmers, buyers, sellers. *Punch* is a consumer of beef, not a breeder. He will wait with some anxiety the verdict of his butcher's Bill on the Duke of RICHMOND'S.

(Commons.)—The Indian troops once more in motion. One would have thought the House had had enough moving in this matter last week. Not a bit of it. First Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL moved for a Select Committee to inquire into the cost of our Black Guards serving out of the Black Country. When the Marquis of SALISBURY presided over an inquiry into extra-Indian service of Indian troops in 1867, the highest authorities, it seems, were hopelessly by the ears on the military and political aspects of the matter; but the financiers were agreed that whatever else Sepoys might come, out of India they wouldn't come cheap.

To our surprise Sir GEORGE seems quite to approve of opening wider the doors of white fellowship to our black fellows:—

"He would suggest that we might bring a few of the native Indian troops home, in order that we might see them, and that they might see us. He believed that contact with those troops would remove

many of the prejudices entertained in this country; that when we knew them better, we should find that they were not savages, but orderly, pleasant, and good-natured people, and that we should like them pretty well, while they in turn would like us."

Nothing more probable, or more pleasant. Still, Sir GEORGE, do you know the first blush of the thing rather takes one's breath away. It is true you don't mind that. Still, think of ugly little Ghoorkas, with their still uglier kookeries—both knives and messes—at the Regent's Park Barracks; or Sikhs, and Pathans, and Rajpoots, and Afreedies, with their Bheesties, Dooly-Wallahs, and other mysterious followers allowed in the Indian service, acting as a guard of honour to their Empress at Windsor, chaffed by the Eton Boys, and frowned at by the Military Knights. Nay, why stop at *Indian* ink, if we must get used to black in our military wear? Why not Caffres at Charing-Cross Barracks?—Fingoes called out to put down Jingoos, the next time they go breaking Mr. GLADSTONE'S windows, or riding rough-shod over the British Lions in Trafalgar Square? What would the British Nursemaid say to a couple of Irregular Indian Native Cavalry, in tunics and turbans, sitting like bronze images in place of the usual brace of that most regular of English Native Cavalry, the British Horse-Guard, in the niche on either side the familiar portal in Whitehall? And if the British Nursemaid could be brought to tolerate such dark protectors, how about the British tax-payer? JOHN BULL would find, as we pointed out last week, that Black Draughts come expensive, and might be inclined to throw this form of physic to the dogs, after his first experience of its depletant effects on his pocket.

The Government, by Col. STANLEY, granted the Committee.

On the Motion for going into Supply, Mr. GLADSTONE did his best to raise last week's Debate over again, and Messrs. RYLANDS, E. JENKINS, JACOB BRIGHT, MUNTZ, and HOPWOOD, did their best to help him. Lord HARTINGTON protested, like a discreet gentleman as he is, and Mr. FAWCETT forcing a division, the Intransigentes of the Opposition were defeated by 214 to 40. *Punch* can only say, "Served them right," but must venture to doubt if theirs is the right way to serve either Her Majesty's Government, or Her Majesty's Opposition.

In Supply, the House had a foretaste of Lord BEACONSFIELD'S Great Indian move, in the shape of a modest item of close on £400,000 for transport of 7,000 black soldiers to Malta. There was a good deal of grumbling, but the money has been spent—and of course must be repaid. If JOHN BULL will have "the forces of the Empire" made moveable, he must pay for the machinery. You can't make omelettes without eggs, or move Indian troops over sea without money—and a good deal of money.

Tuesday (Lords).—Lord STRATHEDEN AND CAMPBELL modestly asked whether Her Majesty's Government had in view any plan for making the Militia available for service abroad.

Lord BURY pointed out to the noble Eastern-questioner—

"That in order to effect such a cardinal change in the Militia service it would be necessary to release every man enlisted under the present system from his engagement, and thus absolutely do away with the existing Militia force. This Her Majesty's Government had no intention of doing. Indeed, there was no necessity for any

such step, as, under present regulations, any Militia man willing to enlist for general service could be transferred to the line and receive a free kit for doing so."

(*Commons*).—Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE appealed to the House to help him to get on with business—that of Supply first, of late so wearily and uselessly delayed by Irish Obstruction. This naturally kindled the righteous indignation of the chief masters in the art of "How not to do it yourself, or let anybody else do it."

Mr. PARNELL lectured the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, and Mr. CHAPLIN lectured Mr. PARNELL, and Mr. BIGGAR lectured Mr. CHAPLIN.

Mr. PEASE, in the name of undenominational education, complained that Dissenting schools had not been fairly dealt with by the Education Department. It appeared that the Department had only dealt with them too fairly, i.e., declined to make grants to them any more than to Church schools, where they were not wanted. Lord GEORGE HAMILTON very clearly and completely vindicated the Department, and Mr. PEASE, as a reasonable Friend, was content to leave the matter in his hands.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER asks for a Select Committee to overhaul the reporting arrangements of the House. If it could exercise a discretion!—have its own telephones, say, for keeping superfluous voices afar, and its own microphones, not for making short speeches longer, or small speakers bigger—they have these already in the Gallery, but for reducing utterances that mean nothing to their intrinsic nothingness!

The House was Counted Out, rejoicing over Mr. R. VANS AGNEW, on Hypothes.

Wednesday.—On Irish Sunday Closing Bill. Two clauses fought over, and one carried, limiting the operation of the Act to four years. Will it live as long? If it does, it will have established a better right to live longer than we should have been inclined to allow it.

Thursday (*Commons*).—The visit of the SHAH is to be *incognito*, Mr. BOURKE says, by his own desire. All the better. It won't be necessary to cut him, which, otherwise, *Punch* must have done.

In answer to Mr. BUTT, who asked for time to discuss Irish University Education, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE pleaded, on behalf of Mr. BUTT, for time to proceed with more pressing public business, and drew an alarming picture of Parliamentary arrears. The House has so wasted its time that at the rate Supply has been moving, if every Government night between this and August were given to Supply only, the Civil Estimates could not be got through, to say nothing of Army and Navy Estimates still outstanding, legislation, or discussion.

Of course Mr. PARNELL complained of the delays, which he attributed to the personal squabbles of English Members! For which he was rapped over the knuckles by the SPEAKER. But the House, by sitting well into the small hours, did get through "Law and Justice," one of the items of Supply which most wants overhauling—if there were anybody to overhaul it systematically and sensibly, which there isn't, as *Punch* concludes on the legal principle "*De non. existentibus et non apparen-tibus eadem est ratio.*"

BETWEEN TWO FAMES.

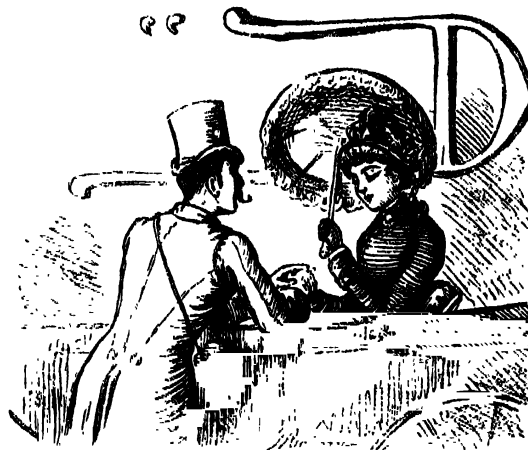
The French Government has prohibited any National Celebration in honour either of VOLTAIRE or JEANNE D'ARC, on May 30th, the *jour de fête* of both.

His day, who spat upon "the Maid,"
And hers, the Maid he spat on—
France loving both, with doubts is stayed,
'Twixt VOLTAIRE'S *fauteuil*, pile of Maid,
Which stool 'twere best she sat on,

Least Anti-clericals make games,
Or Clericals crow o'er them,
France deems it best for both their fames,
Who led Church foes, who lit Church flames,
To honour and ignore them!

THE RIGHT MAN.—Has any bookmaker, in quest of information as to the probable winner of the Derby, ever thought of applying to Mr. MROHT? He hangs out at Tiptree Hall.

ECHOES OF EPSOM.



MAR Lady JANE, if you would deign to smile upon my suit—

"There's nuts for all who hits the ball, and on'y a penny a shoot!"

"Although I've tried my love to hide, you cannot fail to see—"

"A thimble here, a thimble there! Now, where's the blessed pea?"

"My love, my life, be my dear wife! No more my pleading shun."

"The odds I'll lay. I'm safe to pay. Here! two to one bar one!"

"Oh, take me, dear, and never fear my love will soon be gone."

"I'll take you, Sir, in tonners, or in ponies—if you're on!"

"Forgive my haste. I would not waste my youth in fruitless courtin'."

"Just cross her hand with silver, and the Gipsy 'll tell yer fortun'."

"I've rank and wealth, and perfect health; there's nothing that I lack—"

"I shuffles 'em, so! In coorse ye'll know which o' them there's the Jack!"

"Oh, be not shy; but say if I may call you my own JENNY?"

"This ain't no sell, my noble Swell. Try yer luck! Three shies a penny!"

"I cannot wait—I'll know my fate, be the answer e'er so hard!"

"C'rrect weights an' names, and colours, same! See here, my Lord, c'rrect card!"

"Oh, dearest, think! I'm on the brink of wild despair. Consider—"

"A mossil o' ham, or a drop o' cham, would save a starvin' widder!"

"Ah, smile divine! Then you are mine! Oh, name the happy day!"

"They're off! It's done!—the Favourite's won! Oh, dash! oh, lor! Hooray!"

"Oh, joy! oh, bliss! If I might kiss those lips, our loves were sealed!"

"Confound my luck!—my bank is bruk!—I've been and backed the Field!"

A DERBY GLOSSARY.

(By our Cynical Contributor.)

Amusement. Yawning from 8 A.M. till 12. Bad champagne from noon to 4 P.M. Headache for the rest of the day.

Barouche. A carriage supplied by a livery-stable keeper, which might be converted into a bathing-machine if it had better springs.

Conviviality. Joyful hypocrites making fools of themselves and each other.

Drag. Four horses drawing any number of asses. Nothing to do with the Royal Humane Society.

Epsom. "The place to spend an unhappy day." A town not worth its salts.

Form. Dressing like a miller *plus* a blue veil. To preserve the "old form," decorate your hat with Dutch dolls.

Grass. Another name for mud.

Hill. Site of "all the fair" without any of the "fun."

Lunch. The first stage of indigestion.

Music. Stale airs from the lowest stratum of the lowest of the Music Halls, and the most execrating of the barrel-organs.

National. A term applied to a holiday chiefly patronised by fools and knaves, "worse halves," and roughs.

Ovation. The howls of an idiotic crowd about an invisible winner.

Prophets. Persons who command no respect in their own country—or any other.

Refreshment. The first stage of intoxication.

Sweepstakes. So called from their emptying your pockets.

Turf. The parting-place for fools and their money.

Usage. A weak excuse for tomfoolery, excess, and extravagance.

Vow. Made at the end of the day, to be broken next year.

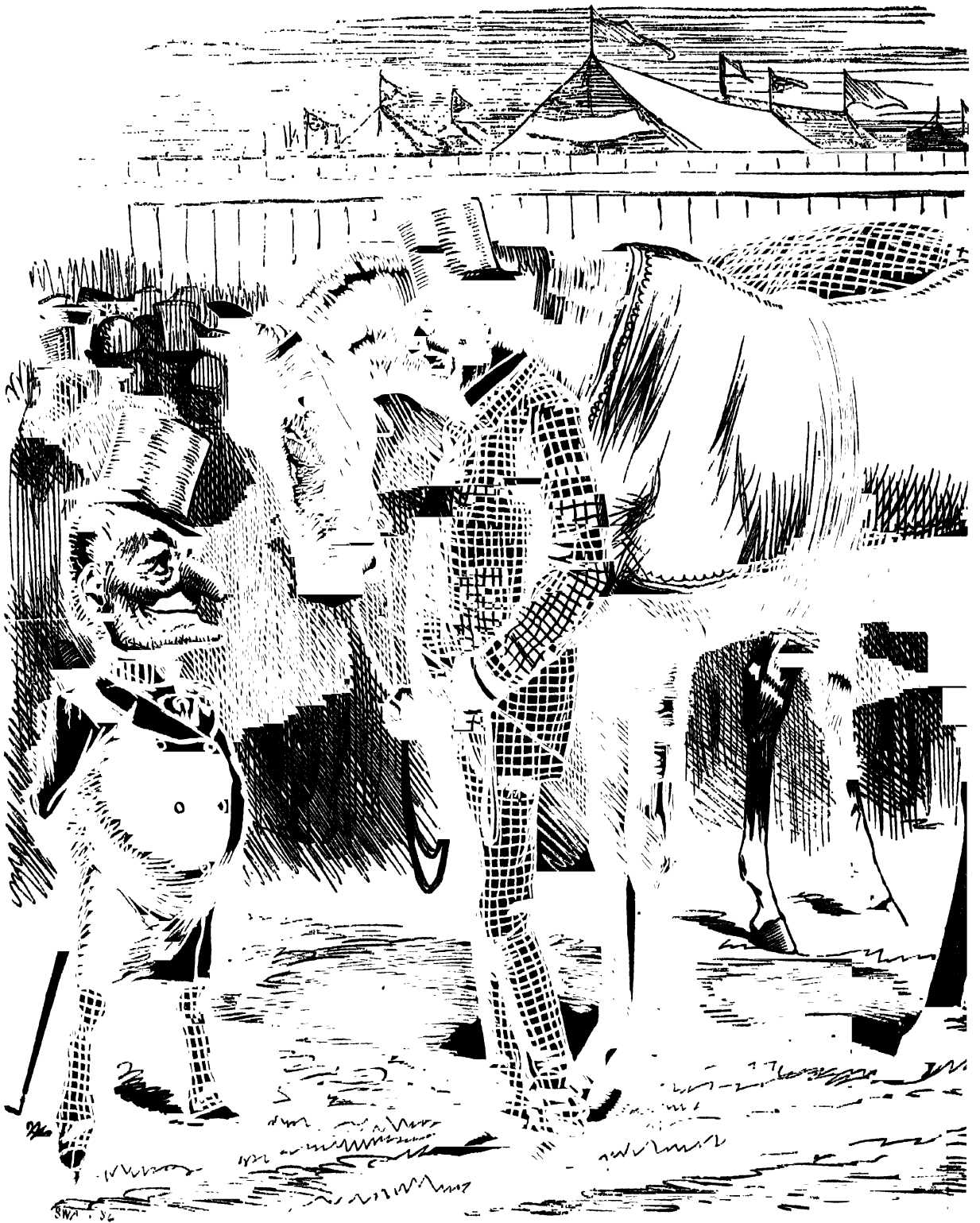
Wine. A deleterious compound which, like charity, covers a multitude of sins, and still more sorrows, stupidities, and sick headaches.

Yesterday. The coming spectre of to-day.

Zero. The level of everybody's spirits after the Derby Day.

The Australian Eleven v. M. C. C.

THE Australians came down like a wolf on the fold,
The Mary'bone Cracks for a trifle were bowled;
Our Grace before dinner was very soon done,
And our Grace after dinner did not get a run.



THE.. "DARK

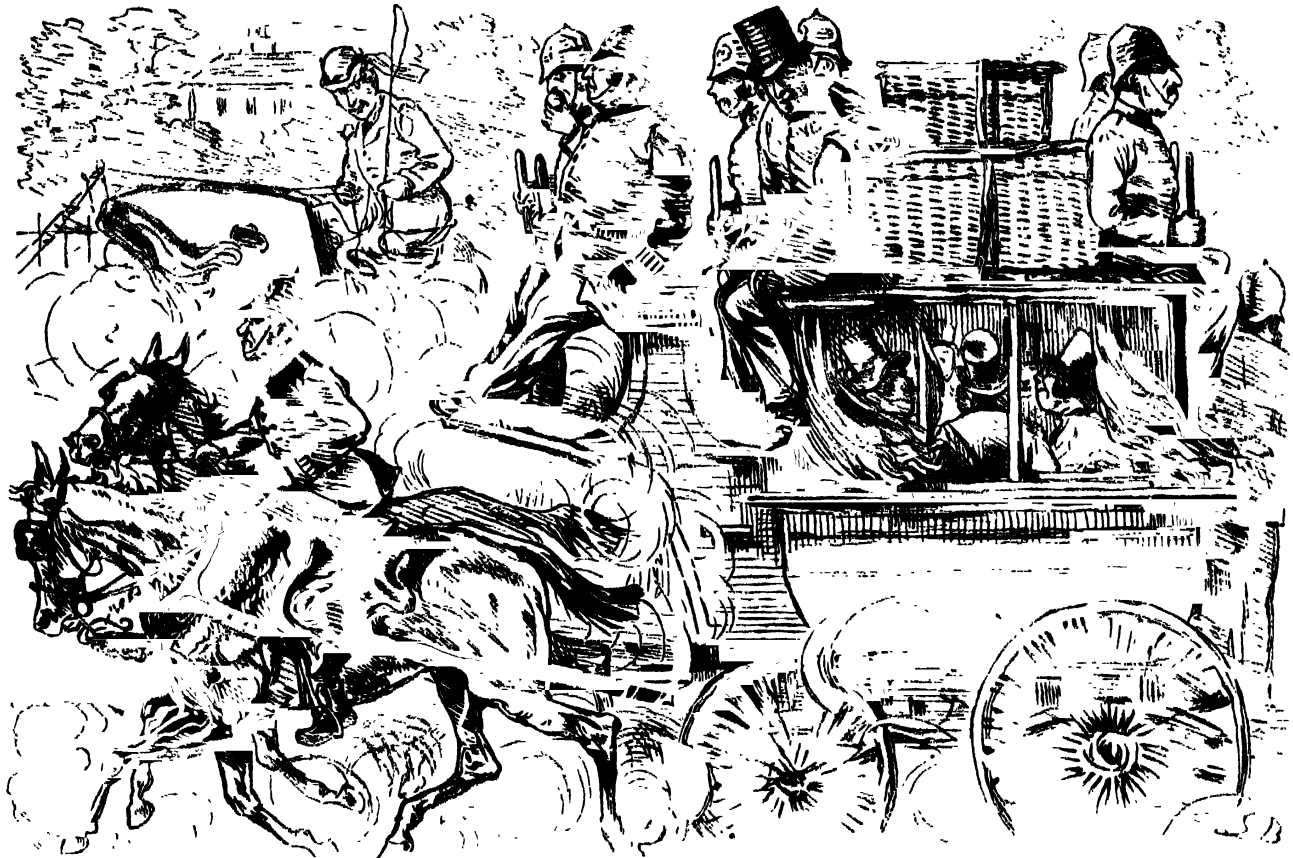
MR. P. "HE'S COST A LOT! DO YOU STAND TO WIN WITH HIM?"

TRAINER. "T



. HORSE."

HAT'S TELLINGS! ANYHOW, HE CAN FORCE THE RUNNING FOR 'CONGRESS'!"



MIDDLESEX MAGISTRATES GOING TO THE DERBY.

THE DARK HORSE.

A DARK Horse, limbs fine, tail high, nostrils wide,—
As yet on English turf unknown, untried.
But BEN, the veteran trainer, close and 'cute,
Appeared to have a fancy for the brute—
"Appeared,"—for BEN is hard to understand,
And rather given to hide, than show his hand.
There never was a Dark 'Un more discussed
Than this same *Sepoy*, out of India, by
Imperial Policy.

Tipsters have squabbled, quidnuncs fumed and fussed.
The hopes of some on his career seemed centred;
"He'll never run," said others, "though he's entered."
"Don't like these foreign strains," old turfites cried;
"Right British Sportsmen would not run such cattle."
Others were sweet upon his style and stride,
And boldly backed him for the equine battle.
STANLEY, a cautious jock, though smart and able,
Who lately had belonged to the same stable,
Refused the mount as risky, and withdrew,
Leaving BOB SALISBURY to wear the Blue.
Some held the *Sepoy* as a "second string."

The real interest of the Ring
Having been centered in a mighty grey
Called *Congress*, shaped to go, some think to stay,
But somewhat backward in his preparation,
Owing, 'twas said, to leary BEN's own blundering,
Whether o'er-cleverness or vacillation
None knew, the trainer loved to keep men wondering,
And a good Dark 'Un was his great delight;
Long odds he ever liked to be upsetting,

So, spite of opposition far and wide,
The public backed the Great Untried,
And *Sepoy* kept a front place in the betting.
But as the day of the great race drew near,
'Twas found, with mingled joy and fear,
That *Congress* came again with a great rush.
The swells and oads, the touts and tipsters crush
To take stock of the old favourite once more,
Still clothed and hooded, but legs right, all four.

The grey looks fit at last; true sportsmen pray
This likely looking horse may win the day.
BEN keeps his counsel. *Sepoy* strips. "Friend BEN,"
Says *Punch*,—good judge of horses as of men,
"The nag is smart, but can he stay the course?"
Don't think he looks quite like a Derby horse.
Is it with him that you declare to win?"
'Cute BEN replies, with such a curious grin
One knows not if he's serious or funning,
"That's telling—but at least he'll force the running!"

RIGHT AND WRONG WHALES.

Smith's Sound, lat. 82° N.

MR. PUNCH,

Sir,—I am astonished at some people's impudence—MR. FARINI especially. I learn from a friendly porpoise who has lately been making a run up the Thames with a family party, that after placarding London streets with "The Whale's Coming!" he has dared to announce the arrival of one of our family in the Westminster Aquarium. He has got his friends in the newspapers to make a mighty fuss about its capture off Labrador, where, we are solemnly informed—

"That a constant supply of these 'monsters of the deep' may be readily obtained for the future, MR. FARINI has, through his agents, secured the exclusive right of the Whale fishery off a large portion of the Labrador coast, and purchased an enclosed bay, serving as a kind of 'Whale preserve.'"

Will you believe me, Sir, when I assure you that the new arrival so pompously heralded is not a member of the Whale family at all, but belongs to another and very different branch of the Cetacean family—the Dolphins—is a *Beluga*, in fact, not a *Balena*.

He may be "very like a whale," but a Whale he is not. His colour, size, the position of his blow-holes, all give the lie to his claim to rank with,

Sir, Your Obedient Servant,
THE RIGHT WHALE (*Balena Mysticetus*).

ADVICE GRATIS TO BRITANNIA.—(From a Disinterested Frenchman.)—Show your teeth, Madame, even if they be black.



OUR DERBY RESERVES.



HIGHLY GENTEEL.

Sir Charles. "BY THE BYE, MRS. DE TOMPKYNS, DO YOU KNOW YOUR NEIGHBOURS THE PONSONBY DE TALBOTS?"

Mrs. Peter de Tompkins. "A—NO!—STRANGE TO SAY, FOR THEY ARE A KIND OF CONNECTION OF OURS."

Sir Charles. "INDEED! HOW SO?"

Mrs. Peter de Tompkins. "WE HAVE THE SAME MONOGRAM, YOU KNOW!"

OUR DERBY RESERVES.

It was upon the middle of a jovial June day,
When famous old Field-Marshal *Punch*, in red and gold array,
Upon the crown of Epsom Downs, midst Surrey's hilly curves,
Mustered, in bright magnificence, his Derby-Day Reserves.
Proudly upon his spotted steed the stout Field-Marshal sat,
A thing of beauty from his boots to the plume of his cocked hat.
And *Toby* true his trumpet blew with a spirit-stirring blast,
As o'er the hills and o'er the plain his forces gathered fast;
And ne'er more serried ranks were ranged, or marched-past steadier
files,
Than those deployed before the Chief whose ruddy face rained
smiles.

Up came the gallant *Clioquots*, the *Heidsiecks* up came they,
The *Pommerys* and the *Roederers*, and the *Perrier-Jouets*,
The mighty *Mumms* and *Moets*, and the *Ruinarts*, in rows,
And many another regiment whose brands *Rheims* only knows.
Along the rails, thick on the hill, the baggage-train well found—
FORTNUM AND *MASON* know their work—took up their camping-
ground.

"Call up the guns!" cried Marshal *PUNCH*. Then up came the
Artillery.

The gallant "*Cork Screws*"—Irish troops—to charge the ranks of
Sillery.

A thousand points are thrusting home! A thousand *Corks* "go
pop!"

A thousand lips are draining "fizz" as if they'd never stop:
And in they wire like one o'clock, whilst, lusty Lord of Lunch,
Adown the dark and glistening ranks high rides Field-Marshal
PUNCH!

Oh, was there ever such a *Brick* to fight, write, drink, or feed
As gallant old Field-Marshal *PUNCH*, who rides the Spotted Steed!

"THE COURSE OF EVENTS."—The Race-course.

THE OBELISK'S LAST MOVE BUT ONE.

"Your Obelisk 'e ne'er drawn such crowds, it declares,
As now that it's moored off Adelphi new stairs;
Since a derelict over from Ferrol it came,
In the Cylinder-ship, *Cleopatra* by name!"

SAYS WILSON to DIXON, "We've done it, by gum!"
SAYS DIXON to WILSON, "The cruz is to come."
SAYS WILSON to DIXON, "Two hundred tons weight."
SAYS DIXON to WILSON, "To lift, and set straight!"
SAYS WILSON to DIXON, "If you can do that."
SAYS DIXON to WILSON, "Or else crush me flat."
SAYS WILSON to DIXON, "Our stone if we show."
SAYS DIXON to WILSON, "O'er Paris we'll crow."
SAYS WILSON to DIXON, "Luxor theirs they call."
SAYS DIXON to WILSON, "And we ours Luok's all."

For 'Leisure Moments.

A NEW "holyday quarterly," called *Ours*, edited by Miss ANNIE THOMAS, has just appeared. As Mr. G. A. SALA, author of *Twice Round the Clock*, is writing in it, we ought, at all events, to be provided with amusement for 'Ours during the day. We wish it every possible success.

A Delicate Attention.

It is rumoured that Mr. G. PALMER is about to commemorate his return to Parliament, and his first vote, by the introduction of a new Biscuit, richly embossed with Sepoy emblems, to be called the "*Beaconsfield Cracknell*," and that every effort will be made to have it ready for the use of the Congress.

THE DERBY (CLEAN) SWEEP.—DIZZY.



A SPIRITED ANSWER.

Minister. "JANET! JANET! DRINKING AGAIN! DON'T YOU KNOW WHERE ALL THE DRUNKERS GO TO?"

Janet. "AH COULD NA SAY WHAT ITERS DO, BUT AH AYE GAE WHERE AH KEN—(hic)—AH 'LL GET THE BEST CHEAPEST!"

ART NOTES.

OUR Bank of Elegance notes are not in high credit. But our Bank of Arts notes ought to be, when the bank is HENRY BLACKBURN'S & Co., and the notes are his *Grosvenor Gallery Notes*, and his *Academy Notes* for 1878. Never were more unmistakable cases of "value received," than theirs who purchase these two wonderful shillingsworths—the best aids to memory, for the collections they relate to, that have ever been produced. The illustrations, excellent records of the pictures, in many cases from sketches by the painters, are full of spirit, and, for their scale, wonderfully effective; the remarks terse, and to the point.

After *Punch's Own Guide* to the Academy and the Grosvenor, the best, he has no hesitation in saying, are Mr. BLACKBURN'S.

Mr. COMYNS CARR'S Illustrated Catalogue of the Grosvenor Gallery Exhibition of Drawings last year, with his admirable introduction and careful photographic illustrations, is to these popular little productions of Mr. BLACKBURN'S as a hundred-pound note to a shinplaster. It costs a guinea, and is worth a great deal more. But though more elaborate and exquisite alike in its text and its illustrations, it appeals to a smaller public, as the hundred-pound note does—worse luck! Still it should not be passed over, for that reason, in any notice of recently issued Art-Currency.

Porte it Isn't.

(From the Sublime to the Ridiculous.)

"The Porte—that is the building which from its gateway was so called, and in which the Government Offices and Archives of the Ottoman Empire were housed—has been burnt, whether by the act of an incendiary is not yet known."—*Constantinople Letter*, May 26th.

'Twas once strong military Porte,
Then Porte in a storm, not a doubt of it;
Lastly, Porte in blue blazes, and now
Porte with all the spirit burnt out of it.

"THE DOGS OF WAR."—Maltese Tarriers.

IN MEMORIAM.

John, Earl Russell.

BORN, AUGUST 18, 1792.

DIED, MAY 28, 1878.

THE Golden Wedding, but three weeks ago,
Of him and Liberty, his mistress dear!
And now the true old heart, which then beat slow,
Is stopped, and England bows beside his bier,

Remembering the brave work of that long life
Which saw the light, when France, in Maud mood,
Mad with the shock of old and new at strife,
Strove to give Liberty fresh youth by blood;

Rousing a horror, that from those who wrought
Such deeds in Liberty's most sacred name
Had spread to Liberty herself, till thought
Of her grew hateful, and men spurned her name.

But he was of the few of firmer heart,
Who kept the Goddess and the godless throng
Of her blood-drunk worshippers apart,
Held her truths fast, and did her shrine no wrong.

For they had drawn their faith from purer springs,
Where Liberty sat side by side with Law,
O'erbearing howl of Mob and heat of Kings,
With Order for their guide who came to draw.

So, from the first day of his public life
Unto the last—some sixty years and more—
As Liberty's liege knight he served, in strife
Of good with ill, whate'er name either bore.

Content to wait, but still with trust to win,
In God's fight, for God's cause—the good of man:
Oft baffled, but with heart to re-begin
To-morrow what to-day's strength failed to span.

Whatever victory stands writ in light
O'er crime, hate, ignorance, fair claim denied,
O'er Wrong usurping arms and place of Right—
His name is written at that conquest's side.

Others might change their colours and their cause,
Some, whose weak eyes slow opened to the light,
Some, who in fear of progress prayed for pause;
His road was ever on, from right to right.

The faiths his youth had held when held by few,
He lived to see the faiths of most and best,
Till in their wake the common herd they drew,
And shaped the law, and stood for truths confessed.

Rare fortune! It was given his age to see
The fulness of the day whose dawn he saw,
The harvests garnered, at whose sowing he
Had heard the seed proclaimed not worth a straw.

No wonder if, with all he had done and known,
He held him somewhat stiffly, in the trust
That where he showed the way 'twas wisely shown—
That all his "would-be," would; his "must-be," must.

They called him cold and proud who judged by shows,
Not knowing what a fire was at his core,
What springs of love 'neath that hard surface rose,
What flowers that seeming sand-waste bred and bore.

Only when sorrow came his hearth to share
With sadness love and reverence could not cheer,
'Twas seen how pride could bow, how faith could bear,
And trust in God make even darkness clear.

He lived to see the fifty years complete
From his first battle won in Freedom's cause;
Like one that hears, 'twixt sleep and waking sweet,
The songs that tell of May-time in the shaws,

He heard their greetings whom he might not see,
Nor take their hands, nor thank them face to face;
And then the long-tried spirit was set free,
And England bows above his resting-place!

OUR OWN ACADEMY GUIDE.

POSITIVELY THE LAST VISIT.



OMBINE Nos. 59, 287, 301, 548, 1355, and 1359. *Marquis of Bath. The Right Hon. W. H. Smith, M.P. Robert Smith, Esq. Sir G. Scott. T. H. Wyatt. Rev. G. Currey, D.D. The Very Rev. Dr. Howson.* By G. RICHMOND. R.A. A Richmond Party. The Marquis of BATH brings his own buns, and the Rev. CURREY comes in hot. But not a Lady among them! and yet every one goes to Richmond for Maids of Honour.

No. 129. *The Gods and their Makers.* By E. LONG, A. Excellent. Second title, "Idol Moments." "Ars Longa," not "vita brevis."

No. 133. *Sweet Margery.* By G. A. STOREY, A. Own Sister to Little Swanadown. *Nomine mutato, fabula narratur, i.e., "Another name, same Storey."*

No. 259. *Portrait of Himself.* By T. WEBSTER, R.A.

Very like, perhaps, but who knows Himself?

No. 398. *The Salute.* By J. C. HORSLEY, R.A. Cheerful and dramatic. Second title, "Private business."

No. 402. *Dutch Boats Be-calmed.* By C. THORNELY. We shall see the companion picture to this next year, called "Dutch Boats Be-blowned."

No. 450. *The Head of the Lake.* By E. A. WATERLOW. Not water-luc at the head of the Lake. That would be too suggestive of water on the brain.

No. 472. *Henry Irving as Duke of Gloster.* By F. LONG, A. Decidedly E-long-ated.

No. 481. *The Sonata.* By V. ORMSBY. He must have painted the Daughter first if this is the Son arter. (Where is CONSTABLE, R.A., or an ar-ray of Constables? Police!)

No. 568. *Convalescents, Children's Hospital.* By A. D. LANCASTER. Apparently recovering from scarlet fever, which they haven't as yet got out of their clothes.

No. 815. *Master Charles Tiller.* By WM. PERCY. I've heard of, and seen, a man-tilla, but this is the first time I've come across a boy-tiller. Farewell, brave PERCY!

No. 830. *Trial by Battle.* By J. TENNIEL. The work of a rising young artist.

"I speak of JOHN TENNIEL,
Whose fame is perennial!"

That's my motto, Sir; and I can't help it if "perennial" must be spelt in this way. Too late to change now.

No. 936. *The Play Scene in Hamlet.* By KEELY HALSWELLE. Labourer: all work and no play. But "Halswelle that ends well"—hem! SHAKESPEARE.

No. 966. "Corney Reach." By G. C. KERR. Dedicated, of course, to MR. CORNEY GRALN, who can reach two octaves at once easily.

No. 1157. *Cyril Flower, Esq. Chalk Drawing.* By JOHN SANDYS. Sandys drawing, not chalk. Excellent likeness of a splendid Flower in full bloom.

No. 1323. *Preparing for Conquest.* By A. JOHNSTON. I congratulate CONQUEST. One of CONQUEST's pupils for the Grecian Theatre. *J'y suis.* Very much the pink of perfection, or the perfection of pink. A. JOHNSTON pinx-it.

No. 1332. *John Corbett, Esq., M.P.* By J. C. HORSLEY, R.A. All Mr. HORSLEY's humour has been thrown into this picture, which represents a portrait of a respectable elderly gentleman, disturbed while reading a rather risqué French novel in a yellow cover. It might have been called "Somebody Coming!" Bravo, Mr. HORSLEY, capital R.A. and A1!

No. 1338. *Equestrian Portrait of Gertrude, daughter of Frank Chance, Esq.* By STEPHEN PEAROE. To be described as "Chance and design."

No. 1339. *The Iris Pool.* By S. J. L. PICKERING. The idea probably suggested from SHAKESPEARE's *Antony and Cleopatra*, where the latter says, "Charmian, let us to billiards." As the Queen's other waiting-maid was *Iris*, the logical mind can see at a glance what (however remotely) was the germ of this picture,

which has no more to do with CLEOPATRA's billiards than with her Pyramids.

No. 1342. *A Mill in Picardy.* By ROBIN JOHNSON. No signs of a fight; but the Artist has evidently an eye for the very sort of retired spot where a mill used to be in the palmy, or fisty, days of the P. R.

Nos. 1356 and 1389. "Waterfall" and "Torrents from the Mountains." By EDMUND GILL.

EDMUND GILL
Went up a hill
To paint a pail of water;
Then came down,
And in Town
His pictures were shown after.

Both works evince a considerable amount of labour, which is just what would be expected from an artist, who, if he is not a "hewer of wood," is, at all events, a "drawer of water." As the Cookney said, when no policeman was near, "This Gill is one of the strong points of the Academy."

No. 1376. *The Parish Kirk.* By W. E. LOCKHART. Without referring to the Catalogue, I should have said that this picture represented prisoners and their friends in a County Court, or a Court of the County. Another version of *Waiting for the Verdict*. If it is a true picture of a Parish Kirk, I'm glad I don't belong to the Parish. If I did, I shouldn't go to that Kirk, to be one of that "Kirk's lambs."

No. 1377. *The Earl of Dalhousie.* By W. W. OULESS, A. Is it really? Picture of a Naval Officer, who has been dressing up for Dumb-Crambo in some Lady's white fur mantle. The word has been suddenly found out, and somebody has rudely snatched the mantle off his shoulder, saying, "Come, you don't want this any more!" Observe the puzzled expression on the Naval Officer's genial countenance. He can't make out who has discovered the word, and thinks "somebody must have told them."

No. 1380. *Herr Joachim.* By JAS. ARCHER. Portrait of that distinguished Violinist, HERR JOACHIM, more particularly distinguished, in this picture, by being represented as *Hair-Cut Joachim*. Never saw this eminent Musician so neat and tidy. Capital likeness. Everybody knows who it is meant for; and that, let me add, is a strong point in favour of a portrait. Of course, JOACHIM is represented as playing first fiddle. A. was an "Archer," who took a good shot; and I congratulate him on the bow.

No. 1390. *Introduction of Christianity into Britain.* By J. E. CHRISTIE. Evident title—"Christie-anity."

No. 1403. *Reading "Robinson Crusoe."* The Footprint on the Sand. By A. F. PATTEN. The youthful student appears deeply interested in the celebrated footprint on the sand; at least, that is the impression left by a putten on the canvas.

No. 1405. *The Labour of the Danaïds.* By J. R. WEGUELIN. Misnamed. It ought to have been "Family Jars."

No. 1410. *The Pasha.* By J. E. HODGSON, A. Observe the Pasha's expression: his hand on his scimitar (or some dangerous sort of weapon in a sheath), which will be drawn at once if the Artist doesn't paint to please him. "You take my head off," says the Pasha, with grim humour, "and I'll take off yours. Now then paint away. Allah Kerim! Bismillah! Mashallah—Kismet!"

No more time for the Academy. Last visit, until something bends my, at present, inflexible determination. Yet there are plenty more pictures, and a lot of sculpture; among which lot I've only had time for "Lot's wife." Striking work in marble, by HAMO THORNYCROFT, the pose representing her being salted just as she was turning. (Where are the Police? Where is CONSTABLE, R.A.? Fetch him back, or "The Road to Ruin" will send us all wrong!) Next week for my first visit to the Grosvenor: *c'est le premier pas—chez Coultis*. I shall take my own flask, and my own licence.

Arsenic in Violet Powders.

PROBABLY adulteration has never put on a more hideous mask than its latest, of arsenic in violet powders, leading to large destruction of infant life.

Arsenic, it seems, is cheaper than starch. *Hinc ille lacrymae*—these tears of sorrowing parents. The wholesale chemist to whom the supply of these poisonous powders was traced must have been ignorant, or careless, of the poisonous effects of arsenic affixed to the tender skin of infancy. It may be hard to believe him ignorant; but to suppose him careless!

All have read of snakes under flowers. Think of poison in violet powders, and of the infinitely precious lives whose loss has been laid to this last and most abominable of all abominable adulterations!

SUE. PER COLL.

MR. MACKONOCKIE has been sentenced to suspension for three years. Is not this likely to make him more stiff-necked than ever?

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



THE "OLD MAN"
HIMSELF HOPS OVER.

ILD and whirling week! Meeting of Congress fixed for the 13th. Invitations issued. Plenipotentiaries for England chosen.

Sinking off Folkstone of the armour-plated German man-of-war, *Der Grosser Kurfurst*, by the ram of her consort, *Der König Wilhelm*.

Attempt of NÖBILING — whether Ultramontane, or Socialist conspirator, or merely vanity-maddened notoriety-hunter, is as yet doubtful — to assassinate the venerable Kaiser WILHELM.

Derby run; favourites nowhere.

Altogether our *gobemouches* have seldom supped fuller of sensations than in this first wet and joyless week of June, 1878.



NEGATIVE PROOF.

Old Gent (who firmly believes in the School Board, to Cow-boy). "OH, YOU GO TO SCHOOL, DO YOU? NOW, I DARE SAY YOU CAN TELL ME WHO IT WAS THAT WAS SAVED WHEN THE WORLD WAS DROWNED, CAN'T YOU?"

Cow-boy (all abroad). "NO-A, ZUR-B!"

[Old Gent goes his way, a firmer believer than before.]

Monday, June 3rd (Lords).—The Marquis of SALISBURY read out BISMARCK'S Card of Invitation for the Grand European Treaty party *Unter den Linden*—small and early; with the news that the English Government and all the Great Powers had accepted the invitation, and that our Representatives at the Great European Family Party would be the Earl of BRACONSFIELD and the Marquis of SALISBURY. From the terms of the invitation it appeared that the Treaty of San Stefano would figure on the table—as the *pièce de discussion*, not *de résistance*.

Lord GRANVILLE was delighted to hear it; but he could not understand, with the Cabinet's Will and Brain on the Spree, how the Cabinet was to get along. Was there any precedent for a Cabinet thus dispensing with its pillars and main-stays?

Lord BRACONSFIELD did not believe there was. All the better. Nice customs must cede to great Kings, and triumphant Ministers may claim the liberty to make precedents. The Cabinet would be more important in the absence of its head and right hand. It might even start a will of its own. What a novelty that would be!

Lord SALISBURY was the organ of the House for a becoming word of disgust over the attempt on the life of the stout old Kaiser.

Lord ELPHINSTONE gave a graphic picture of the difficulties in the way of raising the *Eurydice*. The fact was the Admiralty had neither time nor means for the job. It had been a bungle thus far, and he could not hold out any prospect of improvement. BRITANNIA had better make up her mind that she has seen the last of her *Eurydice*.

(Commons.)—Mr. GLADSTONE has written one of his perfervid articles in the *Nineteenth Century*, called "Liberty in the East and West," attacking the policy of the Government in flinging the Indian *tulwar* into the scales of European force. It is such an article as BURKE might have signed his name to, though less passionate. But it has been too much for the *Pall Mall Gazette* and Mr. HANSBURY. The Journal denounced it; the Member is for bringing it under formal Parliamentary censure—the modern equivalent of burning by the common hangman. The common sense of Parliament knows better—if the Jingo in Parliament don't. Mr. GLADSTONE has written nothing he is not prepared to say and stand

by in his place in the House of Commons. His vitriol is rose-water compared with the scathing and scalding *douche* such a defiance of the Bill of Rights would have provoked in the days of BURKE and BARRÉ.

The business of the invitations to Congress, and the representation of this country there, was discussed in the Commons between Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOKE and Lord HARTINGTON, who couldn't imagine how the tail of the Cabinet at home could possibly wag the head at Berlin. He considered that Government resided in Her Majesty's Ministers *en bloc*, not in a brace of them. Neither of the Plenipotentiaries would be a Member of the House of Commons, and neither could speak the will of the House with voice potential.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER didn't see what that mattered. The Cabinet was of one mind, and it really made no difference whether that mind were *Unter den Linden* or in Downing Street. Other countries would be represented by their Prime Ministers and their Foreign Secretaries, and why should not England?

The House, by Mr. BOURKE, spoke out its horror at the attempted assassination of the German Emperor, its delight at his escape, and its satisfaction at hearing good news of his progress. English indignation is deepened by the thought that the Emperor's son and daughter-in-law were the QUEEN'S guests when their visit was first darkened by the news of the sinking of *Der Grosser Kurfurst*, and then abruptly cut short by the shooting at *Der Alter Kaiser*.

The County Government Bill is the first Innocent done to death. It will not be much regretted. It was too much for the County Magistrates, too little for the County reformers.

The Government wished to have given Earl RUSSELL a public funeral. But his family have deferred to his wishes by burying him in the vault of the Russells. But why should not his ashes have reposed in Westminster, while his name stood inscribed at Chertsey? Or, if he willed his body to sleep in the ancestral vault by his son's side, why should not his statue, or, at least, his bust, stand in the Abbey among the Statesmen of his time?

Then the House resumed the debate, adjourned from Friday, on the motion of the O'CONNOR DON, a fitting moderator for a discussion on Irish University Education.



TITLES TO DISTINCTION.

Passenger (from the South, waking up). "PRAY, SIR, WHAT STATION IS THIS?"

Native. "THESE ER PAISLEY, SIR!—PAISLEY! CELEBRATED TOON, SIR!—BERRTH-PLACE O' TH' POAT TANNABUL, SIR! AND—HEM!—AH'M A PAISLEY MAN MYSEL, SIR! AH WAR BORN I' PAISLEY—AH WAR—"

[*Luckily the Train had now run into the Station, and stopped.*]

The organs of the Irish Roman-Catholics—Messrs. BLENNERHASSET, ERINGTON, SYNAN, Major NOLAN, Mr. A. MOORE, Mr. O'SHAUGHNESSY, and Mr. MITCHELL-HENRY—urged energetically that justice demanded that Roman-Catholic parents should have a University to send their sons to, where they would have due—i.e., priestly—security for faith and morals.

Mr. PLUNKET pointed out that University Education was open to Roman-Catholic as to Protestant in Trinity College, Dublin, and the Queen's Colleges. It was idle to expect that an English Parliament would ever give the Roman-Catholic hierarchy that absolute control of religious teaching which they must claim in a Roman-Catholic University.

Mr. LOWTHER pointed out that Maynooth was the only endowed educational institute in Ireland not open to all denominations. All the rest were free to all creeds. So they must continue throughout Great Britain.

The Resolution was negatived by 206 to 87.

Tuesday.—The Lords, under the guidance of the Earl of KIMBERLEY, did a little bit of tinkering at the Public Health Act, in the way of facilitating water-supply to cottages, and declined to recognise a distinction urged by that staunch sanitary reformer, Earl FORRESQUE, between "pot-water" and "slop-water." Finding their Lordships in a sanitary mood, the Marquis of RIFON tried to get a rise out of the Government on River Conservancy Boards. But the Duke of RICHMOND knew better. It was a ticklish subject. If they could have laid it on the County Board's shoulders, well and good. But the County Boards had gone by the board. Let all the vexed questions which are sure to gather and grow round Conservancy Boards sleep till the County Boards come to Parliamentary life again.

Earl COWPER expressed the rather bold belief that the Lord President of the Council, with the knowledge he possessed, could and would bring in a River Conservancy Bill that would be satisfactory to all parties concerned!

No. The Duke of RICHMOND may be a remarkably clever man, but he is scarcely clever enough for that, my Lord.

(*Commons.*)—In answer to an inquiry of Sir E. WILMOT, Mr. EMMETON told the House that our last improved "rams,"—or "beaks," as they should rather be called,—are moveable, and can be stowed in board when not wanted—a comfort to ships sailing in company, seeing that our Iron-clads are apt to "put

the beak"—as Black Country husbands the boot—into their consorts.

If the Congress wants to have the pleasure of Greece's company, it will send Greece an invitation. In other words, "Let Greece wait till she's asked."

Mr. BOURKE, to the great satisfaction of the House, gave a good report of the progress of stout old Kaiser WILHELM.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER thinks that our feeling of horror at the attempt, and thankfulness for the Emperor's escape, has been sufficiently expressed. So does *Punch*. The SECRETARY of STATE has already, in the name of the country, forwarded an address of congratulation and condolence to the German Government. We trust he will always speak as completely in the sense of JOHN BULL as on this occasion.

Has not the House a CHAPLIN, as well as a Chaplain? The one is not more naturally employed in reading prayers, than the other in moving the adjournment of the House over the Derby Day. Our only regret is that the Member for Mid-Lincolnshire had nothing in the race. *Punch* makes him a present of a name for the next nag he may enter for the Blue Riband—*Jingo*.

Mr. CHAPLIN gave the House a "tip"—we are sorry to say like other of his "tips," a wrong one—*Sir Joseph*. Let us hope Honourable Members did not put on their money after their own prophet to their own loss.

Mr. R. POWER seconded the Motion. We need not wish "more power" to him, for he was very pleasant.

If only Irish Members would follow their natural bent, and be usually as amusing as Mr. R. POWER was on Tuesday!

Even Mr. BIGGAR announced his intention of voting for the adjournment, for the characteristic reason, that he believed horse-racing, so far from improving the breed of horses, had a contrary effect.

Mr. ASHINGTON opposed the Motion.

"No one grudged the House a holiday less than he did; but they were going to take their holidays very soon. Those who kept the officials of that House, not from twelve to six o'clock on a Wednesday afternoon, but up all night, to discuss at what time Irishmen should drink whiskey, were the persons who might fairly incur the charge of infringing on the holidays of those gentlemen. And as for the Members themselves, did any one imagine that one the less would go to the Derby whether they adjourned or not. The Derby Day was one of the most disgusting days in the year ('Oh!'), unless you went to the Derby, for you could do no business on it. He would sooner see a holiday given on the day of the Oxford and Cambridge Cricket Match, or the Queen's Ball, than on that of the Derby."

(Why not on all three? *Punch* would not object to the House taking more holidays, if only it would work when it wasn't playing.)

Mr. SULLIVAN—

"would not say that we were going to fiddle while Rome was burning ('Oh, ah!'), but he would say we were going to trifle while Europe was on the verge of the most critical event. Would the Government make this motion if it were a Government day? He protested against the adjournment as a waste of time."

(The House can waste time without adjourning, Mr. SULLIVAN, as you and your friends ought to know by this time.)

Mr. BLAKE objected to the adjournment—

"There was a picture in the Royal Academy which showed that the road to ruin ran parallel to the racetrack."

(Not to the course at Epsom, Mr. BLAKE—at Ascot.)

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER—

"For himself would vote for the adjournment as a custom which, whatever might be said against it in the abstract, had prevailed very long, and which there was no good reason for setting aside. As far as the unfortunate Members of the Cabinet were concerned, as it was a day always selected for a Cabinet Council, an adjournment was of no advantage to them."

(*Cheers*—as if the House enjoyed the idea of the unfortunate Cabinet Ministers "kept in.")

After a bout at Scotch Roads and Bridges, and narrow escape from a Count Out, the House plunged into the slough of Irish Educational Endowments.

Lord RANDOLPH CROMWELL moved for a Select Committee to inquire into the condition, revenues, and management of the Endowed Schools of Ireland, and gave excellent reasons for believing that educational endowments in Ireland have been even more abused than in England—which is saying much.

Lord C. BRESFORD moved to add to the motion of the noble lord words which would extend the inquiry to the practicability of establishing schools upon the denominational system, and gave the oddest reason ever urged in favour of denominational schools:—

"He could not help thinking that this religious principle was too much talked about in connection with education debates. The whole question of religion was a mere accident of birth. (*Laughter.*) His father and mother happened to be Protestants, and therefore he was a Protestant. So it happened all the world over. (*Revered laughter.*) Why not live and let live? (*Hear, hear!*) His belief was that a Mahomedan or a Buddhist, or any other man, who went through life fairly and honestly, had as much chance of going to heaven as he had. (*Loud laughter.*)"

Spoken like a jolly Jack-tar! The truth's the truth—hang logic! Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, who seconded the Motion, hit the weak point in Lord CHARLES's Amendment, if not in his straightforward sea-ology.

The IRISH SECRETARY, who promises a Government Bill to deal with Irish Intermediate Education, declined a Select Committee, but would grant a Commission. But the religious *crux* in Ireland seems insuperable in the present temper of England and the House of Commons.

Wednesday.—The House was away . . . and the mice did play, in the places of the Members.

"All as the Downs the House was poured."

And the Members who followed their CHAPLIN's tip and backed Sir Joseph dropped their money. The Blue Riband was "not for Joe."

Thursday (Lords).—The Earl of SHAFFESBURY hoped the Congress would weigh the claims of the Armenians to protection. The Armenians are a religious and money-making body—something like our own Quakers—of whom it is popularly said in the East, that one Greek is a match for two Jews, and one Armenian is a match for two Greeks.

The Marquis of SALISBURY promised fairly, as he does all round. Lord SHAFFESBURY is asked, as we all are, to have confidence that the sentiments which will animate Her Majesty's Government will be those of sympathy and justice.

"So mote it be," as they say in the old City toasts. Only, one cannot help wondering how the Jingoes will like it. And if these be the sentiments which are to shape the B. and S. policy in Congress, what *have* they and W. E. G. been fighting about all this time? Why has the European Concert been so long in tuning up? And why that *Trillo del Diavolo*, the war, if my Lord B. is, after all, to take the first violin-part in the quartette in which he so curtly declined to figure two years ago?

(Commons).—The Lord Mayor of Dublin appeared in all his glory at the Bar of the House to present a petition in favour of a Scheme of Education that would be satisfactory to the Roman Catholics of Ireland.

Unhappily the *Oceanus dissociabilis* of odium *theologicum* still rages between the Roman Catholics of Ireland and the Protestants of England. No one has yet found the means of drying that sea up, or sailing over it, or bridging across it, or tunnelling under it. And so Irish Roman Catholics and English Protestant shepherds still stand on either shore shaking their fists at each other, while the poor little lambs look up and are not fed.

Talk on the subject of the time—Congress. It now turns out that England will be the only Power represented by a Prime Minister, Foreign Secretary, and Ambassador—*lucida sidera* in a triplet. It is a satisfaction to have it on the assurance of Sir STAFFORD NORTH-COTE, that the questions which will be decided in Congress—so far as this country takes part in them—will be decided on the responsibility of the collective Cabinet. One feels at once, what a comfort that will be to Lords B. and S., as well as to the House of Commons, and the country, and the world, if it only knew what it has to be thankful for.

At last the House got to Supply, and—wonderful to record—did a good stroke of business with unusually little idle talking; what there was being chiefly from Mr. O'DONNELL, who vented a great deal of unusually venomous and vicious nonsense about the conduct of the Cape War, imputing inhumanity and even "savagery" to our administrators and officers!

Really, Mr. O'DONNELL earns his "honorarium," as "*advocatus diaboli*."

BETSY TO BENJAMIN.



AH, BENJY, it jest is a triumph for both on us, spesbally me; And it does an old ooman's eyes good sech a well-planted facer to see. Which patriotism's the oard, and all others is rubbidge and flam; I knowed it, dear boy, from the fust, and you took my advice like a lamb!

Asonge me, my BENJY, if once your proceedings I seemed to suspect, Which your BETSY were certingly sore at what seemed aggrawatin' neglect; But now DARRY—drat him!—is gone, and SALISBURY's safe as a gun, Why in course there ain't nothing between us; our buzzums is beatin' as one.

Oh, they chivied us orful at fust, and pertikler was down upon me.

All along o' the langwidge I used, and my slaps at that W. G. But I stood like a modern Goloshes,* an Atlage supportin' the State, And now we 'ave wanquiged the lot, and our wiotry's glorious and great!

Just doesn't BRITANNIA look prime in the pose of your own BETSY P.P?

Which it surely ain't wain to suppose as her attitood's copied from Me!

Her 'elm is e-cook like my bonnet, her trident has took jest the poise Of my friend SAIBRY GAMP's own umbraller, when threat'nin' them wagabone boys.

* Perhaps the good lady means Colossus.

Which what else is them Rooshians and oet'rar? a nasty rampagious lot!

But JOHN BULL is the Bobby of Europe, and means for to give it 'em hot, If so be as they don't hold their row, as no doubt whatsomdever they 'll do, 'Cos our strenth and our attitood caws 'em—thanks, BENJY, to me and to you.

It is all spiteful fibs for to say as there needn't a' bin any shine If we hadn't took up from the fust sech a selfish and swaggerin' line.

We must show 'em we're Cock o' the Walk, as they'd all bin and gone and forgot; That's the proper Imperial style, and your peaceful palaver is rot.

JOHN BULL, my dear BEN, is that proud of the valorous figger he cuts,

That with wotes, or an 'andful of mud, all the mouths of bage traitors he shuts.

Quite right! Why the doose should he listen to partisan snivel and whino,

When he's got two sech patriot horgans as your'n, my own BENJY, and mine?

Constitootion? That's one of the things as is far better left on their shelves:

Constitootions, in ticklish times, may be trusted to shift for themselves.

Akademikal rubbidge, my BENJY, whatever old GLADSTONE may say, Must not be allowed, for a moment, to stand in our conquering way.

Oh, I know there is parties as prates about Bills o' Rights and the rest,

And sez that though bounce may look big it is but a blown bladder at best;

That selfish conceit proudly posing as cockahoop champion of right, Though hailed with the cry of the crowd, is a poor and a pitiful sight.

The traitors, how dust they? But there, BEN, our hundred and twenty and one

Is the honly reply we need make, and the 'owlers is bustled and done.

Oh ain't we a glorious lot? So imposing, and bouncing, and big! And it's all jest along o' my BEN, and his favourite pardner, B. PRIG!

[Exit attitudinising.]



HYGIENIC EXCESSES.

Smith. "SO YOU'VE GIVEN UP WINE AND BACCA, BROWN!"

Brown. "YES, HORSES AND DOGS DO VERY WELL WITHOUT STIMULANTS; AND WHY SHOULDN'T WE!"

Jones (fat man). "AH—I GO FARTHER. I'VE GIVEN UP EVERYTHING BUT RICE. LOOK AT THE HIPPOPOTAMUS! HOW HEALTHY IT IS, IN SPITE OF ITS SIZE!"

Robinson. "MATTER OF TASTE! LIONS AND TIGERS ARE MORE IN MY LINE. I'VE GIVEN UP EVERYTHING BUT RAW MEAT ONCE EVERY TWENTY-FOUR HOURS, AND KILL IT MYSELF. I'M GOING TO GIVE UP CLOTHES NEXT MONTH—SO'S MY WIFE!"

Smith. "TELL YOU WHAT IT IS, BROWN! I'VE A GOOD MIND TO GO IN FOR THAT KIND OF THING MYSELF, AND GIVE UP EVERYTHING BUT SKITTLES!"

NEPTUNE'S NOTION.

ONE more of my Sea-Rams gone down like a shot!
A plague on the ugly and lubberly lot!
More trouble they give than whole legions of Tritons,
Till the prospect my godship prodigiously frightens,
Ah, Vulcan, you played me the scurviest joke
When you placed these leviathans under my yoke!
The Iron God's brood upon land may look fine,
But, by Thetis, they seem all abroad on the brine.
They can't keep afloat without infinite bother,
Or even keep out of the way of each other,
But either go in for spontaneous sinking,
Or all set a-butting each other like winking!
A fine guard of honour for Neptune in sooth!
I would rather go back to the ways of my youth,
Ere hulking Hephaestus had furnished my ranks
With assistants I wish I'd declined without thanks.
Rams! Rubbish! The name's a misnomer, no more;
Rival Rams, in their combats *d'outrance* ashore
Butt bravely in bellicose fury no doubt,
Until one of the two gets the best of the bout;
But the harder they drive, in their impetus rash,
The more the hard-headed brutes' skulls won't go smash;
But my Sea-Rams, it seems, may by accident quite
Disable each other for serious fight,
And butter and butted alike go to pot,
In a style which if I understand I'll be shot.
One end it would seem waits the whole lot, and that's
The fate which befel the famed Kilkenny Cats!
The Monsters! they multiply faster and faster,
But the whole of their record is one of disaster.

I hold them big shams, and I'm vastly inclined
To fancy BRITANNIA is much of my mind.
It is costly to keep them, while keep them one can,
And plaguy to lose them, with many a man:
And BRITANNIA would see, were she wise,—which she's not,—
That by far the best plan's to get rid of the lot!

Opposition not Obstruction.

THE SPEAKER judiciously distinguishes between the opposition of small minorities to certain Bills, as in the case of the Irish Sunday Closing Bill, and mere obstruction for obstruction's sake to despatch of business. The rule by which fair may be distinguished from vexatious opposition seems simple enough. The opposition is fair when the Bill opposed is vexatious.

The New Opera.

AT Her Majesty's an Opera called *Carmen* is to be produced. Perhaps this is the first of a series to be called, respectively, *Draymen*, *Cabmen*, *Police-men*, and so on. We have been informed, however, that *Carmen* doesn't mean *any* *men* at all. It is simply the *no-men* of BIZET's Opera.

Datur Hora Quiesci.

Is there anyone who wishes awfully to go to Paris, solely to see the Exhibition, but not on any account to mix in the gay life of the capital? If there is—*Requiescat in PAST.*

WHERE TO LOOK FOR THE BIGGEST DERBY CRACK.—In the Cabinet.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—JUNE 15, 1878.



FIGURES FROM A "TRIUMPH."

(A RELIEF—ON THE ROAD TO BERLIN.)

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(At Covent Garden, for the first representation of "Paul and Virginia.")



SIR.—Paul and Virginia! Ah, Sir, it is a masterpiece! I allude, not to the music, but to the English libretto by JOSIAH PITTMAN! The immortal JOSIAH PITTMAN! What a Pittman who works in a perfect gold-mine of English, where the poetic vein offers wealth inexhaustible! JOSIAH begins with the "Argument," from which I must extract a few gems.

"Madame de Latour," writes JOSIAH, "a French lady of noble birth, and Marguerite, a French woman of humble origin, reduced to the same condition by some early indiscretion and consequent misfortune, have repaired to the Isle of France."

Then he goes on to tell how Paul and Virginia love one another; how Monsieur Sainte-Croix, "a rich but cruel planter," is struck by Virginia's beauty, and "conceives an ignoble desire for her;" how Madame de Latour's rich aunt sends for Virginia; how Virginia goes to Paris; and how Paul, "forlorn and broken-hearted, wanders in distraction over the solitary cliffs"—by the way, if he had wandered in distraction over even one solitary cliff of any height there wouldn't have been much of him left to go on with—but no matter,—on goes Paul, "calling on his beloved Virginia"—who was in Paris at the time—"and in visions beholds her in gilded halls"—JOSIAH doesn't forget BALFE and BURN'S *Bohemian Girl* who "dreamt that she dwelt," &c., &c. And then he continues the story, finishing with how "the wrecked ship, conveying Virginia, is seen sinking not far from the coast during the infuriated tempest," and how "the desolate Paul and his family receive from the waves the lifeless body of Virginia cast ashore."

The "Argument" concluded, M. VICTOR MASSÉ'S Overture commences. It is evidently intended to illustrate the "Argument" musically. "The early indiscretion" of the Ladies is plaintively alluded to on the flute, and "the consequent misfortune" comes out strongly on the cymbals. The stringed instruments forcibly depict "the ignoble desire" of Monsieur Sainte-Croix. The "visions of gilded halls" are indicated by all the power of brass in the orchestra, and, of course, wind is strongly employed in the storm.

The curtain rises, and reveals to us the two victims of early indiscretion and consequent misfortune, sitting together in "A Hut of Bamboos, with Landscape at back." The two indiscreet Ladies—I beg JOSIAH's pardon, I mean the indiscreet "lady" and the indiscreet "woman of humble origin"—recount to one another the respective merits of their children, Virginia and Paul. To quote the Poet PITTMAN—

Both. "I love to speak of their tender years,
Yes, of heav'nly light they're both the reflection,
In their mutual love forget we our cares,
And we tend them both with equal affection."

So these two elderly indiscreet ones sing, in the hut of bamboos (they should have been called the two bamboozled ones), with the landscape at their back. But I am afraid that their morality is still a trifle lax, as the last verse of their duett expresses a doubtful sentiment:—

"Flow'et wild in freedom growing
As in freedom both were born,
Like the dawn that, rosy glowing,
They portend a sunny morn."

Then in comes Domingo (a mulatto slave) played by M. MAUREL. The above description of Domingo as a "mulatto slave," may have suggested to M. MAUREL the highly artistic idea of having his arms, hands, legs, and the upper part of his chest jet black, while his face was a dirty whitey-brown. This is, perhaps, M. MAUREL'S idea of a "mulatto." Perhaps he has seen a mulatto just like this. But has anybody else?

The action, such as it is, proceeds. A ship, from France, arrives, and the following Pittmanic dialogue, to music, occurs:—

"Paul's Mother (aside). Some new mischance does me forbode."
Domingo. I'll you escort.
Madame de Latour. No; stay, and mind the children.
Paul's Mother (aside). I fear."

The "children" are Paul (M. CAPOUL) and Virginia (Mdlle. ALBANI), two little tiddy wee mites, who, of course, require a good deal of looking after. Domingo, left alone, gives his opinion (or JOSIAH PITTMAN'S opinion) of the weather:—

"See, the sky darkens, fierce lightnings flash,
Rain is showers pouring, loud thunders crash!
Amidst the fury of this great shower
I trust the mothers have found some bower."

"Some bower," indeed! An omnibus, a public-house, a cabmen's-shelter, a Burlington Arcade, or a colonnade at least. However, being under cover himself, he ends by exclaiming,

"Which way shall I go? Oh, poor me!"

and taking a large red umbrella (like those spread out over the drivers of some of our larger three-horsed omnibuses), he dashes out by a side-door, carefully avoiding Paul and Virginia, who enter, from this fearful storm, dry as chips, protecting themselves by playfully holding over their heads a "big banana leaf." They run forward, strike an attitude, and smile at the audience. From this moment until the end, except when they are in the deepest despair, they are always, the pair of them, posing and smiling at one another and the audience; M. CAPOUL, as "little Paul," occasionally varying the monotony by grinning fearfully, opening his eyes, and coming out as a facial contortionist of great power. No doubt he has taken his idea from the boyish side of the character, that boys will be boys, and will make faces even at their little sisters. Then they duett together, and then Virginia sings to him on her own account—and PITTMAN'S—

"Thou know'st our two mothers are sharing
My equal affection: wherefore
The more, dear, for thee they are caring,
So gratefully love I them more.
For them every day I am praying,
Imploping kind Heaven above,
But when for thee pray'r's I'm saying,
More ardent my fervour I prove."

Then, after Virginia has sung one line,

"Wouldst thou ask me, dear PAUL, what is true love's perfection?"

they both sing together the reply—

"See the sweet birds in their snug nest
How they content will love and rest.
Nature's gift is their love, the same is our affection."

To the loving couple, enter Meala, "a female Mulatto slave" (whitey brown face and chocolate-coloured silk "flashings" on her arms—quite the female Mulatto, of course, Madame SCALONI), who is in the neatest, brightest, spick and spannest costume, showing no kind of evidence of her having been, up to the very moment of her entrance, pursued by dogs; or, as she, inspired by Professor PITTMAN, expresses it,

"My life weary I drag; fierce hounds close me follow."

Only if the aforesaid "fierce hounds" do "close her follow," where are they?

Then she implores protection, and Paul and Virginia give it by taking her back to M. Sainte-Croix, whom we meet in "Tableau Second" armed with a neat hunting-crop, and cracking it on every possible occasion. Sainte-Croix, despite his name, is a dreadful person, and addicted, on Professor PITTMAN'S evidence, to strong language. For instance he addresses Meala thus—

"Whence com'st thou? Say, by the devil,
Dost thou pity now implore?"

Well, that is strong, isn't it? Then Virginia sings, in order to soften the obdurate planter,

"Crossing forests wild and dreary
Neath a fierce and burning sun,
Here behold me faint and weary.
Oh pardon grant!"

Then the chorus of blacks (real blacks most of these are, properly got up, faces, arms, and legs all one colour) sing

"The Master's relenting,
To joy he's consenting.
Form the ring—
Let's dance and sing."

And then they execute a wild Christy-Minstrel-out-of-St.-James's-Hall sort of dance, with "cocoa-nut accompaniment"—(the slaves having, of course, previously accounted for the milk in the cocoa-nut)—called the "Bambula!"



LIFE IN LEITRIM.

Season Angler. "OH, BUT I CAN'T TRY FOR A SALMON. I HAVEN'T GOT A LICENCE——"

Native. "IS IT A LICENCE YE WANT TO KILL A FISH? SHURE YE MIGHT KILL A MAN OR TWO ABOUT HERE AN' NOBODY'D SAY A WORD T' YE!"

"The bambulá,
Ah, ah!
It gives me pleasure."

"Slave I'm born,
Sad, forlorn.
It's gay measure"

"Soothes the strife
Of my life."

Then *Meala* ought "to take a banjo" (at least so Professor PITTMAN's stage directions say, but she didn't), and sing a maniacal song about a tiger. *Paul* and *Virginia* manage to sneak away, leaving the vicious *Sainte-Croix* (as Professor PITTMAN's stage-directions describe his action) "drinking, and pulling towards him the young mulatress." I've heard of "A mulatto girl," and a "mulatto woman," but it remained for the genius of a PITTMAN to give us as the equivalent of "*una giovine mulatta*," a new English word "mulatress." Every one will be on the look out for Professor PITTMAN's New Poetic Dictionary!

The opera is too long and too heavy to follow in detail, great as are the temptations offered by the Pittmannic Poetry.

The vision of *Virginia* in "gilded halls" in the Third Act (when she won't sing, and "the old lady" who has requested her to oblige the company with a song, is described by Professor PITTMAN as appearing "vexed"), was out short, and the strongest point in it lost by *Sainte-Croix* not entering the gilded hall. I've no doubt he said that he, one of the principal singers, was not coming on merely as a "super" in a pantomime, without a word to say or sing. What did he care about the plot, or PITTMAN!

Then comes the Last Tableau (while everyone is hurrying off to get their coats, cloaks, cabs, and carriages), showing how

"On the sands VIRGINIA lies lifeless: PAUL reclining over her."

"Reclining" is good. Brayvo, PITTMAN!

"The inhabitants of the island surround them, motionless and stupified."

And the "motionless and stupified" inhabitants sing this finale:—

"On this earth separated
By fate to them unkind,
Their love not here abated,

Soon in heav'n lasting bliss, joy ne'er ending, shall find."

May such be the Apotheosis of the Poet PITTMAN! Farewell!

I am, ever, YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

MR. PUNCH understands that with a view to Lord BEACONSFIELD'S visit to Berlin, a *Travelling Statesman's Dialogue-Book in Three Languages*, for the use of National Representatives, is in active preparation. The following dialogue (in English only) appears to be an extract from the work in question.

AT A CONGRESS.

Good morning, Gentlemen. I am an Englishman.

Sir, we are pleased to hear it. What can we do for you, Sir?

You can give me Egypt, a part of Turkey in Europe, the Black Sea, and Armenia.

With pleasure, Sir. Can we do anything more for you, Sir?

You can also degrade GORTSCHAKOFF.

We will attend to your orders, Sir.

I wish also an indemnity for the Indian troops.

Will sixty thousand million roubles do, Sir?

It is too much. Thirty thousand million roubles will be sufficient.

You are too generous. We thank you very much. Prince GORTSCHAKOFF (before he is degraded) shall produce the money. Have you anything more to say to us, Sir?

Only that BRITANNIA rules the waves.

We know it, Sir. Is there any further communication you wish to make to us, Sir?

Only this. We don't want to fight, but, by Jingo, if we do, we have the ships, we have the men, we have the money, too.

We are convinced of it, Sir. Is there any other question you wish to put to us?

Have you read my novels?

No, Sir. We wish to read them. Where can we obtain them, Sir?

At any respectable newsvendor's in town or country.

Thank you, Sir. We will buy them at once, Sir. May we go home now, Sir?

Yes, you may now go home.

Thank you, Sir.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—JUNE 15, 1878.



AN AMERICAN VIEW OF SWISS SCENERY.
Fair American (to Britisher). "O MY! AIN'T IT RUSTIC!"

TEMPERANCE AND TOBACCO.



HERE exists in France a rational Association, distinguished by its title from the British Anti-Tobacco Society. It calls itself the Society for Preventing the Abuse of Tobacco. To that end it has offered prizes for essays, and awarded bronze and silver medals, to successful contributors, besides, in one case, a sum of 200 francs. This is the way to get people to desist from smoking to excess—to use tobacco without abusing it.

Here you have an instance of one of those things which they manage better in France. Our own Anti-Tobacco fanatics, whilst declaiming against the use, are wont themselves to indulge in a great deal too much abuse, and senseless abuse, of Tobacco.

FROM AN AMERICAN-COUSIN-CRITICAL.

MR. PUNCH,

HAVIN' just run over from the State of Vermont, on a little cattle business, I wasn't thinkin' of no such thing as to go a ritin' letters to nobody about picters, which is a branch of science I hain't much wretched with. But some friends here at the tavern allowed that that's why I had orter give my ideas to the public, and read me some pieces out of the daily papers to prove that it's the custom of this country for a man to write about what he don't know, so's he can approach the subject with his mind clear. There may be somethin' in this, and as I some cale'late you're a man to set store by an unprejudiced opinion, I'm goin' to heave in a few facts as I see 'em, concernin' the Show at the Academy of Artists.

The first thing, naturally, is to hev the main points well set down, so's to kinder see where we be. The Academy of Artists is cale'lated, I suppose, like any other Academy, to take charge of the youngsters and kinder brace 'em up and shove 'em along until they can shift for themselves. Then, onst a year, the bosses lay their heads together, and look over the work agoin' on and select out the likeliest part on't, and hang it up so's the public can come in and hev a look, and git a gineral sort of idee of what's bein' done and where the money goes to. More or less log-rollin' comes to be worked in with this selectin' business, and different kinds of merit has to be considered. So the bosses lay down on a principle as to pickin' and choosin' and also as to hangin' of 'em up, which is that the bad ones is throwed out, the good ones (which is known as high art) hung up towards the roof, and them which is on the line, bein' neither one thing nor the other, kinder strung out along the bottom.

Pickin' up these points from a few observations, and confirmin' on 'em by my friends at the tavern, I sailed in to pay special 'tention to picters on the line, as the sayin' is, cale'latin' that these is more especially open to notice of the public generally.

Amongst the whole lot of 'em, there is one which seems so especially strikin', as to be well worth puttin' up higher—hingein' of course, onto the allegorical conception of the Infant SAMUEL, which his fond Parent is a tryin' to make show off before the Profit E.L.R. I hev set down and gased into this pieter. There is a touch of high art genius into it. One half of them that looks at it don't see nothin' special, but I do. I see in it a masterly bringin' out of the emotions of the human soul. And paint is throwed on these things to some purpos, instead of bein' wasted on mountains and things in the back-ground.

The leadin' figger is a man in the corner, which is a leadin' a heifer. That man comes down solid on the public sympathy.

Some on us has been in corners, and some on us has tried to lead a heifer. He's been hevin' a kinder sharp tussle with the animile, and lost off most of his clothes. But bein' clean grit, he hangs on to the saplin' that he cut to tame the critter, and glimses round at

the Profit, to show that he continyoos to boss the caravan accordin' to orders. At the same time, he has to keep one eye on the animile, which is still obstreperous; and I hain't seen nothin' in the galleries of the Old World more artistic than the style of settin' on this man's head akewangular, to show how his mind wobbles between the Profit and the heifer. SAMUEL and his Parent is in the center, and the Profit's good clothes is flowin' round within reach of the infant quite regardless. But SAMUEL is too scared to 'tend up to business. He's scared clear through. For a graphic likeness of a scared child SAMUEL takes the premium. His hair has riz up, and his legs is set on backwards; though them as has no experience with children laffs at this, not seein' the intention of the Artist.

His mother is a doin' all she knows to smooth things over, and the Profit is a lookin' on and a thinkin' of the penalties of success in the proflig line. His soul is in the work, but his liver is run down. A few strokes of genius of the Artist makes this point loom up as well as a whole counsell of doctors. If there was any real snap in the pill-makers in these parts, there'd be some feller standin' in front of this pieter givin' out handbills and pointing to the Profit, sayin' from time to time, "Just look at him. He lived before these globules of joy was known." That's what I call the utility of the beautiful.

As was above remarked, the infant SAMUEL is accompanied by his parent on his mother's side, on this occasion. She is a holdin' forth to the Profit about SAMUEL's good pints, as mothers do, and likewise keepin' a stout upper held on SAMUEL's top-knot, so as to kinder hev the advantage of him, as mothers of long practice is observed to do in such cases now. Yet there is people found to say that this great work has no completeness; that it ain't finished in detail!

Long towards the middle, or nigh half-way up on the pieter, is the hangins of the Tabernikle hitched along on poets, with priests goin' in under one corner. This is as it orter to be; but standin' or sittin' nigh the great work as I do pretty often, I ketch frases of fault-fandin'. Some says the priests is drawed too small to be set so nigh the front. Others says the wall of the Tabernikle don't go nowhere. And I heard one feller objectin' to the heifer a lookin' over the wall while the priests was walkin' under one corner. I don't rake up these sayins in no censorious spirit, but only to show what foolishness anybody that does a good thing has to stand. Just as though any priest could look too small when ELR was round! Or as if the Tabernikle couldn't hev a little rest after goin' up and down forty years in the Wilderness! And what's to hinder the heifer from lookin' over the wall of the Tabernikle when there ain't no roof on it? It's a wonder to me there ain't more Artists commits suicide, for they must git awfully riled to hear folks talk, sometimes.

I was agoin' to kinder set out three or four more picters that don't seem to be enough 'lotted on by the giniral public, includin' some in the room for water colors (which is all strictly temperance), but p'raps it ain't well to carry on the thing too fur, until I see if these honest opinions is of any value. P'raps they ain't, and p'raps some very knowin' folks may laff at 'em; but some folks will laff at anything. Ridin' up Lugget Hill, last week, there was a feller laffed at me for sayin' that the front part of St. Paul's Church needed paintin'!

ELNATHAN WING.

The Aquarium Beluga.

If only this Whale
Could tell us its tale,
Its truth we never would doubt;
But no one can teach
The Beluga a speech,
Although the Beluga can "spout."

Sors Horatiana.

(For the Jingles.)

Vivus (the British Public) *repulsa neecia sordide* (careless about Hyde Park Demonstrations); *Nec sumit* (neither digs up), *aut ponit* (or buries), *securus* (the war-hatchet), *Arbitrio* (at the bidding) *popularis auræ* (of a popular air).

A True Note.

"The blowing of the Beluga," says Mr. HENRY LEE, in his interesting pamphlet on the White Whale, "is said not to be unmusical at sea." We haven't much chance of hearing the "Blowing of the Beluga at sea," but we are pretty sure to hear the Puffing of the Beluga on land.

BY THE ADMIRALTY.—Wanted, an Orpheus to go down and try to raise the *Eurydice*.



"VITA FUMUS."

Tonal. "WHAR'LL YE HAE BEEN TILL, TUGAL!"

Tugal. "AT TA MCTAVISHES' FUNERAL——"

Tonal. "AN' IS TA TAVISH DEED!"

Tugal. "DEED IS HE!!"

Tonal. "LOON, MON! FOWK ARE AYR DEERIN' NOO THAT NEVER USED TO DEE AFORE!!"

ECHOES FROM ASCOT.

Mrs. Scheming Scandal. Can assure you it's true. I heard it from a dear friend of the poor good creature. So young too! Not exactly pretty—she paints too much. But fancy—her husband to leave her! Oh, what a dreadful place the Divorce Court is! Much too awfully dreadful—now isn't it?

Mr. Daub, R.A. Why not? Of course it ought to have gone up the line. Nonsense, my dear Sir, these young men want putting down. They must wait until we have left the scene. We waited long enough, don't you know. In my opinion a very good picture indeed—highly respectable and Scriptural!

Sub-Lieutenant Mars Darling. Great bore there's no war, don't you know. Splendid fun for us noble sportsmen. Tell you the truth, my dear boy, I have been jumpy ever since. And now let's get a glass of brown sherry.

Mrs. Woodyby Butterfly. Oh so nice! Yes, I'm taken in three positions, and the Photographer says that he expects to sell as much of me as "The Lily," don't you know, and Miss MAUD BRANSCOMBE. Oh isn't that nice!

Mr. Hercules Armstrong. Best thing in the world, my dear fellow. Do as I do. Give up tea, coffee, milk, wine, soups, exercise, and vegetables. For the last week I have eaten nothing but Captain's Biscuit. And now, as it is nearly five o'clock, I must go to bed.

The O'Mulligan. Give up drinking water, me boy, and stiek to whiskey. How would I live without it, tell me that, Sorr,—tell me that?

Mr. Pump Court, Jun. Must have a little relaxation. Don't mind backing the field for a pony for the next race. What are the odds?

Mr. Penn Driver. Nothing like Ascot for picking up ideas. Yes, I think I will have a little more lobster-salad. *Et après?* Well, what do you say to a cigar and a snooze?

Mr. Punch. Bless you, my children! Enjoy yourselves while

THIRLMERE.

DEEP sunk amid the silent hills,
Fed by a hundred mountain rills,
It lies asleep.

The cattle roam along its brink,
The croaking raven stoops to drink
Its waters deep.

Helvellyn lifts to heaven its crests,
Above the vale where Thirlmere rests;
And Borrowdale,
Sends greeting o'er the lonely heights,
In clouds whose drifting cloak unites,
Lone vale to vale.

And Castle Crag towers o'er the scene,
And Wythburn Fells above it lean;
The while a stream
Flows through the hills to greet the world,
So far away! And mists are curled,
And white falls gleam.

Oh, mountain lake, all cold and grey!
Where silence broods, the livelong day,
In vain each hill
Stands sentinel about your shore,
To keep your waters evermore,
So dark and still.

The world has come too near, and takes
Your waters to herself, and breaks
Your silence deep.
Your mountains stand there cold and grand,
But silence dies from off the land,
And quiet sleep.

The Fighting Ship of the Future.

It seems to be a question whether the want of the British Navy is not a vessel which shall be the smallest possible boat carrying the greatest possible gun, capable of knocking a hole through any thickness of armour, and the side of any Iron-clad afloat. All my eye? Nay, rather like that of the lady of whom it was said that "she had but one eye, but that one was a piercer."

THE BAR-MAGNET WITH THE GREATEST POWER OF ATTRACTION.—A pretty Bar-Maid.

you may. And now give me the champagne-cup, and *Toby* a piece of chicken. Once more—bless you!

CURIOUS COMPOSITION.

SOME explanation appears due from the author of the subjoined notification, lately published in the *Berwick Advertiser*.—

WANTED, a PRECENTOR for LADYKIRK PARISH CHURCH. Salary, £10 per annum. Other Offices, with a Dwelling-House, might be combined with that of Precentor to a person having a knowledge of Gardening, &c.—Apply to the Rev. —, Manse of Ladykirk.

Other Offices than what? Offices other than those attached to the dwelling-house of the Precentor? Other Offices and another dwelling-house? Of course, offices with a dwelling-house are out-buildings, and not employments other than the office of Precentor. And what is to be understood by "Precentor to a person having a knowledge of Gardening"? That can only be made indirectly to mean the same as Precentor for Ladykirk Parish Church. If the person having a knowledge of Gardening, &c., means the Incumbent of Ladykirk, then, perhaps, as that Reverend Gentleman's assistant, the Precentor wanted may, to be sure, be describable as Precentor to him, just as anybody else in his service would. But is it possible that the idea intended to be conveyed may be that the advertiser wants a Precentor for whose services he will give £10 a year, with a house to live in, and who, if he have a knowledge of Gardening and other matters, may combine with his Precentorship the office of Gardener, and, besides, do odd jobs and make himself generally useful? But if that was meant, why was it not said?

Of course, the Reverend Gentleman whose name is above omitted cannot have penned the above composition himself. It is possibly an example of the consequence of leaving things—such as composing an advertisement—to servants, and in this case, perhaps, employing as secretary a man-of-all-work.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



THURSDAY, June 13 (*Commons only*).—The House reassembled after Whitsuntide, under the leadership of Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, left in charge of the Foreign Office as well as the Exchequer.

The country is obliged to Mr. RYLANDS for moving a Resolution, seconded by Mr. E. JENKINS, to the effect that all future Treaties involving guarantees or pecuniary subsidies, should be submitted to both Houses of Parliament before ratification. For this proposal occasioned Mr. GLADSTONE himself, as a Statesman and ex-Premier, to point out that it would be impracticable, in a speech which contained the very welcome remark that "They had now arrived at a stage of the Eastern Question at which it was not unreasonable to hope that much of the difference between the Members of the Opposition and the supporters of the Government had disappeared." For this improved situation how much are we not indebted to the Right Honourable Gentleman's own exertions?

Of course, a Resolution for superseding the Foreign Secretary by the Legislature was negatived without a division.

Talk on the Controller and Auditor-General's Report ensued.

Sir A. GORDON complained that money voted to buy land for a "tactical station" in Lancashire, had been applied to the purchase

of commons at Aldersholt. Colonel STANLEY replied that the tactical station was not to be had. The Vote could not be carried out in letter, but, under his predecessor, it had been in spirit. Replying to a suggestion from Mr. HAYTER for the maintenance of the Militia, in due strength, he promised to bear in mind the recommendation of the Militia Committee of last year, and, by the bye, took occasion to say that when the Militia Reserves were lately called up, only five per cent. of the men had failed to report themselves at head-quarters. A creditably low percentage.

Then came Committee of Supply on Army Estimates. Votes in detail concisely and quietly discussed until the introduction of the Irish element by Mr. O'CLEARY, who objected to the Volunteer Corps Vote on the ground that Volunteer Corps were not allowed in Ireland. Whereas it was notorious that "when English recruits lay down in the trenches of the Crimea and declined to go forward, they had to be driven into the performance of their duty by Irish sergeants." Sir W. BARTLELOT thought it necessary to notice this reasoning, and in so doing to remind the patriotic Member for Wexford that "he forgot that some of those who sat near him maintained that if Irishmen were called out in the interests



A SUGGESTION FOR THE PARK.

of the British nation, they would refuse to fight for their Queen and Country." Mr. O'CLERY might have replied that he would like to see Irishmen when called out in any interests whatever, refuse to fight—but he didn't.

Colonel STANLEY said he was rather favourable to permitting the enrolment of Irish Volunteers. Perhaps this expression of a willingness to arm Irishmen tended somewhat to disarm Irish resentment. The Vote (of £485,300 for Volunteers) was agreed to by 126 to 7.

Business then proceeded without further interruption; Bills were forwarded a stage, and the House adjourning at 1.50, Hon. Members, as usual, didn't go home till morning.

Friday (Commons).—A morning sitting to forward the Valuation of Property Bill, if possible. Impossible, of course. Bill obstructed by BREGAN, who, rose to move the adjournment of the debate, and continued speaking until ten minutes to seven, when, by the rules of the House, the debate stood adjourned.

Evening sitting occupied with a Motion by Mr. GRAY for a Select Committee to inquire into the alleged mismanagement of the "Galtee Estate," a private estate in Cork and Tipperary, in connection with which disturbances had occurred a year and a half ago, and there had since been a trial. Motion opposed by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL for IRELAND, on the ground that the facts were fully ascertained at the trial, and that the questions between the landlord and his tenants had been all settled. Negatived by 74 to 50.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, answering Mr. H. B. SAMUELSON, said the papers relative to the death of Mr. OGLE, the *Times'* Correspondent in Thessaly, were in the hands of the printer. The House and the Hon. Member might rest assured that the Government regarded the matter as very serious, and had not the slightest intention to conceal anything they knew about it.

Mr. HERBERT brought in a Bill to provide for the more equitable settlement of differences between landlord and tenant in Ireland. Read a First Time—with what chance of ever passing? And so, at one o'clock, to bed, as Mr. PERYS would say, betimes—comparatively.

PAID BACK IN HIS OWN COIN.

Prince G. to Earl B. (via Constantinople). Toddle, Ben!
Earl B. to Prince G. (direct to St. Petersburg). Shuffle off!

LEFT IN CHARGE.

"'Tis sweet to hear the honest watchdog's bark!"

Says BYRON. Very likely; but to be
That honest watchdog's self, left in the dark,
Alone, what time his Master's on the Spree,
I can assure the bard is no such lark.

The galling chain Responsibility
Is heavy for a small if faithful terrier.

That sour dog SALISBURY's post now is much merrier.

I feel quite on the quiver! I can see
A shadow; 'tis that GLADSTONE's, I'll be bound.

I don't believe he'll care a snap for me.

Confound the chap! he's always worrying round!
Why can't he let an anxious watchdog be?

His football nears; my tail drops at the sound.
Bow-wow! By Jove, his iron phiz seems smiling!
Does this mean exultation, or beguiling?

Hooray! For once he stooped to pat my back,
And drove away that lurking ruffian, RYLANDS,
Who my cute Master's cosy crib would crack,
And on prerogative property lay vile hands.
Would G. but always aid me with his thwack,
I'd be the happiest dog in all these islands.
But with so many Radical Roughts at large,
'Tis hard to leave so small a tyke in charge.

Tutelar Deity of the Turf.

A STATEMENT in the *Saturday Review*, concerning "Egyptian Calendars," may interest betting-book makers:—

"The era of Martyrs is, as we have seen, regulated according to the Sothic period; and beginning as it does with the month dedicated to Thoth, now called Tout, it follows, no doubt, the original nomenclature of the months."

Amongst ourselves there is no one particular month dedicated to Tout. In racing circles his service lasts almost the whole year round.

THE LAY OF THE LIMP ONE.

I.

I CAN'T conceive how fellahs can go swingin' wound an' wound,
And flingin' out their legs like that! I wouldn't, faw a pound!



I think Soci—aw-yaw!
—Soci—By George!
I'll bweak my jaw!
Society is, don't you know, a monst'rous howwid baw!
It's beastly warm, an' dancin' makes a fellah such a guy,
With dwops of perspiration hop-hop-hopin' down his eye.
Why, standin' here, I feel as limp as—aw! well, as a nigger.
Just fancy me—aw—whizzin' round! I'd cut a pretty figger!
The "festive thwong"—that's rwt, you know, when the therm—aw—thermom—aw!
By George! the thermo—mometer is markin' eighty-faw!
Aw-yaw! let's cut this swelt'rin' shop, an' dwop this beastly dwess.
I'll make my fellah pack my things, an' catch the Scotch Expwess.

There's Lady Flo has got her eye upon me,—wants to spoon.
Aw—pweety Flo, my spoon "close-time" begins the end of June!
I weally wish they'd pass a law to make a llop a cwiime
Between the first of—aw—July and—aw—too hot for wyme!
[Exit, very limp.]

II.

I—aw—oh! hang the driv'ling drawl that goes with varnished shoes,
White ties and gloves, and black tail-coats, and twaddling talk,
and blues!



I stand sweet—I mean erect—and dwink—hem!—drink Ozone.
Bah! talk of Pommery tris sec, to give the system tone!
Give me a stretch of heathery moor, all gay with gorse in bloom;
And greystones streaked with lichen stains;
and wisps of yellow broom;
And creeping sprays of stag's-horn moss; and clumps of parsley fern;
And ragged lines of mountain-tops, with F here and there a cairn.
Society! See Bunny there, bob-bobbing through the brake;
And wild-eyed Puss, with ears aloft—no fearshe's wide awake!
And mark that plump and brown-backed grouse, all ripe for August gun!—
By George! don't talk of Kotten Row. My Company's A 1.

And Talk! why, listen to the drawl of that eccentric plover.
He waltzes *trois temps* with the wind, and makes believe to love her.
I wonder what's the time? Hum, haw! just five, as I'm a sinner!
By George! I'm hungry as a pike!—and two hours yet till dinner!
[Exit, not at all limp.]

THE COMPOUND LAWYER OF THE FUTURE.

(A Page from a Tale which it is hoped may remain a "Legal Fiction.")

CHAPTER XIII.—The Great Trial of Business v. Love.

"LORD HACKNEY DOWNS, I think?" said a young man, dressed in the height of the prevailing fashion, accosting a youthful patrician. The Row was at its fullest. All the world of London was enjoying the pleasant noon of a sunny day, under the trees of the Park of Hyde.

The youthful patrician stared for a few moments at the person who had addressed him, and then exclaimed.

"CHARLEY BRIEF, as I live!—my fag at Eton and my friend at Christ Church. It is a long time since we met, CHARLEY; and what are you doing now?"

"I am in the Law," returned BRIEF, with a slight blush.

"A Barrister, of course," said HACKNEY DOWNS.

"No distinction now exists between the two branches of the profession, my Lord, or rather, my Lord."

"Call me DOWNY, as you used to do," murmured the young patrician, affectionately taking the arm of his new-found friend.

"Well, DOWNY, you must know that since the passing of the Act barristers, attorneys, and the rest of the legal crew, have a common rating and a common name. We are merely—Lawyers!" and the young man laughed bitterly.

"And has the profession come to this!" exclaimed Lord HACKNEY DOWNS. "After what you have told me, I no longer regret having exchanged the luxurious fare of the Students' Table at Lincoln Grey's Inn for the homely viands of the Guards' Mess."

"Oh yes, now we do everything," continued CHARLEY, savagely. "We draw our own briefs and sue our own creditors. From morn to night we wear a barrister's gown over a solicitor's frock-coat. We practise in the profession in all its branches. The levelling has been up and down. Nothing is too great for us; nothing, nothing too small! As an example—You owe seventy pounds four shillings and twopence farthing to Mr. STUCCO, the builder?"

"I do," replied the youthful patrician, with some confusion. "You see," he added, in explanation, "the HACKNEY DOWNS were ever an improvident race."

"So they were, my boy, so they were," said CHARLEY, wringing his friend's hand. "But to my story. You acknowledge the debt, and, to show you how low the profession has sunk, I am actually going to serve you—you, my chum at Eton, my other self at Oxford—with the copy of a writ! See here, my Lord, is the original." And the lawyer produced a couple of documents.

"Business is business, I suppose," replied HACKNEY DOWNS, with a little laugh, not altogether free from aristocratic scorn. "But, *apropos* of nothing, look in at our place to-night—my father, the Duke of LONDON FIELDS, holds high revel. He comes of an improvident race."

"He does," returned CHARLEY, again wringing his friend's hand. And then he added, with some hesitation, "But tell me, will the Lady BLANCHE be there?"

"Since my mother's death, my sister has played the hostess," replied HACKNEY DOWNS. And with a simultaneous nod and smile, the two young men separated: the nobleman to pursue pleasure at Tattersall's, the lawyer to attend to business at Westminster Hall.

"How will she treat me?" muttered CHARLEY, as he assumed his wig and gown. "Will she still frown upon me with those cold but lovely eyes?"

In another minute he was addressing a British jury, forgetful of everything but the labour of the moment. Still, in the pauses between the acts, when a new case was called on, or when the Judge adjourned the Court for luncheon, his thoughts strayed to the proud beauty of Belgrave Square—the woman to whom he had given his love: the woman by whom that love had been spurned.

After a weary day in Court, he returned to his office, and plunged into a new sort of work. Now it was that, in his professional character, he wrote threatening letters to acquaintances who had neglected to pay their tailors. Now it was that he prepared (always acting in a professional capacity) to sue orphans and to sell up the widow's "little all." Then he opened a diary, and entered the conversation he had had with Lord HACKNEY DOWNS in it. He charged thirteen shillings and fourpence for it. Then he closed his books, locked up his office and desk, and came West.

Three hours later, CHARLEY BRIEF, dressed in evening costume, was on his way to Belgrave Square. He held in his hand a legal-looking document. "It is a strange chance that I should have received this, just before starting, from the agent of the Sheriff," he murmured, and, dismissing his cabman, entered the ducal mansion.

Bowing right and left to numbers of acquaintances, he made his way to the room in which Lady BLANCHE was standing. The proud beauty was alone. She frowned as she looked at him.

"Why do you come here?" she asked, angrily.

"Can you not guess?" he replied, tenderly.

"No," was the wrathful response. "And now begone!"

He did not move. He merely said, "Believe me, I cannot leave you."

"You have something to tell me," she cried, with a woman's curiosity.

"I have. Your father, the Duke of LONDON FIELDS, comes of an improvident race."

"Psha!" was the scornful reply. "I know it. If this is all you have to tell me, begone at once!"

"I am a lawyer," he continued mechanically, speaking in a hard, metallic voice.

"Well!"

"And nowadays a lawyer plays many parts. Oh, BLANCHE, BLANCHE, why are you so cruel?" And then he broke down, and burst into tears.

In a moment she had forgiven him. In a moment her heart was softened, and she felt that she loved him truly, passionately. The proud beauty hurried up to him.

"You know why we quarrelled. You know how I do, upon my father, and how you wanted me to fly with you to Scotland to get married. I thought it might annoy him at the time, but I feel now that you were right. I will fly with you, and at once!"

"I cannot go!" he murmured, sorrowfully. "I am tied to this house by duty. I dare not leave the place. No, not for a single moment."

"How? I do not understand you."

"My darling!" said he, clasping her to his heart, "I told you just now that a modern lawyer plays many parts. I am playing a part now. I am here in an official capacity. I dare not leave this house, because—"

"Yes, yes!" she cried, impatiently.

"Because I am 'the man in possession.' You see your father comes of an improvident race, and—"

But all further explanation was cut short by a wild scream. The Lady BLANCHE had swooned.

THE TWO W. G.'S.

AIR—"The Two Obadias."

Says the young W. G. to the old W. G.,

"Things look dicky, my dear WILLIAM, precious dicky,

The weather's not the ticket, we can't pitch a decent wicket,

Turf is sudden as a slough, and beastly sticky.

Those Australians bowl like bricks, play the dickens with our 'sticks,'

And dismissal for a 'duck' makes Leviathan look shrunk."

Says the old W. G. to the young W. G.,

"Do not funk, my slogging WILLIAM, do not funk!"

Says the old W. G. to the young W. G.,

"Things look blue, my slashing WILLIAM, things look blue;

Libs. are objects of derision, and get licked on each division,

And the smartest of 'em can't tell what to do.

Those Tories vote like one, of the Bill of Rights make fun,

And the rights of BILL (that's me) they have disregarded quite;

But though bowled and caught and stumped, need the team look doleful-dumped?

Not a mite, my youthful WILLIAM, not a mite!"

Says the old W. G. to the young W. G.,

"Things must change, my stalwart WILLIAM, things must change,

Weather can't be *always* wet, if the Blues don't muck it yet

'Twill be strange, my top-score WILLIAM, wondrous strange;

Watch their play, and do not holloa, demon-SPOFFORTH yet you'll collar,

And that other demon (BEN) I shall score from yet, no doubt;

Though for longer than I like, when I've tried to block or strike,
The Umpire's usual verdict has been 'Out!'"

Says the young W. G. to the old W. G.,

"E'en a Champion may have a lot to learn."

Says the old W. G. to the young W. G.,

"Then the lessons of disaster do not spurn!

Quidnuncs say we've lost our form, but again to work, we'll warm,

BEN and BANNERMAN may find we're not yet played out by far."

Says the young W. G. to the old W. G.,

"Right you are, my ancient WILLIAM, right you are!"

Natural Mistake.

"COWL TESTING." Under this heading a long article recently appeared in the *Times*. How disappointed Messrs. NEWDEGATE and WHALLEY must have been, on discovering that it had nothing to do with the inspection of monasteries, but with the question of smoky chimneys. Both interesting subjects end, however, in smoke.

THE LANGUAGE OF DIPLOMACY.

(A few Phrases, as selected by some of his critics, for the use of a distinguished Berlin beginner.)

ON ENTERING AN HOTEL.



IR, the frontage of this establishment does not strike me as sufficiently imposing.

I will take the whole of the first, second, third, fourth, and fifth floors.

Have the goodness to put a few Bengal lights and gas stars on these balconies.

Where are the flags and the captive balloon that I ordered to be attached to the roof?

Thank you, I will breakfast in state, with a stringed band of one hundred and seventy performers.

Can you tell me where I can hire some wild elephants and a tame hyena?

ON TAKING A COURSE.

Those horses should have been picabald.

Where is the gold leaf for these panels?

You will stop at a

shop where they sell blue cotton-velvet, fireworks, theatrical thunder, and French dictionaries?

No, I have no luggage, but I have a man with a drum, two cymbals, and a peal of bells.

Place this man on the roof, and then select some quiet streets.

ON MEETING A PLENIPOTENTIARY.

This is the first time you have had the honour of making my acquaintance.

I shall not take off my hat or my gloves.

Have you ever heard of Downing Street?

Let us talk about SEMIRAMIS.

There are two hundred and seventy-two millions of souls in the British Empire.

I would dispose of these with an epigram, and regard it as a high and ancient privilege.

There is only one really notable and distinguished stranger in Berlin.

Let us go to a leading Photographer's.

ON SITTING AT A CONGRESS.

I will thank you for the President's chair.

Very well, BEN, I shall sit on the mantel-piece.

My colleague here is a mere interpreter.

Allow me to defy somebody.

I would rather reconstruct the world than amend the treaty.

That matter will be discussed by me only after a seventh, or even after an eighth, campaign.

Let us go halves?

Have the goodness to pass the ink, the map of Siberia, the pocket conversation book, and the speaking trumpet.

Why is the Turk laughing?

ON COMMUNICATING WITH COLLEAGUES AT HOME.

I have nothing to telegraph to a set of mere outsiders.

The splendour of my final apotheosis is assured.

If it amuses you to do so, by all means deliberate.

There will be no occasion to telegraph either your resolutions or your irritation.

My stay here is one blinding and brilliant march of triumph.

Be so good as to muzzle NORTHGOTE.

Send me one hundred full-sized Union Jacks by a Queen's Messenger.

Europe has stared hitherto, and you may now prepare to see it staggered.

LES BEAUX YEUX DE MA CANSETTE.

Man of Business to Man of Sentiment. "A pensive maiden?" Give me the pounds-shillings-and-pence-ive maiden!



ANNALS OF A MUSICAL NEIGHBOURHOOD.

THE ELDEST MISS GUSHINGTON GAVE US "THE FOUNTAINS MINGLE WITH THE RIVER;" HER RENDERING OF THE LAST TWO LINES,

"But what are all these kisses worth,
If thou kiss not me?"

WAS THRILLING IN ITS PATHOS AND PASSION; AND THERE WAS GREAT APPLAUSE.

AFTER WHICH OUR YOUNG TENOR SAT DOWN TO THE PIANO, AND UNCONSCIOUSLY FIXING HIS GAZE ON THE ELDEST MISS GUSHINGTON, WHOSE GAZE WAS RIVETED ON HIM, HE SANG A LOVELY SETTING OF SHELLEY (BY L. BENSON), BEGINNING—

"I fear thy kisses, gentle Maiden!
Thou needest not fear mine."

FAÇONS DE PARLER.

At last! After months of misgiving and fret,
The rival phrasemongers in Congress are met.
The wire and the goosequill find rest for a space,
And actual tongue-fence takes pen-fighting's place.
A word-weary world may ask, "Why not before?"
But the querist is snubbed as an impudent bore.
O shapers of phrases now met in full feather,
What trouble it cost to bring you men together!
Etiquette diplomatic it put on its mettle
The form of the mere invitation to settle.
A *façon de parler*? Well, phrases, like fashions,
Have changes as varied as projects and passions.
"The *status quo ante*" was once all the rage;
'Tis as dead as the dust of the Eocene age.
"Territorial integrity" ruled for awhile;
'Tis as much out of date as the Georgian "tile."
"Imperial interests" followed, a phrase
That was flaunted with pride for the usual nine days,
A frivolity-formula useful to shut
Base Faction's big mouth; but it altered its out,
Took in "Treaty-law" as a makeweight; and now—
Well, to-day's ruling watchword seems doubtful somehow;
Able editors "hedge" slashing leaderists trim,
The look-out, though called *coulour-de-rose*, is yet dim;
Each stands like an Actor awaiting his cue.
When the new Cry is out, they will shout till all's blue.
Will it be such a phrase as in quiet shall close
The long wordy war of the *cons* and the *pros*?

Will the Shibboleth shaped by these Chiefs of the Tongue
Fit the lips of all those who have anxiously hung
On the issue? Will Babbledom end in mere Babel,
Or a *modus vivendi* as pleasant as stable?
Who knows? Tongues can smooth, but they also can stab;
Midst these mustered experts at the gift of the gab
May the lenitive speech, not the lethal, abound,
And for Justice and Peace may the verdict be found.
Our Tongue-champion starts midst a tumult of praises,
And Hughenden's Lord is a master of phrases,
Can use them like sword-thrusts, as fatal as fleet,
Or, in cuttle-fish fashion, to cover retreat.
The difference? One purely verbal, of course,
A *façon de parler*. Finesse and resource
Are his; ready rhetoric, fine as sophistic;
Facility lingual if not quite linguistic.
How, how will he use them? To stand or to yield?
To conquer, or gracefully draw from the field?
Will the supple-tongued Semite strong Saxon affect,
And be blunt à la BISMARCK? Or may we expect
That, without ever seeming to bend or to blench,
He may, let us say, take a lesson in French?
The Gallic for "Compromise"? Out on the thought!
Russophobists will cry, "Is 't for *that* we have fought?"
Humpty Dumpty's upheaval, the Cossack's rebuff,
Are the ends we've in view; all the rest is mere stuff.
Nous verrons! But Congress may not be pure Jingo,
And, put in polite diplomatical lingo,
That word in the mouth of our Sphinx may be found
A sweet *façon de parler* to square things all round.



“FAÇON DE PARLER!”

LORD B. (*opens door, stops suddenly, and whispers*). “OH, I SAY! BY THE BYE! WHAT’S THE FRENCH FOR ‘COMPROMISE’?”

OUR GUIDE TO THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

(First Visit.)



ART has found an Asylum in Bond Street. "Asylum" is the word, and as St. Luke is the patron of painters, it might, with strict propriety, be called "St. Luke's." Henceforth, while Messrs. JAMES WHISTLER, BURNE-JONES, *et hoc genus*—(I hope the printer will not make this word into "genius"—but I do him an injustice, he knows better than that)—*omne*, hang out their banners on the inner walls of the Grosvenor Gallery, let

its name be "St. Luke's Asylum for Lunatic Limners." This, I admit, is hard on the works of the same patients—I mean painters—who should at once protest.

Well I have undertaken the task of Guide to the Gallery; so come to WHISTLER'S. Whistle and I'll come to you, my lad.

A shilling for admission! This is paying for one's whistle with a vengeance. Knowing the rare treat in store for me, I might not have objected to a twelfth of this sum. No one would have grudged that much. Quite enough noise in the world can be made by a Penny Whistler. However, the keepers—I mean the wicket-keepers—at the Asylum in Bond Street, won't take less; so elevenpence more and up goes this donkey. Walk up! walk up! and see the show Symphonies by the Penny Whistler just a-going to begin!

Please Sir, what is this on the right?

That, my little dear, is No. 139. *Henley Regatta*. By Mr. WALTER FIELD. A Field day at Henley. The predominance of peculiarly bright scarlet and rose pink is more suggestive of *Redding* than Henley. If you happen to know the distinguished individuals,—mentioned in the Key to the Picture—who are supposed to be represented on this canvas, you will find plenty of occupation for half-an-hour, in discovering the likenesses. In the boat with the awning notice Mr. CHERRY, whom Mrs. Ramsbottom would have described as "The University Vampire." The man standing lighting his pipe is HERBERT STEWARD, a hero of the "Leander."

But oh my! please Sir, what is this facing us on the landing at the head of the staircase?

Don't be frightened; don't run away; have your shillingsworth out. This is, in the books,

No. 150. *Perseus and the Graia*. By that eminent Artist Mr. E. BURNE-JONES.

What's in a name? A good deal. Plain-JONES couldn't have achieved what BURNE-JONES can. This is a "Design in yellow and white metal fastened on wood." So says Mr. BLACKBURN in his useful Notes. I thank thee BLACKBURN for teaching me that word "design." Who remembers the "plates of characters" for the larger-sized toy-theatres? I have a few before me now. Here is "Mr. HICKS as Captain Rolando,"—the original "Bravo HICKS" long since forgotten. Here is "Mr. L. B. OAKENS as Young Donald," he is in a very short kilt, has peculiarly natty shoes and buckles, bare arms, mutton chop

whiskers, goggle eyes, funereal plumes in his bonnet, and he is dancing a reel, giving evidently the most serious attention to every step. Then, here is "Mr. O. SMITH as the Bold Buccaneer." No matter what the costume, they all agree in two points, *i.e.*, bare legs, and little dots marked all over the dress (boots and everywhere possible), indicating the spots where certain bright little round buttons of tinsel which were, and are now for aught I know, sold by the sheet for this particular style of art in its infancy. This amusement kept the children good "by the hour together," and was much patronised by the nurses. To this form of "design" Mr. E. BURNE-JONES has returned. He can hardly be said to be the "leader of a school" so much as the oldest boy in a nursery. He has yet got to go to school. His *Perseus and the Graia* is worked on the principle above mentioned. Wherever the tinsel would have been, there is the "metal;" and where the bare legs are, there they remain. It may be *Perseus and the Graia*, but it is, apparently a Japanese warrior disturbed, while dressing in full armour, by some larkish young lady-visitors who have hidden his shoes, and he is represented as running about in his armour, bare-footed, playing with the slight intruders a sort of Japanese "Hunt-the-slipper." There! now you know all about it. So, Burn Jones! or Melt Jones, in this instance, and in future, let us have "metal more attractive."

No. 55. *Arrangement in White and Black*. By JAMES WHISTLER. The "arrangement in white and black" must allude to the engagement for the ballet at eighteen shillings a week, to which this flimsy, flighty young person has evidently just appended her signature of "MABEL DE COUCURY." Those arrangements in black and white of Mr. WHISTLER'S are not, thank goodness, "fixtures," but are "arrangements" which can be easily "carried out,"—whither, it doesn't matter; but the sooner the better.

Now, pray be seated, and give all your attention to Penny Whistler's harmonies and solos. Here they are, from 52 to 57:—No. 52. *Harmony in Blue and Yellow*; No. 53. *Nocturne in Blue and Silver*; No. 56. *Nocturne in Blue and Gold*; and No. 57. *Nocturne in Grey and Gold*. They might be described as "Puzzle-Pictures."

Mr. BLACKBURN'S Guide observes of these pictures, "Landscapes of great subtlety and charm, passed too lightly by the majority of visitors." Whether too lightly is a matter of opinion; but had Mr. WHISTLER sat by me, and heard the remarks of the "majority of visitors," he would have ordered a cart, and taken 'em all away there and then. But Whistlers never hear any good of themselves.

Now for a little relief. By the way, among all these "harmonies," "symphonies," and "Decorative Designs" there's one sort of relief that can't be found at the Grosvenor, until the Licence is granted, and that is "bar-relief." This "arrangement" is, perhaps, as eccentric as any of Mr. WHISTLER'S. Sir Courts should have an arrangement in black and white, and yellow too, if necessary, with Minos, Rhadamanthus & Co., who were the Justices, *par excellence*, to whose hands were committed all the cases of Spirits.

No. 18. *A Portrait*. By FRANK DICKEY.

Nicey nicey,
FRANKY DICKEY.

Observe the colour. Sir JOSHUA painted the *Strawberry Girl*. This should be the "*Strawberry-Ice Girl*," or the "*Pink of Fashion*."

No. 14. *An Idyl*. By Sir COURTS LINDSAY, Bart. "Bart." should be "Bart." or bachelor of art. Illustrating how to dress on 20 shillings a year. Sir Courts shows this by confining himself to the two figures. Observe the Welsh Rabbits in the corner.

No. 61. *Mischief*. By G. F. WATTS, R.A. What the mischief does it mean? Ah, I know! It illustrates

"For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do." WATTS.

Of course suggested by one of his own justly celebrated poems.

No. 62. *Time and Death*. Which is by WATTS.

The Hangers, I should say, "The Arrangers," at the Grosvenor Gallery, wish to teach the artistic world how to draw, frame, and hang pictures. And I—*moi qui parle*—I frame against them an indictment for picture-slaughter, unless they are to be credited with a deep



PESSIMISM.

Squire (at the Gate). "WELL, MR. DIBBLES, NOT MUCH TO COMPLAIN OF THIS YEAR. I NEVER SAW THE FARM LOOK SO WELL. THINGS GROW AS IN A HOT-BED!"

Farmer. "SAD WEATHER FOR WEEDS, SIR!"

sense of satirical humour, in which case my indictment falls to the ground, and I have nothing to say against them.

Here is a specimen, this No. 62. A dark backing of oil-colour behind a glass, which, by this ingenious "arrangement," becomes a mirror, in which are reflected, first of all, the marble table, whose shadow cuts like a knife into Time's legs, then the entire gallery, with *repliques* of most of the other pictures, and all the visitors in perspective walking about through Time's head and Death's dress, and flitting about like gold and silver fish in a glass bowl. At first it occurs to the puzzled spectator that this "Arrangement in Glass" is some new patent for combining the useful with the ornamental: but this impression is very soon removed. Mr. G. F. WATTS's picture does not suffer by the "arrangement," as far as most people are concerned, who would rather see *Idlers and Life*, than *his idea of Time and Death*. At all events, if not intended satirically, this arrangement of "Puzzle-Picture-Mirrors" reflects, strongly, on the judgment of the Arrangers.

No. 65. *A Rain Cloud*. By C. E. HALLÉ. A Sally by our HALLÉ.

No. 69. *The Peer*. By ARTHUR F. PAYNE. Picture of a little swell. But he's too small for a pier, he's only a buoy.

No. 37. *William Russell, Esq., LL.D.* By C. PELLEGRINI. The great merit of Mr. C. PELLEGRINI's picture of Dr. RUSSELL is that there's no mistaking it for a likeness of anybody but Dr. RUSSELL. But who is responsible for the position of this picture?

"Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky."

"By this light," Dr. RUSSELL presents every appearance of a gentleman, who has just landed at Dover, after a nasty passage. The size of the picture is marked "24 x 21." Three inches more, and it would have been Russell Square. The portrait is an admirable illustration of PELLEGRINI's Progress.

Now for a few more notes to be suggested by another Penny Whistler's solo, and I've done for to-day.

No. 54. *Variation in Flesh Colour and Green*. From this description an uninitiated person might expect a picture of "Bacon and Spinach" or "Ham and Peas." Oh dear no, nothing so good.

Mr. BLACKBURN's catalogue tells us what it is intended for:—"Four girls on a balcony overlooking a river: flowers in foreground." Thank you, Mr. BLACKBURN.

Now quick on to the series, Nos. 100 to 108. "Here be lunacies, look you."

No. 100. Lunatic bathing-machine on the river, with view of patient going to set the Thames on fire: Fancy portrait, perhaps, of BURN-JONES!

Nos. 101 and 102. More patients. And more patience.

No. 103. Lunatic with the Gigantic Gooseberry of the Silly Season, saying, "Am I expected to eat this?"

No. 104. Another patient practising how to read a book with one eye, while keeping the other fixed on something, or somebody,—the keeper probably,—in quite an opposite direction.

No. 105. More lunatic bathing-machines at night. Lady patient, in bathing-dress, has stayed in too long, and doesn't feel well.

No. 108. The Organ Nuisance. "Police!"

And now I can bear this no longer. Let me rush out—to the Restaurant. "Waiter! Give me an arrangement in B. and S., or a symphony in Something and Seltzer! Quick!"

"Beg pardon, Sir. Very sorry, but—"

Ah! I remember. You are out of spirits! So am I. No Licence? Do I wonder at it? No. Why not? For this very good reason. Listen:—

When the immortal Mr. Pickwick was in the Fleet, Job Trotter took him to see a "Whistling-shop," which was the name given to any room, within the prison, where, in consequence of all persons being prohibited under heavy penalties from conveying spirits into the Debtors' Prison, a prisoner carried on an illicit traffic in this line for his own profit and advantage.

"But," said Mr. PICKWICK, "are these rooms never searched to ascertain whether any spirits are concealed in them?"

"Cert'ly they are, Sir," replied SAM, "but the turnkeys knows beforehand, and gives the word to the Vistlers, and you may visit for it ven you go to look."

This is the Pickwickian sense of the word "Whistler," which was



NEW IDEA FOR A FANCY BALL.

SHAVE YOUR HEAD, AND GO AS A PHRENOLOGICAL BUST.

in the Licensing Magistrates' mind when they refused the licence for the Grosvenor Gallery, which, after all, is the artistic Whistling Shop of Bond Street. I wish that SAM's remark applied to the pictures as well as the spirits, and that when visitors to the Gallery were expected "the word" could be given to the Vistler, and that they might vistle for the pictures when they went to look. Wherever I am informed that Mr. WHISTLER's works of Art are on view, "Whistle, and I won't come to you, my lad."

There is evidently a Whistler and Burne-Jones School. I advise all the pupils to run away from that school; there are better Masters in another Academy round the corner.

Let me go! Past the keepers, down-stairs! Free at last. If I do not go now, I shall never be able to return.

He who writes and runs away,
May live to write another day.

Which I hope to do, and interview some of the sane ones shut up, by accident, in St. Luke's, Bond Street.

* * On Saturday the 15th the licence was granted to Sir Courts. The Gallery is now retailing the productions of a Licensed Whistler.

WAR IN THE FUTURE.

A Letter from the Commanding Officer of the British Army to the Secretary of State for War. A.D. . . (?)

Head Quarters of the Army,
Two Thousand Miles from the Seat of War.

SIR, ..

I HAVE the honour to report to you that I have just defeated the enemy. The message received this instant through the telephone is as follows: "The plan of the Chemist-General is perfectly successful. On finding that the lower strata of air over their positions had been reduced to its unbreathable elements, the enemy

HIGHLY RELIABLE.

(*Apocryph of the Mission of my Lords BEACONSFIELD and SALISBURY.*)

MR. GLADSTONE says—that they will be forced to open the proceedings of the Congress by laying the whole of a recent article in the *Nineteenth Century* (out) upon the table, and reading portions of it, in turns, until a "frank and healthy attitude" is assumed all round.

The Rest of the Cabinet—that they will receive hourly telephonic instructions from Downing Street, not speak till they are spoken to, and always say, in reply to every leading question, very modestly, "Please, Sir, we must communicate with our Colleagues."

A Raving Jingo—that they will arrive at Berlin with a large military escort, keep an Iron-clad on the *Spree*, attend the Congress with cocked hats, a brass band, and revolvers, and, singing a verse of "*We don't want to fight*," draw caricatures of the Emperor of Russia on the blotting-paper, and wave a couple of Union-jacks continually over the President's head.

"One who knows BISMARCK well"—that they will talk it over quietly with his Excellency, take Egypt and any other Asiatic pickings they can get, let the Roumanians learn the double shuffle, or anything else they like, and thank their own stars that they have met some one at the eleventh hour willing to coach them up in diplomacy.

The General Public—that it's all going to come right—somehow.

And *Mr. Punch*—Very encouragingly, but emphatically, that he has got his eye upon them.

Congress and Cookery.

It has been remarked that a gentleman named CURRIE has gone to the Berlin Congress with Lord SALISBURY. CURRIE being a Scottish name, its connection with the Congress cannot of course escape the remark of Scotchmen. They naturally say that whilst at work with a Currie it may be hoped that their Lordships won't make a hash of it.

attempted to secure a better atmosphere in the upper cloud region. On taking to their War-balloons, they were immediately followed by our Cavalry, mounted on the new regulation Electric Elevator. Ascertaining from their Mathematician-General that they were outnumbered 1'05 per cent., they surrendered at discretion. We have seized their scientific library and some ammunition."

I enclose the various orders given on the field of battle. When placed in the phonograph the metals will reproduce the exact words. I may add that the first attempt to capture the enemy's position failed through their use of the microphone. Every precaution was taken to avoid noise. The Infantry and Cavalry floated over the ground in the new formation ordered by Field Exercises, Part VI. Unhappily a Bugler sneezed when the army was within a hundred miles of the enemy's position, and the sound, intensified by the microphone, immediately gave the alarm.

As the war is now virtually at an end, I beg to enclose a memorandum of the expenses:—

	£	s.	d.
Salaries (Scientific Officers)	20,473	0	0
" (Combatant Officers)	72	18	4½
Food	186	12	2
Ammunition	40,012	0	0
Chemicals	120,000	0	0
Pay of British Army (20,000)	10,000	0	0
Pay of 200 Sepoys	200,000	0	0
	£390,741	10	6½

Considering that this campaign has extended to nearly five days, it must be allowed that the cost is trifling.

I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient servant,

(Signed) NEWTON DRYASDUST,
F.R.S., F.L.S., F.C.S., F.G.S., &c., &c.,
Major-General.

SANITARY FISHMONGERS.



URELY a fish dinner just now is not a bad thing in its way; though, after dining upon salmon, trout, and turtle, and a dozen sorts of fish, one feels but little wish next morning to breakfast on a bloater. But *toujours poisson* is by no means so tiring to one's taste as *toujours perdrix*. There are many kinds of fish, and many ways of cooking them. Even whitebait may be served in half-a-dozen different fashions, and in each is rendered palatable to people who are used to it; though a novice may be startled to hear the words, "black devil!" softly murmured in his ear, to be followed very shortly by a whisper of "red devil!"

Fish dinners, however, would soon go out of fashion if the fish was half as stale as the stories, and the speeches, and the small talk therewith usual. Fish which is not fresh is both noxious and nasty. The death-rate soon would rise if provision were not taken to prevent decaying fish from being purchased as provisions. See what is the result of the look-out kept at Billingsgate:—

"DISEASED FISH.—The Fishmongers' Company condemned 90½ tons of the fish arriving at Billingsgate Market last month. There were included in this quantity 27,000 dabs, 30,000 gurnets, 15,700 herrings, 8,000 plaice, 28,000 whiting, &c.: total, 92,282 fish arriving by land, and 41,195 by water."

The fish thus seized were probably decayed, and not diseased; but if not themselves diseased, they doubtless might have caused disease in any one who ate them. You or I might quite incautiously have swallowed half-an-ounce or so of what composed these ninety tons, and have thereby been compelled to pay a visit, and a guinea, to a doctor. So whatever we may think of City Companies in general, in regard to what they do, or don't do, for the public, let us be thankful for the service done towards the public health by the watchful and the worshipful Company of Fishmongers.

HOLIDAY WORK.

CALEDONIA, the Land of Cakes, is the land, no less, of jokes and stories. Amongst the latter, if not also the former, there is one related of a certain Aberdonian man of business. Having an affair to transact with the assistance of other persons, in number exceeding twelve, at a place some ten miles down the Deeside Railway, he obtained from the booking-clerk at the station a "Pleasure Party Ticket." To the disgust of the Station-Master it turned out that the Excursionist was an undertaker, and his company consisted of mourners. This anecdote, if true, may be considered characteristic of nationality North of the Tweed; but here is a match to it derived from a latitude very far south of that river:—

EXCURSION SEASON, 1878.—To Let, Four-in-hand Break, carries twenty; Pair and Single-horse Wagonettes, &c., for pleasure parties. Terms strictly moderate.—HEARSE and MOURNING COACHES, with or without Ostrich Feather Plumes.—Apply, &c.

This advertisement appeared one day last week in the *Western Morning News*. It shows that an undertaker's view of a professional journey to a cemetery as an excursion, is not specifically Scotch. The typical undertaker, probably, whether Scotch or English, considers a trip of that kind a combination of business with pleasure.

"LIGHT COME, LIGHT GO."

"Music of the Future, indeed," remarked an unsesthetic concert-monger, to a rapt Wagnerian, the other day. "Hang the Music to come; give me the Music to 'go.'"

UNEXPECTED COINCIDENCE.

If crime had lately been increasing, its growth might, with apparent reason, have been ascribed to the

"CONSUMPTION OF SPIRITS.—Official returns show no signs of abatement in the demand for spirits. In the first quarter of this year 1878 duty was paid on 7,668,607 gallons of home-made spirits for consumption in the United Kingdom as a beverage. This is more by 247,273 gallons than in the corresponding quarter of 1876, and more by 395,571 gallons than in that of 1877."

But, according to a report on the "Reorganisation of the Local Prisons," which, as well as the above paragraph, appeared the other day in the *Times*:—

"A small social revolution has been silently carried into effect within the last few weeks by the operation of the Prisons Act, 1877, which took effect from the 1st of April of the present year, and has been swiftly followed by the closing of more than one-third of all the prisons in England and Wales."

An increased consumption of spirits coinciding with an extensive closure of gaols seems like a more than commonly curious coincidence. Demoralisation ought to be proportionate to drinking, but it isn't, apparently, by the above showing, unless inversely proportionate. But Mr. Buns must not attribute moral improvement to liquor. The prisons closed had many of them long been supernumerary. There has not perhaps been any actual falling off of rogues and thieves. Something like it, however, is suggested by the information that—

"Kent will lose two prisons out of four, having been deprived of three others by the Act of 1865; and seven of the Welsh counties have been found to supply such a very small number of prisoners to their gaols, that the powers of the Act are put in force to deprive them of their gaol altogether, and appoint a prison in an adjoining county for the combined malefactors of the two."

Crime appears to have certainly very much decreased in Wales. Perhaps the consumption of spirits in England and Wales has increased only in England. Possibly it has decreased in Wales, owing to the success of Temperance missionaries. Was there ever really a time when the Welsh had a national weakness such as to justify the allegation that—

"TAFFY was a Welshman, TAFFY was a thief?"

In comparison to the other lieges of these Kingdoms, if TAFFY was ever peculiarly given to thieving, he has now evidently become less instead of more so. In seven Welsh counties the gaols are twice too many for the offenders. Here is a theme for a competent bard at the next Eisteddfod to harp upon.

UNITED SERVICE.

ARE Her Majesty's service and that of Her Majesty's subjects capable of combination? So it would seem from the following announcement in the *Manchester Courier*:—

SELECT REGISTRY, Wellington, Salop.—Mrs. — promptly supplies Shropshire SERVANTS; Young Generals disengaged, suitable for tradesmen's families.

Young Generals disengaged, would probably consider themselves suitable for families of a rather more distinguished character than those of tradesmen. Generals might, at least, expect to wear epaulettes. Fancy a Lieutenant-General, or a Major-General, coming to an engagement in a tradesman's family. Imagine the gallant officers in action, waiting at table, or cleaning boots and shoes. But additional particulars are evidently wanted for information respecting those young Generals. In the meanwhile a Registry for Servants on which Generals are entered seems very properly styled "Select."

Pyrotechny and Politics.

A PYROTECHNIC display at the Alexandra Palace the other evening included, according to announcement, certain "Fire Portraits of Her Majesty's Ministers." This may be regarded as rather a new thing in fireworks; though it has long been customary for political pyrotechnists and penmen to show up Ministers in Squibs.

A BRIG O' BRIGS.

THE Dundee Tay Bridge, lately opened, is the longest in the world. A worthy Scotch Correspondent, with characteristic readiness of "wut," proposes it should be called the Bridge of Size.

WHAT is the first thing to be done after an Emperor has been shot?

To bring out a Bullet-in—if there is one in, and you are able to get it out.



"SECOND THOUGHTS."

Priest. "WILT THOU HAVE THIS WOMAN TO TRY WEDDED WIFE?"
Bridegroom Elect. "WELL, AW'S WARNED AW'LL BEV TO HEV HER. BUT AW WAD RATHER HEV HER SISTER!"

UNDER ORDERS; . . .

OR, HOW IT WORKS AT WHITEHALL.

SCENE—A Council Chamber. The Chancellor of the Exchequer discovered in the act of concluding some discursive observations on an Irish topic. The rest of the Cabinet asleep.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer (stopping suddenly). H'm! All off, again! (Nettled.) Well, there; that's all I've got to say on the subject. *[Sits down.]*

The Rest of the Cabinet (waking up at the cessation of his voice). Excellent! Obvious! Capital! Very well put! Hear! hear!

[They rise, and look out their hats.]
The Secretary of State for the Colonies. Well, I must be going. I'm in the middle of another volume on the Caffres. Stiff reading!—Must get through it, you know.

The Secretary of State for War. Just so. And I've got to spend the afternoon over a new facing.

First Lord of the Admiralty. And here's something about another boiler priming at Plymouth! It's a busy time for all of us.

The Lord Chancellor (drily). My Lords and Gentlemen, it's a very busy time. Without our chief we are all fairly overweighted. *[They all laugh.]*

The Chancellor of the Exchequer (thoughtfully). Perhaps; well then,—I suppose we adjourn? *(opens absently the early edition of an Evening Paper.)* Dear me! What's this? Why, here it is! It's out—every word of it! *(Shows the text of a celebrated "project.")* Every word of it! What's to be done, now?

Viscount Cranbrook. What? Why, send orders to Berlin. This will alter everything. Come, Gentlemen, there's not a moment to lose. Places!

[They all resume their seats and debate hotly and earnestly for three hours and a half, as to the best course to be pursued by Her Majesty's Government under the circumstances.]

The Chancellor of the Exchequer (having just drawn up and despatched to the Kaiserhof a very peremptory and urgent telegram on

TAPS IN THE TOWER.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times*, "*Vide et Crede*," calls attention to a process, by which the inscriptions in the Beauchamp Tower—those historical memorials of illustrious captives and victims—are in course of rapid obliteration. It is performed by a series of successive Beefeaters. The Public, to be sure, are shut off by stout posts, and a rope, four feet from the wall. But—

"Inside this rope, from morning to night, every day of the year, except Sunday, with ten minutes' interval between his rounds, marches a huge Beefeater, with a short stick. With this stick he raps, taps, strikes and pokes the time-honoured inscriptions, as he explains their meaning; and I challenge contradiction, when I assert that in many places a fresh mark, showing where the stone has been bruised by this shameful maltreatment are to be seen on the very inscriptions themselves."

Gutta cavat lapidem non vi sed sæpe cadendo. But the Beefeater's raps on the carvings in the Beauchamp Tower are forcible, as well as frequent. To put a stop to them there is no need to abolish the Beefeater's venerable and useful office of Showman. Tip his staff with India-rubber, or some other soft and elastic substance. He could then use it for the purpose of his archæological demonstration without defacing the inscriptions, which he so instructively explains. The estimate for this truly Conservative measure would hardly require a supplementary vote.

Prophetic Language of Flowers.

A REPORT of a Flower Show informs us that "Messrs. VEITCH showed a new *Begonia*, high and stately in growth, with a leaf tending towards the strawberry. The plant is called, 'The Earl of Beaconsfield.'"

Messrs. VEITCH, perhaps, contemplate the probability of having to raise their plant a step in the Peerage. They will prove themselves Prophets, as well as Florists, should the sequel of the Congress confirm the indication of the leaf of their *Begonia* "tending towards the Strawberry." Then they will also, of course, have foretold a pacific solution of the Eastern Question.

SYNONYM FOR SECRECY.—A Special Correspondent (perhaps Irish) complains that the Congress are conducting their proceedings in silence. Nay; they are conducting them in French.

the subject). There! If that doesn't lay down the course clearly for them, language has no meaning. I've said we're unanimous,—and determined. It couldn't be stronger.

The Rest of the Cabinet. Capital! Well, you'll wait for the answer? We're off. *[They break up into groups and go out talking volubly.]*

An interval of some hours, during which the Chancellor of the Exchequer, left alone, rehearses the perorations of several speeches. Eventually, reading the Evening Paper through twice, and finishing up with the advertisements. He is about to leave as a foreign telegram comes.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer (tearing it open hurriedly). At last! Now we shall see. After all, there are eleven of us, and it would be odd if we on the spot couldn't keep them at Berlin well under orders! From the chief. I thought he would reply fast enough. Let's see. *(Starts)* Eh! What's this? *(reads)*—

"Unanimity to hand. Bathos. Don't waste your time, but wire how the Park is looking. Things go majestically here. Some one has sent me a pair of purple velvet slippers. It's an ovation. Kismet!"

[The Chancellor of the Exchequer utters a wild cry—and falls fainting on the crumpled telegram as the Curtain descends.]

Bismarck's New Beatitude.

THE *Times*' Berlin Correspondent reports a truly happy change to have come over Prince BISMARCK:—

"Those who come near him state that he is strongly impressed with the necessity for peace, and that after years esteeming military triumphs the real glory of the Statesmen, recent experiences, even that of the last few days, has shown him that the greatest men can only benefit their States by ensuring them the blessings of peace."

Europe will be much reassured by the announcement that the Great Chancellor has been brought to see a more excellent way than a policy of "blood and iron." Let us hope he will realize the beatitude promised to the Peacemakers.

THE CONGRESS.

(By Telegraph. From Mr. PUNCH's Own Man.)



AFTER LEO HERRMAN'S WELL KNOWN PICTURE.

BERLIN, Saturday.

So many accounts of the doings of the chief actors in the diplomatic extravaganza entitled "the Congress," have appeared in the London daily papers, that it is high time your readers should receive some really trustworthy intelligence upon the subject. What follows, if not actually "authentic," can be authenticated; a distinction which must greatly please Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE and the Marquis of SALISBURY.

To commence. Lord BEACONSFIELD is enormously popular. Crowds surround his hotel all day long, keeping up a continuous

cheer, much to the delight of the other occupants of the house, by whom his Lordship is held in high esteem. At night fireworks are frequently let off in honour of the Special British Ambassador. Let me give an instance. Just as the Author of *Lothairs* had got into his first sleep the other evening, he was awakened by a loud explosion, and rushing to the window (under the impression that the hotel was on fire), found that the enthusiastic Berliners were letting off a "grand piece," in seven different colours, consisting of his portrait in flames, and the legend in English, "Very glad to see you, Dizzr." The British Premier bowed his acknowledgments



A CAUTION TO RELATIVES.

Pet Nephew, coming to Man's Estate. "I say, GRANDPA, I HEARD AUNT JULIA SAY THE OTHER DAY THAT YOU WERE ALMOST IN YOUR SECOND CHILDHOOD. IN THAT CASE, HADN'T WE BETTER CHANGE HORSES?"

again and again, and during the rest of the night employed his time in listening to serenades from relays of German brass bands. His Lordship commenced his second sleep at half-past eight in the morning.

You may have heard that Lord BEACONSFIELD received a threatening letter on reaching Berlin. I am, fortunately, in a position to give you the text. The infamous document runs as follows:—

"How doth the Little Busy B.?"

"That's the question! Dance in the moonlight with a tra-la-la! Will you stand on your head—or shall I? An excursion ticket to Brighton, with hot-water pipes laid on to all the boot-jacks. Then tremble, tyrant, tremble!

"Yours smilingly, but with murder in all three of my eyes,

(Signed) "THE EMPEROR OF CHINA."

The signature is believed to be a forgery, and as the postmark on the envelope is "Hawwell," it is imagined that the writer of the letter must be an Englishman.

Knowing that this infamous document has been sent to our representative, the German Government have taken the greatest care to guard Lord BEACONSFIELD from attack. As one

of the Correspondents of the London papers truly observes, "they have attempted to do this without attracting his Lordship's notice." This has been easily managed. When the British Premier wishes to take a walk, a signal is given to a bugler, who immediately sounds "To Arms!" As his Lordship emerges from his hotel, three squadrons of cavalry, half a battery of artillery, and a few battalions of infantry, carelessly form around him and accompany him in his walk. An advance-guard precedes the procession, ordering the shutters to be closed in the houses overlooking the line of march.

The other day Lord BEACONSFIELD walked into a tobacconist's to buy a cigar. As the shopman was serving him, a fierce-looking stranger entered the establishment and roughly asked for a pipe. With great presence of mind the shopman whistled. In a moment a number of riflemen, who had been lying concealed under the counters of the *magazin*, emerged from their ambush and formed a hollow square round the British Statesman. The rough-looking stranger, evidently taken aback by the sudden manœuvre, immediately retreated. As Lord BEACONSFIELD does not understand German, he could not be made to comprehend the reason of the demonstration. It has thus come to pass that he still lives in happy ignorance of the paternal care which is being hourly lavished upon him.

Several accounts have appeared in the London papers of the hospitality offered to the Plenipotentiaries by Prince BISMARCK. On the whole these reports are fairly accurate, but they are decidedly crude. This being the case, I give a few details of the last *fête* in which the Foreign Ministers and the German Chancellor took part.

As you know, BISMARCK is very fond of practical jokes. It is rumoured that he sent Prince GORTSCHAKOFF the basket of strawberries which was the cause of his Excellency's recent indisposition. To return. BISMARCK is very fond of practical jokes, and having once seen an English pantomime, His Excellency determined to have the marble steps of his palace well polished with butter. When his orders had been obeyed, the burly Chancellor stood at the top of the staircase enjoying the strange antics of his guests as they walked towards him. The Italian Ambassador was very angry when he found himself upon the ground; and Count ANDRASSY (who, as usual, was wearing a Hungarian hussar's uniform) could not rise without assistance. Lord BEACONSFIELD, who is always on his guard in his dealings with BISMARCK, requested Lord SALISBURY to precede him. The Foreign Secretary, only too pleased to take the *pas*, immediately complied—with results. BISMARCK was so pleased with Lord BEACONSFIELD's caution, that he promised to support in Congress the English demand for Constantinople, Egypt, and Bessarabia. Whether this promise will be kept, remains to be seen.

At dinner the German Chancellor entertained his guests with a ballet, in which he occasionally took part in a *pas seul*. This incident is mentioned in none of the English papers, although it was the success of the evening. BISMARCK, as usual, was the life and soul of the party. His Excellency made many puns in German, which were kindly translated into English by Lord SALISBURY, for the benefit of Lord BEACONSFIELD. The British Premier (with that tact which has won him so many golden opinions) immediately insisted upon telegraphing the "good things" to his colleagues, the remainder of the Cabinet in England.

Later in the evening, Lord BRACONSFIELD had the satisfaction of informing Prince BISMARCK that he had received a telegram to the effect that the "good things" had caused Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, Colonel STANLEY, and Mr. W. H. SMITH to "roar."

Prince BISMARCK was so pleased with this, that he promised to support in Congress the English demand for an indemnity from Russia of seventy billion roubles, the cession of Siberia, and the dismantling of Cronstadt. Whether this promise will be kept remains to be seen.

After dinner the Representatives of England, Russia, Austria, and Italy, "came to words," and, revolvers being produced, the "practice" in a short time was certainly lively. Fortunately at this late hour of the evening the aims of the various combatants were far from steady; and, beyond some damage to the crockery and looking-glasses, little harm was done. After the Ministers had expended all their ammunition, at the suggestion of Prince BISMARCK, they adjourned to the Garden. When they got there (as the *Morning Post* explains) they spent their time in "smoking, sipping coffee, and listening to the nightingales."

P.S. By the way, little or nothing doing in the Congress.

THROUGH THE KEEP-IT-DARK CONTINENT; OR, HOW I WENT FOR STANLEY.

(Interesting, Sensational, and most important Communications from
Our Own Fellow-Traveller.)

PART I.

Explanation and Dedication.



I CANNOT any longer be silent! I ask indignantly, can I? Because one man is distinguished, am I to be extinguished? Am I to hide my light writing under a Bushel of Dark Literature? To what do I allude but to the following advertisements, which, but that I am a philosopher, would make my blood boil. Look here, Sir,—what meets my eye at every turn:—

ASK FOR STANLEY'S BOOK.

Then I read, further on:—

THIS MOST FASCINATING and INSTRUCTIVE NARRATIVE of travel and adventure.—*Athenaeum* (First Notice).

And, again—

THERE HAS BEEN NO BOOK OF AFRICAN TRAVEL like this before.—*Graphic*.

No book like this before! True. But mine has yet to come. A critic, in the *Globe*, says:—

MR. STANLEY'S BOOK AFFORDS A SPLENDID INSIGHT into a hitherto unknown region full of exciting adventures, curious incidents, and valuable information.

"A hitherto unknown region full of exciting adventures"! Come, I do like that! Just wait, Sir, for my account of several hitherto utterly unknown regions, crammed to suffocation every day and every night with thrillingly exciting adventures, Real Water, Real Animals, Real Savages, everything Real—no Deception! Sensation!! Sensation!!! Sensation!!!! All the fun of the Fair,—I should say, of the Dark! In fact, as the *Standard* emphatically remarks:—

A GREAT AND TRIUMPHANT EXPEDITION. . . . Will increase the writer's reputation.

And so will my *Greatest and Most Triumphant Expedition*! And, finally, the London Correspondent of the *Liverpool Mercury* is quoted, as writing in this enthusiastic strain to his journal:—

I TELL YOU THAT NO SENSATIONAL NOVEL ever written is more enthralling than *Through the Dark Continent*.

Rather strong that, Sir? Eh? Has he read *all* the sensational novels ever written?

I feel it, Sir, to be a duty incumbent on me (excuse my using the word "incumbent"—it has an ecclesiastical sound, I am aware, but I like to be accurate—dear me! and there's a curate following the incumbent—no matter, you understand) to speak out, now or never! I choose the former. Mr. STANLEY, to whom I do not begrudge one oasis—I mean one *idea*—of his fame, has omitted all mention of me in his book. This omission is only explicable on the hypothesis of his having been ignorant of my presence in the Dark's land.

As STANLEY had, before that, gone out to find LIVINGSTONE, so I unassumingly, modestly, quietly—nay, retiringly—went out of my way, to look after STANLEY.

Why I did not find him, let him explain—if he can—in one of his future volumes. Let it suffice for me to inform the public, how I went to find him, and how energetically I hunted for him, through the length and breadth of the "Keep-it-Dark Continent."

I enclose herewith my map of what I have named "*Walker's Territory*." You will see from this that mine has not been a boot-



less expedition. The white belt across is my track. Towards one point, S., is a fine region for corn. Here grows, in all its native luxuriance, the wild *arbutus*, which forms a natural covert for the black fox. This animal is considered by the dusky aborigines as, comparatively, fair game, and often have I seen the triumphant hunter returning from the chase, gleefully waving the hardy-won blacking-brush. Off the coast there is first-rate fishing for boot-jack, while the weary traveller may seek for shade under the magnificent boot-trees, of which we have heard so much. It is a bootiful country, but alas! every one is given up to *Fetish*, as if there were not such a thing as a soul!

Their great festivals are on "Bunyan-Days," when they indulge in athletic feats, and strong drink. Further details I will reserve for a future occasion.

Time is here divided not into Day and Night, as with us, but into Day and Martin. Their local divinities are *Obi* and *Umbi*, and they believe that their medicine-men (*Shumakree*) possess the gift of healing. They hold their illustrious ancestors in great veneration, and have preserved some mysterious prophecy as to the Last of their race. Their King is elected by a Council. The most recent Council gave them TOKO, who now rules them with a rod of iron. He is "TOKO THE TWENTIETH," and succeeded "PHUSTI," who, on getting old, was beheaded by his faithful subjects. TOKO's grandfather, TITAZZADRU, of the "Thusti" dynasty, drank himself to death before the present monarch was born.

This map will be fully explained as I proceed. My main track, as I have already pointed out, across the continent, is where the line of white lies.

The Black country is north and south of this, and there is not an inch of ground left unexplored. I fancy, from Mr. STANLEY's description, and from the fact of his not saying anything about having met me, or having even heard of me, that he must have been on the other side of this map—I mean the side away from the spectator, whom I hope to take with me, on my side, all the time.

I have drawn up a number of maps on purpose to accompany this work, which, itself, would never have seen daylight, had I not felt that publicity was due to you, Sir, first—for it it had not been for you I should never have gone where I went, or been where I am!—

• We haven't an idea where he is, but no doubt he will send us his address. He is a wonderful traveller, though we own to having treated him somewhat abruptly at our first interview, to which he will perhaps make some allusion

and to myself afterwards. So, in the next chapter of this work, of which this is but a slight instalment, I will give the public such a thrilling and heart-stirring narrative, as shall make them eager for the number after that, and shall force them to exclaim, with the critics already quoted, "No book of African travel like this has ever appeared before;" and that "No sensational novel ever written is more enthralling." So look out for my next chapter!!

I will conclude this by giving you what will be prefixed to my entire work, when published, headed,

DEDICATION.

In the first place to You, Sir, as Editor,
To whose
Uncontrollable Temper and Fierce Impetuosity
I owe it
That I quitted your Office with far greater Celerity
Than I had entered it;
Secondly, to the Proprietors of this Journal,
Who
Strongly urged my Departure,
And Who
Gave me Every possible Encouragement
To
Stay Away
In that Dark Continent I had selected for Exploration;
And, Thirdly,
To that Universally Esteemed Relative
Known as "My Uncle"
(Residing at Poppit Hall, Spoutshire),
Who
Has invariably taken the greatest interest
In every object
That was at all dear to me,
And
To Whom,
Having pledged my Word of Honour for Three Months,
I Own
The Ticket that enabled me to start on my first
VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY!

FROM AN AMERICAN-COUSIN-CRITICAL.

HON'ABLE GEORGE PUNCH, D.D., RESPECTED SIR:



LL my friends here to the tavern, which is mostly native, hev bin perusin' of the letter I writ you, 'tother week, about the Show of SAMUEL, and mostly seems to tie to it. They cal'late it'll kinder give strugglin' merit a liit, and they do say that sights of talent drifts into the aristocracy, every year, for want of a little inkurrgement. But they jest note, in passin', that my style of addressin' you was a little mite familiar, though you was a affable old feller that wouldn't make no words about it. So I 'low to hev it straight this time.

Notes hev likewise bin sent in by outside parties, which was fetched to me at the tavern by your ker-ridge, kiokin' up sich a stir that waiters hev bin fallin' over one another to git at me, ever sence, and three

or four on 'em hev even tackled my week-day hat, with them ridiklus little brushes. These notes is mostly invites to dinners and so on, but some on 'em is more suggestive. One in pertikler is refering to the figger nigh the middle of the grate pieter, which is a shinin' up to the mother of SAMUEL. Wat is he there for, and how will I dispose of him. Anserin' which, I say candid that it ain't know'd wat he is there for. He's the streak of mystery which is built into all great works, and mystery is where great works gets

later on. Here to-day and gone to-morrow; and we rely entirely on his good faith, honesty, probity, and many other virtues. We will reserve further remark.—ED.

their hold. This man, if that's wat it is, is probably there for most anything, and looks like it. As to disposin' of him, if it come to that, I should say go at it quick and merciful with a club—most any of them in Pellmell.

Another note makes triflin' remarks concernin' the stiffigedness of the leadin' camil, up back of the Tabnikle. Instead of which, the camil hez a right to be stiff all over, in such goin' as that is. We hain't time to give lessons in the roodiments, gratis.

Next to the Show of SAMUEL, the unthinkin' public seems to hanker least after a helthy moral work representin' the burnin' of ANNE ASCUE, to Smithfield, or rather the looks of things the next mornin'. The sky-part is separate, and represents a view on the District railrode. As nigh as I can make out, those which sets up judgment on this pieter objects to it becoz it's bad. Now I cal'late to be heritable and quarrel with no man on account of his notions or lack of 'em, but I jest want some of these carpists to rise up and say why this pieter hadn't ought to be bad. Don't it signify one of the wust things that ever was done? Certinly, and it kerries the idee clean through. I never look at it without seein' the inspired painter, with a pot full of paint mixed up thick and strong, elappin' his brush up and down on the wall to clean it, and then sailin' in to make inikwty hidjus! And if I hed my way, them that did this thing in the tuat place should be made to rise up and see the consequences. But p'raps taint well to be too vindiktive.

Hangin' up in number IV. room, off in the corner of the bildin', my inquirin' gays lit onto a good likeness of a Paris costoom, enlosin' a female figger, and labelled Mrs. JOHN E. SANDEMAN. As a work of Art the whole thing is well got up, and I don't hear no flaws picked into it. But I feel it my dooty to pint out one thing that hinges onto them little small jellusies which don't edify in the larned professions. The principle artist in this bizness is naterally the one that made the costoom. He done a good job, and ought to hev the credit of it. Insted of which the paintin' artist has got his own name printed out in the cattilog, and hez likewise painted in as much as six wrinkles in the top part of the gown, which the dress-makin' artist wouldn't a hed there, not if the fillin' had hed to be out away to smooth 'em.

There's two or three more cases of this smallness in the collection, though bein' an outsider I feel a little mite wafflejawed about goin' into partiklers. It's ruther surprisin' to see sech a spirit, becoz, as a rule, I notice piles of good natur to the square inch in this country, and a honest effort to please is most always well treated. I've stood for as much as an hour to a time amongst the folks in Hide Park, watchin' them which makes a hard livin' by ridin' up and down on hossback to amuse the public, and where you might expect some hartless laffin, I never see a thing but the most respektful sympathy.

London, June the 14, 1878.

ELNATHAN WING.

A CAPITAL JOKE.

THE sympathy of Mr. BUMBLE with his fellow-man must be increased by the following announcement in a Liverpool paper:—

"RESIGNATION OF THE MASTER AND MATRON OF BIRKENHEAD WORKHOUSE SCHOOL.—At the fortnightly meeting of the Birkenhead Guardians yesterday, Mr. STRONGITHARM in the Chair, a letter from the Local Government Board was read, which enclosed another from Mr. THOMNTON vindictating himself from the charges of cruelty preferred against him, and explaining that an undertaking which he had given not to inflict capital punishment was extorted from him under pressure."

Hence it would seem that the Master of Birkenhead Workhouse School was accustomed to combine the offices of Schoolmaster and Jack Ketch, and had been accused of cruelty in the latter capacity. As his resignation was accepted, the Birkenhead Guardians, apparently from the above showing, consider that it is possible to be guilty of too great barbarity in putting vicious young paupers to death. It is perhaps needless to say that the Schoolmaster was not guilty of that barbarity.

Comfortable Quarters.

THE subjoined notification was probably not intended to meet the eyes of private soldiers:—

WAR DEPARTMENT CONTRACT. NOTICE TO BUILDERS.

TENDERS are required for raising FOUR BLOCKS OF STABLES, to accommodate the men of Two Batteries of Royal Horse Artillery.

Do the authorities propose to accommodate the men as well as the horses in stables? "Accommodated" is, as *Justice Shallow* says, "a good phrase," and *Bardolph* might have well said that "a soldier is better accommodated than" in a stable.

DEFINITION FOR THE PORTE.—An Imperial Hatt—Something to send round.



SUNDAY AT HOME.

Wife. "GOOD-BYE, DICK, I'M GOING TO CHURCH. NOW PROMISE YOU WON'T PLAY THE FLUTE."

Anti-Sabbatarian Husband. "POOR! WHY NOT?"

Wife. "WELL, DICK, THE NEW COOK HAS COME, AND SHE MIGHT BE SHOOKED, YOU KNOW."

BEN AT BERLIN.

British Showman, loquitor.

Now then, Ladies and Gentlemen, Crowned Heads and other Potentates, walk up, walk up, and see the most marvellous show in the whole fair! First look at me and say if I am not worth all the money! Here I am representing one of the greatest commercial establishments in the world, when only a few years ago I was scribbling romances after leaving a lawyer's stool! In my youth I was a Republican to the backbone, and now my Toryism is so violent that I never can look blue enough to please myself! So walk up, walk up, walk up!

Oh, I am the most accomplished Showman that ever yet was seen. You know my powers as an acrobat—have you not seen me change from one side of a House to another with all the celerity of a Leopard? Of course you have—so walk up! You know what a clever conjuror I am. Have you not seen me pretend to destroy a Reform Bill (because I said it was too Liberal), and then take the very measure and produce it in a form so altered that it became three times as radical as it was before? And haven't I made you believe all the time that the magic I used was Toryism and nothing else? Walk up then, walk up! Of course I have, and there is nothing I can't do. No, absolutely nothing. If you don't believe me, look at my assistant. That man was my rival two years ago, and now he is my slave. He has come here to swell my triumph. To beat the big drum while I am performing. Walk up then, walk up!

But I can do more. I can make anything from a Compromise to an Empress. I have made Barons, Earls, Marquises, and Dukes. I have made Myself! You see what I am now—some day I will make myself something more. Perhaps (who knows?) an Englishman! So walk up—walk up!

And now what is my show? Why one of the strangest collections that ever yet was seen. Here's the celebrated Gallic Cook. It was an Eagle yesterday, and may be a Lily to-morrow. Quite a bird after my own heart. Always changing, and always planning effects. It's never so pleased as when it's making an Exhibition of itself. Walk up! walk up! And here is the far-famed Turkey! I don't mind admitting that this is one of my failures. I expected great things from this Turkey, but they haven't been

realised. But, on the whole, the Show will get on very well without it; at least I think I shall try. At present the poor old bird is moulting. But never mind that. Walk up! walk up! walk up! And here are the usual performing Eagles. The Austrian one, by the way, promises more than it performs: always did. Walk up!

And now I come to the feature of the Show—the celebrated British Lion, and Russian Bear. Don't be afraid, Ladies; they won't hurt you. They have rehearsed all this before. While you outsiders have been thinking, we were stirring them up with a long pole; we have been teaching them how to shake hands! That's one of my tricks. Isn't it a good one? So walk up! walk up! and see the genuine Russian Bear, filled with bran, and the bold British Lion, stuffed with straw! Walk up! walk up! You pay your money, but you don't take your choice!

VENUS AND ADONIS.

"Men who suffer their wives' photographs to be exhibited for sale in the shop-windows run the risk of being thought to get some profit by so doing, for they otherwise would hardly sanction such publicity."

WHERE are you going to, my pretty maid?
I'm going to be photographed, Sir, she said.

MAY I go with you, my pretty maid?
Yes, if you like it, she calmly said.

WHAT is your fortune, my pretty maid?
My face is my fortune, Sir, she said.

HOW do you live on 't, my pretty maid?
By selling my photos, she promptly said.

THEN may I marry you, my pretty maid?
If you've a title, perhaps—she said.

UNAVOIDABLE DELAY.

THE many pros and cons. of the Eastern Question, of course retard the progress of the Congress.



A "HAPPY FAMILY" AT BERLIN.

SHOWMAN. "THE BRITISH LION AND THE RUSSIAN BEAR WILL NOW EMBRACE! (*Aside.*) IT'S ALL RIGHT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THIS EFFECT HAS BEEN WELL REHEARSED!"

'ARRY ON THE TURF.



DEAR CHARLIE,
I'm down on my luck, got a fit of
the blues, and no kid,
And I drop yer this line, jest to ask if
yer game for the loan of a quid?

Went down to the Derby,
old pal, and put in for a
regular dip?

I'd a laid *Happy Land* to
a hegg that this time I had
copped the right tip.

The thing looked a moral,
my boy; and I put on the
stuff pooty 'ot,

Took two quid of the Boss's,
was luck, and got musked
for the whole bloomin' lot;

And now, out of collar, and
cleaned, with a fortnight's
stiff ex's to pay,

I needn't assure yer, 'old
chapp, as I don't feel the
aking of gay.

I know as you won't mount
the tub, as some sneaks I
'ave spoke to 'ave done.

Gewellekens! Wot is life wuth, if you're out of the best o' the
fun?

I argues with CHAPLIN and POWER. 'Orse-racing's a sport to
uphold!

And while the Nobs go in a buater, must we be left out in the cold?

I tell yer, old man, it was proper, (exceptin' my mucker, of course),
I tooled it by road in a hansom, no end of a dashing grey 'orse,
Blue blinds and a hamper all reglar, and as for my *wizawees*, well
if she wasn't up to the nines, I'm no judge of a sheminine swell.

The prog and the lotion was lummy, the chaff and the spoonin' was
prime,
The jokes jest as 'ot as they make 'em, and Loo was one larf all the
time,

Her cheeks did go pinkish at fust, but lor bless yer, that quickly
goes off,
And the world ain't pertikler yer know if yer does the 'ole thing
like a toff.

Blow prigs and their prate of the "proper," sech cant never was to
my taste,

I agree with that POWER, we're gettin' too ladylike' starched and
straight-laced.

Wot we want is a dash o' the manly, and now the P.R. is a frost,
If it weren't for the race-course, by Jove, British grit would be jest
about lost.

My guv'nor, he swears he don't twig, wants to know where the *man-*
hood comes in,

Sez the 'orses 'as got all there is, and the rest 's a low scramble for
tin.

But if M.P.'s can't give the straight-tip, wy our Parlyment's simply
a "plant."

No! The stout "Common Sense" of a CHAPLIN must win in a
canter from "Cant."

Hang snivel! The fun coming 'ome was a little bit dashed by my
"drop,"

But a nip put us right, and then, Scissors! we jest *did* go at it
full 'op.

O CHARLIE my pippin, of sprees of the regular rowdewow kind,
A well-lotioned Derby Day Houting's the one as is most to my
mind!

But 'ang it old pal, it's expensive, yes bloomin' expensive no doubt.
A "lark" is a speshus of bird, as a feller can't keep upon nowt.
We 'ad jest the 'ighest old time and got took for the reglar *elect*.
But arter sech jinks it ain't jam to fall back on the *key* of the
street.

So if you can drop a P. O. for that quid, pal, or wot you can raise,
It will do me to-rights, and no error. I'll toe to yer one o' these
days.

By Jove, if I'd 'ad any chips I'd a' landed a pot on Glengarry.
'Ere's oping to hear from yer soon, with the brass. Yours anceterer,
'ARRY.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, June 17 (Lords).—Their Lordships re-assembled for the
first time after the Whitsun Vacation—a Whitsun in which the Sun
this time was chiefly conspicuous by his absence.

Question by Lord GRANVILLE. Was an evening paper's memo-
randum of an agreement between the British and Russian Govern-
ments on the Eastern Question authentic? Especially as touching
the protectorate of Asia Minor?

Answer by the Duke of RICHMOND and GORDON. Its publication
was unauthorised and surreptitious. He could not tell whether or
no Government could say any more, in the course of the negotia-
tions, than that. No; and he had never admitted that the publi-
cation was accurate as far as it went.

Lords HOVENHON and GREY thought the House entitled to more
information.

The House would not get it. In other words, the noble Duke said
the Government thought it not for the public interest to go any
further into the matter at present.

With that their Lordships adjourned.

(*Commons.*)—Discussion of Local Tramways Bills. Two hours of
public time devoted to private business. Which is the biggest
Vestry in England? Give it up? St. Stephen's.

The Marquis of HARTINGTON, of course, put a duplicate of the
question asked by Lord GRANVILLE in Another Place, and also, of
course, received nearly a duplicate of the answer given him. The
publication in the *Globe*, said Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, was incom-
plete and inaccurate. Government would explain at the earliest
proper time. In the meanwhile they appealed to the House to
support them in holding their tongues. ("Hear, hear!") The
House expressed its sense that silence, in the situation, was golden.

Mr. HANSBURY, at the instance of Sir W. BARTHELOT, withdrew
his proposal of a Vote of Censure on Mr. GLADSTONE for his *Nine-*
teenth Century article. To this course, Mr. GLADSTONE, although
considering the notice of that vote a notice of a vote for the expul-
sion of a Member of that House, consented. He thought the dis-
cussion of the impugned article, in existing circumstances, would
not conduce to the public service. The Right Honourable, if
impetuous, WILLIAM could afford not to insist on being allowed
to vindicate his loyalty.

We went into Committee formally on the Valuation Bill, post-
poned the actual consideration of its clauses till Tuesday, forwarded
other Bills a stage, and adjourned at half-past one.

Tuesday (Lords).—Twenty minutes of work, alike useful and
uninteresting. When their Lordships do nothing to speak of, they
generally do it quickly.

(*Commons (Morning).*)—In answer to Mr. Serjeant SIMON, the
CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER explained that the supposed dearth
of small silver coin was not the fault of the Mint, which had plenty.
No application had been made for them. Bankers, to save them-
selves trouble, paid in half-crowns and florins, instead of small
change.

How will you have it? In sixpences, and fourpenny, and three-
penny bits? Would not this be the way to bring Bankers to book?
Serjeant, take your change out of that.

(*Evening.*)—Scotch Debate, interesting principally to the—

"Orthodox orthodox,
Who believe in JOHN KNOX."

Question of inquiry touching question of Disestablishment in
Scotland—to begin with. Mr. W. HOLMES moved for a Select Com-
mittee to inquire into the operation of the Patronage Act. He
wanted to know whether the Scotch people are satisfied with their
Kirk and Kirks, or desired their State Kirk to be disestablished.
That was the kernel of the Hon. Member's husk—a long speech of
historical and other detail.

Motion seconded by Mr. J. STEWART. He thought Disestablish-
ment would remove the only barrier to Reconciliation. Very likely.
The only difference between the Kirks appears to be the Establish-
ment of the State one.

Mr. PARKER, Mr. C. DALRYMPLE, Sir A. GORDON, and Mr. BAXTER
respectively, said their say. The penultimate Member moved an
Amendment of no consequence, seconded, however, by Mr. ORR
EWING. The Lord Advocate opposed both original Motion and
Amendment.

Mr. GLADSTONE said that the Patronage Act had opened the ques-
tion of Disestablishment, for which the majority of Scotchmen
wished. It was by their opinion alone that the question must be
decided. Ditto, this to Mr. HOLMES. But, for inquiry, a Select Com-
mittee was not the thing. He had himself no opinion on the subject
except that the Church of a minority could not be called the Church
of a nation. [If it could, it shouldn't.] The House was pretty
well agreed that there would be no present advantage in a Parli-
amentary or any other investigation.

The HOME SECRETARY said Mr. GLADSTONE had echoed Lord HAR-
TINGTON's Edinburgh speech of last autumn. They both said to the



"THE REMBRANDT EFFECT."

For the benefit of Future Generations, Mr. Twitters submits to be Idealised by the "Rembrandt Process."

Mrs. T. "TOBIAS, MY DEAR, THAT EXPRESSION WON'T DO AT ALL. DO TRY AND LOOK PLEASANT. LOOK AT ME, LOVE!"
[T. does so. Pleasing result!]

Disestablishment Party—"If you will cry out loud enough, we will come and help you." It was unworthy of their high standing as distinguished statesmen of Her Majesty's Opposition. He, on the contrary, believed that the majority of Scots liked Church Establishment. Government could not consent to any inquiry into an Act passed so lately as only in 1874.

Adjournment of Debate moved by Mr. W. DILLWYN, and seconded by Lord HARTINGTON, who defended his Edinburgh discourse in Parliament out of Session.

Then Mr. NEWDEGATE arose and made one of his Protestant and Conservative speeches. Ah! Let the Right Honourable Member for Greenwich look at the results of his experiment in Ireland. Had we not assassins in Ireland and obstructives in that House?

Major NOLAN said a few more such speeches as that would make the Irish Members support Disestablishment for Scotland and England.

Of these two utterances which was the wiser?

Mr. LAING having testified that the Orkneyites and the Shetlanders were mostly for Disestablishment, the debate was adjourned—if not *sine die*, probably to a *dies non*—other, of course, than the Sabbath.

A little formal business having been transacted, off, off and away—at a quarter to two.

Wednesday.—Despatch of that hardy, yet delicate annual, the Women's Disabilities Removal Bill. Shall we say, "Happy Despatch?" Second Reading moved by Mr. COURTNEY, and supported by Mr. PALMER, appropriately, in a maiden speech. Supported, also with the usual stock arguments by Mr. GOSSET, Sir H. JACKSON, Mr. Serjeant SHERLOCK, Mr. BLENNERHASSET, and Mr. HIBBERT. Opposed by Mr. HANBURY, Mr. SMOLLETT—particularly Mr. SMOLLETT—Mr. BERESFORD HOPE, Mr. FERGUSON, and Mr. GREENE, with the usual stock chaff. Gravely opposed, as sentimental nonsense, by Mr. NEWDEGATE, who appealed to the House not to sanction a principle it involved—the principle of Socialist Democracy—which was disturbing Germany, and had convulsed France. (*Cries of "Hear!"*) apparently not ironical.

The title of this Bill is too big for it by half. For women it is

only a Demi-Disabilities Removal Bill—a project of a half-measure. It aims at removing the disabilities of single women only. This Bill might be entitled, "A Bill for the Enfranchisement of Spinsters and Widows." It would enfranchise young Ladies, and other young persons, who had reached their majority, and were willing to say so. But it leaves the Matrons out in the cold. It would withhold votes from the only class of women likely, as a class, to know anything of affairs. And it would extend the franchise to lodgers. How would that do? In the meanwhile women, collectively, do not ask for the franchise. Woman, in general, is content to remain politically a—

"Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,
Spiritless outcast."

When our sisters, and wives, and daughters, shall unite in claiming the elective franchise, they will probably get it. Probably not till then. For the present, Collective Wisdom declares that they who ask for votes shan't have any, and they that don't ask don't want any.

The Bill was lost by 219 to 140—a majority of seventy-nine.

A Bill to extend the Commutation of Tithes in England and Wales, and a Bill to amend the Supreme Court of Judicature (Irish) introduced, the former by Mr. CURTIS, and the latter by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL for Ireland. Do the parents of these two little Bills hope they will survive the Massacre of the Innocents?

The House rose at the early and constitutional hour of 5:30—in time for Wednesday's dinner.

Thursday (Lords).—A Voice from the Woolsack, on which the LORD CHANCELLOR took his seat at five. He gave notice that he would to-morrow present a measure concerning education in Ireland.

The Bishop of EXETER moved the Second Reading of the Truro Chapter Bill. A Bill to provide the new Bishopric of Truro with a Dean and Chapter, and to transfer a Canonry from Exeter to Truro Cathedral.

More Bishops are to be numbered amongst the results of increasing population. But so are more Clergy of all or most denominations; and the additions to the Episcopacy will ask no additional Votes of Supply.



PREPARATIONS FOR THE LONDON SEASON.

"H'm! I THINK IF I HAVE MY OLD WATERPROOF DONE UP, AND MY UMBRELLA RECOVERED, AND GET A NEW PAIR OF GOLOSHERS, I SHALL DO VERY WELL."

The Bill was read a Second Time; and their Lordships, after a spell of twenty-five minutes, struck work for the day.

(*Commons*.)—Mr. SPEAKER took the chair at four o'clock. Mr. Cross, in reply to Mr. MACDONALD, said that the District Inspector of Mines was thoroughly familiar and well satisfied with the management of the Haydock Collieries, of which the Wood Pit was a part.

Sad to think what accidents will happen in the best regulated Collieries!

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL, questioned by Mr. B. J. WILLIAMS, made answer that he confidently expected that it will be possible to take the next stage of the Criminal Code Bill before the Summer Circuit. Does he, then, expect to get over all its stages by the anniversary on which "Grouse Shooting begins"? If that is done, he will have done a wonder indeed!

In answer to Mr. BAXTER, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER confessed that Sir C. DU CANE had been appointed Chairman to the Board of Customs, of which he had not had any experience. But there were precedents both in the Customs and Inland Revenue departments for the appointment of inexperienced persons.

It cannot be denied that Sir C. DU CANE has, at any rate, had considerable experience of Conservative Meetings.

Other less momentous questions than the above were put and answered. Not one debated, however; save certain clauses of the Roads and Bridges (Scotland) Bill—in Committee. Several of them agreed to; minor Bills advanced a stage; and the House, after a long and dry evening, adjourned in the morning at five minutes to two.

Friday (Lords).—The Monuments (Metropolis) Bill went through Committee. A Clause, empowering the Board of Works to accept gifts and bequests of monuments, or of money to buy monuments, was most happily, on the judicious motion of the Earl of KIMBERLEY, struck out. The taste so remarkably shown in the demolition of old monuments, could hardly be trusted with the erection of new ones, even if it had not displayed itself as strikingly in that too.

The LORD CHANCELLOR brought in his Bill, in order to the improvement, which there is great room for, of Intermediate Education, in Ireland. A measure principally providing prizes and examinations to that end, namely,

the better education of the Irish middle classes—at a cost not exceeding one million pounds, to come out of the Disestablished Irish Church property. Read a First Time. Their Lordships then adjourned.

(*Commons*.)—More Clauses of the Valuation of Property Bill agreed to. It is creeping on.

On the Motion of Mr. MACDONALD, for the stricter enforcement of the Mines Act of 1872, or the enactment of a more stringent measure, a long talk on mining disasters, ended in an explanation by Mr. CROSS, and the withdrawal of the Motion.

After thus much of business done, the House adjourned at ten minutes to one.

JENKINS'S JOTTINGS.

Unter den Linden.

BEACONSFIELD's here! The British Sphinx is quite the Lion of the hour; Eolipies GORTSCHAKOFF, the cute, and e'en the Chancellor, stern and dour.

As ROEBUCK says, "he rules the World!" Hooray! Who would not be a Briton?

(That Memorandum's awkward, though! I hope JOHN BULL has not been bitten.)

Such a reception! Looks so well; a regular gay and youthful toff!

Elizir vite must be kept in bottles at the Kaiserhof. I never saw his togs more trim, his jetty looks in crisper curl;

'Tis hinted he's *le Juif Errant*, our smart rejuvenated Earl!

He'll be a Dook before he's done, or rather *when* he's done—the trick!

The baffled Muscovites declare he's just First Cousin to Old Nick.

Aha! He holds them all in hand, as neatly as I'd drive a tandem;

(There's still a lot of boggling though, about that blessed Memorandum.)

He dined with BISMARCK yesterday. Of course they try to keep things dark,

But all were out *could* I repeat the iron Chancellor's remark

Made when his favourite *Reichshund* old GORTSCHAKOFF had nearly throttled.

(The Memorandum still discussed. State secrets should be better bottled.)

Saw him this evening—*moi qui parle*—with GORTSCHAKOFF, both calmly smoking.

Ha! ha! I thought I should have split. Our Premier's a dead hand at joking.

I heard him say,—well, mum's the word, but Jove, it *was* a regular screamer!

Had its political bearings too, *important* ones, or I'm a dreamer.

He's spoken! Took the lot by storm assembled round that horseshoe table.

GORTSCHY went green and BIZZY blue, but smiled, as well as they were able.

Poor SALISBURY seems quite snuffed out, he looks as sour as any sorrel.

Sphinx first and the rest nowhere is *my* tip. (N.B., this is "a moral.")

To see him snub sleek SCHOUVALOFF in his serene *degagé* style.

Floor BISMARCK with a *jeu-de-mot*, disarm ANDRASSY with a smile.

Is just the finest sight that I—but there, discretion must not nap.

(That Memorandum's a mere blind for—*mustn't* say, but *verbum sap.*)

Such an array of tip-top swells—a diplomatic galaxy! But DIZZY quite outshines 'em all, chief star in such a dazzling sky.

Yet this great Arcopagus give half their time to dress and diet;

They dine, and drive about in broughams, and settle Europe on the quiet.

Great spread at BISMARCK's yesterday, the covers set for eight-and-forty.

The Chancellor—a splendid host—supported by our Earl and COURT. Then on the terrace—coffee, weeds, tongues free from diplomatic bridle,—

They listened to the nightingales! As BISMARCK said, 'twas quite an idyl.

That looked like peace. To-day they say DIZZY was seen to bite his lips

While crossing to the Radziwill, and hope has undergone eclipse. BISMARCK has grown a grizzled beard, which makes his iron phiz more grim.

Per contra bland ANDRASSY's waist has never looked more jimp and slim.

GORTSCHY not well; some strawberries upset our Earl's most sly of foemen.

Hope Beakey's quite agreed with him, or some would hail it as an omen.

(You've heard of his suggestive gift!) The Chancellor, too, would fain change quarters:

Feels queer, and sighs for Kissengen, its peaceful rest and mineral waters.

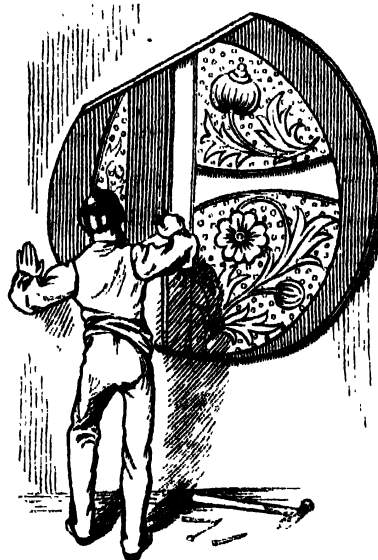
That looks like settlement—or split. They've visited the Berlin Zoo.

Some see an allegory there,—the Happy Family! Twiggex-vous? I give these hints for what they're worth,—that's much, to those who understand 'em.

(Mem: I've learnt all—in confidence—about that stolen (?) Memorandum!)

OUR GUIDE TO THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

Last Visit. Thank goodness!



NOW more ascend these steps, brave friends. Hide your eyes as you pass that prize metal picture of BURN-JONES's. Turn to the right. Now let us take at hap-hazard

No. 10. *St. Jerome*. By A. LEROIS. More like a Primitive Ancient Inhabitant of the Silly Isles. But the Artist thinks it St. Jerome!! Better have made GÉROME your model.

No. 11. *Portrait of Mons. Rouzaud in Armour*. By J. M. JOPLING. The portrait, probably a speaking likeness, seems to say, "Oh, if you only knew how uncomfortable I feel in this armour!" You look it. Poor Monsieur ROUZAUD! J. M. JOPLING has a keen appreciation of humour; and Mons. ROUZAUD hasn't. It was ROUZAUD's ambition to be taken in armour; and this

represents the fulfilment of "ROUZAUD's dream."

No. 24. *Miss Longlegs*. "To be continued in our next," by JAMES WHISTLER. Whizzler, avant!

No. 35. *Autumn*. By ALMA TADEMA. Where are you going to, my pretty maid? or rather, as the Roumanians would have said, had they met her on the road to Khiva, Where are you going to, my very-much-over-painted-and-over-dressed young person, with that very evident French novel under your arm? You're looking back. No followers allowed. But oh, Mr. ALMA TADEMA, what a Pet of Pimlico!! Evidently a relative, and a very near one, of Mr. WHISTLER's young party who lives at No. 55, Grosvenor Gallery, close by. "Sure such a pair were never seen so justly formed to meet"—by Art.

Avoid No. 54. *Variation in Flesh Colour and Green*. Its very sound is unwholesome and ogreish; and let us try one great lunatic series, from 100 to 105, all BURN-JONES's! Oh, burn JONES's by all means! Heavens! "Here be Lunatics, look you!"

No. 58. *In the Valley*. A Pastoral. By C. G. LAWSON. Thank goodness, not a "decorative work," though it is a "relief"—after all these works of the Lunatic Limners.

No. 79. *Portrait of Mrs. Charles Beatty Pownall*. By JOHN COLLIER. "Beatty possidentes."

No. 110. *Portrait of His Grace the Duke of Argyll, K.T.* By R. VON ANGELO. Bless him! *Benedicite eum, Angeli!*

No. 115. *The Rivals*. By G. H. BOUGHTON. Liz, or that Lass of Lowrie's, is sitting, massively, in the foreground, while her two rival admirers are at work, in the quarry, hammering a block. She holds a good thick stick, and, judging from her generally muscular appearance and determined expression, I should not care about being either the unsuccessful lover, who would get whacked by her for losing, or the victor, who would get whacked for winning when she didn't want him to. It seems to be a sell for either party. Talking of sells, I do not know if this picture's a sold 'un, but, anyhow, it is a *Bought 'un*.

No. 123. *The Rooks assembling seek their wind-rocked bed*. By A. S. WENTLEY. The lower bird is said to be a fancy sketch of *Lalla Rookh*; and the bird above the rest (above the others, I mean, but going to his rest above) is supposed to be a portrait of *Eyre Crowe*.

No. 128. *Fête Day in a Cider Orchard, Normandy*. By W. S. HENNESSEY. Yes, fancy a Cider *Fête*! and won't "Hennessy's Brandy" be wanted to-morrow. The Artist was on the spot with an eye to business.

No. 134. *A Study of a White Cow*. By OTTO WEBER. A Study of a White Cow, i.e., of course, a White Cow's Study. Now Mr. WEBER is justly celebrated for his cattle; but I doubt if he ever possessed such a real wonder as a White Cow of such literary attainments as to require a Study all to herself. Every one has heard of the Learned Pig, and can imagine what the Study of a Learned Pig (from his *litter-ary habits*) would be like. But the Study of a White Cow! No, no, Mr. OTTO WEBER. There was a Cow that once jumped over the Moon. Paint her.

No. 136. *Pity is akin to Love*. By Mrs. LOUISE JOPLING. True; but this won't end in marriage. Mrs. JOPLING will remember that "they are far too near akin for them ever to be united." The picture may be briefly described as "Old China and a couple of spoons."

No. 138. *Burning Love-Letters*. By R. LEHMANN. Treated as all love-letters should be. But, I say, Mr. LEHMANN, love-letters are always "burning," if they're worth anything at all. They should, however, all be treated as your young woman is treating them, for they do sound so absurd in a Court of Justice.

No. 140. *Up the Craig Crankie*. By EDOUARD RISCHITZ. "Craig Crankie"—what an ill-timed name! Not a smile in it anywhere.

Up the Craig Crankie?
Oh dear no, thank ye.

No. 141. *Little Daisy*. By J. FORBES ROBERTSON. Pretty. It is a great thing to find, among so many pictures, all more than a little crazy, one only a *little daisy*.

No. 143. *The Bell-ringers*. By W. G. WILLS. This is really kind of Mr. WILLS, who, though he wrote *Charles the First* and *Eugene Aram* for Mr. IRVING, has yet chosen to illustrate what he did not write, i.e. *The Bells*.

And so I've done with these arrangements in glass, and Penny WHISTLER's symphonies in white and grey, and the metal-some BURN-JONES, and twice of the Grosvenor Gallery is enough in all conscience.

I congratulate Sir COURTIS on his being licensed to call up spirits from the vasty deep cellars. And so I take my leave; and never again with you, Robin—if I know it—at that Licensed Whistler's House of Entertainment, in Bond Street. Adieu.

"Joy! Joy! the task is done."

No Small Beer.

HERE, extracted from a Glasgow contemporary, is a rather remarkable example of self-classification:—

LADY-HOUSEKEEPER, or Companion to a Lady, seeks Engagement. Is a particularly superior lady, of high accomplishments; manner and speaking quite first-class. References from high-class ladies in Glasgow.—Apply to —, Corporation Buildings, Sauchiehall Street.

Altogether a first-class Lady-Help. To complete the above advertisement for a place she might have added:—"No objection to travel in a first-class carriage."

The Fruits of Diplomacy.

"Her Imperial Highness the CROWN PRINCESS has conferred a mark of distinction upon Lord BRACONFIELD, by a present of flowers and strawberries from the new Palace Nurseries at Potsdam."—*Times*.

LUCKY Lord BRACONFIELD! Her MAJESTY's eldest daughter gives him strawberries. Of course this is supposed to portend that Her MAJESTY will add the leaves.



'EARD ON 'AMPSTEAD 'EATH.

—“AND TALK OF OUR BEIN' BE'IND THE FRENCH IN GENERAL EDUCATION, WHY ALL I CAN SAY IS AN IT'S THE COMMONEST THING IN PARRIS, FOR INSTANCE (OVER FINEST-CLASS RESTORINGS, TOO, MIND YEE), TO SEE 'DINNER' SPOILT WITH ONLY ONE 'N'!”

IN MEMORIAM.

Charles James Mathews.

BORN, DECEMBER 26, 1803. DIED, JUNE 24, 1878.

BUT yesterday it scarce seemed he could die,
So blithe, so bright, so jubilant o'er time;
At seventy-five still buoyant, frame and eye
As lithe and clear, almost, as in his prime,

'Twas hard to think that he could e'er be old,
Still more that he *was* old, till, looking back,
One noted all our century's records hold
Of pleasant memories crowded on his track.

An Actor's son, himself born Actor, too,
Though not with power to top his father's part—
Who, of all English mimes on record, threw
Round mimicry most light of Truth and Art;

Who trained his son not for, but from, a Stage,
From whose vulgarities he shrunk with pain;
And finding germs of Art, from earliest age
Nursed in him seeds that grew to golden grain.

Artist, amuser, mimic,—dangerous powers!—
The boy grew, quick of wit, and fond of praise;
His mind a dial that marked sunlit hours,
But took no note of dark and cloudy days.

What wonder he was bright and blithe and gay,
Whom the world met so brightly, with a face
That gave back smile for smile, while on his way
All lighter gifts and graces strove for place.

BIPEDS IN THE BERLIN ZOO!

THE readers of *Punch*, at any rate, were prepared for the telegram from Berlin, the other day, informing them that—

“Last night the fashionable world assembled at the Zoological Gardens to see and welcome the members of the Congress, who had promised to attend the ordinary Saturday concert.”

With the representation of certain members of the Congress in *Mr. Punch's* last Cartoon fresh in mind, who could be surprised to learn that some of them were exhibited at the Berlin Zoological Gardens? Of course, they attracted away all the spectators usually grouped before the denizens of the ordinary dens.

“Some 12,000 persons were present, the ladies being dressed in the height of fashion, and the whole presenting a very interesting and animated spectacle.”

The show appears to have been a splendid success, notwithstanding the absence of three of the chief members of the diplomatic menagerie.

“There was hoarse cheering as the Plenipotentiaries—excepting Lord BRACONFIELD, Prince GORTSCHAKOFF, and Prince BISMARCK, who were prevented from attending—entered the Gardens.”

One of the biggest Lions, the biggest Bear, and the biggest Eagle failed to show. Nevertheless, “all went merry as a marriage-bell”—and merrier.

“The bands played the National hymns of the kingdoms represented at the Congress, the public bestowing on all the various anthems an equal amount of sympathy and hurraing. It was the first time the Congress had come in contact with the public, and the result appeared to give mutual satisfaction.”

To all and sundry except, perhaps, the *Carnivora* in the cages, whose very dinner-hour had for the time lost its interest. It is easy to conceive how horribly they howled and roared with rage and jealousy. But their outcries were drowned in the music of the bands and the cheers of an applauding public; cheers which all Europe will re-echo should Congress, as there is good hope, conclude in a happy issue out of the Eastern Question, and an example of the way to settle international difficulties by less costly and bloody arbitrament than that of Gunpowder.

A SEA-HORSE PUNCH WOULD LIKE TO SEE RUNNING AGAIN.—The Double-ship *Douglas et Calais*.

Some happy souls with scarce an effort reach
Ends for which thought and toil had vainly striven;
Whate'er the will to learn, the pains to teach,
How few the favoured ones to whom is given

A mind so many-sided, bright, and keen,
So much accomplishment in various art—
To build the theatre, and paint the scene,
And write the play, and act the leading part.

His bark rode lightly o'er the shoals of life,
And braved the buffet of its stormiest swell;
'Twas something in this age of care and strife
To know one soul whose ann no cloud could quell.

And so he lived and acted, laughed and spread
An atmosphere of gaiety and grace;
Light as his artless art the life he led,
And Old and New World hailed his welcome face.

A pleasantness the less is left the earth
Now he is gone: a brightness with him dies;
England could easier spare more solid worth
Than this gay soul's that breathed of sunnier skies.

A Hint from “Hisover.”

WORSHIPFUL PUNCH,

As a Brother of the Brush—I don't mean a Painter, but a Sportsman, who has never failed on occasion to be “in at the death,” and a distinguished performer in the hunting-field—you will have observed, no doubt, with indignation, that the Criminal Code Bill, now before Parliament, contains no clause providing any penalty whatsoever for Vulpicide.

Would you, Sir, please point this omission out to the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, and let him know how many years' penal servitude you consider adequate punishment for that atrocious offence.

Ever yours,

M. F. H.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ILL it be credited that, by a daring Amendment of the Poor Law (Lords,

Monday, June 24), it is proposed that money to which a pauper or pauper lunatic may be entitled as member of a benefit or friendly society, is not to be applied to his maintenance, while he has a wife, or other relative, dependent on him? This is, no doubt, against the principle of the Poor Law, which offers a premium, not on thrift, but on thriftlessness. Lord FORTESCUE, Lord KIMBERLEY, and Lord GREY, are all for the rigour of the Game of Life, as played between the poor man and the Poor Law, and so oppose the Amendment. But Lord SHAFTESBURY, a more tender-hearted, if less unbending, economist, taking the dangerous view, "that pauperism did not always arise from

people's own fault, and that the misery which it pleased Providence to inflict on human beings was sometimes so terrible that no man of feeling who became cognisant of it could hesitate to throw political economy to the winds in order to relieve it," supported the innovation, "as it would enable guardians to give timely assistance to deserving families, and so prevent them from being plunged into hopeless pauperism."

Their Lordships, by a majority of one, snubbed stern economical principle, and said ditto to Lord SHAFTESBURY. A very unprincipled proceeding of their Lordships. They repented of it later on.

(Commons.)—The Admiralty, inspired, probably, by the legend of Orpheus, has not yet abandoned the hope of bringing back *Eurydice* from the lower regions. When my Lords do hope, their hopefulness is wonderful!

Mr. O'LEARY wants Ireland relieved of her *pro rata* proportion of the cost of English and Scotch Volunteer Corps; and in the attempt



SAFE.

Guest (after a jolly evening). "Goo' RIGHT, OL' FELLAH—I'LL LEAVE MY BOOSH OUSHIDE 'DOOR—"

Bohemian Host. "AU' RIGHT, M' BOY—(hic)—NOBERRY 'LL TOUNSH 'EM—GOO' LIGHT II!" [Exeunt.]

to press this precious instalment of the "separate system," brought the House down upon him by 306 to 12.

Then began the weary, but very important, week's work—the debate on Second Reading of the Duke of Richmond's Cattle Bill, which provides, *inter alia*, for the slaughtering of imported cattle, at the port of landing, without regard to the presence or absence of pleuro-pneumonia or foot-and-mouth disease in the cattle or country of their shipment.

Sir M. H. BEACH moved the Second Reading not very brilliantly. Mr. FORSTER moved, as an amendment, not the rejection of the Bill, but of its provisions for compulsory slaughter.

To-night's discussion, like all the week's debates on the Bill, was in the main a clash of contradictions between town and country Members, the natural advocates of free import of foreign cattle, and of protection to the British breeder and butcher against foreign competition—at the cost of the consumer, as all protection must be.

Mr. FORSTER admirably marshalled the arguments against the Bill, showing, as it seems

to *Punch*, conclusively, that its provisions to check the spread of cattle-diseases at home are as much too weak, as its provisions for shutting our ports against their importation from abroad are, partly, inapplicable, partly in excess of the needs of the case. It ignores facts, when it compels the slaughter of fat cattle from Spain, Portugal, Denmark, and Norway, where pleuro-pneumonia, and foot-and-mouth disease are practically unknown. It lies in their face, when it admits fat cattle from the United States, the Canadas, and Ireland, where these diseases are common. It overlooks the notorious truths that, whatever the origin of these diseases, they have now become naturalised amongst us, and that the only way of dealing with them is by a strenuous supervision and rigid isolation of diseased cattle, home and foreign alike; that twelve per cent. of the meat of England, and forty-seven per cent. of that of London, come to us in the shape of cattle imported from abroad; and that the rise of price and curtailment of supply consequent on what will in effect be the prohibition of foreign importation of live cattle, is like to be very serious—so serious, as, with good reason, to override even Mr. WHEELHOUSE's faithfulness to his Tory colours.

After Mr. FORSTER Professor PLAYFAIR and Mr. RATHBONE delivered the most damaging attacks on the Bill. Of course almost every statement against the Bill had its contradiction; but on the whole, *Punch* is bound to say that the case against it seems, as far as he can judge, immeasurably stronger than that in its favour. That being his conclusion, he is content to state it without registering the collision of orators *pro and con*. Monday, Tuesday, Thursday the debate flowed on, and promises to reach the middle of next week. It has disregarded party considerations, and its upshot may well be beyond the calculation or control of the Whips. It looks, at present, as if the Government would have either to withdraw the measure, or so modify it that the President of the Council will not know his child when it comes back from the rude handling of the Commons.

Wednesday.—The monotony of the week's Cattle Bill discussion was but imperfectly relieved by the annual interlude of the Permissive Bill. Even that was unusually dull this year, for Sir WILFRID was invalidated, and had to trot out his hobby in silence, reserving himself for his speech in reply, in which *Punch*, as usual, congratulates him on his humorous presentation of the evils and extent of intemperance—the 59 cases of wife-beating, attempts at murder, poisoning, brutal assaults, and other crimes traced, in one day's search through the newspapers, up to the accursed fountain of the Bottle; the 140 millions spent annually in intoxicating liquors; the 350,000 drunken cases taken up by the police—and the ten times 350,000 imbibers who work off their liquor out of custody. We throw in Sir WILFRID his fling at the very well-appointed bar, at length legally attached—*Punch* is glad to see—to Sir Coutts's Fine-Art Gallery, "the people who went through which were so used up that they required something to pick them up again afterwards"; his chaff of the "Irish Eleven," who declared that the Irish Sunday Closing Bill would increase drunkenness, and therefore opposed it; the Licensed Victuallers' type of the perfect Christian—"the man who could carry the largest quantity of liquor without getting drunk, and pay for it"; "the new origin of evil—the licensed grocer": in short, we will give Sir WILFRID credit for humour, credit for consistency, credit for patriotism and humanity—for everything but the wisdom of his panacea, the Permissive Bill. That we cannot give him; believing, with the Bishop of Exeterborough, that it is even of more importance that Englishmen should be free, than that Englishmen should be sober.

Sir WILFRID was negated by a majority of 278 to 84.

Thursday (Lords). Their Lordships did penance for their Monday's lapse into sentiment, and voted by 19 Lord FORTESCUE'S Motion, which they had before rejected by 1.

(*Commons.*)—More Cattle Bill. Debate adjourned to Thursday.

Friday (Lords).—Wonders will never cease. Lord CAIRNS'S Irish Intermediate Education Bill hailed with a chorus of congratulations, and very like to pass Lords, and, stranger still, Commons. Even BURR has given his *ezequatur*, and the Home-Rulers have not risen up against him. To be sure, the Bill proposes to take a million of the Established Church surplus, and devote it to a liberal provision for prizes and payments by results, which will put good money into the pockets of the Irish school-managers, schoolmasters, and their pupils. It creates, besides, two good places of £1000 a-year. All this has materially aided to grease the ways for the Bill. It may even help a conscience clause down Roman-Catholic throats.

(*Commons.*)—On the Highways Bill. The morning sitting spent in desultory discussion of the principles of highway rating on which it is evident the House is all abroad.

At night a Count-Out. With the thermometer at 90° in the shade, what wonder? The House would have run out, if it had not been counted.

BONNETS LIKE BLAZES.



Y DEAR MR. PUNCH,
WILL you kindly inform me if the alarming outbreak of *Scarlet Fever* in the stock of our leading modistes is still at its height—or if you see any signs of its mitigation. I am a country lady, of limited means and rubicund countenance, only able to afford two bonnets a year. Before venturing on my Summer one, I took a stroll down Regent Street, as usual, and found the milliners' windows literally blazing, in spite of the tropical temperature. Will you kindly let me know when the epidemic

abates, that I may have some chance of a cool *neutral tint*.

I remain, your constant Reader,

Slocum Pogis, June 24, 1878.

PRISCILLA MARIGOLD.

JULY JOTTINGS.

(By Our Representative Man.)

At the Aquarium. One Beluga is dead. Let us draw a Whale. Another Beluga lives. *Vive la Belugatelle!* The living Beluga looks very pale,—that's her fun, perhaps, looking pail in a tank,—and I'm afraid she's only a whaletudinarian, after all. Being something of a naturalist myself, I beg to offer my opinion that the present Beluga is simply an uncommonly fine specimen of Whitebait rather late in the season.

As for the "Manatee, the Mermaid," it is as much like a *Man at tea* as it is like a Mermaid. To hint that such an absurd creature, as is this magnified "Miller's Thumb," could ever have been mistaken, by any sailor whatever, for a Mermaid, a Housemaid, or for any old or young bathing-woman at all, is simply a libel on the entire British Navy. Not a Jack-tar, whether sober ashore or "half seas over" on the deep, could ever have wasted his time in winking his wicked eye at this Manatee under the impression he was captivated by a Mermaid. Why, were a bumboat woman to be told that she resembled a Mermaid of this sort, wouldn't she soon show what sort of a Mermaid she was' not by combing her own hair, but by combing *his*, with a three-legged stool.

But it's far pleasanter, in these dog-days, to run down, any afternoon by the 5.15 train from Victoria, arriving, punctually, at

Ramsgate 5.15—good *that*—and to sit on the sands—front seats a penny to see the tide come in—and

Watch Miss PERYN
Bathe in the briny,

than to look at the Westminster Mermaid in the Aquarium. She is well worth a visit, though, as a real curiosity; but she does seem so very uncomfortable. I met a very intelligent elderly gentleman examining the creature, with his nose flattened against the glass, just opposite the Manatee's nose. Getting into conversation with him subsequently, I found he was an Ancient Mariner, and knew the Manatee at home.

I don't affect Races, but I *do* like the "Cup days" in July and August. I mean the Cider, Claret, and Champagne-Cup days.

Theatrical business in London, with the thermometer at ninety in the shade, has been "dropping" all round. No wonder. In such weather *Shylock* wouldn't have to wait long for Antonio's pound of flesh, if he'd take it without the use of the knife, and not insist on its consistency.

A *propos* of theatres, *Elfinella* has gone back to the Fairies in the Provinces. London was too hot to hold her. Who was the Author? The report is that ROSS NEIL was *Lorne-Tennys-on* in disguise. Was that why the Princess's was the theatre chosen? *Queen's Evidence* has succeeded—I mean, has succeeded *Elfinella*.

Mr. JAMES WHIZZLER has elected himself R.A. (Rum Artist) by his own peculiar R-A-angement. One *Mrs. Malaprop* calls his pictures "Derangements in black and white."

A word for Miss LYDIA COWELL, at the Duke's. The Marylebone Club and Australians ought to give her a benefit, as her *Little Cricket* is played with much Grace.

The *Flying Dutchman* is still running. Mr. IRVING is to give us his *Bells and Jingle* for his benefit, and for ours. His impersonation of *Jingle* used to be admirable. "We don't want to" go to the Theatre, "but, by Jingle, if we do"—it will be for this occasion only.

Mr. HARE feels so sure that *Olivia* will run as long as *Our Boys*, that he contemplates spelling the name *O-live-here!* Bring iced Curacao and soda and a tomato sandwich.

A *propos* of Sandwich. I drove from Ramsgate to a place called Eastry, in the Isle of Thanet. In the fine old church at Eastry, I asked the sexton if the alterations had been made by the people of Eastry. "No, Sir," he replied, simply. "It were done by the Westry." I thought (in my capacity of Representative) of engaging him for this journal. But I have visited the place three times since, and he has only got this one joke. (Weather fine. Sea calm. Slight breeze. No bluebottles. Temper unruffled.)

Young London complains, in this heat, of the absence of Cremorne. There is no *Café Baum*, or *Closerie de Lilas*, for them; but it's the *Entire-Closerie de Cremorne* that bothers them. *Paradis Perdu*.

In the window of a fish-shop in the Strand, there is an advertisement, saying something about "*American Natives in English Beds*." Surely this should be up in the Langham Hotel.

Y. R.

BIG NAMES FOR PLAIN THINGS.

"DOMESTIC Economy" is such a good thing that *Punch* is sorry to see it made ridiculous by association with the tall talk, fuss, parade, and pretension of a Congress. Sir HENRY COLE talks of the desirableness of endowing a "Domestic Economy College" out of the surplus of the Exhibition of 1851. *Punch* is rather of the mind of the Roman-Catholic Bishop of Salford—

"That to establish a College for the special purpose of teaching children how to peel or prepare a potato, &c., was quite uncalled for until we had tried that which he thought would be the simplest method, namely, private or public teaching and example by individuals who were skilled in the peculiar branches."

The real "College of Domestic Economy" is a well-ordered, even if humble, home, and next to that comes a good National Girls' School, in whose table of subjects a fourth R. wants adding to the other three—Rudiments of House Arrangement and Cottage Cookery.

INTOXICATING BEVERAGES.

It is expected that the well-known Town Peri will shortly become the genuine Sea-Sider.

CHECK TO COCKNEY SPORTSMEN.



Or won't be surprised, dear *Punch*, to hear from me still here, knowing that I am generally not off till July, though I shut up earlier, and cease singing in June. My fellow-immigrant called my Mate—I don't mean Mrs. C—remains with me; and the other day I had the misfortune to lose a member of his family by the act of a Cockney Sportsman. You saw in the Wandsworth Police report of Thursday last that a certain youth, one FREDERICK SMITH, of Hammersmith, was had up on the previous day on two summonses: one for discharging a gun in a public thoroughfare in Barnes; the other, under the Wild Birds' Protection Act, for infringing that statute by killing, contrary thereto, a "certain wild bird, to wit a Wryneck" (*Vireo torquilla*), otherwise called my Mate—the Cuckoo's Mate. His excuse was that he took it for a hedge-sparrow; as though if he had known what it was, he wouldn't have shot it all the rather.

For letting off the gun, he was fined 2s. 6d., with 2s. costs; for shooting the bird, 2s. These penalties are not severe; but they may serve to deter young oads from shooting wild birds out of season.

We have to thank a Policeman for bringing Master SMITH, of Hammersmith, to justice. I hope he will prove to have set Policemen an example, and that Bobbies will bestir themselves to enforce the Wild Birds' Protection Act. I have it not by me to refer to; but suppose I am down in it: I should be, if I am not, as my Mate is. Its enforcement will, of course, tend to induce all birds of passage, for whose preservation it provides, to prolong their annual sojourn in this country to the very latest day that climate will allow them.

I remain, dear *Punch*,

Your ever fond and faithful Songster,

CUCULUS CANOVS.

Richmond Park, June 20.

AT LAST!

At last! O Phœbus, thou hast been a laggard,

Mid-June was past, and thou off duty still!

With weary waiting Hope grew pale and haggard,

And Summer mirth was mute, and Sport was chill.

Creation frowned, as she would ne'er be cheerful,

Her blues the wrong ones, and her greens dull greys,

Till Nature seemed a Niobe all tearful,

And Earth was sick of wet and windy days;

But lo! the unseasonable deluge past,

Here is the Sun, at last!

Phœugh! What a change! Hence moods and wraps hibernal,

Ho for cool vestments and for cooler drinks!

A sprawl, green leaves, a weed, or chatty journal,—

From aught more arduous the spirit shrinks.

Congress? Can't track its changes and its crises:

Whilst the cool Sphinx the Asian Mystery plays,

Let us explore the Mysteries of *Ices*,—

Diplomacy is not for summer days:

Enjoy them while we may, they fly too fast,

Now they have come at last!

Some strawberries and cream? *Barkis* is willing.

"These disagree with GORTSCHAKOFF?" How queer!

Unter den Linden they, perhaps, are killing,

Under our limes they're most refreshing cheer.

"The leaves for BEACONSFIELD?" He's welcome—very,

I at this moment much prefer the fruit.

"Ised claret-cup, or lemonade and sherry?"

A beaker of the first my taste will suit,—

For it is hot, with old Sol in full blast,

.. And Summer here, at last!

I wonder whether Jingoes still are roaring,

In town, about their idol on the Spree;

I wonder whether GILBERT GRACE is scoring;

I'm sure on such a turf he ought to be.

I wonder whether Fashion, in full feather,
Is sitting at the Opera in this heat!
I wonder whether this delicious weather
Will last a week—or end in snow and sleet!
I wonder,—but, no matter, Winter's past,
And Summer's here—at last! [*Left luxuriating.*]

MR. PUNCH'S SOCIAL CODE.

Offence.	Present Punishment.	Proposed Punishment.
Coming late to dinner	Dark looks from the hostess, and cold soup from the cook	Dinner restricted to dessert and coffee.
Hesitation about singing	Polite pressure . .	Cheerful acceptance of mock refusal.
Painting the face, dyeing the hair, &c.	Hidden sneers . . .	Open contempt.
Flirting with another man's wife	Amused disdain . .	No alteration.
Having a photograph taken for the benefit of the public	Strange companionship in the shop-windows	Seven days' hard labour in the Royal Academy.
Reading racy romances by a modern spinster	Silly notions about the character of mankind in general, and Guardsmen in particular	Three weeks' engagement to one of OUIDA's heroes.
Talking in a private box	Suppressed resentment of the pit	Seven nights' penal servitude in a theatre in July.
Heavy pic-nics at LORD'S Cricket-Ground	Indigestion	Division of the sexes by a neutral zone one hundred yards wide.
Playing in amateur theatricals	The half-hidden yawns of a bored audience	Two and a half minutes of genuine hissing.
Cutting old friends and oringing to new acquaintances	A mild shake of the head	A couple of weeks of misfortune.
Outraging society generally	Cynical toleration .	The cut direct.
And (worst offence of all) sending voluntary contributions to 85, Fleet Street	Immediate transfer to the waste-paper basket	Capital punishment in its most unpleasant form.

"OUR GUIDE TO THE GROSVENOR GALLERY."

(To the Editor.)

SIR,

THERE was an error last week in my Guide. I give this as a "free admission." When a Guide who does write, as I do, does wrong, he should take the first opportunity of saying, "Ladies and Gentlemen, I beg your pardon, No. 35, in the books, is *not* by Mr. ALMA TADEMA, as I inadvertently misstated it to be, but by Mr. JAMES TISSOT. If I said it was by ALMA TADEMA, *that's so*. Now I say it is by TISSOT, and *'tis so*." I remember the teachings of my Catechism; and I try to be "true and just in all my (picture) dealings;" and so I will merely add that my opinion on the work itself remains unaltered, no matter who may be the Artist. Farewell!

I remain, Sir, Your own Guide,

And beg to sign myself, seasonably,

"Dux" (with an arrangement in green peas.)

Sors Virgiliana for M. Bizet.

(Doubly grateful this hot weather.)

Tale tuum *Carmen nobis*, divine poeta,
Quale sopor feciss in gramine, quale per arstum
Dulcis aquae saliente sitim restinguere rivo.

VIRGIL. *Ecl.* v. 45.

CHANGE OF ASSOCIATION.

AMIKNS, sixty-five years ago, suggested Peace. Its chief association now-a-days is with a buffet.

SEASONABLE REQUEST.—"Drink to me only with thine ice!"



NO ACCOUNTING FOR TASTES.

Mamma. "NOT KISS PROFESSOR JACKSON. LUCY? WHY NOT?"

Lucy. "HE'S GOT SUCH A STUBBLY BEARD, MAMMA, AND IT PRICKS SO! NOW I DON'T MIND CAPTAIN THOMPSON'S MOUSTACHE! DO YOU?"

THE NEW LEG;

OR, THE TURK, THE TARTAR, AND THE TIMBER TOE.

AIR—"The Cork Leg."

I'LL tell you a tale without any flam,
Of a terrible Turk, a horrid old sham,
Who many a year had said, "I am
The greatest glory of great Islâm."

With a tooral looral, &c.

He'd a fine estate this terrible Turk,
But he loved his ease and he hated work.
And his only care was all care to shirk,
To bully his slaves, and his creditors burke.

With a tooral looral, &c.

Protest who might, he'd not yield a peg;
He sucked his thralls as you'd suck an egg,
And if for pity they came to beg,
He kicked them out with his terrible leg.

With a tooral looral, &c.

But at last of fighting he had his fill,
And in a terrible Tartar mill
He got his best leg crushed, until
This terrible Turk lay spent and still.

With a tooral looral, &c.

His foes rejoiced, and his slaves made game
Of the terrible Turk, sudden fallen lame,
For they thought the mishap might his temper tame,
Or, at least, that he couldn't kick quite the same.

With a tooral looral, &c.

But a Jew by blood, if not by persuasion,
An Artist in words and education,
Came in, and checked their jubilation
By scheming the Turk's leg-restoration.

With a tooral looral, &c.

Says he, "Don't get in a rage, I beg,
Only trust to my patent Balkan leg;
And, strong on that artificial peg,
You shall stand like an Eastern *Silus Wegg*."

With a tooral looral, &c.

The Turk didn't see his way out of it quite,
So Artist and doctors made it all right;
And the wooden leg shaped fair to sight,
And fitted it on, and screwed it tight.

With a tooral looral, &c.

Both Tartar and Turk thought the leg a bore,
And the Turk's poor thralls did the dodge deplore;
For they thought, "If the old rogue's limbs they restore,
He'll soon be kicking as hard as before."

With a tooral looral, &c.

Quoth a rival Artist, one W. G.,
Who with restoration did not agree,
"Much better have left the job to me,
I'd have cut off the other leg, too, d'ye see?"

With a tooral looral, &c.

But the artful Artist contented stood,
And regarded his work in triumphant mood.
"At odds I'll back the new leg of wood
Against the old one of flesh and blood."

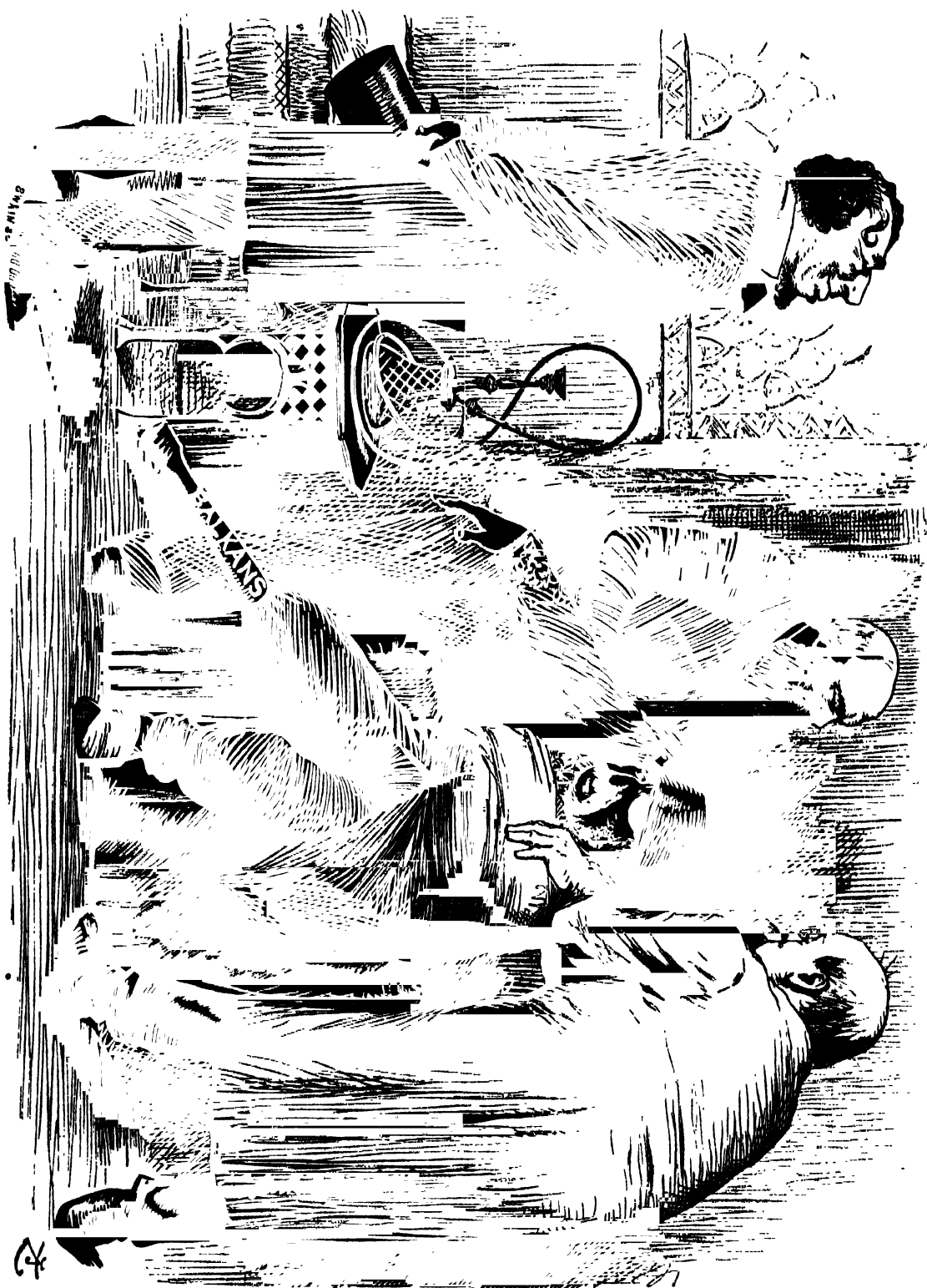
With a tooral looral, &c.

Says W. G., "'Tis fine to talk.
No doubt you fancy you've scored a haulk.
The foes of the Turk 'tis your aim to hault.
But wait till the old rogue tries to walk."

With a tooral looral, &c.

If the Turk with this new arrangement agrees, . .
And manage to move, even W. G.
Wishing well to the Moslem as is to be,
His "*Resurgam*" may find in his L E G!
With a tooral looral, &c.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—JULY 6, 1878.



THE NEW LEG.

DR. BENJAMIN. "ONLY MAKE AN EFFORT! YOU'LL FIND IT EVER SO MUCH BETTER THAN THE OLD ONE!"

ACROSS THE KEEP-IT-DARK CONTINENT; OR, HOW I FOUND STANLEY.

(By the Author of "Coompassie," and "Notamagdollor," "My! Phillaloo!" &c.)

PART I.

My Mission—The Office—"Yes, Blow it!"—My Plans—Preparations—Thoughtful Friends—More Stanleys in the Field—Away!



I WAS labouring hard at my great work, called, *Travels Over Untrodden Ground*, to which I had vowed to devote myself, even though it should occupy my whole time for three years, without even once quitting my study, when happening to stroll down an old lane in the heart of the City, one of the coldest and stoniest regions I have ever explored, I came suddenly upon a bookstall, where my eye lighted upon a venerable volume, and blazed with unwonted fire.

The name of the work in question was, *How to Do It*. I took down the book, and in less than ten minutes became so absorbed in its contents, that I had actually traversed the length of the street, before I was reminded by a rude tap on my shoulder, that the interesting volume had not as yet come into my possession by right of purchase.

"A most remarkable work!" I said, reassuringly, and affably, to the shopman, whose appearance betokened a mind ill at ease. "I have been quite carried away by it."

"Carried away, indeed!" replied the man, with most unpardonable ferocity. "I've half a mind—" he began, threateningly.

My Christian pity was excited for a man with not more than half a mind; so, as I confessed to being taken with the book, I came to terms with the stallkeeper for half-a-crown less than he had demanded—(he wanted two-and-ninepence, which was absurd)—and went off much pleased with my treasure, though somewhat shocked at the want of brotherly trust, and Christian charity, displayed by one, who bore the outward semblance of a civilised member of the Great Human Happy Family. I do not envy that man the gain he acquired by the transaction. He bit my penne to see if they were good! He did not appear to relish the flavour. The volume, however, was mine. Until late hours I sat up reading this book, inventing and planning, sketching out routes, drawing up maps, noting everything that my predecessors in the art of Exploration had done before me, and laying out precisely the ground for my work.

Before I retired to rest that night, I saw that funds would be needed. Struck with this big idea, which seemed to create a momentary difficulty—but what are difficulties except mountains in the distance that become more molehills when approached boldly?—I sat up in bed, and, having lighted a candle, I once more had recourse to my magic volume for hints. First, it was evident that there must be a *raison d'être* for the journey. What should it be? It was not enough to say, "Oh, I'll go and see what's to be seen, and tell you all about it." No. Any man in his senses would reply, "Bless you, go! Treat yourself liberally, and don't spare expense—out of your own pocket."

COLUMBUS, MARCO POLO (why was COLUMBUS in the nominative, and MARCO POLO, in the dative? This must be explored), VASCO DE GAMA, DR. LIVINGSTONE, MR. STANLEY . . .

Ha! There it was! STANLEY had gone to find LIVINGSTONE;—that was done, and he had had a second commission. Suppose STANLEY should have the misfortune to lose himself? I saw my road at once. *I would go and find STANLEY*. And then somebody else could come out to find me. Then some one to find him, and so on. In the course of time one-half the world would be finding out the other half. This is the Law of Progress.

The next morning I went to work.

I was at The Office, in Fleet Street, before the shutters were down, or anybody was up. The Early Milkman, on his Milky Way, saw me; the Late Cabman eyed me; the Policeman on duty watched me. Undaunted, I stood there, till the boy came to remove the first shutter. I interrogated the boy. The Editor was not up. The Proprietors were not up. "Would I wait?"

"Would I!" I exclaimed, enthusiastically. "I am here to wait, and wait, and wait—until My Mission is accomplished!"

The boy seemed staggered; but I invited him to coffee at an early stall, and, as he had change for sixpence, and I had nothing about me under a hundred-pound note, the simple, brave, honest youth subsequently became my sworn ally.

I waited. Then the Clerk arrived. I went in, and discussed journalistic enterprise in general with him, over the counter. Still the Editor was not visible; nor were the Proprietors.

One of the staff came in: he was genial, and I talked with him. I found that we had some sort of relationship in an uncle. We conversed, and discussed journalistic enterprise. He gave me his card, and, when he had gone, I sent it in to the Editor. I was ushered into the sanctum.

That moment I note as an epoch in my eventful career. From the instant I entered that sanctum, you, Sir—(this I address to the illustrious gentleman himself)—will bear me witness how energetically I urged my cause; how I argued, at length, for the success of my enterprise; how I talked by the hour at a time; how I partook of your luncheon, of your salt, of your bottle of champagne; how I accepted, at your hands, the choicest of cigars, smoking, as it were, the calumet of peace; and how I refused to leave you, until my indomitable perseverance should be rewarded. You, Sir, with the love of truth that is your eminent characteristic—you, Sir, will bear witness for how many days I presented myself before you, invariably sending in somebody else's card, and by this *ruse* obtaining the interview, which you, less devoted to the deed, less interested in its success than I was, would have denied me. The first three mornings you wore slippers; on the occasion of my fourth interview you were in boots. My eagle eye detected the change at once. I have a wonderful eye for change. Perseverance was rewarded at last.

At last, one day, in answer to an eager inquiry on my part, as to your probable possession at that moment of such a curiously uneven sum as five shillings, with which you might feel inclined to speculate as a loan, you returned, impulsively, "Will you go to the —?" And I caught you up before you could complete the sentence, and supplied the words.

"The Dark Continent? Yes, I will. Five shillings down, and for the rest let us consult the Proprietors."

This I added, seeing them enter at that moment.

To them, enlightened and discreet as they are, I explained my plan, so far as it would interest them, and be intelligible.

They paused.

"Recollect!"—I went on with tears of passion in my eyes—"Recollect what has been done on the other side of the road! Do not let it be said that You, Gentlemen of England who live at home at ease, have refused to send an Kmissary in the Great Cause which your journal advocates, to the interior of that land where there is yet in store for you The Very Largest Circulation in the World!"

There was another pause. I was inspired.

"Give me, Gentlemen," I cried, "a paste-pot and brush, as many sixteen-sheet posters as you can print off, bales of back numbers, a supply of *Punch's Almanacks* and *Pocket-Books* for the wives and children, and, for a small certainty down, and with such powers of drawing on you, out of sight, as I possess, there will not be a Lake, or a Village, or a Territory, in that vast unexplored region where, within one year, I shall not have established an Emporium in direct trade communication with Fleet Street, which shall be the means of bringing the Lightest of Light Literature within the reach of the pockets of the unclothed savages of the Darkest of Dark Lands. Gentlemen, how say you?"

"Do you think you can settle all this, if we commission you?"

"While I live," I replied, most earnestly, with my right hand on my right heart, which, though it is on the left side (for I am but mortal) is still in the right place—"while I live, there will be always somebody, and something, to be done. If I survive," I added, solemnly and touchingly, "all shall be done!"

They were deeply moved, and for some seconds wept on each other's shoulders, unable to utter a word.

The matter was for a moment suspended, in order to allow time for two partners to telegraph to an entire stranger, "Would he join in giving me a certain sum to go away and remain away for a year at least?" And within twenty minutes the electric flash came from the North with this laconic answer,

"Yes; blow it!"

You forgot, amid the multiplicity of your duties, Sir, to announce the compact, and my departure. But all was compacted, and I,

* We were perhaps a little rough, but it was very warm weather, and we didn't know so much of our excellent Fellow-Traveler as we do now.—Ed.

subsequently, departed. But before I left, I wrote a stirring article about myself and my Expedition, which I sent to you, but which you unaccountably omitted, wherein I informed the public (to whom I had presented a subscription-list for the necessary outfit) that "The purpose of the enterprise is to complete what was begun; to solve, if possible" (I was careful to insert this saving clause) "if possible, the remaining problems which the celebrated traveller, JOSEPHUS MILLER, left unfinished, to find out the origin of most of the same author's most ancient traditions, and to report upon the source of the earliest *Conundra* which have puzzled the minds of all Ages. The energetic and undaunted Gentleman—(this was an allusion to myself)—who undertakes this expedition has already displayed the best qualities, as a traveller, in many regions, at home and abroad, and he will represent in his person the Entire Civilisation of the World; and with no inconsiderable resources at his disposition, supplied by the enterprising Proprietors of this distinguished Journal, it may be hoped" (this was cautious too—I am always modest) "it may be hoped that very important results will accrue from this undertaking, to the advantage of Science, Humanity, and Civilisation as represented in the humble but invincible individual who now has the honour to appeal to you for subscriptions, and who now bids you, for a short while, heartily Farewell."

Such was the text of my article. It never saw the light in your journal, Sir, but it was privately printed, and circulated as a Tract for Sunday reading, headed, *Where are you going to, my pretty Maid?* Its success was so great that, had I not been a Man of Honour, I should have given up my Exploration of Tracts of Land, and gone in for Tracts on paper. But I am a Man of my Word. I kept my word, and left.

My mission was to find STANLEY. I ascertained from the *London Directory* that there were more than a hundred STANLEYS, including the Dean of WESTMINSTER. It didn't much matter which STANLEY I found; but I made it a point of honour, and of duty, before I left, to call on all the STANLEYS, who were likely to be good for anything, and point out the advantages of my discovering their next of kin. Some liked it, some didn't. Many were rude: nearly all subscribed.

To the majority of STANLEYS (who had missing relatives) I explained that I had only undertaken to find STANLEY, not to bring him back. Some said, "If you find STANLEY"—meaning their particular STANLEY—"don't, on any account, let him come home. Don't lend him any money." I promised I wouldn't, cheerfully.

Directly my object got bruited about, my door was besieged, for days, by persons representing themselves as STANLEY, who came there, they said, "to save me the trouble of a journey."

For my part I am always careful how I treat any STANLEY, as, after all, he may be (as he was in the *School for*

Scandal) an *Uncle Oliver* in disguise. But in this case they were all mercenary, and most of them utterly dishonest, hopeless impostors. I got rid of them, ultimately, by telling them that I myself was STANLEY; that I had discovered their little game, and had found them out. I bribed a Policeman to appear at the right moment; and, after a week, I heard no more of these unprincipled adventurers, who would have willingly made money, by trading on the best and purest feelings of our nature. They didn't get a farthing out of me.

My time was fully occupied with my preparations until the morning of my departure. Two men and a boy accompanied me. The boy was the same whom I had first met on that memorable morning taking down the shutters. He was a sharp boy, and required more "taking down" than the shutters. The cup of coffee at that early stall had not been thrown away upon him. He had lent me money then, and he would not desert me now.

There was one thing absolutely necessary to success, and that was the preservation of Presence of Mind whenever I should happen to meet Mr. STANLEY. I knew, that, were I to evince emotion, it might be fatal to him, and to myself. "Practice," I said to myself, "makes perfect." So, from the moment I conceived the idea, I went to work, walked out all day in the most crowded thoroughfares, in the Parks, in the Row—everywhere—and suddenly selecting my man, I went at him, and taking off my hat, said—"Mr. STANLEY, I presume?"

Nineteen times out of twenty I was wrong. The twentieth said, "Yes, I am Mr. STANLEY." And taking me by the button-hole, he reminded me that when we were at (I really forget where) a long time ago (I had quite forgotten when), he had paid my hotel bill.

That interview would have cost me more than one pound ten, had I not got him to wait for me, in a cab at the Piccadilly end of the Albany, while I went in to get my purse off the mantel-piece in my chambers.

Such tricks does memory play us! The fact of my having given up my chambers long ago had quite escaped me; and when I went out to look for my friend, he had disappeared—at least, he wasn't there; though I may perhaps attribute this to the circumstance that my exit was at the Savile Row end of the Albany, while he was still (and is still, for aught I know,—as Piccadilly is not my line of country now) at the other side.

After this I commenced another method of rehearsing. It was as follows:—

Every morning alone in my room I practised finding STANLEY. I used to make a figure up out of the bolster, some old clothes, and boots, and then get the boy to place it in unexpected places, so that I might come upon it suddenly, and be taken aback. This was to try my presence of mind. I was to preserve a tranquil demeanour on every occasion, however startling, and to be ready with the words, pronounced with the utmost gravity, "Mr. STANLEY, I presume?"

To which, of course, the figure would make no reply.

The boy, assisted by some young friends, once put it into an omnibus before I got in. I kicked against him, recovered my self-possession, addressed him with "Mr. STANLEY, I presume?"—and the Conductor made me pay for two places.

On another occasion the boy and his friends heard I was going to walk across the fields near Hampstead. It was a solemn evening when I was saying farewell to the only person whom I have ever really loved, and was expressing my fervent hope that she would be faithful to me in my absence, in which case I would marry her on my return, when I suddenly saw a man seated, and looking askance at us. Was it her angry brother? or a rival? No... neither. In a second I had resumed my imperturbable serenity, and, taking off my hat, I saluted him—

"Mr. STANLEY, I presume?"

The boys, playing at savages, peashooted me from behind one of the Hampstead Heath fastnesses, and we retired.

The next morning I set sail for the Keep-it Dark Continent.



• Had we published this article originally, we should, on our own account, have substituted "Irrepressible" for "Invincible." We admit that that would have expressed our sentiment at that time. Perhaps *tempora mutantur*.—ED.



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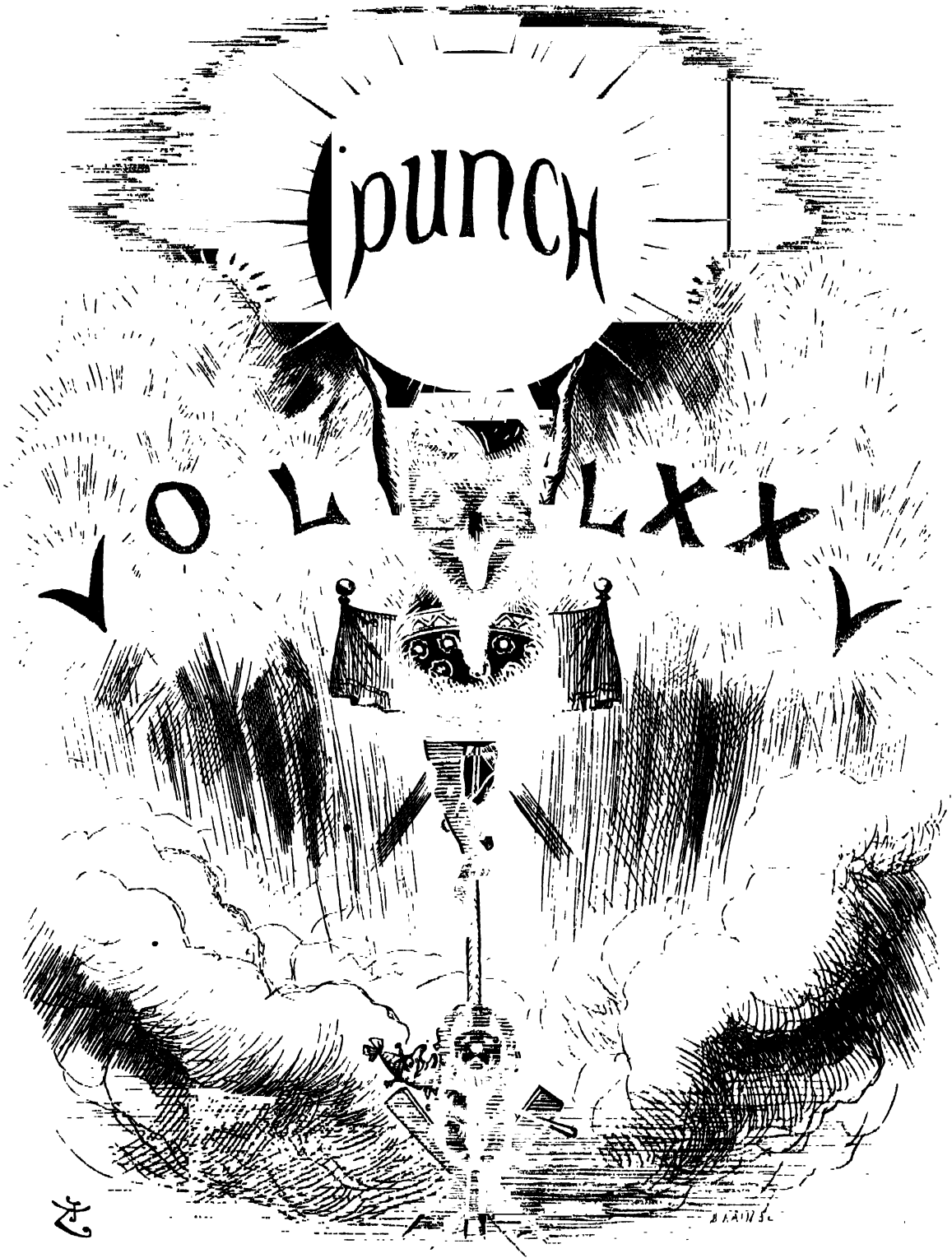
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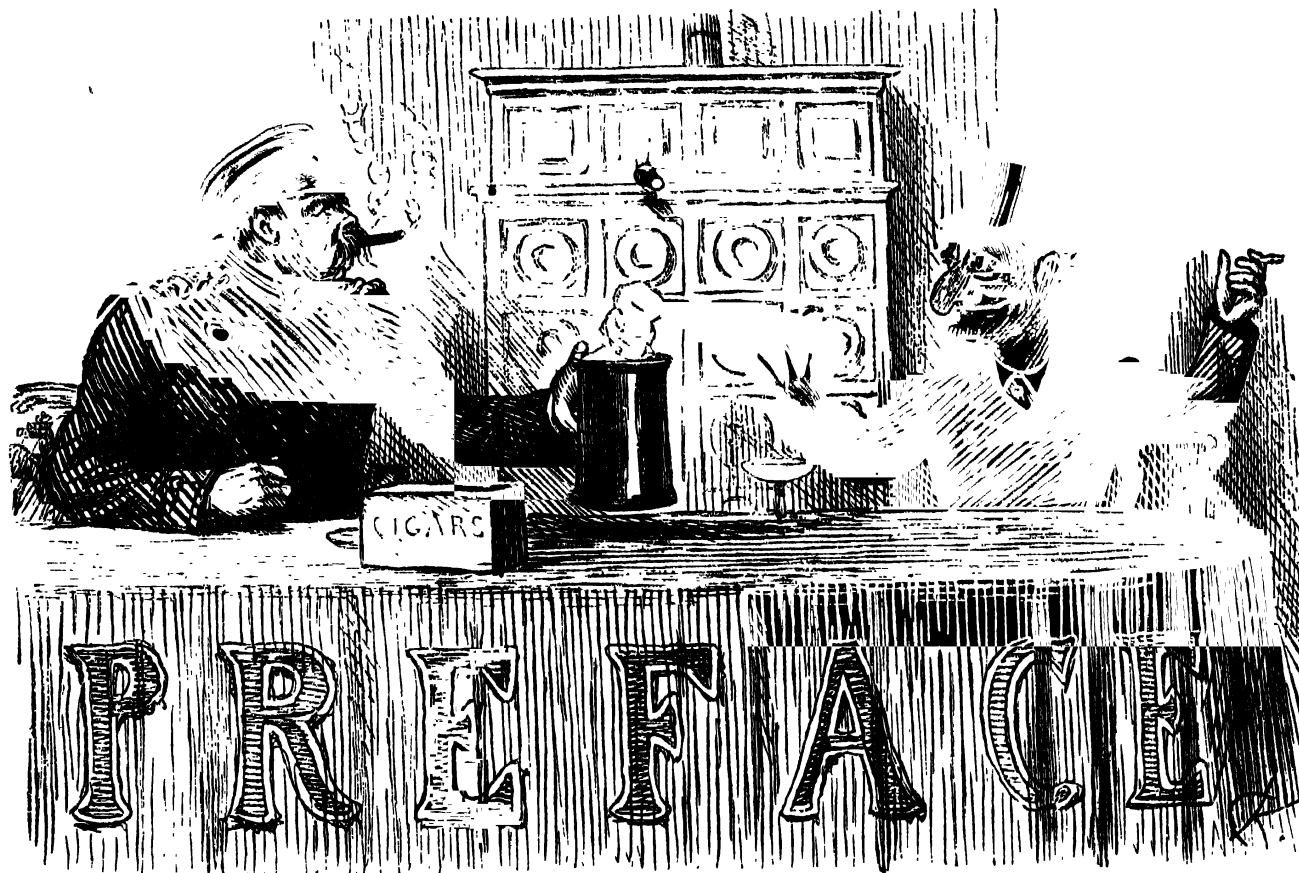
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EDISON had retired—extinguished for once. Punch was just turning down his own Electric Illuminator, with which he had cruelly quenched the newest light of the famous Transatlantic Inventor, when a deep but cheery voice sounded from the half-dark of the ante-adytum.

"Don't put that out yet, *lieber alter!* Let me see PUNCH for once standing in his own light!"

And, with a ringing laugh, the REICHSKANZLER strode into the *sanctum*, flinging open his huge fur cloak, and stamping the snow from his heavy cuirassier boots, as he held out his hand with a hearty "*Pros't neues Jahr!*"

PUNCH shook the strong hand cordially, and motioning the Prince to a chair, took his own place at the Round Table of Council alongside his distinguished visitor, to whom he pushed his own private box of Regalias.

It was an impressive moment. There sat the two Powers of the World in presence! Strange, the Globe continued to revolve, as if there was still the normal distance between its two pivots.

"The truth is, old man," said the Prince, after taking in the contents of the *sanctum* with a sweeping glance, "I want your counsel."

"You will find it in my back numbers," was the calm and dignified reply.

"I have no time to read."

"A despatch is soon written."

"Not so soon as a friendly word is spoken under four eyes," said the Prince, pleasantly. "Even I find it hard to come straight to the point on paper. It is true I am used to diplomatic correspondents. If you knew what a horror their *plauderei* gives one of despatches!—"

"Have I not correspondents of my own?" sighed PUNCH.

"And a waste-paper basket—happily for you. We have only archives. No; pen and ink—present company's always excepted—is silver; speech—present company's in particular—is golden; next best thing, in fact, to silence. You and I know how to speak to each other."

"Thanks to the latest light out of the BUSCH!—if that be not, as some say, a mere marsh-light, meant to mislead."

"Ach, dieser armer Buschlein!" laughed the burly REICHSKANZLER. "Indiscreet—eh? to let one's tame newspaper-organ grind on its own account. Contrary to all diplomatic proprieties? That's why I like it. Fancy the long faces in the Chancelleries! And the infinite deal of nothing BUSCHLEIN's *buchlein* will set flowing from Plenipotential pens! For once their Excellencies will have something to hang their nothings on."

"One fact, at least, he puts the world up to—your Excellency's favourite tippie," said PUNCH, pleasantly, motioning towards the buffet.

"And here we are at the fountain-head of the Porter—if not of the Pommery. *Schenck ein!*" replied the Prince in the same tone.

To decant a bottle of the choicest *sec* into a foaming pot of the best bottled Barclay, was, for PUNCH, the work of a moment. To floor it, was, for the Prince, the work of another.

"*Das schmeckt gut!*" said the REICHSKANZLER, drawing a long breath, as he lifted his broad, bold beak from the pewter. "And now, like ancient Teutons, having liquored, let us take counsel. About this troublesome *Reichstag*? Parliamentary *plauderei* is worse than Diplomatic."

"Take a hint from BEACONSFIELD. He does not find his Majority troublesome."

"Even *he* has GLADSTONE and the Opposition. Besides, in that *geist*-ridden Vaterland of ours, all parties will insist on having wills, wits, and ways of their own—idiotic, of course, but all the stubborn. Such a dumb, disciplined Majority and Cabinet as your BEACONSFIELD is blessed with, are not for *me*—worse luck!—or I would have made something better out of them than an Asia Minor Convention and an Afghan War."

"You forget Cyprus, and Peace with Honour!"

The Prince looked at PUNCH; PUNCH looked at the Prince. Then, slowly and simultaneously, their thumbs rose to the tips of their noses, and their fingers expanded.

"He is very clever," said the Prince, after a pause. "Next to my own career, I know none so"—here he paused for a word—"h'm—remarkable. I always respect architects of their own fortunes. One may even be pardoned for being curious about their tools and plans, though one has no right to be critical, in this world of Parliaments and Plenipotentiaries."

"He still awaits the revelations of his BUSCH."

"Yes, MONTAGUE CORY is *really* a Private Secretary. But I hate mysteries, Asian or European. I like going straight to the point, no matter what I may have to walk over, whether it be what commonplace people call good taste, good manners, delicacy, humanity—*was soll ich sagen?*—prejudices of all kinds. One has one's omelettes to make, and it is idle to cry over the eggs. Your BEACONSFIELD plays his cards differently. We saw a good deal of each other—I was almost saying 'into each other,' *aber das war nicht so leicht*—at Berlin. We play different games. But then our stakes are so different. He punts for himself. I for Vaterland. Apropos of Vaterland, we are wasting time. To our counsel. First, there is this distress, bitter, wide-spread, and spreading ever wider; then these unreasonable discontents with discipline and the drill-sergeant; then these *wieder-wärtige* Priests; then these stupid Socialists—not bad fellows, by any means, some of them; LABALLE was a wonderfully clever *kerl*—might have been a Beaconsfield had his lot been cast here, and had he been cooler over his cards—and BUCHER is a trump, for all he has come through the Socialist mill; then there's this old quarrel between Free Trade and Protection, which you English flattered yourselves you had settled—"

"Stop, Prince!" interposed PUNCH, courteously, but firmly. "Immensely flattered to be pumped by your Excellency; but on condition you allow PUNCH his turn at *your* handle. We have the same red-hot questions among us that blaze or smoulder among you:—the Distress; the Discontent; the Priests—within the walls of our Protestant Church, too, not outside of it, as with you; Socialism, though with us it has hardly got beyond Trades'-unionism, and striking at its own bread-and-butter, instead of its Sovereign; Protection—What if LORD BEACONSFIELD's last transmutation were to be into a defender of Free Trade against his own pack? On all these burning questions if I am to show you how to throw cold water, I shall expect you to return the favour. *My* counsel stands ready written—here!" And PUNCH laid his hand on a volume bound in regal purple. "Where is the record of yours?"

"H'm! I write in Acts, not Books," said the Prince. "As for written record of me, compared with yours, as the Greek warrior in *Homer* says, 'tis 'Brass armour against golden; things worth nine oxen for things worth a hundred.'"

And he placed in PUNCH's hands BUSCHLEIN's *Graf Bismarck und seine Leute*, in unequal exchange for PUNCH's latest treasure of Wit and Wisdom—





FRUITLESS!

(A Groan from SUSAN GINGHAM.)

"The extraordinary fecundity of the United States in the matter of fruit is proverbial; but it may not be generally known that three million peach trees bloom every spring on the sunny plains between the Delaware and Chesapeake Bays. The details of the American fruit crop almost savour of romance. The apple crop of the country is past counting; the surplus fruit, if properly saved, would keep all Europe in table luxuries. The birds on New Hampshire hills are feasted with raspberries, the mountains of North Carolina and Tennessee are purple with blackberries which go to waste; and the time has been when an extra good crop of peaches in Delaware has meant a million baskets of fruit untouched upon the trees."—*Standard*.

MR. PUNCH,

THIS startling extract, which I venture to enclose, TOM, my nephew, read out loud, in aggravation, I suppose. I was picking a few gooseberries, with a eye to jam, and he said he thought it aperypo—whatever that may chance to be.

Which I call it downright riling. Gracious goodness! here am I, paying such a price for fruit as is enough a Saint to try, while in Delaware by millions peaches waste upon the trees, and on the New Hampshire hills the birds eats as much fruit as they please.

Well, them Yanks is precious lucky. Things in England is gone queer.

Fruits with us ain't wot they wos, but mostly poor, and likewise dear.

Wot with blights and sopping summers, big jam-makers, and them Clubs,

Little fruit we gets, and wot we do is windfalls, specks, and scrubs.

Strorberries ain't got no sweetness; as for apples, bless yer 'art, Not one sample in a dozen 's fit for pudden or for tart; For cherries they're all skin and stone, and as for ribsting apples, lor!

They're like good Cheshire cheese, a pleasink mem'ry, and no more.

True, there's lots of rum new-fangled things as they call forren fruits,

Eatin' like raw scarlet-runners, or as tough as rhubarb roots, Prickly pears and them bananas, tasting jest like sweetened soap, But wot you'n find British housewives cottoning to sech, I hope.

England's fruits was England's pride, and 'ome-made jam our household boast; O'the rare tucks-out I've had of gooseberry-fool and buttered toast! Then the jars of raspberry-jam—but there, it doesn't bear a thought. If there's any raspberries grow'd they're all by CROSSE AND BLACKWELL bought.

Them shop-jams is hutter 'umbug; but we never has no sun, And the fruiting season's over most afore it seems begun. Tom declares Pomoner's cut us; wot he means I do not know, But I'm sure our fruits to-day ain't like the fruits of long ago.

Apples! Wy, the shams we gets is jest heartbreaking. I believe If they'd grow'd like that at fust, one never would have tempted EVE;

Which I've always felt conwined the fruit as caused that fatal slippin'

Must a' bin that British pride, a reg'lar good old ripsting pippin!

Haven't seen one not for years, the fruiterers say they're dying out. Wy the dickens did they let 'em? Wot must they have bin about? Now we've nowt but measley windfalls, tasteless and but seldom sound.

Sold in open shops by Jews, and, like pertaters, by the pound.

Then to read about them Yankees, with their splendid apple-crop, Their three million blooming peach-trees, and—but there I'd better stop!

Which I'm a patriot, I 'ope, but a turn in Tennessee Would, I fear, make half a Yankee of

Yours sadly,
SUSAN G.

At the Berlin Banquet.

Little Powers (at the door, ruefully). But are we to get no-thing?

Big Powers (at the table, while the Turkey is being carred). Be quiet, my little dears: you shall come down to your deserts.

OXFORD v. CAMBRIDGE CRICKET MATCH, 1878.

A LIGHT Blue, on being asked why Cambridge won the match, replied, "Because we had no foemen worthy of our STEEL."



MUSIC AT HOME.

Robin Brown (who has just sung his famous Barcarole, his only song). "How d'ye do, Mrs. Chatterleigh? I suppose you have just come?"
Mrs. Chatterleigh. "Oh dear no! I've been sitting here for the last hour, listening to the lovely music. I do hope you are going to sing us that exquisite Barcarole of yours!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



We know now that it was *not* Count SCHOUVALOFF who let the great Foreign Office cat with nine tails out of the bag the other day, but a writer, at tenpence an hour, who, finding within his reach a secret paper that was worth money, very naturally sold it. Now that the cat has been let out, everybody (*Lords, Monday, July 1*) is much amazed that the custody of so valuable an animal should have been trusted to such temptible and contemptible hands.

LORD GRANVILLE has been three times at the Foreign Office in the last twenty years, and cannot believe that under his *régime* such a lachesis would have been possible (no harm in making a little party capital out of the case). In those halcyon days—i. e. in the F. O. of our time—everybody trusted everybody, and nobody ever heard of cats being let out of bags.

LORD HAMMOND, Nestor of the Foreign Office, of half a century's service within those sacred walls, who owes to the Office his title, his credit, all he is, and has, and knows, who has been brought up from the green and salad days of his youth to the evening of his age on its rules and records, grey traditions, and red-tape, is even more seriously exercised at the thought of this great and grievous blot on the F. O. scutcheon. But Lord H. rises above the mere Whig and

Tory view of the matter. In his mind the dereliction has a deeper root. It all comes of the detestable habit of "employing persons of whose antecedents and connections the SECRETARY of STATE has no other knowledge than is afforded by a certificate of proficiency and fitness granted them by the Civil Service Commissioners, after an open competitive examination." Inference: Keep the Foreign Office doors at least shut against writers, and competition-wallahs, and all that low class of people who trust for advancement to their work, their wits, and a Civil Service certificate.

Where all the bags are full of cats, none but persons of known antecedents and connections should be admitted to handle the strings. Competition and examination may supply the sort of article wanted for the lower Offices; but leave the Olympian Office which has to deal with the Eleusinian mysteries of Diplomacy, to look for its Clerks to the "good old rule—the simple plan"—of nomination and family favour.

Very plausibly pleaded, my Lord HAMMOND. Competitive examination *has* been hard ridden. All that doctrinaireism could do to discredit its pet *panacea*, it has done. There is only one thing worse; and that is the old principle of patronage, in whose favour

its supporters are cleverly using this sale to the *Globe* of the Salisbury-Schouvaloff agreement.

(*Commons*.)—After much desultory talk, in which the employment of writers in the Foreign Office at tenpence an hour was mixed up with the Indian Press Act, Cretan disturbances, Home-Harbour Loans, Irish Arms-searches, and the appointments to the Halifax Bench, the well thrashed Cattle Bill discussion was resumed, and all the old reasons for and against it reiterated with that stolid indifference to the weariness of the House and the exhaustion of the subject which shows that a question has passed out of the range of reasoning into that of *parti pris*.

Colonel RUGGLES-BRICE was a splendid specimen of the bucolic Member in this stage of utter imperviousness to argument and indifference to infliction of all his tediousness upon his audience.

In the teeth of what *Punch* cannot but feel to be proof to demonstration of the impotence of the Bill to effect its professed object—of keeping out foot-and-mouth disease—and the certainty of its restricting the import of cattle, and so raising the price of meat to the consumer, the division gave the Government the overwhelming majority of 157 in a House of 481. But till the Bill is through Committee, we will not believe that the Government, even in all the might of its majority, will venture to leave its most glaring defects unremedied. *Nous verrons*.

Tuesday (Lords).—The Irish Intermediate Education Bill passed through Committee, with cheers, without a single Amendment or alteration in clause or schedule. Let the amazing fact be noted; and let my Lord CAIRNS be duly congratulated thereon. Raise a Cairn to his honour of all the stones that have been flung at all before him who have attempted to deal with Irish Education. When our Legislators do agree on an Irish measure, their unanimity is wonderful. Can it be that the million of Established Church appropriation has done it all? Suppose my Lord CAIRNS took heart of grace and appropriated another million from the same source to increase the salaries of the Irish National School Masters? Surely Irish National Education wants improving as much as Irish Intermediate ditto.

(*Commons*.)—The morning Sitting spent in debate on Scotch Roads and Bridges—nice bracing exercise-ground for this hot weather; and the evening on the less seasonable, and more unsavoury subject of Irish Paupers Removal. It seems, on Mr. MACARTHY

DOWNING's showing, that England is still too much addicted to the practice of shifting her burden of out-worn Irish Pauperism on to ould Ireland's maternal back, in spite of Ireland's natural enough contention that where the Pauper has given his labour—while he had it to give—he has established the best claim for maintenance when he can work no longer. Till the good time shall come for the utter abolition of the barbarous law of settlement—that relic of a bad time, now, it is to be hoped, past away for ever—Mr. DOWNING was fain to content himself with Mr. SCATER-BOOTH's promise to employ all the power of the Local Government Board to diminish cases of hardship in the removal of Irish Paupers back to Ireland. The principal of "Ireland for the Irish" does not apply to her Pauperism.

Wednesday.—No maniacs are more mischievous to themselves or their families than dipsomaniacs. Dr. DALRYMPLE, one of the few medical Members of the House, devoted himself to the task of Legislation for the restraint of this peculiarly wretched class of lunatics; and, in fact, sacrificed health and life in his labours to this end.

Dr. CAMERON, another of the few doctors who leaven the Collective Wisdom, has inherited Dr. DALRYMPLE's task, and has rendered it easier by throwing over the more ambitious part of the Doctor's large design, which aimed at providing asylums for dipsomania out of the rates, and at giving compulsory powers for the confinement and restraint of dipsomaniacs. Dr. CAMERON's Bill is confined to voluntary and private machinery. Topsy-lunatic Asylums may be established at cost of individuals, to which dipsomaniacs, in their lucid intervals, may commit themselves, or may be committed by their friends, with due precautions taken against undue encroachment on personal liberty; and when once committed may be detained for the time required to give a fair chance of cure. The worst enemies of the Bill must admit its moderate and tentative character; and as an experiment for the remedying of a grievous evil, which can now only be dealt with by difficult and costly private arrangements, every sensible person must wish it well, and will watch its working with interest.

It should be called a "Bill to prevent men from putting an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains."

Punch congratulates Dr. CAMERON on the discretion he has shown in handling a difficult subject, and on the favourable reception given to his Bill.

CO-OPERATIVE WEDDING PRESENTS.



COURTEOUS MR. PUNCH,

WHAT to do with your cold mutton is one of the most momentous questions of the day; and scarcely less distracting to the domestic mind is the problem, what to do with your old wedding-presents?

I don't suppose the givers of these gifts care vastly what becomes of them. Still one can hardly sell a present; and, indeed, were there no moral objection to the sale, a purchaser might seldom very readily be found. Nor would it be thought proper to raise money on such articles,

although so many wedding-gifts are by mishap made in duplicate, that the pawn-shop seems to be their fitting destination, after they have been displayed upon the nuptial day. I remember that my wife and I together, when we married, were blest by loving friends and relatives, with two egg-boilers, three cruet-stands, and no fewer than five card-trays; and one of our first quarrels arose from a debate as to which of these kind presents we should keep for times of ceremony, and which we should regard as meant for daily use.

Use? Well, yes, there is some use in cruet-stands and egg-boilers, and even in a card-tray there may be some social service, especially to snoblings who catch some titled visitors, and are careful to display their cards conspicuously atop. But wedding-gifts in general are most expensive nicknacks of no possible utility, except, perhaps, to furnish topics for small talkers, and, when displayed as chimney-ornaments, to collect and show the dust. Besides, it is annoying, after giving SMITH a card-tray on his marriage with Miss JONES, to find that BROWN and ROBINSON have each sent him the same article, and that yours is clearly the least costly of the three. How much wiser it would be to join with BROWN and ROBINSON, and, if need be, WHITE and WILKINS, in making SMITH

a present of a grand piano, say, or a handsome set of dinner-tables, or some curtains for his drawing-room, or some carpets for his stairs. Instead of thanking his kind friends for egg-boilers and card-trays, and similar nicknackeries, many a man would gladly see his tailor's bill receipted on his marriage, or find a bin of claret stocked for him, or a cellar filled with coals.

"Many can help one" is a rather common motto of the Artists who paint landscapes and shipwrecks on the pavement, appropriately interspersed with slices of pink salmon and delicate arrangements of mackerel in pea-green. Were friends to club together, they might furnish a man's house for him with the money they now waste in buying useless wedding-gifts. Everybody knows what a bore it is to have to choose a wedding-present, and how sure one always feels that one has chosen just the thing which is most certain to be given by everybody else. By clubbing, individuals might save themselves this bother, and the dread of giving duplicates would be utterly removed. Both to givers and receivers, wedding-presents nowadays are weights upon the mind; and the bliss of happy couples might be sensibly increased, were they no longer burthened with the care of costly nicknacks, wherewith, as time progresses, they are puzzled what to do.

My voice, then, is for gifts on the co-operative system, whercof the wisdom must be evident without another word from

Yours most truly,

VERBUM SAP.

THE RESOLVE OF HELLAS.

WITH smooth speech and promise fair,
Rubbed the right way of the hair,
Bade "be a good little Greece,"
Hold my hand, and keep the peace,
Awaiting nice things by-and-by,—
British Lion's Greece was I.

Snubbed and sneered at, and abused;
Denied Epirus, Crete refused;
In my old cramped limits pent,
Blood spilt idly, money spent,
Now British faith is proved a lie,—
Muscovite, Bear's Greece am I.

INTERESTING TO POULTRY FANCIERS.—Oxford's recent Exhibition of "Duck's-eggs" at Lords and Fowls at Henley.

Thursday (Lords).—It has occurred to some bright son of the Green Isle that if the new Irish Intermediate Education Scheme is to work such wondrous good for the sons of Erin, it should also, in fairness, be made applicable to Erin's daughters. But this, Lord CAIRNS says, will involve some reconsideration of the rules of his Bill, and some re-arrangement of the machinery. Why not? We are only beginning to acknowledge the truth that girls have as much right as boys to be considered in questions of educational legislation, and in the application of educational endowments. It is but fair that the Irish lasses, charming as they are in their uneducated state, should have all the benefit of this larger wisdom of our time, which has ceased to exclude the better half of humanity from the right to a seat at the School Board or a participation in its banquets.

(**Commons.**)—The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER does not see his way to a Supplementary Budget till he sees his way to a Supplementary Estimate. And this will depend on the upshot of the Berlin Congress.

In the course of ten days or a fortnight he hoped the accounts might be made up. So does *Punch*, and wishes the Government a good deliverance.

Colonel STANLEY didn't want to keep the Reserve men longer with the colours than could be helped; but couldn't say, just at present, when they would be free to return to their families.

Before the Reserves are called out again, we hope some arrangement will be made to keep their wives and children off the rates, or, at least, out of the workhouse. They manage these things better in France—not to say Germany.

Mr. BOURKE, for the Foreign Office, fought shy of a question as to the employment of writers at tenpence an hour on secret and confidential documents.

Mr. FAWCETT wants to give the Metropolitan Board of Works four members on the Epping Forest Committee of Management, which is to be made up of four selected verderers and twelve conservators to be chosen by the Corporation. But the Corporation have secured Epping Forest for the public, and it seems unfair to give the Board of Works a voice in the management, when they declined to fight for its acquisition by the public.

Sir J. LUBBOCK tried to get Elementary Natural Science added—as an extra—to the Three R's in the Education Code.

Mr. FORSTER thinks the addition may safely be made; but the Collective Wisdom said no by 68 to 37. The majority thinks National Education has gone fast enough and far enough already, and if it had dared speak out, it would have echoed Mr. D. DAVIES's warning "of the growing feeling in some parts of the country against over-education."

Mr. MONK talked about Crete, and the expediency of promoting its annexation to the kingdom of Greece.

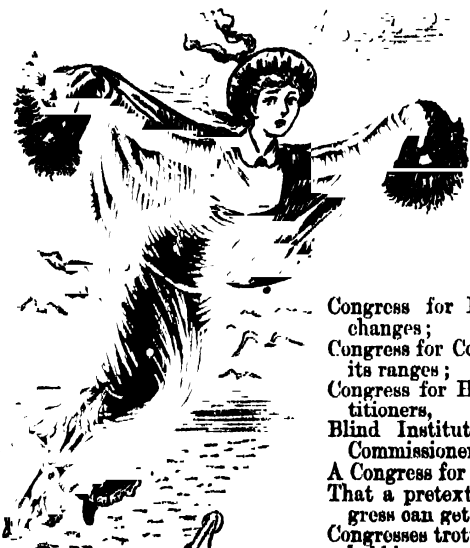
Mr. BOURKE said it was impossible that any one Power could say that any portion of the Turkish possessions should be annexed to a foreign country. Of course if it came to a big country insisting on such annexation, and other big countries could be got to back the demand, Congress could do something. But really Greece was a small Power; she could not make herself formidable to Europe; her hands were not quite clean, and there was every prospect that if she got anything by concession of the Congress it would be much less than she had bargained for. (At least, if *Punch* hasn't exactly said "ditto to Mr. BOURKE," he has given his own reading between the lines of Mr. BOURKE's speech as reported.)

The Education Estimates were, on Mr. FORSTER's protest against proceeding with them close on midnight, adjourned.

Friday (Lords).—Talk about two subjects, on both of which there is room for improvement—Irish crime, and Irish public health. We are going to consolidate the law on the latter. Perhaps that may be preliminary to putting it in force.

(**Commons.**)—The *enfant terrible* of the House, the bold, bald Member for Bonny Dundee, brought out the hot-poker of Ritualism in the English Church—falsely so called. Nobody could deny the poker, or the force with which it was flourished in the face of the House by JINKS's irrepressible Baby. But the Bavarian humour and Ecclesiological enthusiasm of Mr. A. B. HOPE, the mild wisdom of the Right Hon. H. S. WALPOLE, the official oil of euphemistic Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, and even the prize Protestantism of Mr. NEWDEGATE, united to deprecate any premature thrusting of the poker before JOHN BULL's eyes, or flourishing it alarmingly near his calves. Nobody could say who might not burn his fingers. So the Honourable Member for Dundee, satisfied with the agitation he had aroused, and the deprecations he had provoked, withdrew his hot-poker—for the present.

"IMPAR CONGRESSUS ACHILLI."



ALL sorts of Congresses Parisward drift—
Congress for Copy-right, Congress for Thrift;
Congress for Chess; Congress for Demography;
Congress for Physics; Congress for Photography;

Congress for Inter-metallic Exchanges;
Congress for Cookery through all its ranges;
Congress for Homœopathic Practitioners,
Blind Institutions, and Sewage Commissioners;
A Congress for every specialist set
That a pretext or plea for a Congress can get;
Congresses trotting out all sorts of hobbies

In all sorts of halls, hotels, lecture-rooms, lobbies,
For all sorts of crotchets and all sorts of crazes,
Solving all sorts of problems with all sorts of phrases;
From Congress most cautious to Congress the boldest,
From the newest of subjects to objects the oldest—
Congress—still Congress—wherever we turn;
Be't a Congress to teach, or a Congress to learn.
What? "*Impar Congressus Achilli*?" The song
Of the Mantuan poet is certainly wrong.
If there's one thing that Congress is equal to, please
Proclaim it, O *Punch*; that one thing's a *kill-case*;
A kill-leisure, kill-pleasure, kill-time, and kill-joy,
On thy heights, Trocadero, as erst around Troy!

THE PLACE IN HOT WEATHER.—Lazistan.

SHOES OR NO SHOES?

MR. RANSON declares that horse-shoes are not only useless but mischievous, and quotes a South American experience extending over many years, and all sorts of ground, hard and soft, mud and stones. His experience does not seem to have included artificial hard stone pavements and hard made roads, such as those our horses have to travel. It is true that human soles can be made, by long use, as impervious as sole-leather, and so, much more, might horses' hoofs be hardened to iron. But you must begin at the beginning, and never let your colt wear a shoe from the day it is foaled.

The argument against shoes is very much like that against clothes altogether. We don't dress our horses, it may be said, so why should we shoe 'em?

Probably the chance of our seeing the last of horse-shoes is about as great as that we shall see men and women going naked and bare-foot. We should fancy that at least as many human feet are spoiled by bad shoeing as equine. Altogether *Punch* can't bring himself to feel that horse-shoes are a cruelty like bearing-reins. They have, at least, something to stand on.

A Voice From the Lions' Heads.

TO MR. PUNCH, SIR,—

ARE we always to be only ornamental? Again I see the voice of common sense and common humanity is raised in the papers in recommendation of that simple often-urged precaution against drowning off the Embankment, to hang a chain in our mouths. Why not? We are willing. It is the only chain the British Lion can carry without blushing. Please move the London Board of Works, and oblige

Yours truly,
THE LIONS' HEADS OF THE EMBANKMENT.

Our Failures.

AUSTRALIA beats England at the wickets;
Captain BOGARDUS outshoots CHOLMONDELEY PENNELL;
A Yankee Crew we've seen at Henley lick its
Competing Fours. Old England's growing senile! *

* Please humour the pronunciation to the rhyme.

A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER.—Discussing the Code STEPHEN, instead of the Treaty of San Stefano.



PUT TO THE ROUT.

Distracted Bandster. "KOMM AWAY—KOMM AWAY—EE ZHALL NOD GIVE YOU NODINGSH—EE VILL BLAY DE MOOZEK ERSELEST! TEUFEL!"
[They retreat hastily.]

THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.

SCENE.—*A Great Statesman's Snuggery.*
INTERLOCUTORS.—BIZZY and DIZZY.

Bizzy (blowing a cloud). Very pleasant sitting!

Dizzy. Extremely so! GORTSCHAKOFF, though, didn't quite seem to relish my complimenting him on his apparently robust health.

Bizzy. Looked more bilious than gouty, eh? Well, it would be hard if a valetudinarian might not play "*le Malade Imaginaire*" for the benefit of his country—

Dizzy (drily). Or even to cut short dangerous discussion, or keep down rising temper, eh?

Bizzy. Well, I really feel very seedy, you know.

Dizzy. Awfully sorry, I'm sure. Now your Berlin air seems to agree with me. Never felt better in my life.

Bizzy. Happy to hear it. Hope your health may not receive check or chill when you get back to London. I hear the temperature there has changed considerably since you left.

Dizzy. Oh, ours is a variable climate, but I'm used to it. Long experience of mutability teaches one adroitness of adjustment.

Bizzy. Doubtless. Change of—ahem!—costume may sometimes be as essential to the hero as to the *histrion*.

Dizzy. Aye! as needful as occasional change of air. Even constitutions of blood and iron may sometimes welcome, for many reasons, the transition from Berlin to—shall we say, Kissingen?

Bizzy. My post is, at all events, a trying one to an enfeebled constitution like mine; and this supplementary Congress business has, I confess, a little bit knocked me up—not possessing your own splendid powers of recuperation, you know.

Dizzy. You scarcely do yourself justice, Prince. I must compliment you upon being a "judicious bottle-holder," as well as an "honest broker." You keep the Ring splendidly; and your cry of "Time!" is ever pat to the moment.

Bizzy. I do not know much about your Prize-Ring; but is not the comparison a little *mal à propos*? Duty calls me to this post, in the interests of Peace, but I should not be inclined to fag myself out for the furtherance of War.

Dizzy. Precisely. You keep us in order capitally.

Bizzy. Oh! I make no pretensions.

Dizzy. Of course not. Fulminations are out of fashion in the political Olympus. Where the ancient Jupiter would have flourished his thunderbolts, the modern Jove fingers his watch and consults his time-table.

Bizzy (aside). Very fair—for a *phraseur*. If smart speech and sound statesmanship were synonymous! (*Aloud.*) Well, I suppose the worst of it's over. The small fry, I hope, will take their scraps thankfully, and their snubs meekly—for the time being, at any rate. But, *entre nous*, I don't think your friend, the Turk, quite likes it.

Dizzy (thoughtfully). Ah! that's another party that will have to be educated. Well, I have dealt with pupils as intractable at home.

Bizzy. By the way, your own more extreme worshippers may require a little tactful tuition, eh?

Dizzy. Oh, the Jingoers? Doubtless! I hear they're rather on the rampage at present, some of them. Like speedy non-stayers, good only for forcing the pace, they must "come back" to the leaders when it's a case of real racing. Nothing like the "Dissolving View" system to deal with these people. The "Glorious Triumph" slide will gradually merge into the "Satisfactory Settlement" one, you'll see; only a few Jingoers will detect the difference, and they will feel bound to swear there is none.

Bizzy (suggestively). GLADSTONE?

Dizzy. A voice crying in the wilderness. Let him shout. The walls of the Tory Jericho will not fall to the trumpet and lamp of that political Joshua.

Bizzy. The "*status quo ante bellum*," and "territorial integrity."

Dizzy. Watchwords of the past that have served their turn. Public opinion deals with results, and is impatient of retrospective criticism. Ask the *Times*.

Bizzy. Humph! The *Times* has asked me—several things. I hope it has been satisfied with the frankness of my answers.

Dizzy. Who could object to your frankness, Prince? It is so refreshing after a surfeit of transparent *finesse* and transpontine dissimulation. Capital cigars these.



THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.

DEET. "I FANCY OUR FRIEND THE TURK DON'T HALF LIKE IT!"

DEET. "HA! THAT'S ANOTHER 'PARTY' THAT WILL HAVE TO BE 'EDUCATED'!!"

Bizzy. Glad you like them. Here's success! (*Drinks.*)
Dizzy. Success is a fortress most surely taken by what you would call "a siege of patience."

Bizzy. That depends upon the besieger, and his resources. A *coup-de-main* sometimes succeeds.

Dizzy. When patience has prepared the way for it. It is true that patience may sometimes with advantage keep a *coup* in reserve.

Bizzy. Like a card up the sleeve?

Dizzy (blandly). The comparison is *tant soit peu* "maledorous."
(Drinks.) How sweetly the nightingales sing! These untaught choristers of Nature—

Bizzy. Would hardly make good Tories or tractable Turks, for I understand they are very difficult to—ahem!—educate.

Both. Ha! Ha! Ha!

[*Left laughing.*]

EFFICIENCY AND ECONOMY.

(*Newest System.*)

In order to ensure the effective and honourable discharge of the various trusts and duties attaching respectively to the several following responsible civil and military posts and appointments, it is understood that, on and after the commencement of the approaching Dog-days—

Queen's Messengers will not receive any regular salary for their services, but be allowed to make what they can out of the despatches they carry, at the different Continental capitals through which they pass.

The custody of the Crown Jewels will be committed to an experienced charwoman, who, though allowed occasionally to have her friends to tea, will be expected to take the key of the Tower with her whenever she absents herself for a holiday, a day's work, or any other occasion.

The Collection of Pictures at the National Gallery will be handed over to the care of the Shoebblack outside, who is to be authorised to get what per-centage he can out of lending them, in not less than a dozen at a time, to rising dealers, for the purposes of exhibition and copy.

All the Lords Justices of Appeal will, in future, be selected from Barristers of standing in embarrassment and insolvency, who will undertake their duties *gratis*, but attend privately at home, after hours, for the purpose of coming to amicable and satisfactory arrangements with the Appellants in person.

The COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF will receive a shilling a day and his rations and quarters, with the privilege of selecting one new uniform every week, and of naming the firm of military tailors who are to have the contract for supplying it.

The contents of Her Majesty's privy purse will be handed over to a well-informed Bookmaker, who will live at Boulogne, and place its entire contents on all "the regular good things" he knows, as occasion offers.

And that the transcribing of important and secret State documents, the publication of which might involve the gravest interests of the Empire, will be entrusted to an irresponsible copying clerk employed for the purpose at the rate of tenpence an hour.

ACROSS THE KEEP-IT-DARK CONTINENT;

OR, HOW I FOUND STANLEY.

(*By the Author of "Coomupassie," and "Notumagollar," "My? Phillaloo!" &c.*)

PART I.—CHAPTER I.

Preparations—The new Boat—Vittualling—Necessities—Intentions—Books—Almanacks—Moore—Missionary Intentions—The Minstrel Buoy—Traders—Punctuality—Meeting of Creditors—Off!—Farewell, Old England!

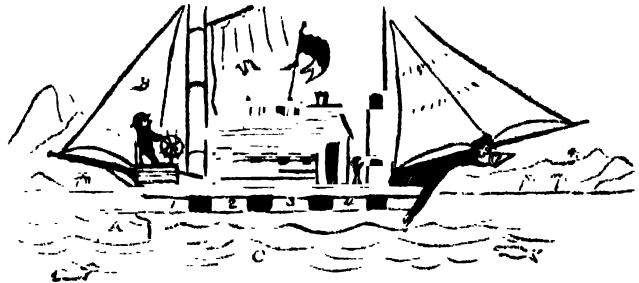
BEFORE leaving London I had ordered a boat to be made after my own design, on a Noah's Ark pattern, with a sliding roof like that at Canterbury Hall, through which, as the proprietor of that establishment used to explain, the Moon (as an extra treat not included in the bill) was exhibited to the unclothed eye. This vessel was constructed according to my order, by Messrs. NEWTUBBS AND JENNER (to whom I *jenneraly* go for anything special), of the Noah's Arkade, Piccadilly. It was made into separate chambers, reminding the casual observer of something between a Revolver and the French Senate. The windows were formed to open and shut, and the whole vessel was so constructed as to fold up on the *gibus* principle, or to take to pieces at a moment's notice, and be stowed away in the smallest possible pocket ship's compass. Nothing could be more perfect for its particular purpose, and Mr. HARKER might get a hint from it for his model lodging-houses, arranged for flats.

The order for vittualling I sent to Messrs. LOOTS LOOTS & Co.

(the Unlimited Loo-is Co.), who had furnished the excellent provisions for my will. This firm also supplied me with whatever I wanted in the shape of draughts. Coals were a necessity, as, though on a visit to the Black Country, if the natives were inhospitable, and unwilling to trade, we should be in a pretty considerable hole—a pretty considerable coalhole; and so the order for scuttling the ship I entrusted to an eminent Sea Captain, whose name was on the Black Books at Lloyds, and who had the still further recommendation of being well known to the Police.

In order to amuse and interest the natives, I laid in a large store of Dominoes and Black Draughts.

Having in view the conversion of the various tribes, I took out a second-hand edition of MUDIE'S *Circulating Library Hymns*, arranged by a noted Dry-Psalter. To secure their due and impressive rendering, I secured the services of a Quire, in twenty-four white sheets, which I called my "Surplice Population," and stowed 'em away as best I could in the *Arkadia*,—which was the name of my new and



SECTIONAL VIEW OF THE "ARKADIA."

•• Of course there is a good deal more here than meets the eye. For instance, there is the other side, and all the water-tight compartments *below*. The "House-boat" part can be lowered and folded up in rough weather. Two more masts can be put up at a moment's notice. The entire construction can be turned (when on land) into a show with the peepholes below for the boys to look through—1, 2, 3, 4 are the peepholes. My Flag isn't black. That was a mistake. On it was embroidered, "No more Coughs or Colds! To the Dark Continent!!"

A, the rudder. B, the man at the wheel. C (of course), the sea. The remainder speaks for itself. (The drawing is from one I made myself for a photographer, who couldn't come down to see it. Excuse roughness of design. Years ago I used to send pictures regularly to the Royal Academy. I am a little out of practice now. However, I am in treaty with Professor SOL. HART, and next year I think we shall do one together. Orders for Proof Engravings can be sent in *now*.) I forgot to add that the picturesque background (an admirable effect of perspective) is the distant country.

original vessel. In my spare moments I invented a Rock Harmonicon for the sea-shore; and for full orchestral service at sea, I devised a floating musical-box, with three hundred tunes in separate barrels, which, firmly attached to the *Arkadia*, would accompany us on our voyage. This I called our "Minstrel Buoy." Most of the melodies were MOORE'S (of St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, and Burgess Hill, Sussex), who had previously instructed me in the banjo and bones, and the dialect of the Black Countries I was to pass through. The same excellent gentleman (to whom I here beg to tender my acknowledgments) provided me with the back numbers of his celebrated *Almanack* for many years past, which I subsequently found to be of the greatest service to the Aborigines, who, being behindhand in civilisation, had to make up for lost time. A century hence, perhaps, the sixty or seventy tribes which now regulate their days, months, and moons by their various *Old Moore's Almanacks*, will hold a Congress, to find out, and settle exactly, what the time of Day is. At present they are, as might be expected, rather in the dark.

Having thus made all my preparations, and stowed everything, including a large quantity of jewellery, theatrical properties, lime-light arrangements, &c., &c., on board the *Arkadia*, I fixed a day for final settlement with all those tradesmen who had so generously assisted me in the work. Having made an appointment with these estimable persons, who were to assemble in their thousands at the Office in Fleet Street, and having given them strict injunctions not to leave till I came, it was with the deepest regret (which I found expressed in my diary soon afterwards) that I learnt how, by some strange mistake, they were received with contumely by the clerk in charge, who, by an oversight (quite unpardonable in anyone except a traveller so pre-occupied as myself), had not been informed of their coming.

But Time and Tide—especially Tide—will not wait for anyone; and finding that if I did not set sail that very afternoon—at the very minute, in fact, when these excellent persons were expecting me in Fleet Street—I should be unable to go at all, I wired, at the last moment, these words: "Punctuality is the soul of business. Do not wait after seven, if you have anything better to do." And, with a ringing cheer from all on board, the *Arkadia* set sail from shore.

I had come on board in disguise, so as to prevent an ovation, and from my steerage-turret I saw thick sticks waving, white fists shaking, white faces looking very long and sad, and more-or-less white hands flourishing strips of paper of all sorts and sizes (my people had been lavish in their orders at the seaport-town where we had been staying previous to departure), as, removing my red wig and whiskers, trick nose, and spectacles, I stood on the top-gallant-poop, and scarcely able to control my emotion, as I bade a long farewell to Old England, I murmured, in a breaking voice,

"Cheer, boys, cheer! Whatever is, is right!
Cheer, boys, cheer! My native land, good night!"

And so we sailed out into the deep, deep sea; and as the thought crossed us all, that, though "lost to sight, we were to memory uncommonly dear," a gentle, placid smile of contentment illumined our features, for we knew then that, once on the voyage to which we had vowed our lives and devoted our energies, no one of those whom we had left behind, would see us again until our return,—and, perhaps, not even then.

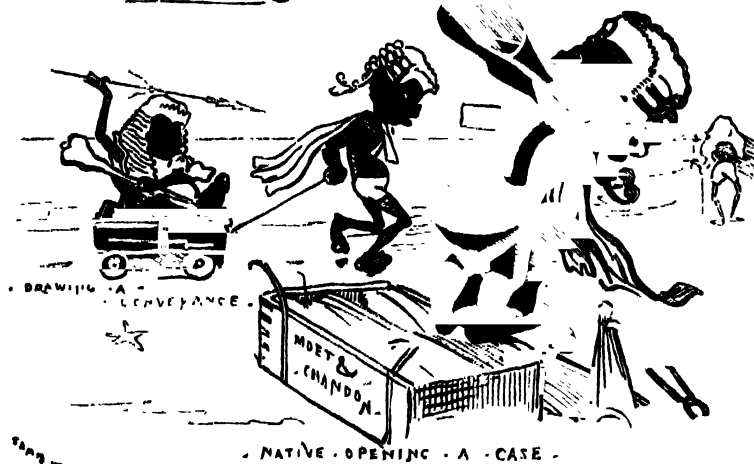
There were no hurrahs from the crowd, so I cheered myself, with the consoling thought, "I am going for STANLEY!"

PART I.—CHAPTER II.

Jarnziri-bar—Inhabitants—Scenery—Engagements—Useful People—Departure—Awagogo—Arrival—Interview—First Attempts at Civilisation—Ventriloquial Failure—Flight—A Friendly Reception.

ONCE more at Jarnziri-bar. Most of the lively inhabitants were out practising at the bar. I made a sketch on the spot. All here is new and fresh to

INHABITANTS OF
SANSE-BAR



NATIVE OPENING A CASE

those who have never seen it before, and everything on the Jarnziri-bar Coast is thoroughly novel to those who have never previously encountered anything of the sort.

But a great change has taken place since I was last here. All the "bars," of which Jarnziri-bar was the principal, have been considerably altered, and one, Dempulbar, has almost entirely disappeared.

The younger female portion of the population, i.e. the Sorcibar-maids, come chiefly from the Swilli Isles.

To the wanderer, jaded with the regularity of civilisation, what a contrast does not the scenery of Central Africa offer! The eye travels upward from the level flats to the hills, and downwards as the verdant elevations decline towards the exotic fragrance of the luxurious meadows. Jack-boot trees loom up with their great yellow gambogeous tops, rare gums give relief to the white tooth-brush-wood, while, stretching away into the blue distance, which seems farther and farther off as it reaches for thousands of miles towards the sea, may be seen the wonderful land of U'umbugu, the green verdant country of the Uucemas, while to the left are the extensive preserves of King JINJA, and on the right the magnificent grazing meadows of the equestrian, but horsetile tribe of Mijeejee.

Here all is peace, and happiness, and quiet, as the idle traveller, willing to yield himself up captive to the beautiful visions expanding before him, sinks down slowly on a spur of land, that makes him start up again sharply, as though he were reminded of his duty by a voice from the Spur-rit Land, saying, "Squat not, but forwards!"

At Jarnziribar I engaged a native detective, who undertook to find STANLEY, if anyone could. His name was M'YIONYU. Also, I secured the services of a Dark night-porter, a Light porter (to carry a lantern when necessary), a sarcastic native servant, who was a little porter and a trifle bitter—a sort of half-and-half caste,—a dumb waiter, two chairmen (who would be useful when any of my people were out of order), and three native committee men (with power to add to their number, which I had taken on hiring them), a supply of telephones, phonographs, microphones, pocket-telescopes, a musical-box slightly damaged, and a trumpet. I managed most fortunately to pick up a most

respectable middle-aged man, who, he informed me, had been a Polytechnic Lecturer, and having once wandered away from his subject, had come out there by accident. He had with him a few bottles of explosive gas, some



magnesium wire, and a few interesting experiments of a fireworky character still in his bag; he could give a first-rate show of the animalculæ contained in a drop of Thames water (always a safe hit), besides a dissolving view of the Home of Milton, Salisbury Cathedral by Moonlight, Mount Vesuvius in a state of eruption, and a comic slide of the Devil and the Baker. Besides this he knew, from having been professionally engaged in that line, most of the usual evening entertainer's tricks, and could do the pancake in the hat, and the ring in the orange; while his ventriloquism,—giving the man in the cellar singing a comic song, the eccentric burglar in the chimney getting fainter and fainter,—was simply perfect. He possessed several packs of cards. At first he did not much relish travelling in company with M'YIONYU, the detective, but when he found the latter totally unable to discover any one of his tricks, his confidence was restored. I made my own reflections on M'YIONYU's conduct on this occasion, and complimented myself, privately, on having engaged two men who would be most useful to me, and so invaluable with regard to each other.

The next morning, we obtained a conveyance from one of the Jarnziribar residents, and drove down to the back coast, whence the *Arkadia* set sail for the Keep-it-dark Continent, amid the thousand good wishes of the people of Sorcibar and Swilli, for our speedy and safe departure.

After quitting Wytchoka village (the missionary settlement), we launched the *Arkadia*, and arrived at Awagogo, where we found it impossible to stay, in consequence of the animosity displayed towards our party by the chief, DONTWANTCHU. The fact is, his faith in us was shaken by our weak-minded Ventriloquist, who, having a cold in his head, and a pain in that part of the human frame where his power of speaking is supposed to be located (ventrilocated), stupidly attempted to supply the defect of nature by a touch of inferior art. When asked to do "the man under the table having his tooth out" (the patient is supposed to have secreted himself under the table, in order to get away from the dentist), he didn't, like a man, refuse, and explain why, but, after considerable delay, he proceeded with the entertainment, which puzzled the savages immensely, and they were all preparing to "shell" out—their currency is in shells, for which other and simpler tribes give gold in exchange—when their chief, DONTWANTCHU, who had



READY TACT.

Poet (fingering a volume of his Poems on the Table). "OH! I SEE YOU HAVE GOT MY POOR RHYMES, MRS. O'FLAHERTY!"

Mrs. O'F. (conscious that the Leaves have never been cut). "A—YES—ER—IT'S A NEW COPY. THE OTHER WAS SO DOG-EARED AND TATTERED THAT WE WERE QUITE ASHAMED OF IT, AND HAD TO PUT IT IN THE FIRE!"

been watching everything with the closest attention, made a sudden dash at the table-cloth, pulled it off with a jerk, and there, underneath, was the obese form of M'YIONYU, the detective, who, I regret to say, had lent his fat, stupid countenance to this idiotic imposture. Had it not been that I, then and there, proclaimed aloud that the money taken at the doors *would be immediately returned*, neither McSMUGGINS, the ventriloquist, nor M'YIONYU, the native detective, would ever have got out of that place alive. As it was, they contrived to escape while I was explaining that, as it was difficult to make up the accounts on the spot, the money *would be returned*, if they would only honour us with their presence next day. Observing that DONTWANTCHU was making signs privately to me, I managed to give him his money back, without being noticed by the others; and he, thereupon, quieted his people, and assured them that we meant well, and would act honestly. They went away grumbling; but seeing DONTWANTCHU in this friendly disposition, I offered to convert him on very easy terms, and to make no extra charge if the process took more than a month—for they were very comfortable quarters, the young women being unusually pretty, with regular features, *chic* noses, that did not turn up at an elegant white gentleman, finely chiselled lips, and graceful forms. I attempted to reason with him on the impropriety of having more than one wife—he had twenty—and pointed out that my followers, and myself, were all bachelors.

The noble Savage was furious. He made one rush at me; when with a dexterity that can only be acquired from long practice and a Pantomime training, I dropped down suddenly, and he fell over me. I then jumped up, took one leap straight through the window, and was caught in the arms of my faithful friends outside. In two minutes more we were on board the *Arkadia* making for

A CASE FOR THE WATER-CURE.

I AM a 'Abitual Drunkard,
And 'ave bin, many a day,
I'll own with shame and sorrow;
Witch don't my looks betray?
I am a drunken character,
The fact I won't conceal;
Likewise a Tipsymaniac,
Which the word is more genteel.
My own affairs unfit to mind,
And dangerous also to my kind.

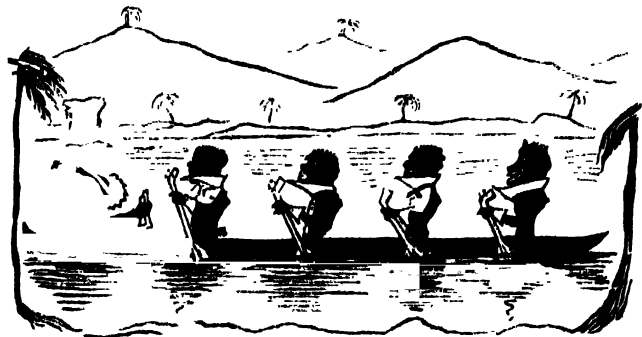
There 's talk about Asylums,
Retreats for sitch as me,
Twelve months kep' in confinement
By his own consent to be;
For intoxicatin' beverages
His cravin' to subdoo,
And turn his mind to Temperance ways,
Witch it ain't my nater to:
To try and wean 'im, in a year,
From hardent sperrits, ale, and beer.

An excellent Institoooshun
For the drunken Workin' Man,
Established on a liberal scale
For to 'ouse a hartisan;
Respectable board and lodgin',
Good breakfast, dinner, and tea;
Not like the gaol and the workus,
Molasses and skillogolee.
If that 's their sort, and I was sure,
I'd try that 'ere Retirement Cure.

But 'ow about the ixpenses
Fit places to perwide?
'Ow is the necessary funds
A goin' to be supplied?
A burden witch the ratepayers
Would praps refuse to stand,
And the 'elpin' 'and of Charity
The means will then demand.
I 'ope all them with 'arts to feel
Will then respond to my appeal.

Kind Christian friends, before you
I appear in the state you see;
A reglar orful example
Through drink you be-old in me.
From public-house to public-house
No longer I wouldn't roam,
Could I find, for an arbour of refuge,
The 'Abitual Drunkard's 'Ome.
Bestow your bounty for the same,
This poor Inebriate to reclaim.

Snooks Cutting (so called after an early explorer who accompanied Messrs. HOOKER AND WALKER in the latter part of the last half-century), where we were hospitably received by MASSAJINJA, the king of the United Blakkorka and Tambourini, who lived in two opposite corners of the promontory, the other chiefs having their country seats in a semi-circle between the two extreme points. Would I find STANLEY here? That was the one absorbing thought. The accompanying illustration is valuable.



SKETCH OF THE ROYAL FOUR-OAR OF KING MASSAJINJA, CHIEF OF THE GREAT BLAKKORKA TRIBE.

(A Photographic Arrangement in Black and White, taken on the spot by Your Own Fellow Traveller.)

THE BATTLE OF THE GUNS.



HERE'S no occasion to be wordy.
My gun's the gun!" said Mr. PURDEY.
"No gun but mine is worth a ton!"
Thus spoke the valliant Mr. BOSS.
"You may in your own arm-chair loll and Shoot with mine!" quoth Mr. HOLLAND.
"Find me a gun like mine! —you can't!"
Thus up and spoke bold Mr. GRANT.
"Just try my gun! Now, that's your style, eh?"
Remarked irreverent Mr. REILLY.
"My gun will make you play Go-bang,
And give you game!" punned Mr. LANG.
"A good gun needs not note of bugle!"
Observed sententious Mr. DOUGALL.

"No gun could neater be, or cleaner, Than mine is!" pleaded Mr. GREENER.
"On my gun's fame no rival can cast a slur!" quoth worthy Mr. LANCASTER.
"No gun can beat our gun, we say!"
Thus proudly, Messrs. MOORE and GREY.
"Oh, not for worlds would I speak coarsely; But some folks fib!" sighed Mr. HORSLEY.
"Prevent your shoulder getting kicks on, And use my gun!" cried Mr. DICKSON.
"All sportsmen have for mine a good word!" Rejoined discreetly Mr. WOODWARD.
"On better barrels never shone sun Than mine!" quoth modest Mr. JOHNSON.
"No other gun has got a leg To stand on!" boasted Mr. EGG.
"The best of guns (to say it I glad am) 's Mine!" said honest Mr. ADAMS.
"My gun is the best gun, confess'dly!"
Adjudget great Mr. RICHARDS (WESTLEY).
(To find a word on which to pitch hard 's For a rhyme with WESTLEY RICHARDS.)

MR. PUNCH AT WIMBLEDON.

Of course Mr. Punch went to Wimbledon. Of course he was pleased with all he saw there. Of course, he always is. Wimbledon is so very like the real thing. The camp is quite the kind of place that would be found on the line of march of an army. Were England ever invaded, the British troops would be satisfied with nothing less than a camp framed on the lines of Wimbledon. Again, of course.

Now, Mr. Punch is a civilian, and can know nothing about military matters. It is his duty to admire, and not to criticise. He knows his duty, and performs it. He will now express his admiration.

Wimbledon is supposed to be a camp of instruction. In it our soldiers are expected to learn how to rough it. And learn how to rough it they do in the most admirable manner! A great many of the tents at Wimbledon this year are planked and carpeted, and filled with luxurious furniture. In front of the canvas will be found flower-beds. The idea of military discipline will be kept up, too, by the bestowal of quaint titles upon these tents—titles redolent of the very best wit of the Stock Exchange. All this is very admirable, and Mr. Punch admires with might and main.

Real soldiers should appear in complete uniform. Of course this rule is strictly obeyed at Wimbledon. Wide-awakes are always worn at a right-angle, and umbrellas are ever carried at the slope. What can be smarter than a costume consisting of a regulation tunic, a straw hat, and fancy Tweed overalls? Nothing! The effort is admirable. So Mr. Punch admires again!

Of course there are no idlers in the Camp! Such a thing would not be tolerated for a second. Every man has his shooting to claim his attention, and has no time for receiving silly women and dawd-

ling men. Afternoon parties, at which female gigglers giggle, and male mooners moon, are simply unknown at Wimbledon. So much the better. Mr. Punch admires once more!

And having said all this, Mr. Punch will visit the most comfortable tent, lounge on the easiest of sofas, and drink the coolest of champagne cups. He will do this while Mrs. Punch listens to the band, and the Misses Punch and the rest of the young Ladies employ their ample leisure in flirting. Sneerers may say that Mr. Punch is sarcastic, and that Wimbledon (like life) is nothing but beer and skittles. *Et après?* At this time of the year what does anything matter? We are going to have Peace, so why should we prepare for War—in earnest? Wimbledon is a very charming pic-nic indeed, and surely that will do—for the present!

A HARD CASE.

CHANNELS of private circulation are often, but not always, the best fitted for the blessed waters of Charity. Punch ventures to doubt whether, in the case of a Public Entertainer, so widely known, and so long and well loved as JOHN PARRY, the appeal for help and sympathy may not, without offence or obtrusiveness, be as public as the popularity which prompts it.

In the course of a frugal and laborious life that most excellent of Artists, and most domestic and retiring of men, had laid up a frugal, but sufficient, provision for his own and his wife's old age. The modest store had been crowned by the fruits of a retiring benefit. Luckily, these had not yet been consigned to the same hands to which the savings of the Artist's life had been regularly entrusted, in perfect, and, as it seemed, well-warranted faith in one who was a lifelong friend, as well as legal adviser. To this fortunate circumstance JOHN PARRY owes it that he is not at this moment left absolutely without resources.

The friend he trusted had been fooling him for years with regular payment of interest on a principal which had long disappeared. At his death, JOHN PARRY found himself stripped of the savings on which he had relied for his old age, by no fault of his own, and with no power of replacing what he had thus cruelly been robbed of.

Were it not for the proceeds of his Benefit last year—£1,200 (invested in Consols)—in addition to the small leasehold house, settled on his married daughter, where he has lived for many years, but which he is now compelled to quit, he and his wife would be penniless.

It is hoped that a Fund will be raised sufficient to secure to them the comforts required by declining years and enfeebled health.

The circumstances of the case are well known to the Rev. Canon BURNBY, St. Mark's Vicarage, Surbiton; WILLIAM FRITH, Esq., R.A., 7, Pembridge Villas, Baywater; GEORGE H. MILFORD, Esq., Hill Side, Surbiton; JOHN B. MONCKTON, Esq., Town Clerk of London, 44, Wimpole Street, W.; HENRY SHREWSBURY, Esq., Mayor of Kingston-on-Thames; LISTON YOUNG, Esq., South Bank, Surbiton; T. P. CHAPPELL, Weir Bank, Teddington; JOHN GALSORTHY, Esq., Coombe Leigh, Kingston Hill; Captain LUKIS, Olive House, Surbiton; and Colonel SURTEES, Chalcott House, Long Ditton; any of whom will be happy to furnish information, and to receive Subscriptions for "The JOHN PARRY Fund."

Punch can only wish God speed to them and their good work.

SARVE 'EM RIGHT!

A CASE is reported where a Third-class excursionist (who having taken a return ticket, on a Bank Holiday, found, on his return, no lights in carriages so overcrowded that the passengers had to stand, and very naturally quarrelled and fought) was bold enough to sue the Company for not providing "reasonable accommodation." Mr. Justice MANISTY, in giving judgment for the Company, remarked that "a third-class excursionist had no business to expect lights or sitting room." Lights, indeed! He ought to be thankful if he gets home with whole bones.

It is to be hoped this judgment will serve as a lesson to those unreasonable third-class excursionists whose notions of "reasonable" accommodation include lamps and seats.

Jingo's Paradise.

"On the Spree
With S. and B.,—
That's the sort
For 'ARRY and me."

OMIWOUR.—Between Progress and Congress:—All the difference between Pro and Con.



ZEAL.

Saxon Tourist. "BEEN AT THE KIRK!" Cell. "AYE."

Saxon T. "HOW FAR IS IT?" Cell. "DAUR MAY IT 'LL BE FOURTEEN MILK."

Saxon T. "FOURTEEN MILES!!!"

Cell. "AYE, AW'M AWFU' FOND O' THE PREACHIN'!"

"TOO STRANGE NOT TO BE TRUE."

In the *Times*, a few days ago, was published "An Alpine Adventure," described in a leader as "strange, and almost incredible." The hero of this remarkable story has declared his intention of publishing his narrative at length in a Magazine. *En attendant*, Mr. Punch is glad to give Mr. T.'s skeleton diary:—

Monday.—Walked up a mountain, to learn German in the open air. Somehow found myself between a precipice on the one hand, and a deep gorge on the other. Stayed where I was, and continued my studies in German.

Tuesday.—Had a good breakfast of the finest mountain air, which I found most refreshing. Wrote a long letter to my wife. Continued my German studies, and drank a little rain-water out of my umbrella.

Wednesday.—Took a light snack of earth with my air. Wrote an account of my adventures for a Magazine. Continued my diary. Studied my *Ollendorff*. Drank some rain-water out of my hat.

Thursday.—Took some of the mountain air left from yesterday's repast. Wrote several business letters, and enjoyed the splendid sunrise and sunset.

Friday.—Mountain air getting flat, I think; or is it my fancy?—*toujours perdrix*. Swigged the rain-water in my hat, and sucked my umbrella. Wrote up my diary, and made very satisfactory progress in my German studies.

Saturday.—Mountain air has lost all flavour. Rain-water with too many flies in it. No more writing-paper. Ink exhausted. Under these circumstances, thought it best to put on my hat, pick up my umbrella, give a little jump—and come home!

Sors Horatiana.

(For Lord B.)

"Inceptis gravibus plerumque et magna professis,
Purpureus late qui splendet unus et alter
Assuitur pannus . . .
Sed nunc non erat his locus: et fortasse cupressum
Scis simulare——"

LET your "High Policy's" pretensions brag
Flaunt the Imperial Purple's Indian rag;
Or if that bit of stuff be run too hard,
You may produce, and play, the Cyprus card.

FIRST-FRUIT.

(Selected.)

Figs will go down a halfpenny a ton.

The Turkish three R's will be taught at British School Board Schools, with an eye to an Asian career for our sharper street-Arabs. The Duke of York's column will be removed to Paphos.

Rahaat Lakoum will replace roast beef at Christmas; and sherbet will take its place as a national beverage by the side of Imperial Pop.

The fez will be considered *de rigueur* at leveés, and the yashmak at drawing-rooms.

The Foreign Office young men will be expected to master the geography of the Levant and the Euphrates Valley.

Excursion trains, doing the whole distance in 374 hours, will run from Charing Cross to the Persian Gulf and back, for a day at the Syrian Sea-side.

Too many Cookes will spoil the Turkish black broth.

Turkish bonds will be worth the paper on which they are written, and trustees will be allowed to invest in Ottoman Bank Shares.

Blackamoors will wash white; Turkish Pashas will change their skins, and Levantine leopards their spots.

Soap-bubbles will blow solid.

The SULTAN will spend the Ramadan at Heme Bay; and the Earl of BEACONSFIELD will take the title of Duke of Mesopotamia.

Gazette Extraordinary.

"You men of Cyprus, let her have your knees."

SHAKESPEARE. (*Othello*, Act ii. sc. 1.)

QUEEN OF CYPRUS: VICTORIA *vice* Venus, who retires, receiving the price of her commission.

TIGHTNESS IN THE MONEY MARKET.—Effect on Members of the Stock Exchange of liquoring up at Luncheon-Bars.

STREET LAMPS AND STREET LIGHTS.

PUNCH is glad to hail the *Pall Mall Gazette* as an ally in advocating his often-urged suggestion, that names of streets and numbers of houses should be painted on street lamps. The *Pall Mall* would have their utility carried further, and make them illuminated street guides for all sorts of purposes. But for the present *Punch* would be satisfied if they would display the names of the streets, and the numbers of the houses—each lamp showing the first and last number of the houses included between it and the next—for the benefit of all who have to hit off streets or houses after nightfall.

Change of Title.

THERE is an annual sacrifice performed at the end of every Parliamentary Session, known as the "Massacre of the Innocents." We would suggest a new name for this solemn ceremony—a name frequently heard during a recent debate in the House of Commons—the "Compulsory Slaughter."

WHAT "LA REPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE" SAYS TO IT.

"To fight for Turkey"? Yes; in *fortines* vip'rous

That is the line I urged upon JOHN BULL.

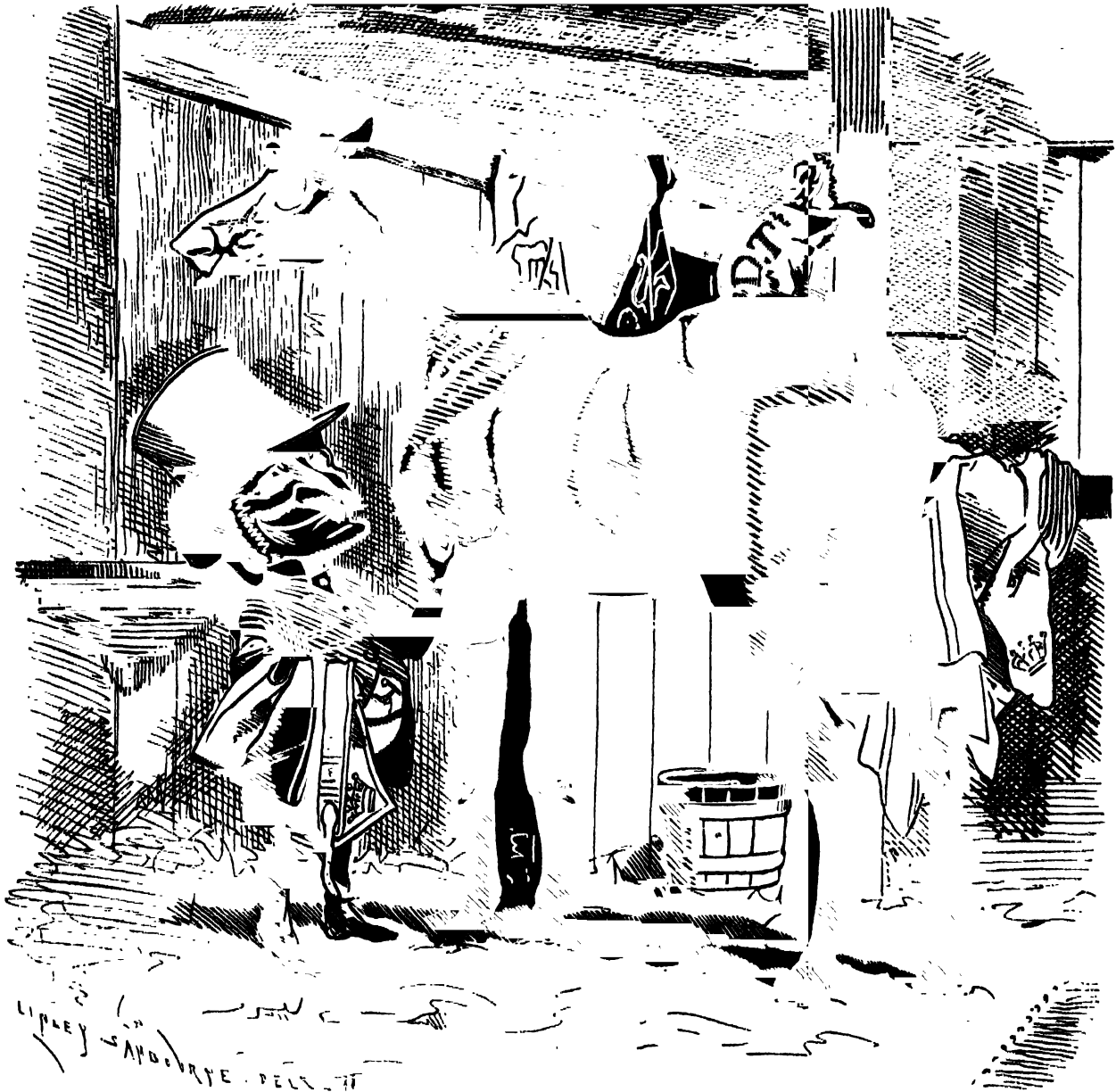
But "keep the peace for Turkey, and hold Cyprus?"

That's not my chestnuts from the fire to pull.

HAMLET OMITTED.

At the last dinner at the Russian Embassy at Berlin, Lord BEACONSFIELD, Prince GORTSCHAKOFF, and Prince BISMARCK were all three conspicuous by their absence. This might fairly be called a dinner *à la Russe*—without the *pièces de resistance*.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



GREAT CONGRESS MEETING, 1878.—BEACONSFIELD, WINNER OF THE CYPRUS CUP.

"Humpty-Dumpty sat on a wall;
Humpty-Dumpty had a great fall;
Dizzy, with Cyprus, and all the Queen's men,
Hopes to set Humpty-Dumpty up again."

So *Punch*, in his Cartoon, embodies the startling news of the week which, on the morning of Monday, July 8, burst on England, like a thunder-bolt from a serene sky, out of the high firmament of the *Daily Telegraph*. Let *Punch* record the day, for it should be memorable.

Tancred's Asian dreams have taken shape and substance. Our great Mystery-Man has linked the living JOHN BULL to the lifeless Ottoman; has bound England in alliance with the SULTAN for the defence of his Asian dominions, taking Cyprus as a *tête du pont* and *place d'armes* whence to command the Levant, and cover the Canal.

It cannot be? Yes. So it is. Let JOHN BULL shake himself up, open his eyes wide, pull himself together, and nerve himself to a sense of his responsibilities.

The trick is done. The *coup* is played. The compact is concluded. The Plenipotentiaries at Berlin have received the tidings—with what feelings remains to be seen. There is the Treaty, thus

transcribed into choice Tancredian in the *Daily Telegraph*, which has been rewarded for its loyalty to its Lord—and ours—by being chosen as the organ to give this startling "*communiqué*" to the world:—

"England has concluded a Defensive Treaty with Turkey for the maintenance of the strict integrity of the SULTAN's Asiatic dominions.

"In view of this fact, the Porte has accorded to Great Britain the right to occupy the island of Cyprus, and this right Her Majesty's Government will immediately carry into effect.

"Asia Minor will henceforth be, to all intents and purposes, under the immediate Protectorate of England, and the British Government will become responsible for the just and efficient administration of a country rich and varied in resources, and vast in extent and geographical importance.

"No further Russian encroachments will be possible in this direction. So far as Asia is concerned, England and Turkey will hereafter practically form one Power."

We have italicised the statement of England's newly assumed responsibility, the gravest fact in this agglomerate of grave facts—the tumbling of which upon him, *per Daily Telegraph*, *Punch* is ready to confess has taken his breath away, knocked him out of time, in



THE IMPORTANCE OF EXTERNALS.

"Yes"—(thought Miss Pinkerton, as she gazed at Laura, sketching)—"I DON'T KNOW HOW OR WHY IT SHOULD BE SO, BUT A PINCE-NEZ IS MORE BECOMING THAN SPECTACLES; AND I WILL GET ONE MYSELF."

fact, so that he feels as if he had scarcely yet come to from the shock.

It was officially communicated by the President of the Council in the Lords, and by the HOME SECRETARY in the Commons, in his Leader's absence—Sir STAFFORD, *Punch* is sorry to learn, having broken his head by sudden contact with a window-frame—not a stone wall. This is the Essence of Parliament for the week—Essence strong enough to make JOHN BULL wink again, if not to take his breath away.

As yet the news has been enough for Parliament. Comment on it we have had none. It wants turning over and over, and looking at all round. *Punch*, like Parliament, is content for the present to ruminate on the responsibility which has been thus startlingly flung upon BRITANNIA'S shoulders. She will hardly repudiate it. She may rejoice in it—wisely, perhaps; perhaps "not wisely, but too well." But she has first to measure it. Query if she can—if all her Collective Wisdom, her *Punch* and her Parliament together, can measure it for her.

Even the Criminal Code, big fact and great achievement as it is—for the Code of STEPHEN may be destined hereafter to affect British destinies more than that of San Stefano—seems a small matter for the moment by the side of the Anglo-Turkish Treaty. *Punch* is glad to learn from the LORD CHANCELLOR that this excellent piece of work is not to be "rushed" through the House in the dog-days, among hurried estimates, expiring innocents, and huddled-up arrears, but that the Code is to be closely sat upon through the four winter months by Minos, Æacus and Rhadamanthus, in the persons of JUSTICES BLACKBURN, LUSH, and SIR JAMES STEPHEN himself, its parent, who will see to the stopping of all holes, polishing of all roughnesses, and removing all blemishes, and so sending back, for the Collective Wisdom to pass, what the selective wisdom of as competent a three as England can supply, has made, meditated, and mended.

Punch takes off his cap and bells to SIR JAMES STEPHEN—Protomender, and not also, strange to say, as yet, Proto-martyr, of our Criminal Law: He may well take off the cap of folly to him who has put the cap of wisdom on old Father Antic, the Law. Codification alone would have been such a cap, but this is Codification with Amendment.

This disposed of, my Lords, with that beautiful adaptation to *maxima* and *minima* which we admire in the trunk of the elephant, passed from the Anglo-Ottoman Treaty and the Criminal Code to the gravel in Rotten Row, and had a pleasant canter over that familiar ground, on which the Duke of Rutland is much exercised.

(Commons).—After the startling news of our Defensive Alliance with the Ottoman, and our impending occupation of Cyprus—Sir GARNET WOLSELEY is to be our *Othello* in the "warlike isle"—the House worked off its excitement on the Cattle Bill, which it discussed again, on going into Committee. Government has surrendered its first bastion; it gives up the hard and fast slaughter of cattle from Spain, Portugal, Norway, Denmark, and Sweden, opening a door of discretion to the Privy Council, but only opening it ajar. The Council may admit the cattle from these countries on being satisfied that disease does not exist in them; and that regulations exist giving a guarantee that it will not be imported. If it does not exist, such regulations—it strikes *Punch*—would be superfluous.

Mr. FORSTER is not satisfied with the concession, nor is *Punch*, though it is better than nothing. But the Bill is a bad Bill—illogical, ineffective for its alleged purpose, and really supported by those who urge it most hotly, on other and lower grounds than they avow.

Tuesday (Lords).—The President of the Council can't or won't say if the Anglo-Ottoman Treaty has been communicated to the other Powers.

(Commons).—Mr. BARING—Mr. BOURKE told Mr. FORSTER—has started for Cyprus, with the SULTAN'S firman making over the island to Great Britain.

Morning spent on the Highways—this is weather for outdoor airings—and Evening with Mr. ERRINGTON, in a thin House, over the Irish Land Act of 1870, which he insists has not worked well. Mr. LOWTHER said he never thought it would. No more did Government. But they weren't going to repair the mistakes of the other side. Besides, inquiry would reopen agitation. Better remedy the evils of Irish tenure than stereotype them by giving fixity of occupation, which Major NOLAN avowed was what the Irish tenants wanted. He says the Irish tenant will never be satisfied till he is "rooted in the soil"—in other words, till the Irish landlord is rooted out.

Mr. BUTT spoke with bated breath in support of inquiry, and commented on the absence of every one of the ex-Ministers who were responsible for the Bill. The motion for inquiry was negatived by 184 to 67.

Wednesday.—The stout and smiling Member for Rochdale—a POTTER handling Conservative clay that declines to be moulded—moved his brief Bill for distribution of land left undistributed by will, as personality is distributed, with due regard to the rights of widow and children.

This is so obviously sound sense and justice, that it may be safely set down as one of the changes for the better that *must* come. It is needless to say that, *en attendant*, the Conservative back of the House is set up against it. Mr. GREGORY opposes the Bill as a lawyer. Alter a rule whose roots lie deep in the feudal system! It is too great a shock to the legal mind. *En revanche*, Mr. LEEHAN, lawyer too, but advanced Reformer, is prepared to swallow the change; even advocates it. Mr. WHEELHOUSE uttered, with almost comical naïveté, his holy horror of "touching rights in real estate which were almost, if not wholly, inalienable."

Mr. SHAW-LEFEBVRE, Mr. FAWCETT, and Sir W. HARCOURT, dealt hard blows for the Bill, lawyers as they all three are, and two of them professors to boot, speaking boldly out and up for common sense and justice.

The Division, 193 to 157, foreshadowed the future triumph of the Bill. Let the Honourable Member for Rochdale keep pegging away, or rather pottering on!

Thursday (Lords).—Lord STANLEY of ALDERLEY spoke at length from his brief in the case of the succession to the Jaghire of Bungalow-Pally—evidently a proceeding in error. The motion should have been made before the Privy Council.

Lord SHAFTESBURY wants to know if the Government, on occupying Cyprus, means to suppress Slavery there.

The Duke of RICHMOND not knowing could not say. Till Sir GARNET WOLSELEY has reported on the island, Government prefers to leave others where it is itself, in the dark.

"Is there a harbour in the island?" asks Lord GRANVILLE. That, at least, Government might be expected to know.

"No harbour," the Duke believed, "but several nice open roadsteads," rather exposed, perhaps, but roomy, decidedly roomy.

(*Commons.*)—The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, whom the House cheered heartily on his reappearance with no trace of his broken head, was bombarded with questions about Cyprus, which he was no more able to answer than the President of the Council.

But Colonel STANLEY *does* know that the occupying force will be 10,000 men, 7000 Indian, and the balance English regiments.

And JOHN BULL—*Punch* may safely add—will soon know the way the money goes, in paying for them and other "incidentals."

Mr. EGBERTON told Sir A. GORDON that a Map of Cyprus has been hung in the news-room, so Parliament will soon know as much about the island as the Government. There is a shilling pamphlet out already, *Punch* is happy to see. Meanwhile he is deep himself in the biography of KATHERINE CORNARO, selected by JACQUES LUSIGNAN, the King of Cyprus, in 1488, from all the assembled beauties of the *Book of Gold*, for his Queen, adopted and dowered by the Senate, painted by Titian, and afterwards, in her widowhood, owned by the Sea-Republic. Into whose embroidered shoes, of purple samite and gold, VICTORIA now steps, after almost four hundred years.

Lord SALISBURY is sending over a picture of the South-East as well-limbed by the Congress; two large copies to hang in the Library, and small ones to be distributed among Members.

Mr. BOURKE and Mr. FORSTER exchanged ideas about Slavery—which Government will do its best to discourage in the East, the Porte having already expressed its willingness to enter into a Convention to stop the trade in slaves.

What undertaking won't it enter into?

Promising is so easy, and performance so hard to enforce.

Government—sign of the approaching end of the Session—means to take all the Wednesdays, and all the Tuesdays after next.

Even with that impending, the slaughter of the Innocents will be a bloody one.

Lastly came the regular wrangle over the Irish Sunday Closing Bill, brought to a close at the scandalously early hour of ten minutes after three, when Mr. ONSLOW's Amendment for reading the Bill that day six months was disposed of by 166 to 55.

This promises to be the one Irish Bill of the Session, and it's a bad 'un. The exclusion of the great Irish towns from the measure of itself reduces it to an absurdity.

Friday (Lords).—Lord TAUNTON opened fire on the Vivisection Commission and its conclusions. His Lordship runs Wilde on the subject, and makes himself the mouthpiece of a prejudice as passionate as his own.

The old, old question of the big and little Endians, Muzzle v. Breach-loader, was up again. Muzzle still holds its own at the War-Office.

Meanwhile we keep our shooting eye open, and let no experiment escape us.

Lord COTESLOE wants to know whether the Board of Trade can or will make the Railway Companies reform the passenger-traps which they call platforms.

Lord HENNETER said the Board of Trade had taken steps. Unfortunately, though the Board take steps, the Companies won't make them.

(*Commons.*)—Mr. SOLATER-BROTH says the Rivers Pollution Act is in active operation. Mr. LOWTHIAN gives the same assurance as to the Artizans' Dwellings Act in Ireland; in fact, PADDY is getting more good of the Act than either JOHN BULL or SAWNEY SCOTT.

Highways Bill cheered through Committee. One bit of practical work scored to the credit of the Session.

In Committee on Admiralty and War-Office Clerks Bill, Mr. PARNELL made himself the organ of the Supplementary Clerks, who are like to be hardly dealt with under it. *Punch* is glad they have found a friend, though he regrets it is not one more likely to be listened to.

Colonel STANLEY and Mr. SMITH pleaded the usual plea—good of the public service the rule, hardship to individuals the exception. Blessed are the martyrs who are offered up to the public interest! Of course it is the men without friends that go to the wall. Their state is the more gracious, if they would only see it. But War-Office and Admiralty Clerks, we fear, are a selfish lot. They don't like to be sacrificed to the public interests.

Mr. MITCHELL-HENRY, after an attempt at a count, reopened the case of MCCARTHY, the Fenian convict, who, having heart disease, died twelve days after his release, under the excitement caused by a public reception from the Dublin crowd.

The jury found his death had been hastened by his treatment in prison. Sir JAMES INGHAM, one of the most experienced and respected of the Metropolitan Police Magistrates, was directed to make an inquiry, as the result of which he exculpated the prison authorities from all blame. We would rather trust the impartiality of a calm and judicially-minded inquirer than the sympathy of passionate partisans, and so cannot regret that Mr. HENRY's motion was negatived by 101 to 35.

As we began our work by bowing in a Convention, let us end it by bowing out a Congress. The Treaty of San Stefano was signed on Saturday July 13, at 3 in the afternoon. It leaves everybody dissatisfied, and sows as many seeds of war as it includes Articles.

PHRASES FOR TRAVELLERS.

(To be Translated into Spanish.)



WILL you please give me a railway ticket to Madrid. Can I have a rifle-proof coupé?

At what part of the country does the train usually stop for interviewing the brigands?

Are chain-armour railway rugs to be obtained at the newspaper stalls?

As I do not wish to be disturbed during the night, here, guard, are the keys of my boxes.

Will you kindly inform the Brigand Chief that I am travelling for health, and that my doctor has enjoined absence of excitement.

Will you inform him that if he has to shoot any one, I shall be greatly obliged to him if he will use an air-gun.

Really, Señor Brigand, I think after the messages I have sent to you by the guard, you might have left me alone.

What! you killed the guard before he had time to deliver

my messages! Surely that was impolitic.

As you have taken my watch, my purse, all my boxes, my great coat, my umbrella, and my hat, I think you might let me retain my boots.

If you shoot me, I will write to the Times.

If you ill-treat me any further, I really shall be obliged to call for the police.

Surely, as you will not be able to use it, you might give me back my railway-ticket.

What! you do not allow trains to go faster than this! Then how am I to get to Madrid?

I am afraid it will be too long to walk. How far is it?
 Four hundred miles! Which is my way?
 First turning to the left and second to the right. It will take me
 some time getting to Madrid, and as you say you are going to stop
 another train, perhaps I had better bid you "good-night."

A SCANDAL TO SCOTLAND.

HECK, Sirs, Ministers and faithful members of the Kirk—and a' the Kirks—whom scoffers call the unco' righteous—what say ye to Sir Courts Lindsay offering to open the Grosvenor Gallery *gratis* on Sundays? To think that the first step to the desecration of the Sawbath, by admitting the Public to exhibitions of works of Art, should have been taken by a Scotchman! In the meanwhile the Secretary of the Working Men's Lord's Day Rest Association, Mr. CHARLES HILL, has testified against the snare for souls about to be set by opening a door to let poor people in to see pictures on the Sawbath Day. He requests Sir Courts Lindsay to have his Gallery opened free on the Saturday afternoon instead of on the Sunday. As this would involve a sacrifice of shillings to Sawbatharianism, it is an invitation in which you, perhaps, would know better than to join. Moreover, it might be objected to by the Jews, if the more zealous Jews had only the modest assurance of the Sawbatharians of the Lord's Day Rest Association. But you will warmly concur in what follows from the pen of those Sawbatharians' not at all over-officious officer:—

"The Saturday half-holiday has been given to millions for the express purpose of affording time for recreation without trespassing on the day of holy rest. The opening of the Gallery on Sunday is calculated to injure the religious character of the day and to impair it as a day of national rest from labour, and to teach the people that the Sunday is a day for mere sightseeing and amusement instead of a day for rest and religious exercises."

As Scotchmen you can appreciate the logic of declaring that to open a picture gallery during a part of the Sawbath is calculated to teach the people that the Sunday is a day for mere sightseeing and amusement, instead of a day for rest and religious exercises. You can see how certain it is that people cannot possibly go to church, and afterwards visit a picture gallery as well. With you, no doubt, Mr. HILL and his employers are prepared to give an affirmative answer to the question if it is sinful of a nobleman or a gentleman to allow visitors to inspect his private collection of paintings on the Sawbath?

Here is further argumentation after your own hearts:—

"The Sunday opening of the Gallery must involve a certain amount of additional labour on the part of attendants, and increase the work of public-house and refreshment-house keepers, who will be required to supply persons who come from a distance, with liquors."

Is not sitting, or standing, or walking about, sinfully laborious? Are there not six days during which people may practise the vocation of feeding the hungry, and supplying the thirsty with drink, without profaning the seventh? And is not the seventh the first? and does not Mr. HILL speak as a HILLEL when he says that—

"It will also be a direct violation of the religious sentiments of the country, and of that command, read from ten thousand pulpits every Sunday, 'Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy.'"

For are not the Sunday and the Sawbath Day convertible terms? and was not Man made for the Sawbath, and not the Sawbath for Man—according to your Evangel? And will not the opening of the Grosvenor Gallery on Sunday be, relatively to that dogma, what our friends of auld lang syne call the thin end of the wedge?

A Saving in Show.

ONE of the subjects announced for discussion at the forthcoming Social Science Congress is, "How can Street Architecture be best improved with a view to Economy?" Chiefly, one would think, by reducing the extravagant ornamentation of shops to the modest requirements of good taste. Tradesmen occupying premises so adorned would not find it necessary to recoup themselves for rent out of their customers' pockets.

In Paphian Bowers.

DREF little game! To win us fruit of Wars,
 And yet from warlike complications screen us!
 They said he'd hurl us in the teeth of Mars—
 And, lo! he lands us in the arms of Venus!

APPROPRIATE.

MR. BARING, we read, has been sent to hoist the British Flag at Cyprus. It should have been Mr. BULLING.

WHY WE HAVE GOT IT.

(Unauthenticated Version.)



AS there appears to be still some doubt as to the origin of the now famous Anglo-Turkish Convention, and its concomitant territorial concession, it is with much satisfaction that Mr. Punch finds himself in a position to throw full light upon the subject. The following significant State Papers have reached him from a source as to which he asks no questions, and therefore publishes them on the mutual principle, from a sense of what he owes the public as an organ of publicity, and *vice versa*.

I.
 From H.R.H. D—e of C—dgc, Horse Guards, London, to the E—l of B—d, Berlin.

Your telegram to hand. Sorry you don't know what to do with them. They march capitably; but I can't go and inspect them again. It would look ridiculous. Besides, we had it dreadful in the Mediterranean. Fact. The thing can't be done. Bring them over to Hyde Park, if you like, and I'll look at them there—or, why not send them to Jamaica? Come, there's something in that, eh?

II.
 From Sir S—d N—e, Whitehall, to the Marquis of S—y, Berlin.

We called a Council over it once, and are quite unanimous. He must not try a triumphal entry on an elephant, followed by all the Indian troops. The public won't stand it. We're in for fifteen millions as it is. Glad there is no fighting. Send them back to Bombay quietly as they came. I'll tell the House. It will be rather fun, and give us something to do.

III.
 From the Mayor of Margate, Kent, to the Earl of B—d, The Kaiserhof.

GREATLY honoured by your distinguished suggestion, but, even utilising all the bathing-machines, fear we could not manage it instantly. Will submit your "Dockyard, Arsenal, and Central Imperial Citadel Scheme" with permanent garrison of twenty thousand native troops in the "Fort," to the Town Council. Meanwhile, why not try Westgate-on-Sea? or even the Goodwins? Shall I write?

IV.
 From Messrs. Moore and Burgess, St. James's Hall, to the British Plenipotentiaries, The Congress.

THANKS for idea of series of Monster Concerts, but don't see our way to getting them all on to the platform. Then, who's to pay for the evening clothes? We'll think it over.

V.
 From the Manager, Royal Aquarium, Westminster, to Her Majesty's Plenipotentiaries, Berlin.

THE Manager of the Royal Aquarium, Westminster, presents his compliments to Her Majesty's Plenipotentiaries, and while thanking them for their kind offer, begs to inform them, that all his arrangements being made, he will find it quite impossible to run the "Indian troops" for a short season after Beluga, or even to introduce them, as suggested, with Mr. FARINI's performance of Mile. ZAZEL.

VI.
 From Sir A. H. I—d, Constantinople, to Lord S—y, Berlin.

ALL right. If you can't place them at the Canterbury, thing is settled here. England takes protectorate with defensive and offensive alliance. Draft of Treaty by post. You can send them all off to Cyprus as soon as you like.

DOMESTIC DARWINISM.

NATURAL SELECTION:—Marrying for Love.
 Struggle for Existence:—Marrying without Money.



NO SINECURE.

Proud Mother (to the new Governess). "AND HERE IS A PENCIL, MISS GREEN, AND A NOTE-BOOK IN WHICH I WISH YOU TO WRITE DOWN ALL THE CLEVER OR REMARKABLE THINGS THE DEAR CHILDREN MAY SAY DURING YOUR WALK."

MIXED EMOTIONS.

(By One who wasn't put up to it.)

HOORAY! It's a *coup*, and a glorious lark;
It baffles the Bear, and our traitors it dishes.
(But why need he keep us so much in the dark,
When he knew we adored him as Albion's ark,
And lord of the loaves and the fishes?)

Suporb! And the very identical thing—
As *we* always declared—that was urgently wanted.
We're proud and delighted his triumph to sing.
(But we might have been spared the superfluous sting
Of the mem'ry of charges recanted.)

Ha! ha! How the Gladstonites grudge him his fame!
He has "played" them so calmly, and "stumped" them so
sweetly.
It's lovely to see them! (But still, all the same,
There was no sort of reason for hiding his game
From us—his sworn friends—so completely.)

We knew, and declared, he'd a scheme in his head
For righting JOHN BULL and the Muscovite humbling.
If our readers refer— (Well, no matter; least said
Soonest mended. They'd find much expression of dread,
And extremely inopportune grumbling!)

His triumph is ours, for we backed him all through.
(Let enemies say he has sold us and shaved us;
From praise based on what 'tis his game *not* to do,
And blame built on stories that turned out untrue,
The straight tip in time might have saved us.)

A BAD EXCHANGE.

THE best fruit America ever sent Ireland—the Potato. The worst
Ireland ever sent America—the Orange.

PLAY!

PARDON the inquiry, gentle reader, but have you such a thing as
a spare thousand-pound Bank-note about you? If so, you cannot
well do better than invest it in the purchase of a bit of freehold land,
which is offered for a playground near St. Peter's, London Docks.
The poor children there live far from any Park where they might
play, and have no better recreation than the making of mud-pies, or
the projection of small missiles at strangers who approach them.
These little bratlings are brought up in the midst of bricks and
mortar, and know no more of playing cricket than of playing the
piano. A childhood without play is not a pleasant thing to think
of; and a thousand pounds in this case would suffice to stop the
thought of it.

While thinking of the matter, the happy thought occurs to me,
that the children round St. Paul's might help those round St. Peter's.
It would be a pretty gift if the children of the West were to give
this precious playground to the children of the East. Were little
CHARLES and CLARA to consent to go without new playthings for a
month or two, and to be put upon short commons as to sugar-plums
and strawberries, and were other little CHARLESSES and small CLARAS
to do likewise, a sufficiency of sixpences and shillings and half-
crowns to buy the playground for St. Peter's might, by judicious
combination, very readily be raised.

Weaving his Crown.

TWINE Cypress with his Strawberry leaves? Not now:
'Tis for funereal, not festal days.
Look, for fit garland to entwine his brow,
Not to Greek Laurels, but to Turkish Beys.

A REVIVAL.

Of the Precious Stones that used to be found in Cyprus nothing
has been seen or heard for generations. Thanks to English occupa-
tion, there must be at least one GARNET there, by this time.



“HUMPTY-DUMPTY”!

“HUMPTY-DUMPTY SAT ON A WALL;
HUMPTY-DUMPTY HAD A GREAT FALL:
DIZZY, WITH CYPRUS, AND ALL THE QUEEN'S MEN,
HOPES TO SET HUMPTY-DUMPTY UP AGAIN.”

ACROSS THE KEEP-IT-DARK CONTINENT;

OR, HOW I FOUND STANLEY.

(By the Author of "Coompassie," and "Notamagollar," "My! Phillaloo!" &c.)

PART I.—CHAPTER III.

Interviewing—A Scratch—Ippsum—The Mijeejes—Emperor Jokki—Reception—Jokki's Court—Tact—Address—News of Stanley—On the Track—Signs—Probability—Can it be?—Was it?—The Hour and the Man—Blooming Brothers—Proposal—More Wile—Ditto-ship and Brotherhood—Grand Ceremony of Initiation—Instillation—The Plot Thickens.

THESE friendly people gave our party a free admission to the chief Hall, and entertained us for two hours one evening with songs, riddles, and dances.

To my question, "Have you seen Mr. STANLEY?" MAHAJINJA replied, in a song, to the effect that "He had not seen him lately." Soon after this the tribes broke up and dispersed, as they were going on tour in various parties to visit certain friendly Races. They were taking a black horse with them as leader in the caravan.

By M'YIONYU's advice, I exchanged one barrel of tunes (out of the floating musical box) for this black horse, which M'YIONYU had discovered to be a magnificent white Arab, of the fleetest description, painted black as a coal. M'YIONYU, who is of a sporting turn, and knows a little of most things in general, but nothing much in particular, found out this horse's true colour by quietly scratching him the night before the start for the Dark Races. I christened him *Old Scratch*, or *The Dark Horse*.

On the second of the next month we arrived at Ippsum, the chief village of the Great Equestrian Mijeeje Tribe. It was the eve of one of their Grand Annual Contests, and seeing that they were inclined to regard the new arrivals with anything



ARRIVAL OF THE GREAT EMPEROR JOKKI.

but a friendly eye—their eyes being peculiarly piercing, and able to take everybody in at a glance—I considered that my best course would be to send, in my card, at once, by M'YIONYU, the Detective, to the Emperor JOKKI.

M'YIONYU objected to this at first, as he had already become very fat, and he was afraid that the Mijeejes were cannibals.

He was perfectly right; they were cannibals. This tribe, or rather these tribes, classed under one head, the Mijeejes, live entirely on strangers.

Still, on its being pointed out to M'YIONYU that, if they attacked us, we, being all light weights and in good training, should be able to save ourselves, while he would most certainly fall into their hands, he undertook the mission, on condition that should I be enabled to enter the Dark Horse for the Mijeeje contest, he should stand in. To this I acceded, and preceded by our little Devil—I mean the Printer's boy, from Fleet Street—playing a drum, and another of our party, the oldest, thinnest, and ugliest, carrying a flag of truce, he soon found himself in the presence of the Great JOKKI, who received him amicably, and expressed a wish to see the distinguished "White Colonel," (myself,) of whom he had heard so much.

Taking advantage of this condescension, I at once donned my best pink, breeches, tops, and made my valet trim my hair into a neat hunting-crop. So attired, I went with a sweet smile, but an anxious heart beating beneath my bird's-eye scarf and horsehoe pin, to the Palace of TATA SALZA, where there was a great assemblage of Chiefs standing in a circle, which was jealously guarded by a force of Awunpelas—picked men in helmets, carrying short, formidable staves. All the Chiefs, about the Emperor, had *Bet-tin* rings through their noses, as ornaments, and carried heavy weapons called Jokki-Klubs, made on purpose to enforce the laws of the Mijeeje dominions.

The great JOKKI himself is of short stature, with a cruel, cunning expression in his eyes, and a quiet, calm smile, that is at one time inexpressibly sardonic, and at another

perfectly heavenly. He wore a small cap with a peak, to shade his eyes, and the upper part of his body was striped all over with orange and black. His nether man was clothed in a tight-fitting skin reaching below the knees, while another kind of skin, differently dressed and coloured, formed the covering for his feet. Sticking out from behind each heel, he wore a fierce-looking weapon, with which, I fancy, he was wont to inflict cruel injuries on an enemy luckless enough to be placed at his mercy. All the officers of the Court, including the Chief Trayna (his Prime Minister), carried small books formed of thin white leaves, on which, from time to time, they made strange hieroglyphic figures, the meaning of which I was, for some time, at a loss to decipher. I subsequently discovered that those who could decipher them were also often at a loss. These Ministers were, I was informed, called the Big B'UMKAKAS.

The proceedings at this important interview commenced with polite salutations and the usual courteous inquiries.

The Emperor JOKKI began:

"Haryu, Kunnel?" (How are you, Colonel?)

To which, with that candour and affability which the savage tribes know so well how to appreciate in a white visitor, I replied,

"Field-Marshal the Great White Colonel" (by this I meant myself—one is obliged to pile it up a bit with these people) "Field-Marshal the Great White Colonel presents his compliments to his Illustrious and Blooming Brother, the Emperor JOKKI—"

"Eereer! Eereer!" (Listen! Listen!) from the Emperor, much flattered.

"And begs to state that he, F.M. the Great White Colonel, is at the present moment in the felicitous enjoyment of the most perfect salubrity, which he hopes is the case, as it leaves him at present, with the Illustrious JOKKI and all the other Blooming Brethren, whose acquaintance F.M. the Great &c. has now, for the first time, the extreme satisfaction of making."

"Eereer! Eereer!" (Listen! Listen!) from everybody.

To my first invariable question (for I never for one moment allowed the great object of my visit to escape my memory), "Have you seen STANLEY?" the Emperor JOKKI closed one eye, and laid the forefinger of his right hand against the side of his nose, as a token that he placed in me, whom he was addressing, the most implicit confidence, and to give me to understand that he expected an equal trust in himself from me. Fully comprehending the import of this kind of savage freemasonry, I had no hesitation in replying to his signs by a most close and faithful imitation of his action, as I repeated my question in another form.

"Then you have seen STANLEY, haven't you?"

"The Illustrious JOKKI" (he was speaking of himself) "will tell the truth to the Great White Colonel."

"Hear! hear!" from me.

He bowed, not without some grace, and continued: "The Illustrious JOKKI did see STANLEY at the Mijeeje's last Great Darbidai, where the Illustrious JOKKI saw STANLEY for six dollars and a half." Here the Illustrious JOKKI grinned with satisfaction, and all the chiefs applauded heartily.

In a moment the fate of the confiding STANLEY at the hands of this crafty monarch flashed across me. I knew, as well as though I had had the whole scene before my eyes, that the Illustrious (but wily) JOKKI had induced the equally illustrious, but too generous, traveller, to venture his dollars on some contest of horses got up by the Mijeejes (with whose habits and customs he was unacquainted), and had been "put on" what they had told him was "a good thing." The excited (but always wily) Emperor JOKKI had shouted to him, "Are you on, STANLEY, on?" And the trusting, gentle, mild Afro-American explorer, had replied, "Yes, Sir—I am on," and had been,



A MISUNDERSTANDING.

Old Gent. (evidently from the Shires). "Hi! Hoy! STOP!" Conductor. "'OLD 'ARD, BILL!" (To Old Gent.). "WHERE ARE YER FOR, SIR?"
Old Gent. (panting in pursuit). "HERE!—LET'S HAVE A—BOX O' THEM—SAFETY MATCHES!" [Objections!]

to use the ancient *Bak* language of the tribe, "*Dah Ylufwa*," which, though almost impossible to translate, means, to say the least, "cruelly deceived."

But now the hour had come, and the Man. "Be it mine," I cried (to myself) "to avenge the loss of STANLEY (or STANLEY'S loss)!"

But I only inclined myself politely in the presence of the great (but invariably wily) Emperor, who had my life, and those of my followers, in his hands; and I determined to proceed in my object with due diplomatic caution.

Presently, JOKKI observed, with all his characteristic astuteness, "The Great White Colonel has called JOKKI and his B'UKMAKAS his 'Blooming Brethren.' But the Great White Colonel has not yet been initiated, by the Illustrious JOKKI, into the mysteries of the craft of the Blooming Brotherhood. How is this?"

I explained that, as no offence was meant, I hoped none would be taken. Further, that I had heard how, if any stranger became a Blooming Brother, by the exercise of one of their Vaccinational customs, no such Brother would ever deceive another such brother. Was this so? I inquired; adding, "Field-Marshal the Great White Colonel is a Christian, and never tells a lie when he is at home, and has only asked for information, and not out of any obtrusive curiosity."

"Would the Great White Colonel like to become JOKKI's Blooming Brother, and be raised to the degree of DOUBLE DITTO among the Great B'UKMAKAS?"

"Muchly!" I replied, immediately. For I know that to be made a B.B. and a D.D. was the highest mark of JOKKI's favour. And then, remembering that caution was the very essence of safety, I added, "If not too expensive."

JOKKI appeared pleased with my fearless candour, and informed me that the mode of becoming a BLOOMING BROTHER and a DOUBLE DITTO was by the curious and ancient ceremony of "cutting an acquaintance"—(here they all produced long knives, and shouted, while M'YIONTU turned as pale as a turnip, and quivered like a jelly in July), "for the purpose of obtaining a good, sound, pure red ink, with which to sign the contract; in fact," continued JOKKI, feeling the edge of his *snikkar*, "by using the first sort of ink that

comes reddiest to hand." The fees for this, he went on to explain, were a mere trifle—nothing to speak of.

Remembering that, at any cost, my object was to avenge STANLEY'S loss, I consented to this arrangement—which would make me a master of their craft—and asked the terms.

JOKKI eyed me narrowly.

"Would six shollings"—(the highest currency is in shells, and the lowest in pins)—"would six shollings and eight pins break the Great White Colonel?"

Really, I was delighted; for the amount is only a little over two-thirds of half-a-sovereign. But, knowing that any outward display of satisfaction would be a dangerous precedent for the future, I pretended to be utterly staggered by the amount. I wept, wailed, wrung my hands hopelessly, and bewailed the hard terms that, if complied with, would consign my family to the Workhouse, and myself, the Great White Colonel, to the Bankruptcy Court.

JOKKI was puzzled. So were the B'UKMAKAS.

"Five shollings?" suggested JOKKI, still playing with his *snikkar*, and interrogating the B'UKMAKAS with an all-round cunning look.

"Impossible, alas!" I exclaimed. "Field-Marshal the Great White Colonel is a Christian, and never tells a lie when he's at home—"

"We wish to make him quite at home here," interrupted the Emperor JOKKI, insinuatingly.

"But he cannot pay five shollings to be a BLOOMING BROTHER, and a DOUBLE DITTO. No! He is Master of his own Craft"—I meant the *Arkadia*, but he didn't understand this, "and he would rather go in for Brotherhood, without any fees at all, and take the ink for the contract"—(here I pulled out my hundred-blade knife, with saw, corkscrew, and gun-pick in it)—"from the veins of the Illustrious JOKKI, just to see how he likes it."

And I advanced, with a determined step, towards the Menarch's seat.

This gave matters a decided turn. JOKKI, at the sight of my knife, which opened with a startling click, jumped up, and extended his hand.

"Stay!" cried the Emperor. "The Illustrious JOKKI will make



NOTHING LIKE THE TRUTH.

Friendly Critic. "If I didn't love you, JACK—If I had not known you all my life—NAY, if you weren't my oldest, best, and dearest friend—I should hold my tongue! But, being what we are to each other, I feel bound in common honesty to tell you that you paint worse every year! And that from the day you sent your first picture to the Academy, forty years ago (and a precious bad picture it was, as I told you at the time), you have been steadily going down-hill!"

the Great White Colonel a Blooming Brother and a DOUBLE DITTO of the First Class *free of charge*! Only," he went on, in consequence, I apprehend, of most undisguised murmurs from the Big B'UKMAKAS, "a trifling fee must be paid merely for the stamp—"

"*Eereer! Eereer!*" (Listen! Listen!) from the B'UKMAKAS.

"And if the payment is not down on the nail," added JOKKI, emphatically, "there *must* be an Execution."

An execution! Was my mission to end here? Never! "If an execution there must be," I said to myself, "it will not take place *chez moi*, but—" And here an idea—an absolute inspiration—occurred to me.

"Would," I asked, "the ready money, and the *reddy* signature, if given by an agent, be taken as equal to mine?"

"*Quimbo facitumbo perumu alimbo facitumbumbo perumu seimbo*," replied the learned Emperor, quoting an extract from the laws of his own country in the old legal phraseology. Its meaning is that the act of an accredited agent is the same as that of his employer.

The document was spread out before us. The Emperor JOKKI was provided with a formidable steel-pen, not unlike a lancet.

"Where is my *Topkni*?" he inquired, with a frown, but with a side-wink at me, full of humour, unseen by the others.

Five of the biggest B'UKMAKAS dragged forward a poor half-starved wretched-looking creature, who knelt before the Emperor. I now began to understand the application of the legal maxim quoted so well and so recently by the Emperor. The well-to-do Chiefs—that is, B'UKMAKAS, &c.—paid a yearly tax to JOKKI, which exempted them from ever having to serve as *Topknis* for any of the

THE MERMAID.

(By a disgusted Tar with a vague recollection of TENNYSON.)

I.
Who would be
A Mermaid dank,
Bobbing about
In a sort of tank,
For the crowd to see
At a shilling a head,
In doubt if it be
Alive or dead?

II.
I would not be a Mermaid dank,
Flopping about in a Westminster tank,
Like a shabby sham at a country fair,
And by far the ugliest monster there;
Exposed to the Cockneys' vulgar chaff,
And the learned gush of the *Daily T.*,
To be called a porpoise or ocean-calf,
Or a seven-foot slug from the deep blue sea.
Me a Manatee? Dickens a bit!
The Mermaid of fiction was something fine,
A fish-tailed Siren given to sit
On a handy rock, 'midst the breezy brine,
Each golden curl with a comb of pearl
Arranging in many a taking twirl,
Like a free-and-easy nautical girl.
Taking a bath in a primitive style
Without any bother of dress or machine,
And likely the wandering tar to beguile,
If that Mariner chanced to be anyways green.
But your Modern Mermaid! good gracious me!
Who'd be inviggled away from his tracks
Or driven to bung up his ears with wax
By the wiles and smiles of a Manatee?
A sort of shapeless squab sea-lubber,
A blundering bulk of leather and blubber,
Like an over-grown bottle of India-rubber;
The clumsiest, wobblingest, queerest of creatures,
With nothing but small gimlet-holes for features.
This a Mermaid? Oh don't tell me!
It's simply some sly scientifical spree.
And I mean to say it's a thundering shamo
To bestow the Siren's respectable name,
Which savours of all that is rare and romantic,
On such a preposterous monster as this is,
Whose hideous phiz and ridiculous *antra*,
Would simply have frightened the mates of Ulysses.
Fancy the horror of blubberous kisses
From a mouth that's like a tarpaulin flap!
That Merman must be a most amorous chap
Who would sue her and woo her under the sea,
As TENNYSON sings—a nice treat it would be
Were a Mermaid merely a Manatee!

Imperial Blooming Brotherhood contracts. Those who could not pay were compelled to serve in this capacity.

JOKKI now stuck the point of his steel-pen, sharply and dexterously, into the more fleshy portion of the *Topkni*'s arm, and proceeded at one dash to sign the paper, which he then handed over to me.

"Will the Illustrious JOKKI oblige the Great White Colonel with the steel-pen?" I asked.

Certainly he would. It was in my hand: I looked round for the person who was to act as my agent, with the scrutinising glance of a vaccinating Doctor selecting a healthy child, and my eye fell on the fat and comfortable form of M'YIONYU the Detective, who, having found that the day's proceedings were certain to have an amicable termination, had gone fast asleep where he stood.

A prod from the steel-pen woke him into consciousness with a howl, which subsided into a low quavering moan as I whispered in his stupid ear,

"They come like a boon and a blessing to men,
The Pricket, the Howl, and the Quav'ry Pen,"

and then, without further ceremony, placed my initials under the Emperor JOKKI's mark.

I pointed out to M'YIONYU that I should have to sign again for my degree of DOUBLE DITTO if he did not "shell" out for the stamp, to which he immediately consented. M'YIONYU paid the money, the knives were sheathed, the ceremony of initiation was complete, I was then raised a step, and the Lodge was opened in the DOUBLE DITTO Degree, with JOKKI as Worshipful Master in the East, and myself as Senior Warden with the chisel in my hand as emblem of

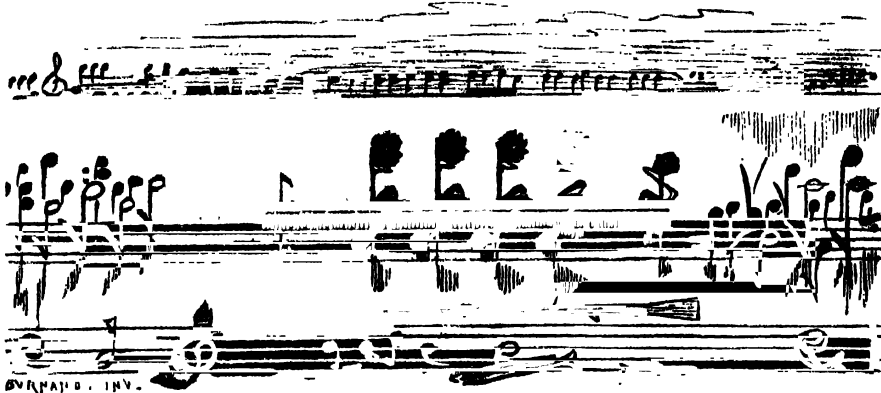
Blooming Brotherhood. We were now friends! The first step had been gained. The B'UMKAKAS were in high spirits. M'YONRYU was sulky as a bear.

JOKKI took the initiative:

"The Mijeejes would like their Blooming Brother the Great White Colonel, to join in their sports and little games."

I bowed. The hour was slowly approaching when I should see the way to avengo STANLEY'S loss.

THE SADDLE VAYER A NOTED LAKE DISCOVERED BY
YOUR OWN COMMISSIONER.



THE FISH REPRESENTED BELOW ARE A SORT OF BASS

He continued:

"The Great White Colonel is a Christian, and never tells a lie"—

"When he's at home," I interrupted, politely.

"He is at home here," said JOKKI, frowning.

"Very much so," I replied. "The Great White Colonel never tells a lie."

Of course I merely stated this as my rule. It was needless to point out that *Exceptio*

probat regulam. The rule was good enough, and everyone, specially JOKKI, appeared intensely delighted, from which I gathered that some villany was afoot.

The Emperor resumed:

"JOKKI is pleased to welcome the Great White Colonel as a Brother. The Colonel has many servants, and only one Jeejee. Can his servants ride?"

At once I saw intuitively his design.

"The White Colonel's Jeejee is but a sorry black horse, and none of his servants can ride. The Great White Colonel never tells a lie,"—I added this as a mere matter of form which has as much force as the concluding sentence of a petition, or the preamble of a bill.

The Printer's Boy from Fleet Street looked up at me under his left eyelid. Bless him! I knew his weight, saddle and all, in the scale; and as to ride, I'd back him against *Mazappa* without being tied on, and over the same difficult country. However, *that* was my secret. I wasn't going to tell JOKKI everything.

"Some villany may be on foot, but it won't be on horseback," I said to myself, "while I have *Old Scratch* in our stable. For the Dark Horse is a perfect picture, and only wants to be properly mounted. And," I added mentally, "I see the boy who can do that."

But I held my tongue, and, merely saluting as Senior Warden of the DOUBLE DITTO, I listened politely for the Emperor JOKKI's next observation.

AT THE CLOSE OF THE CONGRESS.—Lord REACONFIELD out in a—if not in the—cold.

'ARRY ON 'IGH LIFE.

DEAR CHARLIE, I've jest bin a readin' the spiciest case of the day, And as in your chawbacon parts you're as good as clean out of the wuy,

I sends yer the papers by post. You will find it a proper old lush, Though they tips it so precious werbatim, it might make a mealy one blush.

I don't often turn on the pink, and the rosy ain't much in your line, But them Hupper Ten Toffs, my dear boy, do appear to be flarin' it fine;

I reelly don't see, barrin' tin, that they very much differ from hus, And the Brimstonites doubtless would say that, as Swells, they're, if anythink, wus.

Of course that's all copybook cant; life is not worth a cent without larks,

Which women and wine, my dear pal, have bin always the knowin' one's marks;

There is some does it under the rose, on the very extremest Q.T., But as the Great Bounce patly says in his song, "We all do it!" yer see.

That's wot I call life; true philosophy, plain, common sense, and no paint,

But Mugs, our top-card at the crib—you know Mugs—who's a bit of a Saint,

Swears Society's got a bad fit on, a sort of low Music-Hall fever. If he ain't a 'umbag at heart, may yours truly be blowed tight for hevior.

He says that "the Cynical Swell and the low chuckling cad are jest twins,

That the sniggering satyr who gloats o'er the tale of Society's sins, Is the loathsomest growth of a time when our manhood and faith have run low,

Whose heroic ideal's to perch on the top of the dunghill and crow."

Don't tumble to all of his patter, or twig arf the drift of his lingo, But he swears that a selfish fast fool is the stuff for your genuine Jingo,

And holds it don't matter a toss if you finds it swell-togged at a Club,

Or in seven-bob gridiron bags at the bar of a Hislington pub.

Yahbah! Pious pap o' that sort ain't the grub for sech 'ot 'uns as me.

In course yer don't feed a Spring chicking on hoysters and Soda and B.;

But men o' the world, mate, like us, as is game for a lush or a laugh, Ain't percely the species of bird to be caught by such white-choker chaff.

If a Toff has the run of the till and the gift to go in for 'igh jinks,

Small blame to his ludship says I, only wish I could nobble the chinks,

Jest wouldn't I go in a buster, and keep it hup mornin' and night, With the pick of the lush and the ladies. Oh! wouldn't I just—not a mite!

It does a chap proud to observe 'ow his tastes and his notions agree With those of the pals of a Prince in the matter of spoonin' or spree;

And, since ladies of title seem game as young shop-gals for liquor and larks,

I should like to go in for blue blood, and 'ang out near the Clubs and the Parks.

So I'm nuts on these tales of 'igh life as comes out in the Court of Divorce,

Where sometimes, when they bile it too 'ot, even Swells come a cropper, of course;

But they don't seem stuck-up in their sprees, and *that* beats any sermon a sight,

For "breaking down barriers and droring the bonds of Society tight."

This may be a "cynical" tune, but it suits *me* right down to the ground:

We was never so well to the front or so thoroughly "in it," all round,

In politics, morals, and manner, our "form" must be surely O.K.

Since it's that of the very front rows of the toppingest nobs of the day.

So CHARLIE, old chummy, let's 'ope as this "Music-Hall fever" may last,

And the different classes be jined in their love of the spicy and fast;

What a bloomin' Millenyum, hay? Which I trust as it's adwent mayn't tarry,

Meanwhile I mean mixin' it 'ot, and no error.

Yours spiffilly,

'ARRY.



GYMNASTICS.

Professor. "AND AFTER EACH PERFORMANCE, GENTLEMEN, YOU SHOULD ALWAYS PUT YOUR RIGHT 'AND TO YOUR LIPS, AND DRAW IT AWAY SMILIN,' AS IF YOU WAS PULLING A 'AIR OUT OF YER MOUTH! LIKE THIS 'ERE!'"

[Shows them how.]

ABOUT CYPRUS.

DURING the past week *Mr. Punch* has received so many inquiries about Cyprus, that he has been forced to tell off one of the most learned of his young men to return the necessary answers. The following are a few of the replies that have been sent from 85, Fleet Street, within the last four-and-twenty hours:—

"A POOR INVALID."—By all means go. The very place for you. You say you require rest and a little mild amusement. The island is very quiet, and you will find endless entertainment in chasing the scorpions and tarantulas, and in dodging the fever.

"A YOUNG HISTORIAN."—You wish to know something about the antecedents of Cyprus. Always ready to oblige a friend I am sure, although I should have been better able to comply with your request had I had the benefit of a reference library—an advantage denied to me at this moment. However, the leading landmarks in the history of Cyprus will be found, I believe, as follows. It was discovered by Venus at a very early period. Then, somehow or other, it passed from the rule of Venus to that of Venice. *Othello* was the governor for a short while. It was in the citadel of Cyprus that he smothered *Desdemona*. His successor in the Government was *Cassio*. We hear nothing more of Cyprus until it was given over to the English by the Turks in June, 1878.

"AN INQUIRER."—You want to know what are the chief products of Cyprus. I blush for your ignorance. Here they are, quoted from memory: Latakia, gum, copper, pitch-pipes, almonds, salt, figs, lemonade, and black-current lozenges.

"A SWEET YOUNG THING."—You describe yourself as a spinster with engaging manners. You have been to all the English and foreign watering-places for the last fifteen years without finding a husband, do we think you are likely to meet with one in Cyprus? Certainly, if you go there before the place is overstocked by the unmarried ladies of the Anglo-Indian market.

"A TRAVELLER WHO HATES ROUGHING IT."—You want to know how to go to Cyprus. It is simple enough. Go, say, to Clapham Junction, and ask for a ticket for the nearest station. Well, they will put you in a train which (after a few changes) will land you somewhere near Constantinople. When you arrive there you had

TRAVELLERS' DREAMS.

If you dream of

Antwerp—prepare for the terrors of a long sea passage, plus a surfeit of *REUBENS* and a plethora of church chimneys.

Boulogne—prepare for a draught of *Le Port* which neither cheers nor inebriates.

Cologne—prepare for an "Oh!" caused by the local perfume.

Dieppe—prepare for three costumes a day, and, as a preliminary, a long dressmaker's bill.

Emu—prepare for royal visitors and regal prices.

Florence—prepare for several weeks' hard labour at the Gall(erie)s.

Genoa—prepare for dirt and disappointment.

Havre—prepare for the wrath of Neptune and the extravagance of Trouville.

Interlachen—prepare for the observations of H-less 'ARRY upon the 'igh 'ills of the neighbourhood.

Jersey—prepare for hidden rocks, sea-mists, low prices, and genteel society.

Kissingen—prepare for the attacks of that amiable animal the hound of BISMARCK.

London—prepare for an empty city of three millions of inhabitants.

Madrid—prepare for a startling adventure with Spanish brigands.

Naples—prepare to see the Bay, and then to die of mosquitoes.

Paris—prepare for a short cut to Basinghall Street, rid Dover, Calais, and the Grand Hotel.

Rome—prepare for antiquities and ague.

Scarborough—prepare for Cockney pomp and Yorkshire shoddy.

Turin—prepare for "Dear Italy" at its dearest.

Venice—prepare for gondolas, bad smells, old palaces, frowzy churches, Tintoret, Titian, beggars and ices at FLORIAN'S, memories of RUDKIN, and musquitos.

Waterloo—prepare for relics of the battle fresh from Birmingham.

Zurich—prepare to come home again with a well-scored Alpenstock, a load of Swiss toys, and memories of blue lakes, black pines, snow-tipped mountains, and long hotel-bills!

better make fresh inquiries. You can't do wrong to take a corrugated iron house, and a good supply of *LIENIS'S ESSENCE* and *WATERS' QUININE WINE*.

"A PUSHING YOUNG MAN."—You say that you have an opening in fire-stoves and fur rugs. You want to know whether fire-stoves and fur rugs are likely to be required in Cyprus? It depends a good deal upon the climate. However, you might run over to the island and ascertain.

"ONE WHO DOATS UPON THE MILITARY."—You say that you and your three charming sisters follow the Red-coats everywhere to Canterbury, Folkestone, Aldershot, and Portsmouth. Will the garrison be pleased to see you at Cyprus? Of course they will, more especially if you bring with you your slightly commercial father, and your very match-making mamma.

"ANXIOUS BEGINNER," and a Thousand other Correspondents.—Your questions are so important that I dare not take the responsibility of answering them. You had better toss up half-a-crown and abide by the result; or better, wait for Sir GARNET'S report.

Feathering the Arrow.

WE read in the *Daily Telegraph* the other day that, after the signing of the Treaty of Berlin, the German official mind was much perturbed on hearing that the Plenipotentiaries at the Paris Congress in 1856 used eagle quills, which were afterwards preserved as heirlooms in their respective families. Why the German official mind was perturbed is not stated; but presumably because the quills used for signing the Treaty of Berlin were drawn from that less imperial bird—the goose.

How could the Imperial Chancellor have overlooked the obvious conclusion that the bird to furnish the quills for this interesting occasion was the Turkey—which should by this time be used to the sacrifice of its plumage. As Lord BEACONSFIELD would say, this would have required no "partition," merely a "distribution" of the bird's wing-feathers.

THE PREMIER FROM A TURKISH POINT OF VIEW.—A grand visionary Grand Vizier.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



But so it was to-night. Question: Is the Parish or the Pauper's family to have the benefit of Pauper's contributions to a Friendly Society? "Parish," say my Lords; "Pauper's family," say the Commons, by their amendment of Lords' Bill. And now, my Lords, in the teeth both of Lord SHATTESBURY and Lord CRANBROOK, insist on amending the Commons' Amendment, and putting Pauper's contribution into the pocket of the Parish, not of his family.

In answer to Lord WAVENEY, Lord CRANBROOK gave a *couleur de rose* account of the officering of our Indian Army, on the principle fixed three years ago, after mature consideration and inquiry, with the very competent aid of Lord NAPIER of MAGDALA and Sir HENRY NORMAN, at seven British officers to a battalion, commandant, majors, adjutant, quartermaster, and two reserve wing officers, the company officers being natives.

It is pleasant to find not only Lord CRANBROOK, but the Duke of CAMBRIDGE, Lord NAPIER of MAGDALA, Lord LAWRENCE, and Lord NORTHBROOK, concurring in recognition of the thorough efficiency of the native officers, and in testimony to the great improvement of the Indian Army, officers and men, European as well as native, under the present system. Let us hope for the time when we shall manage to turn the native to as good account in the civil as in the military service.

(Commons.)—Questions: JOHN BULL will be glad to hear that even the Board of Trade thinks the time is come for the Railway Companies to decide on some continuous brake-system, and what is more important, put it in use.

The shadow of impending fate darkens over the heads of the Innocents, though gentle Sir STAFFORD does not think that the day has yet arrived for "what is technically known as their massacre." There will be a nice little lot of them for the massacres when the day does come. The "survival of the fittest" will give us a sadly reduced small family!

The Irish Intermediate Education Bill—that marvel of the Session—read a Second Time, amid a chorus of congratulations, hardly broken by the protesting Protestantism, Irish and English, of Lon-

donerry and Warwickshire. It is wonderful what a million, boldly thrown down for promising Irish pupils to scramble for, will do to disarm opposition. To think of PLUNKETT and BURT shaking hands together, and LOWTHER and the O'CONNOR DOW kissing each other over an Education Bill!

The difficulty is to believe that there can be any good in an Irish measure hailed with such unprecedented unanimity. But if its effect be really to revivify Irish Intermediate Education, what excuse will Irish educational partisanship have for quarrelling in future? Nay, the smoothing influence of that oil of the Church million extended over the troubled waters of the Estimates, and the Vote of £851,091 for public education in Ireland, and of £12,817 for the Queen's Colleges, was allowed to pass unchallenged, even by FARNWELL.

Tuesday (Lords).—Lord CRANBROOK announced the gratifying news that the *Eurydice* was out of the hole, if not actually above water. Bravo, my Lords! This gets you out of the hole, too!

(Commons.)—Lord R. MONTAGU tried to "draw" the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER on the rights of interference between the SULTAN and his subjects under the Anglo-Turkish Convention. Sir STAFFORD declined to be drawn, and Lord R. was—shall we say, shut up? Not so easy.

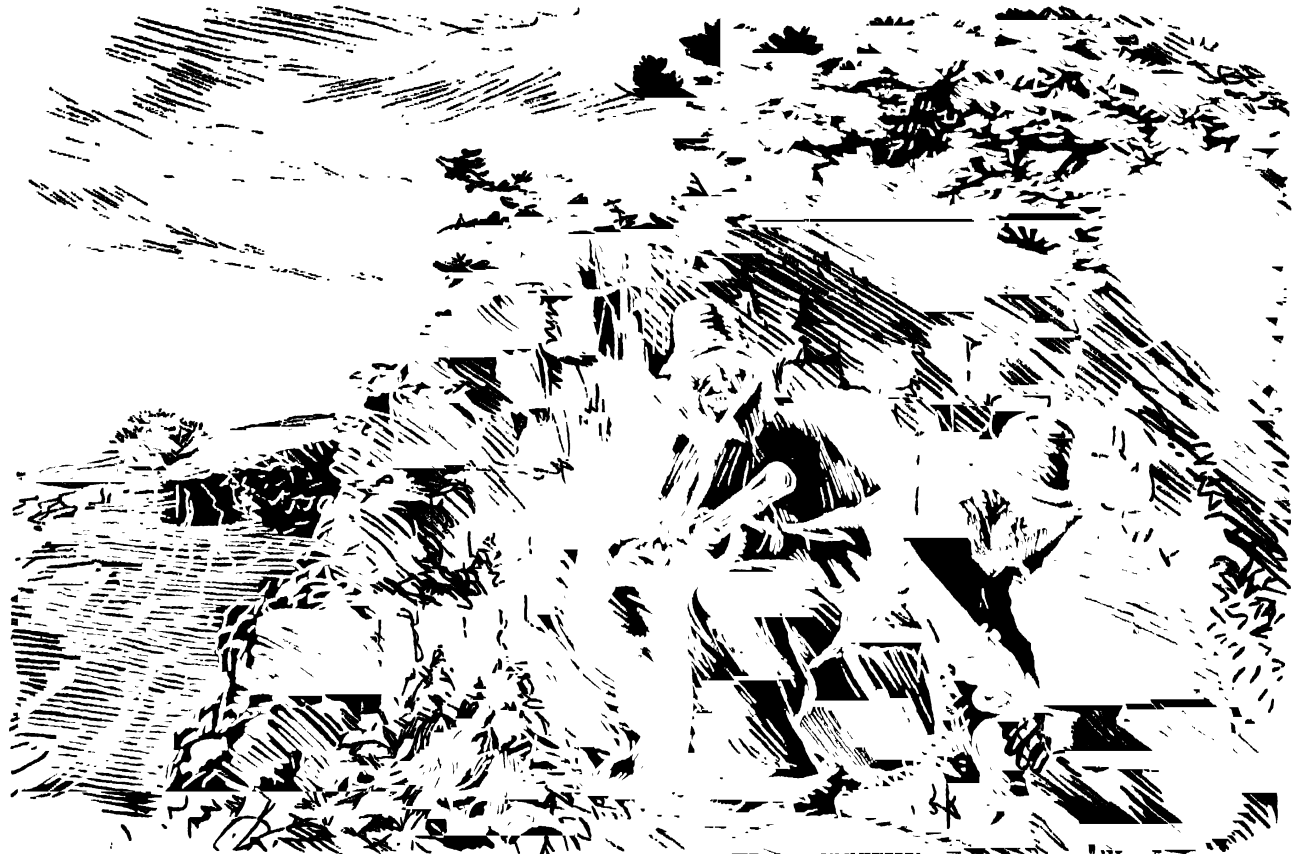
Mr. BOURKE said Government knew nothing about rumoured transfers of Tunis and Tripoli to Italy and France—transfers promise to be the order of the day for some time to come—or of a conspiracy against the SULTAN at Stamboul. As if a Constantinople *canard* was likely to fly for shelter to the Foreign Office!

A long squabble about the scope of the Compensation Clause, preliminary to Cattle Bill Committee.

When at last they got into Committee, Sir H. JAMES raised the question whether any exceptions to the rule of general slaughter would not be in violation of "the most favoured nation" clause in our commercial treaties.

Sir H. D. WOLFF and Mr. MUNDALL, Sir W. HARCOURT, Mr. HERSCHELL, and Mr. GORST—a strong legal force—supported Sir HENRY, and the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, after getting up to confute his argument, confirmed it, amid the silence and consternation of the Government, and the cheers of the Opposition. Sir STAFFORD found himself in a cleft stick, and was left there, after a severe punching on the head from Mr. GLADSTONE, when progress was reported at midnight.

But what was the work of Lords and Commons to-day? London was at Charing Cross, welcoming the hero of the day, BENJAMIN DISRAELI, Viscount Beaconsfield. He did not ride in on his own white elephant—the Asian Mystery of which he has made JOHN BULL a present—but he



WAITING FOR THE LANDLORD!

Ribbonman (getting impatient). "BEDAD, THEY OUGHT TO BE HERE BE THIS TOIME! SURE, TIRINOR, I HOPE THE OULD GENTLEMAN HASN'T MIT WID AN ACCIDENT!!!"

rode in an open carriage and a white coat, through such a clamour of cheers and such a rain of bouquets as has rarely been showered on king, conqueror, or idol of the hour. *Punch* can only recall two such enthusiastic welcomes at the hands of the Great Metropolis—those to KOSSUTH and GARIBALDI. May the popularity of this Idol of the Time be more durable than theirs!

But whatever *Punch* may think of the "High Policy" of the Lord of the Ascendant, there can be no question of the Blaze of Triumph with which it invested him on Tuesday. This it is *Punch's* first function to immortalise. Nor need he now discuss the question which is likely to last longest—Premier's Popularity or *Punch's* Picture.

Wednesday.—Gentle Sir STAFFORD, undertaking the unwonted task of giving the Opposition a wiggling for wasting time over the Cattle Bill, got wiggled himself. Mr. FORSTER, Mr. GLADSTONE, Sir H. JAMES, Mr. COWEN, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN were all down upon him. No time had been wasted. The Opposition had taken the very grave point of "the most favoured nation" clause, and had, as they believed, put the Government in a cleft stick upon it.

At last Mr. PELL—a good head, creditable to South Lancashire—came to the rescue, suggesting that the schedules should be thrown over, and that the Privy Council should have power to admit cattle from any country that could show itself free from disease, on condition that the Privy Council order, and the reasons for it, should be submitted to Parliament.

Here was, at last, a sensible suggestion, and a common ground of compromise, on which, in spite of Mr. READ and Mr. CHAPLIN, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER was fain to take refuge.

So the Bill will pass without its most indefensible provision—the limited discretion of the Privy Council. All countries will stand in the same position. Foreign cattle will be admitted alive, so long as the country that sends them is free of disease; will be slaughtered when the country they come from cannot show a clean bill of health.

The Government should thank Mr. PELL for showing them the way out of a dilemma—and in a case, too, where even their well-compact majority seemed in danger of falling to pieces under their feet.

Punch much admires you, ALBERT PELL,
The reason why, he's glad to tell.

'Tis that, with common sense's spell
You guide your party, ALBERT PELL.

Thursday (Lords).—A crowd, such as has not overflowed the Upper Chamber within record of living memory.

All suspended on the lips of BEACONSFIELD.

What a moment for this son of his works, published and public!

If his head is not turned by this time, there is no turning it!

Talk of triumphs!

And only *Punch*, the *Daily News*, and the *Pall Mall Gazette*, to whisper in his ear—"Remember, thou art Man—as well as Mystery."

Well, the Sphinx has spoken, and has said as little as Sphinxes are wont to say. It is not for Sphinxes to read their own riddles, but for those who consult them.

It would be difficult for an accomplished orator to spend a hundred and thirty-five minutes in saying less than is likely to satisfy public curiosity, or to answer the questions that he has set all asking.

Lord BEACONSFIELD tells us he has *not* partitioned Turkey; has *not* sent Greece empty away; has *not* left Russia in possession of all the substantial gains of war; has *not* offended France and irritated Italy; has *not* sowed the seeds of future wars; has *not* laid upon England an overwhelming and undefined weight of responsibility.

If he has undertaken to set Humpty-Dumpty up again; if he has hoisted the Asiatic Turk on JOHN BULL's back, he maintains this is the best thing he could have done for him, and for JOHN BULL.

But somehow Lord GRANVILLE does not see it, nor Lord DERBY, nor Lord NORTHBROOK, nor Lord KIMBERLEY, nor—*Punch*.

Lord DERBY let his Cabinet Cat out of the bag—

"When I quitted the Cabinet in the last days of March I did so mainly because it was said that it was necessary to secure a naval station in the eastern part of the Mediterranean; that for that purpose it was necessary to seize and occupy the island of Cyprus, together with a point upon the Syrian coast, and that was to be done by means of a Syrian expedition sent out from India, with or without the consent of the SULTAN, although undoubtedly part of the arrangement was that full compensation should be made to the SULTAN for any loss he might incur."

Lord SALISBURY took the Lords' breath away by boldly declaring Lord DERBY's Cat not a Cat, but a tale! In plain terms the statement was untrue. Sensation! Many Lords on their legs; Lord

GRANVILLE at their head. "The word was unparliamentary." After some fencing, Lord SALISBURY substituted "incorrect" for "untrue." Never was the lie more roundly given, or more grudgingly retracted. He did not retract his comparison of Lord DERRY to TITUS OATES.

Lord CRANBROOK, with light heart and characteristic daring, took on him, on behalf of Government, that responsibility for the better government of Asiatic Turkey which his chief had prudently fought shy of.

"Suppose that England should introduce peace, happiness, and prosperity into these countries, is this not a thing for which the nation may incur some responsibility? When the noble Earl speaks in deprecation of our taking these risks upon ourselves, has he no confidence in his countrymen? Does he not know that the moment peace, order, and tranquillity are introduced into a country so rich in itself, English and European capital will flow towards that country? * * * With regard to the civil administration, Turkey is bound to us, but we are not bound to her. We should have committed a great wrong if we had undertaken to assist Turkey in the way we have, if we did not bind her to good government. * * * You pledged yourselves

by the Treaty of 1856 to bring about good government in Turkey; but what did you do? It is a vulgar adage that 'too many cooks spoil the broth,' and I am afraid that what was the business of all the Powers of Europe was treated very much as if it was nobody's. Now, however, under this Convention, we have undertaken a duty which casts upon us a great responsibility; and if we can produce in Asiatic Turkey—it can only be done gradually—a state of peace and prosperity, I do not say equal to the civilisation of modern Europe, but where violence would cease and men would devote themselves to their legitimate industries, we shall have done a work which will be a satisfaction for the responsibility we have assumed, and we shall be fulfilling the highest duty of a civilised Power."

"If," my Lord CRANBROOK— Ah! "Great virtue in an 'if.'"
All hangs upon the "if."

(Commons.)—Still heaving from the ground-swell of the Lords.

Progress made with the Cattle Bill. The Government having yielded the citadel, retains, and may safely be allowed to retain, the compensation outworks undisturbed.

ACROSS THE KEEP-IT-DARK CONTINENT; OR, HOW I FOUND STANLEY.

(By the Author of "Connupassie," and "Notamagidollar," "My! Phillaloo!" &c.)

PART I.—CHAPTER IV.

The Lodge continued—Interrogation—Arrangements—The Craft—The Bet—Odds—Unerens—Stakes—The Detective Delighted—Coin and Kind—Holders—An Anxious Time—Night Watch—The Dawn of Another Day—At Last.

THE Worshipful Master, the Emperor JOKKI, then continued:—"The Senior Warden," he said, addressing me, "has come from the West. What has he brought with him?"
"Nothing worth mentioning," I replied, being quite up to him in the craft.



KING JOKKI'S FAVORITE, KNOWN AS FLYING WIND

He went on:

"Has not the Senior Warden, White Colonel, brought any money with him?"

"The White Colonel, &c., &c.," I returned, with my usual formula, which need not be repeated here. "He has only a mere trifle of money with him."

JOKKI stroked his face, and made some remark in an undertone to an aged B'UKMAKA, whom, I think, he addressed as "Old TUTOWUN BARWUN," who thereupon made some sort of remark on one of his leaves.

The Emperor resumed:—

"The Worshipful JOKKI would like to be a Christian, and never tell a lie like the Great White Colonel. JOKKI's Big Jeejee is to run to-morrow against many other Jeejees. JOKKI will ask his chief B'UKMAKA Prophet to tell the Senior Warden, the White Colonel, something very much to his advantage."

Whereupon one of the ministers stood forward, and said,

"My name is TIPPUMO. Let the Great White Colonel lay 100 to 1, in his own gold counters, against the Emperor JOKKI's horse."

"The Great White Colonel does not understand your little game,"

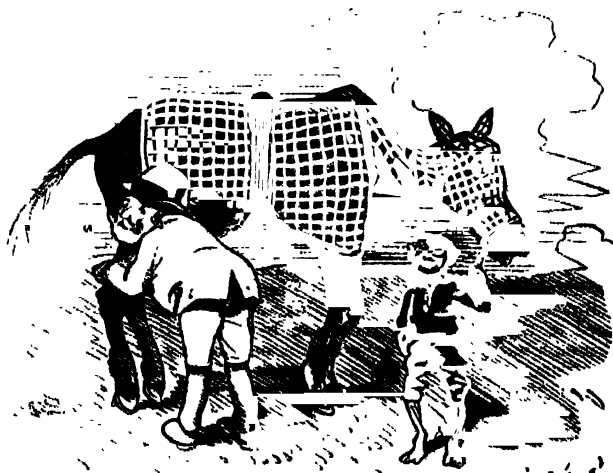
I replied, innocently, as I wondered to myself who on earth could have told them about the "gold counters," and whether STANLEY *had really been done, or not*, "but he will lay 100 to 1, with pleasure, to oblige the Emperor. And the Emperor will let the poor White Colonel send his miserable little Jeejee to join in the sport, and increase the triumph of the Inimitable JOKKI."

The Emperor's eyes sparkled.

"The Great White Colonel is a Christian, and never tells a lie," he said—for he had now quite mastered the formula. "Will the Great White Colonel swear that this Jeejee of his is worse than all the Jeejees that run in our games?"

What could I say? Modesty has ever been my forte, and politeness is the truest and most Christian policy. Should I affirm, without seeing the other animals, that this horse of mine—the Dark Horse—was better than all the rest? Could I endanger the lives of my followers by offending the Emperor's vanity? No.

"The Great White Colonel, &c.," I replied, "and he is sure that



DYK DARK HORSE

all the other horses being so much better than his poor, weak, half-starved little Jeejee, will reach the winning-post long before his truthful Blooming-Brother's, the Great White Colonel's horse."

"Good!" cried his Majesty, delighted, "then all my B'UKMAKAS shall bet 100 to 50 against the White Colonel's Jeejee which cannot win, and the White Colonel shall bet with me 100 to 1 against my Jeejee, and the money shall be deposited at once."

It was arranged that TIPPUMO and the detective M'TIONYU, should collect the amount on a tray.

M'TIONYU had now quite recovered his good temper, in view of the haul, which, he knew, I was pretty sure to make, and of which I had promised him his share, as the discoverer of the Dark Horse on which we were going to put the pot.

Besides, he could not forget that the Mijeejees were Cannibals, and that in my success lay the only chance for him, of saving his steaks.

Fortunately, before leaving England, I had provided myself with several boxes of card-counters, made to imitate sovereigns, and really just as good as the genuine article when once you get into Central Africa.

One hundred of these I placed against JOKKI's one gold nugget-shell, which was of such a size, weight, and brilliancy as to have made the Governor of the Bank of England's mouth water.

Then the B'UKMAKAS, fifty in number, staked a hundred similar pieces each: those who could not put down the whole sum making up the deficiency in beads, ornaments, jewelled daggers, pipes, and goats and sheep. In money and kind I calculated there was about five thousand pounds set against my two thousand five hundred Lowther Arcade sovereign card-counters.

It was in M'YIONYU's power to have betrayed our secret. But had I seen the slightest sign of treachery on his part, the merest wink to the Emperor, or an aside-signal to any one of the B'UKMAKAS, I should have at once given him as a present to the King, recommending him as a man whom I had fattened on purpose, and "whom I think" (I should have added) "your Majesty will find very much to your taste." On the spot there would have been an end of M'YIONYU, who did not, I was aware, know sufficient of the language to have explained matters quickly and intelligibly before he was strung up for the Royal larder. Besides, after all, his interests were the other way.

That night I kept watch on M'YIONYU and the B'UKMAKA, while the Printer's Devil (whom I promised to reward highly for his services) kept guard over the Dark Horse.

"The sly little Cherub sat perched in a loft
To keep watch o'er the life of Old Scratch."

Of course for "Cherub" understand Printer's Devil; but the couplet is neat and appropriate.

Extract from Diary.—The morning of the Great Day of the Race has dawned.

CHAPTER V.

The Result of the Race—A Rescue—An Idea!—"Can it be done?"—*It is done—The Voice from the Reins—Saure qui peut—The Muddle—Nervousness of Followers—On Horror's Head—Pursuit—Agony—What next?*

THE Dark Horse has won. The race is over! But what a day of excitement! He was nearly beaten, for the Emperor JOKKI rode himself, and he's a feather-weight, besides his mare being in the most perfect training. But for my excellent friend the Ventriloquist we should never have done the trick. He did the trick. Seeing the Emperor well ahead, and our Dark Horse two lengths behind, I began to despair, and was meditating how we could best recompense ourselves for trouble and loss of time, by knocking old TIPPINMOO the B'UKMAKA on the head, and collaring all the available money in the hat, over which M'YIONYU was keeping guard in our interest, and bolting for the *Arkadia* afloat on the lake (in which case we should have been compelled, for self-preservation, to have left M'YIONYU behind as a hostage—he being too corpulent to run; and unless they took a great fancy to him they wouldn't eat him, but keep him till we returned, which would be an expense off my hands for ever), when suddenly MCSMUGGINS, the Ventriloquist, exclaimed,

"I've got it!"

I saw genius in the remark. Slapping him on the back, I said, "Do it, my boy, whatever it is!"

The Emperor, winning, was just passing the point where we were standing, anxiously watching the race, and a smile of triumph illuminated his ugly countenance when, from his horse's open mouth, came these startling words—

"Pull up! I don't feel well. Just going to drop."

Need I say that this was the Ventriloquist's idea? It operated wonderfully. You never saw such a scene! JOKKI turned almost pale with fright, and tumbled off as nimble as ninepence, pulling the animal with him.

In a second the Dark Horse shot past him, the little Devil (Printer's) on his back, winking slyly at us, as he made for the winning-post, and won "with a good bit up his sleeve," as we Turbites say.

JOKKI was furious. We rushed forward to assist him, and, under pretence of examining the animal's head, I put my pocket-handkerchief, steeped in chloroform, to his nostrils, and, to all appearance, the noble beast had fainted dead away.

JOKKI suspected foul play, and was for having us seized, when the Ventriloquist's art again came to our

assistance, for from the Big B'UKMAKA, who was disputing with M'YIONYU as to the coin, suddenly came these words—

"JOKKI, *Twaazzi okusthe jee-jee.*" (Literally, "JOKKI, I poisoned the horse.")

Immediately he was set upon by all the B'UKMAKAS, who were heavy losers; and, taking this as our only opportunity for escape, I caught up the hatful of money. Luckily, it had all been deposited correctly; and, jumping on *Old Scratch*, with the hatful of money in one hand, and a revolver in the other, while the boy clung on with his arm round my waist, I dashed down to the *Arkadia*, where I found my party trying to put the *Arkadia* together. They ought never to have undone her. The stupid idiots had got all the compartments



wrong, and such a mess you never saw. A quarter of the keel was upside down, the bows were in the centre, the steerage was in front—in fact, I never saw confusion worse confounded (and no one ever heard confusion better confounded than I confounded it on that occasion) in all my life. The numbers of the compartments had got rubbed out, and so we could only guess; but there was no time to be lost. Our lives were in our hands; and as the merciful man is invariably merciful to his beast, I saw *Old Scratch* well bestowed in his stable-compartment, rubbed him down, put him in his little bed, tucked him up, kissed him for his mother, &c., &c., and then stuck the *Arkadia* together, as best I could, in five minutes.

"One, two, three—launch with a will!" I cried. And away went the *Arkadia*, with myself sitting in the stern, and my brave companions shoving the boat off, nearly up to their necks in water.

We were getting well under weigh when, on calling the roll (capital subject for a picture this—never been done—I mean not with myself as the central figure of the group), I found that M'YIONYU was absent.

A piercing shriek answered our inquiries.

He was pursued by the infuriate JOKKI and the whole tribe of savage Mijeejes.

(To be continued.)

A Chancellor's Functions.

PRINCE BISMARCK did good service as Moderator of the late Congress. Let us drink his health. May it be improved by the trip which he has probably by this time taken, according to this telegram from Berlin:—

"PRINCE BISMARCK being about to leave for Kissingen, Count STOLBERG, the Vice-President of the Prussian Cabinet, has been appointed to take charge of the various functions of the Chancellor during his absence from the capital."

May the restorative effects of Kissingen render it unnecessary for a medical attendant to take any charge of the Chancellor's functions during his visit.

A Prelatical Plethora.

No less than forty-five metropolitan pulpits were filled last Sunday week by as many Bishops; the odd five Anglican, the rest Colonial and American. What high-spiced divinity for the Dog Days! Yet, notwithstanding the extreme heat of the weather, nobody, as far as we have heard, has been any the worse for this rush of Episcopal blood to the head, or, in other words, this determination of Bishops to the Very Rev. TAIT of Canterbury.

REFLECTION BY AN ILL-CONDITIONED CYNIC.

PEOPLE with plenty of money are not always well bred, but they are pretty sure to be well buttered.

ALL RIGHT.

M. GAMBETTA has shown himself at the English Musical Entertainment in the Salle de Trocadéro. England and France are at concert pitch again!



THE WANING OF THE HONEYMOON.

Angelina (suppressing an inclination to yawn). "HOW NICE IT WOULD BE IF SOME FRIEND WERE TO TURN UP; WOULDN'T IT, EDWIN?"
Edwin (after yawning elaborately). "YE-ES!—OR EVEN SOME ENEMY!"

A BLAZE OF TRIUMPH!

JOHN BULL *soliloquises*.

THERE! Shout away—till your strained throats are hoarse,
 He is the hero of the day—of course!
 Grudge him his *kudos*? Impotent and mean!
 How the House rose at him! Was ever seen
 So bright a blaze of triumph? This the man
 Scoffed at for mountebank and charlatan,
 The jesting juggler of St. Stephen's stage,
 A fop in youth, and a *farceur* in age!
 Yet, as the echoes of his triumph die
 On the shout-shaken air of bland July,
 Doubts, thronging and persistent, will break out,
 To mar the music of the acclaiming shout.
Après?—There's, first, the bill; small matter *that*,
 If the game's worth the candle. Toss the hat
 At Cæsar's triumph, and 'tis ever found
 That after tossing, you've to *pass it round*.
 JOHN BULL's disposed to fill his to the brim,
 Tribute, not to his policy, but to *him*;
 Whose triumph's due to patience, pluck, and tact,
 Reserve in utterance, and resolve in act;
 But his "high policy"—that cloudland dim
 Shot with strange lights of wild and whirling whim!
 Leaps in the dark? Yes, we've had *quantum suff*.
 Of those in this long game of Blindman's Buff;
 But to assist the Russ in the rough work
 Of cutting up the empire of the Turk,
 Then, presto! in a transformation scene,
 Change colours, and as Turk's friend pose serene!
 After we've fought for right with boast and brag,
 Cut in the game, and sudden pouch our swag!—

Well, let us hear what he may have to say;
 Meanwhile, proclaim him Lion of the day.
 Midst thunders of applause and blaze of rockets,
 Who cares to think of principles or pockets?

Be his part good or bad, he has played it well,
 And they stand chance of cuffs that will not swell
 The shout that shakes the House from floor to rafter:
 That's for the man! His work waits judgment after.

NOTICES OF MOTION.

(For the use of Lord Robert Montagu.)

To ask,—

Whether the Government have had any official information of the fact that all the bathing-machines at Ostend have been bought up by a Russian Company.

Whether it is true that Herne Bay is to be declared a free port.

Whether Her MAJESTY has been advised to send an ultimatum to all the Powers who signed the Treaty of Berlin, and at the same time to define the limits of "Turkey in Asia," as reaching from the Bay of Biscay to the Baltic.

Whether Her MAJESTY's Representative at St. Petersburg has been authorised to demand explanations as to the possession, by the Russian Naval Authorities, of the map attached to *Bradshaw's Railway Guide*.

Whether, in the event of Germany seizing in the Empire the line of the Loire, occupying the Café Anglais, and incorporating Boulogne, Sweden, and the coast-line of Iceland, it is the intention of the Government to establish a school of torpedo instruction on Virginia Water; and, whether it is true that, if the whole British Empire was to be blown up to-morrow, the chances are that we should hear something of it first.

COLLECTIVE FOLLY.

THE Leaders of the Opposition, being opposed to the Protectorate of Turkey, design to take the sense of Parliament on it. There will be no want of Honourable Members to help them to take the non-sense of Parliament.



A BLAZE OF TRIUMPH!

CAUTION.



the purpose of providing the gutter children of St. Peter's, London Docks, with a pleasanter play-place than the gutter, may be sent to that hardest-worked

E. Punch, having received four hundred and sixty-four variations on—

"Oh, lady, twine a wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress tree,"

d propos of the QUEEN and Lord BEACONSFIELD, hereby give notice that any contributor repeating the offence will be proceeded against with the utmost rigour of the waste-paper basket.

PLAY AND WORK.

In a paragraph headed "Play" in our last week's Number, *Punch* pleaded for subscriptions towards the purchase of a play-ground for poor children in the far East. When we are about taking on ourselves a large responsibility for great Eastern ameliorations, here is a small one quite at our own door on which we might try our 'prentice hands.

To facilitate the gifts of those who wish to give in aid of what is a good work if ever there was one, *Punch* now states, what he should have stated in his last week's paragraph, that subscriptions for

Rev. ROBERT LINKLATER, M.A., St. Peter's Clergy House. Every subscription will be a Link, later, we hope, to be strengthened still more, between the wealth of the West and the wants of the East.

PARLIAMENTARY REPORT.

(By anticipation.)

"LORD GR-NV-LIER.—I wish to ask the Noble Lord at the head of Her Majesty's Government if there is any truth in the report in this evening's *Globe* that a Bill is shortly to be introduced providing that HER MAJESTY may assume the titles of Empress of Asia and Defender of Islam?"

"LORD B-CONF-ED.—The report to which the Noble Lord alludes is utterly unworthy of your Lordships' confidence." (*Aside to Lord S-L-SH-RV*: "Cover up that draft lying on the table there!") "I am surprised that after the experience your Lordships have had of the reckless mendacity of the public prints, any of you should think it necessary to trouble Her Majesty's Government with inquiries of this nature. As I am on my legs, I may observe that if Her Majesty's Government entertained any scheme similar to that referred to in the Noble Lord's question, they would not think it necessary to advise HER MAJESTY to await the expression of any opinion from Parliament before taking any step which might enhance the dignity of her Crown, and give more exalted expression to that supreme right of controlling the faiths and peoples of the East which has now, in consequence of our exertions, been recognised as her undisputed attribute."

MAIDS AND MERMAIDS.

PUNCH.

IN reading over my *Advice to Young Men and Incidentally to Young Women* you must have often noted, amongst the valuable directions which I give in that most useful work to a Young Man on the choice of a Young Woman for a Wife, my particularly sensible and sagacious lessons on the necessity of looking to her bodily powers and conditions. As, for instance, when I tell him to get to see her at work on a mutton-chop or a piece of bread-and-cheese, and to be sure that if she deal quickly with these she will not be slow about anything else. Also, when I advise him to look behind her ears, and between her fingers, so as to satisfy himself of the absence from those situations of what Old PAM since defined "matter in the wrong place." Tubbing and scrubbing was less common in my life-time than they are now, and few persons of either sex, I believe, ever washed their skins much farther than was visible, except perhaps now and then when the doctor ordered them a bath.

Now, however, "young ladies" are not only supposed to tub and scrub every morning, but recommended to venture still further into the water. The *Medical Press and Circular* counsels them to learn to swim, and says that a gentleman named MACGREGOR has a swimming-class for the instruction of girls, thirty in number, of whom he taught twenty-five to swim in six lessons last season. I quote a portion of the above-named paper's remarks on this subject, because they are almost as instructive as any that I could offer myself:—

"SWIMMING FOR GIRLS.—The public are continually reminded of the numerous contrivances, supports, stays, shoulder-straps, &c., and the various exercises that are best calculated to prevent round shoulders, a stooping awkward gait, contracted chests, and so forth; but, perhaps, there is no kind of exercise for girls more calculated to attain these desirable objects than that of swimming. During the act of swimming the head is thrown back, the chest well forward, while the thoracic and respiratory muscles are in strong action, and both the upper and lower extremities are brought into full play."

How much better calculated to expand the chest is the exercise of swimming than all the confounded "corsets," straps, and iron frames devised by quack machinery-mongers for that purpose! Oh, but some namby-pamby nincompoop will object to the exercise of swimming for women because it is too "masculine." Let any such fool, then, know that as swimmers

"Females would often have the advantage over the stronger sex, as, owing to the large amount of adipose tissue covering their muscles, and the comparative

smallness and lightness of their bones, they not only have greater powers of flotation than men, but, as a rule, can continue much longer in the water."

It is, perhaps, necessary to explain, for fools' information, that "adipose tissue" means the same as "blubber," which is so advantageous for "flotation" to the whale, the porpoise, and that great sea-slug, the Manatee, which they call a "mermaid," now on view at your Westminster Aquarium. A swimming girl would be something more like what we fancy a Mermaid than that great ugly beast.

As blubber, in moderation, gives Beauty buoyancy—

"It is to be hoped, that girls will not be deterred from learning this graceful and healthful accomplishment, either through lack of baths or of teachers. Such a practice is particularly called for at the present day as a set-off against the growing tendency in the 'girls of the period' to indulge in those literary and sedentary pursuits which are anything but favourable to the development of a healthy physique."

Yes, and if they have not that, they are unfit to be wives and mothers. A husband with an ailing wife, coming home to supper, and expecting her to fill his pipe and pour out his beer, is more often than not told by the servant girl that "Missis is gone up-stairs to lay down"—with a headache. Nothing like their learning to swim with legs and arms for prevention of swimming in their heads. Now then, you try and beat that into their heads with that cudgel of yours—the most instructive instrument the world has ever seen, except of course the famous gridiron of your renowned predecessor as a political and social reformer in the visible world,

Barn Elms, Elysium.

WILLIAM CORBETT.

P.S.—It is on land, not on water, that I hate to see women get out of their depth, as so many of them are doing nowadays.

A Strike that should be a Hit.

AMONG the bad news of the week must be classed the announcement that a strike has occurred in

"THE NAIL TRADE.—At a mass meeting of the nailers at Sedgley yesterday it was resolved to carry on the strike previously determined on against the proposal of the employers to reduce wages. Nearly 12,000 operatives are now out."

Whether a strike in the Nail Trade will or will not turn out a more judicious proceeding than most strikes, we shall see. Of all workmen, in striking, Nailers, one would think, should know how to hit the right nail on the head.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—JULY 27, 1878.



AN ANXIOUS MOMENT.

(With Punch's Apologies to Mr. Erlon Rivière, A.R.A.)

"EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE," 1878. J. E. MILLAR, R.A., AND H. HERKOMER HONOURED WITH THE GRANDE MEDAILLE IN THE ENGLISH SCHOOL.



SOCIAL AGONIES.

Non-Sensical (in domestic affairs). "LADY AND MISTRESS JONES!"

Lady Jones. "I'M SO SORRY, DEAR MRS. LYON HURTER! POOR SIR JONES SO OPPRESSED BY THE HEAL, THAT HE DID NOT DARE VISIT US TO DINNER TO-NIGHT. BUT I HAVE BROUGHT FOR OUR BOY IN HIS PLACE!"

[Sir John Jones, as everybody knows, is the Lion of the Season, besides being the richest man in London, and all the people assembled for dinner at Mrs. Lyons have been specially to meet Sir John Jones!]



MISUNDERSTOOD.

Muscular High Church Curate. "WONDERFUL THINGS 'GRACE' DOES!"

Low Church Vicar (surprised at the serious observation from his volatile friend).

"AH, MY DEAR SIR, TRUE—"

High Church Curate. "YES. ONLY FANCY, Y'KNOW!—NINETY-TWO, AND NOT OUT!"

BED AND BOARD IN GAOL.

MR. WILLIAM SIKES complains bitterly of certain "New Rules" for the regulation of prison arrangements, by which, in his opinion, they have not been improved. There was a time, he says, not long ago, when quod resembled a comfortable hospital, if not hotel; but now it is severe, and no mistake, and no joke. Formerly a gaol was a place for a bloke where his country found him sumptuous board and lodging; but now the lodging is a dreary cell; and as to board, the only thing by that name is a bare plank which you have to sleep upon in your clothes every night, for a whole month, the first after your conviction. To sleep that is, if you can. He once heard talk of a dungeon in the Tower of London, or some such place, called Little Ease, so built that you could neither stand up nor lie down in it; and next to that about the most inconvenient of sleeping apartments he should think was that provided by the "New Rules." It might be called "Little Snore."

MR. SIKES understands that the present Government is what you call Conservative or Tory, and that Tories want to go back to the good old times. So he should think. Were the "New Rules" framed by CROSS? Perhaps CROSS would like to crucify you. A wooden bed Mr. SIKES considers an invention on the way back not only to Little Ease, but to the Scavenger's Daughter, and the thumb-screws, and the rack; which were also, he has been told, amongst our ancestors' venerable institutions. Didn't Judge DOWSE, at the Armagh Assizes, the other day, call it "nothing short of torture"? Didn't he therefore shorten his sentence on two prisoners for riot and assault as much as he could, and give them only one month? Mr. SIKES fully expects to experience, perhaps, in his own person, the revival of the stocks and the pillory, and he observes, with some truth, that a criminal standing in the one or sitting in the other is a caution to his kind, whereas he, lying in the dark, night after night, tormented by want of rest, with nobody to see him suffering,

REASONS FOR GOING ABROAD.

PATERFAMILIAS.—Because, after all, you can get the *Times* everywhere if you keep the beaten track. Because beefsteaks and roast beef are easily obtainable. Because, with your own portable bath, you can be nearly as comfortable as if you stayed at home. Because Materfamilias insists upon it.

Materfamilias.—Because it improves the girls' French and German. Because the FITZ-SMITHS and the MONTGOMERY-BROWNS go. Because Paterfamilias wants change. Because it's so pleasant to come home again.

The Son of the Family.—Because you can take your own cigars, don't you know. Because you generally can run up against some other fellows who hate foreigners as much as you do. Because one must do it once a year, and have done with it.

The Daughter of the Family.—Because you can get all the last novels in the Tauchnitz editions. Because, although getting up in the middle of the night to catch an early train is a decided nuisance, one can sleep for the rest of the day in a railway carriage.

A Tithe of the Travelling Community.—Because they like it.

All the Rest of the Tourist World.—Because it's the thing to do!

Past and Present.

ACCORDING to Captain TELFER, R.N., the Lazi are unmitigated thieves and ruffians. As their name would seem to imply, they prefer theft to work. On behalf of the Russians, with reference to their annexation of Lazistan, he observes in a letter to the *Times* that:

"The Russia of to-day is no more the Russia of the reign of Nicholas and of his predecessors than is the England of 1878 the England when FAUTLERGY was hanged."

If so, no doubt Russia has in many respects improved. The England of 1878 has numerous advantages over the England when FAUTLERGY was hanged. But it has, perhaps, one disadvantage, namely, that now in comparison with then, it contains a much greater number of unhangd rogues.

A DOUBTFUL PROSPECT.

By the Treaty of Berlin, England has undertaken a serious responsibility in the East. Let us hope it will not prove an Asia Minor evil.

his torture, so far as example goes, is thrown away. It will not, however, have been thrown away on Mr. SIKES, if he, knowing that as anybody makes his bed so he must lie upon it, will refrain from making his own in such a way as to subject himself to lying in a prison uniform every night for a month on a plank. He should point out the extremity of this hardship to his associates, and whilst denouncing it in language as strong as he likes, remind them that if they wish not to incur it, they have only not to commit the offences which bring them to this very disagreeable bed.

But unless Mr. SIKES will be so good as to take that trouble, the prison plank-bed, regarded as a device for the prevention of sleep and destruction of rest, is not a contrivance on which its inventor can be congratulated, except as an expert in the art of ingeniously tormenting. It was doubtless introduced into penal discipline without any previous consultation with medical and clerical authority as to the effects it would be likely to produce on the mind and body, healthy conditions of which are considered by both faculties needful to reformation.

Still, there is one thing to be said, at any rate, for adding deprivation of sleep to imprisonment and oakum-picking. Unless "New Rules" have also been prescribed for the treatment of the poor, the plank-bed does make a difference between the Gaol and the Work-house.

All the Difference.

"Miss HANNAY, Mistress of a Girls' School at Manchester, has brought an action against Mr. W. BIRCH, jun., to recover damages for a letter in the Manchester newspapers, charging Miss HANNAY with having, contrary to the regulations of the School Board, inflicted corporal punishment on children attending the School."—*Globe*, July 17.

A MISTRESS free with Birch is free to make;
But BIRCH with Mistress freedoms must not take.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, July 22 (Lords). Complaints from Lord GRANVILLE of the ventilation of their Lordships' House. The Lord CHANCELLOR admitted it wanted improvement, and promised to do what he could. *Punch* offers him his plan. Put up Lord STRATHMORE to speak. But if Noble Lords will call names, and bandy imputations, and let official cats out of bags in the House, for other Noble Lords to go cheyving them, it is difficult to see how the atmosphere in their Lordships' House can be otherwise than disagreeably foul, and inconveniently heated.

Lord NAPIER AND ETTRECK called attention to the statistics of Indian famine mortality, a horrible subject, as to which it is a comfort, rather than otherwise, to think that it is impossible to rely on the published statements of lives lost by starvation in Madras and Mysore. The lowest estimates of such mortality last year are appalling, the highest awful. Lowest or highest are such as JOHN BULL may well stand aghast at, as he looks back blankly and with a blush, to the hopes very widely entertained, or at least, very confidently expressed here, and even in India where they should know better, that English rule could and would cope effectually even with Indian Famine.

Famine has beaten us, by how many lengths their official statisticians have done their best. If we can do no better in future seasons of scarcity than we did last year, let us not vent such lordly scorn and censure on the impotence of Chinese and Turkish efforts to wrestle with the starvation of a people.

The best thing Lord CRANBROOK could say, was, what *Punch* is quite ready to believe—

"The Governors of those provinces and those under them had borne a strain of mind and anxiety which it was almost impossible to exaggerate. Their lordships, he felt sure, would not add to that strain of anxiety. They had done their best, he believed, to mitigate and stop the calamity. They had made great exertions. They had been, in some respects, unfortunate; in some cases they had failed, but there had also been great successes. And though he could not say they had put a complete stop to the famine, this at least he could say, there was not a man in the country who had not done his utmost to diminish its ravages."

There are visitations beyond even the best strength and the most strenuous good-will of even the best of all possible Governments. But what startles *Punch* is to find men of Indian experience contending that by the weight of our taxation, and the costliness of our rule, we are so impoverishing the soil as to render famines more frequent, and the natives more and more unable to provide against them. That is a horrible thought.

(Commons).—Lord HARTINGTON is to have next week for moving Resolutions questioning the "high policy" which has issued in the Berlin Treaty and the Anglo-Turkish Convention. We are glad to see that the Government is not to be reduced to Dr. KENEALY for its vindication; Mr. D. PLUNKETT is a challenger more worthy to strike Lord HARTINGTON's shield. Even he has since altered the terms of his Amendment from a "confident" to an "earnest" hope that, under the blessing of Providence, the arrangements made by Her Majesty's Government may result in "the preservation of peace, the amelioration of the condition of large populations, and the maintenance of the interests of this Empire." In fact, Mr. PLUNKETT puts Lord BEACONSFIELD's policy under the safe shelter of a "D.V.," to which its worst enemies can hardly object.

Col. STANLEY confirms the report that some half hundred of the Indian force have been all but poisoned at Malta by the substitution of carbolic acid for lime-juice. Ghcoorkas are wiry little chaps who can stand a good deal, but hardly the use of disinfectants for antiscorbutics. Somebody wants wiggling—if not hanging.

After a vast variety of questions, in which Lord R. MONTAGU made himself pre-eminently disagreeable, the House got to Committee on Cattle Diseases Bill, and made good way till it came to the Irish clauses, on which, as natural, a hitch arose, and Progress was reported—according to that Parliamentary use of the words which implies that a stop was come to.

Tuesday (Lords).—Notice from Lord BEACONSFIELD that the QUEEN was coming to Parliament for a marriage allowance for Prince ARTHUR.

Lord TRURO, better employed than in rabid denunciation of Vivisection, called attention to the culpable carelessness with which gunpowder is stowed aboard merchant and passenger ships. If there is one thing more than another for which our shipping authorities, particularly in the Thames, want blowing up, it is for their vices of omission and commission in this very serious matter. Unluckily it is ships and passengers that get blown up, instead of Conservators and Board of Trade.

Lord CAMPERDOWN wanted to know what Government expected Cyprus would bring in, or rather would take out. All that the Marquis of SALISBURY would answer for was that the PORTE should not be the worse for the transfer (which *Punch* is quite ready to believe. Still less will the islanders). The Government had not the least idea what the island revenue was, or was likely to be—but they hoped

for the best. It had maintained a large population in the past. He believed it would be capable of doing the same in the future, and large population meant large revenue.

Lord GRANVILLE complained of the secrecy in which the Anglo-Turkish Convention had been shrouded. *Punch* would merely observe that regarding the Turk as not merely a sick, but a dead man, shrouding seems a natural operation in connection with him.

Lord GRANVILLE doubted if Cyprus be now or can ever be made of any value as a naval station. Even Batoum, we were assured by Lord BEACONSFIELD, was scarce as good a harbour as Cowes, with room for three ships comfortably, and six by tight packing. Yet he had heard of its having recently accommodated thirteen Turkish men-of-war and a transport.

Lord HAMMOND gave a pungent criticism of the probable cost and consequences of our occupation of Cyprus, and administered to the Government about the sharpest rap over the knuckles it has yet received *a propos* of its "high policy."

Lord BEACONSFIELD said that as to the secrecy of the negotiations, which ended in the occupation of Cyprus, secrecy was the policy of the Government, which he was ready to justify at the right time; that as to their ignorance about the island, they knew quite enough to warrant the assumption of British sovereignty, and would be prepared to prove the grounds of that knowledge also at the right time. As to Batoum, he had good authority for his description of the port, and its capacity. As to the ports of Cyprus, of course it was easy to pick up "musty details from obsolete gazetteers," but by this time next year he ventured to say they would be full of British ships. (Very probably, with a garrison of 10,000 men to supply.)

Lord CARDWELL admired the Noble Lord's skill in answering questions that had not been asked, and in evading those to which no answer could be given. But the House was as much in the dark as ever as to Batoum, as to Cyprus, its revenue, its ports, our intentions as to slavery there, the law to be administered in the island, as to everything, in short, a Government ought to have known before taking possession.

The Lord CHANCELLOR retorted, with some heat. The Noble Viscount complained that questions had not been answered, which had never been asked. British law will be administered to British subjects in Cyprus or elsewhere, Turkish to Turkish, till altered. Slavery will be dealt with, as in other places, "where Her Majesty's law is administered." (What does Lord CAIRNS mean?)

Lord SELBORNE complained that



NATURAL INFERENCE.

Juvenile (to Old Pawkins, who isn't "at home" with Children). "AIN'T YOU GOING TO DANCE?"

Pawkins (doing his best). "WELL, MY BOY—AH—YAAS—EH—NO—I THINK——"

Juvenile. "I S'PPOSE YOU'VE COME FOR A REGULAR 'STODGE' AT THE SUPPER!!"

the LORD CHANCELLOR'S answer made darkness darker. Who are HER MAJESTY'S subjects in Cyprus? Will the island be Turkish or English—under Turkish Law or English?

(Commons.)—In answer to Sir W. HARCOURT, the ATTORNEY-GENERAL threw as much darkness on the subject of Cypriot Law and administration as the LORD CHANCELLOR.

The Viceroy of India being empowered to muzzle the Vernacular Press, by deposit of caution-money liable to summary forfeiture after warning, such forfeiture to be followed by suppression of the offending journal on repetition of offence, should not Parliament be kept informed whenever the muzzle is clapped on?

So asks Mr. GLADSTONE, in a speech of studied moderation. JOHN BULL does not like the gag. His experience tells him that the good of a free Press, with any inconveniences it may have, incalculably outweighs its evils. He does not believe that to drive diseases in—political or bodily—is the best way to get rid of them, and he feels that the first condition for removing discontent is to give it free expression. Indian law already gives power to deal with seditious writings. Surely that is all that is wanted. At all events if the gag is to be used in India, let those who put it on feel they do so under the eye of Parliament.

Mr. O'DONNELL moved a superfluous amendment saying the same thing in more offensive terms.

Mr. GORST could not see any justification for any distinction in the treatment of the British and Vernacular Press in India.

Sir G. CAMPBELL owned himself in a hobble. If he had as clear an opinion on the matter as Mr. GLADSTONE, he would have wound up with a stronger Motion. There was a great deal to be said for and against the summary powers given by the new law. So Sir GEORGE gave the House three-quarters of an hour's see-saw between the *pro* and *con.* of the matter.

Mr. SMOLLETT pitched savagely, after his manner, into the administration of India, and the British Press there, which he described as infinitely more pestilent than the Vernacular.

Mr. GATHORNE HARDY supported the Viceroy's Act.

Mr. SAW LEFEVRE laughed the inflated nonsense of the Vernacular Press to scorn. He would not strain law to silence bosh and bombast.

Mr. FAWCETT blamed the Act, and still more the way it had been forced on the Indian Council.

Mr. E. STANHOPE, for the India Office, hoped the Act would be kept in *terrorem*, like a rod hung on the wall, to frighten the Vernacular Press-gang into good behaviour.

Sir H. JAMES condemned the hurry with which the Act had been passed in India and approved at Home; and the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER promised that the Indian Government should be instructed to keep the Home Government informed of all proceedings under this Act, as, Lord CRANBROOK has, in fact, already intimated to Lord LYTON.

This in effect was equivalent to carrying Mr. GLADSTONE'S Motion, which was formally disposed of by a division of 208 to 152. The minority should have been 160, but for eight blunderers who got into the wrong lobby.

Wednesday.—A close day's work on Cattle Disease and Roads. Hard labour for such weather.

Thursday (Lords).—Their Lordships cordially concurred in making handsome marriage provision for Prince ARTHUR and his fair bride, the daughter of the Red Prince, whom Lord BEACONSFIELD, in a happy hymeneal oration described as "distinguished for intelligence and accomplishments, and for a winning simplicity of thought and manner." For the Duke's character he appealed to their Lordships.

"He sits among us as a Peer. He is known to the country for his spotless life, and he is devoted to a noble profession. He is not a soldier of parade, but of service. On a recent occasion, when the terrible contingency of war seemed to be hovering over the country, the Duke of CONNAUGHT was the first to express his hope that he might be allowed to be sent forth to defend the honour and the interests of his country."

The marriage, he said, was "a union of the heart and the affections."

Prosit!—says *Punch*, and begs to drink the health of the charming young couple in an iced cup of a coolness in inverse proportion to his loyalty.

(Commons.)—Less unanimous in its loyalty, the Lower House mustered a few *Intransigentes* to protest against the grant of the £15,000 which it is proposed to add to Prince ARTHUR'S £10,000. The recalcitrants were led by the stern Baronet of Chelsea—Sir CHARLES of that DILKE—who thus avenges himself for the handle tacked by Royal favour to his name.

He contended, on an elaborate review of precedents, that there was no instance of holding out the Crown for a marriage portion—except in the case of marriages in a manner forced to raise Royal issue—till the present reign.

But, as was pointed out both by the leaders of the Government and the Opposition, backed by Mr. GLADSTONE, the precedents did not apply. The present arrangement by which the QUEEN comes to her Parliament for what she wants is the best for both. The allowance now asked for the Duke of CONNAUGHT is the same as was granted to the Duke of EDINBURGH. The country can afford the money; the Prince wants it; the QUEEN can't provide it out of the Civil List; and when that was settled, it was a bargain that allowances to the Royal Family should be given as required.

Sir CHARLES found only 33 to follow his lead into the lobby against 320—10 to 1 as nearly as possible—long odds, but not longer than the odds in favour of loyalty to Royalty in the House, and out of it.

Then much way was made with the phenomenal Irish Intermediate Education Bill—the one measure, as Major NOLAN pathetically pointed out, on which the Irish Members had been of one mind during the Session. Almost as strange, they have been of one mind with the Government. The Government opens the advantages of the Act to girls. A queer trio—Mr. E. JENKINS, Mr. NEWDEGATE, and Mr. F. COURTNEY disturbed the harmony of the evening.

Friday (Lords).—Rehearsal of next week's work in the Commons. The Government "heckled" by the Opposition.

First, Lord GRANVILLE, on the authority of HOBART Pasha, set Lord BEACONSFIELD to-rights as to the harbour-capacity of Batoum. Then Lord ROSEBERY fell foul of the Schouvaloff-Salisbury Agreement; and Lord CAERNARVON of the Anglo-Turkish Convention; and between them said harsher things of both than have been yet said in Parliament.

Lord SALISBURY did his best to parry an attack he could not answer. "Secret agreements" are necessary before going into Congresses, or these would come to nothing, or worse—to war. The despatch to Lord Odo RUSSELL was not a farce. All we were pledged to was not to fight for the Balkans, or for Batoum. The despatch to Lord Odo pointed out the line of argument, which actually led Russia to concede the garrisoning of the Balkan frontier by the Turk, and the conversion of Batoum from a war-station to a commercial port. We did the best we could for Greece, in urging her to patience first, and in keeping her fat out of the fire afterwards.

The Earl of MORLEY, the Marquis of BATH, and Lord HAMMOND vied with each other in saying nasty things of our part in the Berlin Treaty, and the Anglo-Turkish Convention. In short, it is impossible to imagine "a triumphant arrangement" more severely criticised. It is difficult to imagine what worse the Commons can find to say of it next week than the Lords did to-night. And the Government can hardly hope to find a more effective apologist in Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE or Mr. CROSS, than they have in Lord SALISBURY. Bad is the best.

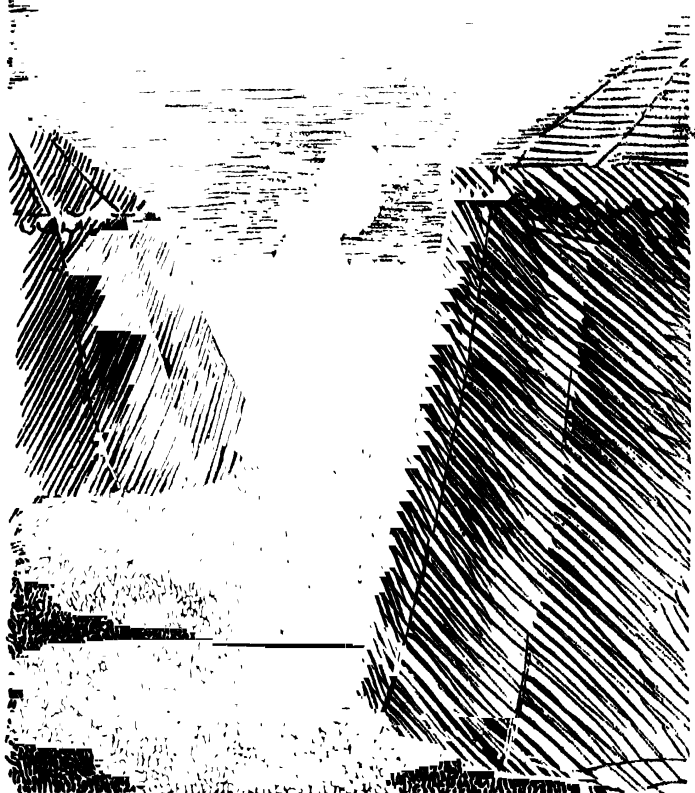
(Commons.)—Sir W. HARCOURT baited the ATTORNEY-GENERAL with a whole pack of troublesome questions about Cyprus. Lord R. MONTAGU made himself disagreeable to Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE about the despatch to Lord Odo. Mr. P. TAYLOR announced that he would not divide the House again on the marriage allowance to the Duke of CONNAUGHT, on which he would leave the country to pronounce at the next General Election, a prudent example which Mr. MACDONALD declined to follow, and then the House got into Committee on the Cattle Bill.

The best part of the Evening Sitting was spent in debate on the interesting subject of Caffre Polygamy, which Mr. MCARTHUR wants the British Legislature to do away with. Parliament has more pressing business than interfering between a man and his wives—particularly savage man.

Legal Japanning.

THE Japanese Government has appointed an English Barrister, Mr. TARRING, as Professor of English Law at the University of Tokio.

It would seem that the Japanese are already not tarring, but tarred, with the brush of English Law; for we see the name of a Japanese graduate of Tokio among the winners of Scholarships at the last examination of our own Council of Legal Education.



SOUVENIR DE WIMBLEDON.

Adjutant (going his rounds at night). "PUT OUT THOSE LIGHTS!"

[Out go the lights.
[Music goes on.]

Adjutant. "STOP THAT MUSIC!"

Adjutant (louder). "STOP THAT MUSIC, I SAY!"

Voice (from inside the tent). "IT'S NO GOOD, SIR! IT'S A MUSICAL BOX, AND WE CAN'T STOP IT! IT WILL GO ON FOR TEN MINUTES MORE!"

ACROSS THE KEEP-IT-DARK CONTINENT;

OR, HOW I FOUND STANLEY.

(By the Author of "Coomupassie," and "Notamagdollar," "My Philaloo!" &c.)

PART I.—CHAPTER VI.

Pursuit—Situation—Sang-froid—Sketching—Jeu de Mot—Spearing—Umbrella—Gulf—"Jump, pretty creature, jump!"—The Effort—The Flop—Escape—Diary—Landed—Old Friend with New Face—Chart—Guide—Plans for Future—Gratitude—Sleep.

M'YIONYU was in a perfect vapour-bath of fright—not a rain of terror, but a steam of it, as he ran, puffing and blowing, towards the edge of the cliff, while the savage yells of his pursuers could be distinctly heard in the distance.

With my usual sangfroid, I pulled out my note-book, and began jotting down a few musical ideas suggested by the situation, which was both dramatic and sensational, though, of course, on the stage, M'YIONYU would have to be idealised into a fragile heroine.

"Fly for your life!" I cried, from my covered and comfortable seat in Compartment 10 of the *Arkadia*, while still making my notes and sketching the scene (for the *Illustrated*, or *Graphic*,—it didn't matter to me which—or both) on the block that I always carry with me for such emergencies as this.

"I can't fly!" his voice came back, piteously.

"Then, run!" we sensibly suggested.

"I am running!" he shrieked, breathlessly. "But they're trying to spear me, and I haven't wind enough to get away! Do stop!"

"Dum Spiro Spear-o!" I called out to him, cheerily, as I gave

the last finishing touch to my graphic sketch; for even at this supreme moment my spontaneous humour overcame every other consideration—and, by the way, I really believe that the very best *bons mots* I've ever made, have all been uttered under some great pressure of immediate danger.

M'YIONYU, however, is not of my calibre, and did not relish the joke.

In another second the spears, flying like light'ning, were absolutely dark'ning the air. I made this joke about "light'ning" and "dark'ning" for the first time on this occasion, just as old M'YIONYU dodged to avoid a spear that was aimed at his head; but the movement was not of so complicated a character as to enable him to avoid a second spear, whose aim had not been at the same elevation, and he gave a bound that would have made his fortune as a ballet-dancer, at the same time giving vent to so clear and high a note, as would have secured him an engagement as first tenor at any Opera-house in the world.

"How often," I reflected, "does mere accident evoke our natural but unsuspected capabilities!" In M'YIONYU'S case it was his super-bilities that were chiefly brought into prominence, though the impetus of a spear showed that he had only to be taught to produce his voice to make him a second MARIO, or a TAMBERLIK Junior.

M'YIONYU finding the number of spears increasing,—for the savages were really treating him as if he were an Aunt Sally at a penny a shy, with some reduction made on taking a quantity,—put up his umbrella, but this only impeded his movements.

"Don't go without me!" he roared.

Whether we should be able to comply with his request, or not, rested, as I pointed out to him, from my seat in the boat,—entirely with himself.

He was nearing the edge of the cliff, about fifty feet above the deep pond where we were afloat, which formed the opening to the

northern end of the huge expanse of water, which I have since called "The Great Colonel's Gulf."

"Leave the *Spears*, and go for the *Pond*!" I cried, with more ready wit,—for I really was in the vein, and this was the third or fourth *jeu de mot* I had made this morning. "Jump in!"

"I can't swim!" he screamed, desperately. He really could do nothing.

"I can't spare anyone to swim for you," I replied, laughingly, just to keep him up while he was running down; "but you're fat enough to float, and the stream will do the rest."

At this instant a spear whose strength was, fortunately, somewhat spent in its flight through the air, warned him that further delay was dangerous.

"*Sans arrière pensée, sautez de haut en bas!*" I cried. "Leap, pretty creature, leap!" I added, by way of encouragement, to show him in what good spirits we all were. And indeed it was impossible to help laughing at the absurd distress of fat old M'YIONYU the Detective.

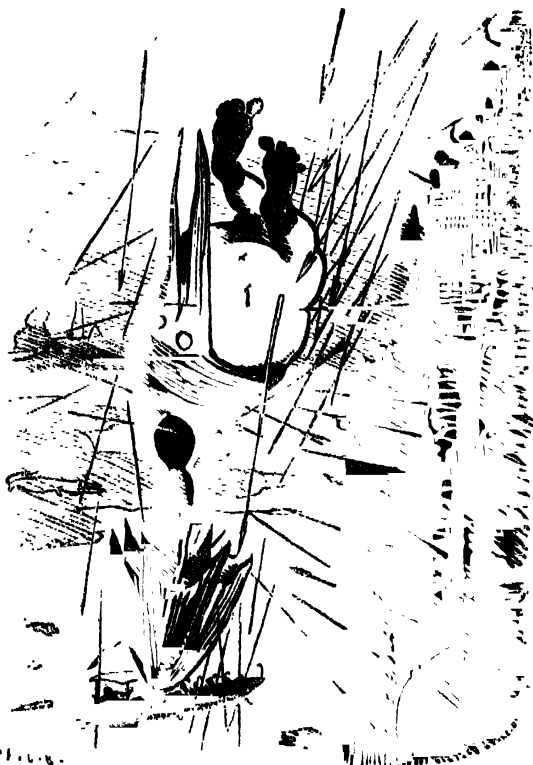
The savages drew nearer—their cavalry was out—they were all armed—all the equestrian tribes of Mijeejee were in full force; and the Elastic Bands of the D'UKMAKAS played their most inspiring war-strains, as they marched at the double-double towards the coast.

I saw, that, if they came on at the *pas de charge*, M'YIONYU would be stuck all over with spears like a pincushion.

"It reminds me," I said to my men, "of the terms for advertisements in the newspapers. They are making a big charge for insertion."

They all roared, specially the Printer's boy from Fleet Street, who enjoyed the joke professionally.

Two more spears from the advanced guard, and M'YIONYU, seeing no further hope, gave a tremendous leap—quite a superhuman effort in one so corpulent—and whirling through the air, anyhow, —upside down, and downside up,—fell, with such a splash, into the water, as to spoil the fishing for miles round, and, in fact, it nearly endangered the safety of our frail craft.



THE EAGLE SWOOP OF THE FAT DETECTIVE FROM "SPEAR POINT" INTO "COLONEL'S GULF." (Vide Narrative.)

We waited for him some time, but, as he did not re-appear, we concluded that he had been unavoidably detained below, and, hoping to see him later on in our journey, we set sail, got the steam up, and waving our flag, "The Golden Fleece," in the faces of the Emperor JOKKI and all his howling tribe, who were wild with rage, I sang out cheerily to him through the speaking-trumpet, "JOKKI miboi ure Jokkidayntchu?" Which being impossible to translate literally, means—"Moral: Who tries to do others, must himself expect to be

done." And I am satisfied, that, though JOKKI may forget a good deal of the instruction which I contrived to give him in private conversational lessons (so much the half-dozen—but he didn't pay), he will never forget the practical Christian teaching bestowed upon him by the Great White Colonel, Senior Warden, Blooming Brother and Double Ditto, of whom he saw the last this day at 4 P.M. [Weather threatening. Breeze being kicked up.]—(Vide my Private Diary.)

Next Evening.—Landed on an island. Saw a cove in the distance. Went up cautiously, and whispered, "Mr. STANLEY, I presume?"

"You do presume," said a voice I at once recognised. "Behold me!" and removing his hat, with which came off at the same time his wig, whiskers, and nose, all in a piece, I beheld once again the form of M'YIONYU, the Dark Detective.

We were all very pleased to welcome him; and that night, from his account of the tides and currents, I was enabled to draw up a river chart, and the commencement of a table for finding the "Golden Letter" for the next three-years-worth of Sundays, which will be most useful to intending visitors. By the way, who does find the Golden Letter, and is it any use at the Bank? if so, which Bank? as there are always two.

I have already commenced my *Bradshaw's Guide to the Central African Railways*, with maps in special edition, and a vocabulary of useful words to those unacquainted with the language. I am thinking of the most attractive names for the stations, viz., the first is *Honeycomb Wood*. There are no bees and no honey, but it *sounds* well, and when you are trying to allure strangers, it would be worse than idiotic to call one place *Dryrock*, another *Dirtyland*, another *Scorchpoint*, another *Phever Marsh*. No; here is my list—*Honeycomb Wood, Blue Sea Bay, Shatynook Island, Pleasant Plain, &c.* All these are good names in a prospectus, and plots of land, freehold, will soon be purchasable. Orders for this invaluable work may be sent to me, under cover, to the Office, Fleet Street.

(Extract from Diary.)—Before retiring to rest, I registered the heat and took out a patent.

Night.—The camp is all asleep. The *Arkadia* in compartments forms excellent camping quarters. This is the first time I have been able to close my eyes for six weeks, and it is with a grateful heart that I place the hatful of coin, amounting to about £5000 (English), under my pillow, and with one hand on my revolver, and the other on my sword (both under the bed-clothes), I calmly sink off to the rest which I have so well earned.

One thing I do not forget. I do not know to what amount exactly STANLEY was done by the wily Emperor JOKKI; but if it was only a few dollars, or if JOKKI never saw STANLEY at all—for that sum, or for any other—then, in any case, I have amply avenged STANLEY's loss, and now I only long, more and more ardently, to come up with STANLEY, to recoup him, with interest, for his sufferings at the hands of the crafty JOKKI and the Mijeejee tribe. *Bonne nuit.* And as I drop off to sleep, I murmur, "Mr. STANLEY, I pre . . . sume?" (Shore).

N.B.—Correspondence between the Editor and the Illustrious Traveller, which the former thinks it due to himself at this point, and in view of future proceedings elsewhere, to publish. This *AVIS AU PUBLIC* is not meant in any offensive sense towards our most Illustrious Traveller, in whom we take this opportunity of expressing our implicit confidence, up to a certain point. But no one, in our responsible position, can be too cautious.

From Editor to Illustrious Traveller.—Your last communication, we notice, was dated on board the *Arkadia*. It came by hand. Where are you?

From Illustrious Traveller to Editor (by Messenger).—Here, on board the *Arkadia*, which I am now using as a sea-and-river-house-boat, where I can compile my Notes and Diaries at leisure. For reasons,—which a cheque in full from you would cease to exist,—I would rather not land just at present. My ex. in doing the K. I. D. Continent were terrific; and I relied on—well, no matter. The vast extent which I have explored, and which I shall christen *New Greenland*, will offer, to the speculator and investor, such chances as may never occur again. It will be a big fortune; so put your money on the right spot for once, and trust yours truly with early cheque. It's as much for your benefit as my own. I'm very unwell, and shall not be able to finish this exciting narrative for you, unless you are my doctor, and send me the draught which will soon set me on my legs again. Bearer waits.

From Editor to Illustrious Traveller (per Ditto Messenger).—Good simile that of yours about "doctor," and most graceful play on the word "draught." So novel and so refreshing. But you forget the Patient never prescribes what the Physician is to send him. As to investment or speculation, select a good piece of land and send us the particulars.

From Very Ill-used-trious Traveller to Editor (per Return Messenger).—You mustn't press a simile too far. I am prostrated. I can scarcely hold my pen. If I cannot raise the wind, and get a refreshing breeze, you will hear no more from Yours Truly, who is at his last gasp. Bearer (who waits) is witness to the shattered condition of what, *pour ainsi dire*, I still call my "health." Few men can go through such trials and privations, in such a climate as that of the Keep-it-Dark Continent, and expect to retain their pristine energies. Coin first, plans of land after. Business is business. By the way, Bearer's been four times backwards and forwards this morning. Please pay his expenses one way (whichever way you like—you pay your money, and are entitled to your choice), and give him a little refreshment. I enclose some photographs,—they speak for themselves and for me! *Les Voild!*



BEFORE I WENT TO THE KEEP-IT-DARK CONTINENT.

I'm monarch of all I survey.
I go to the Op'ra and play,
I dine at my Club,
I win ev'ry rub,
Except when I lose, and don't pay.



AFTER I RETURNED FROM THE KEEP-IT-DARK CONTINENT.

N.B.—*Couldn't keep it dark. It all came off, except where the remnants appear. Regard the lines with which care has furrowed my brow.*

My head is bald, but not with years;
My eyes are dim, but not with tears;
My coat is worn, my linen frayed—
Behold a man who's not been paid!



AN EVENING OF "LIFE." AHA!

Retrospective or Back View of Myself before I went to the Keep-it-Dark Continent.

"After the Opera was over."
"Come and be a Rollicking Ram!"
&c., &c.



THE EVENING OF LIFE. ALAS!

Present View (Back) of Myself after my return from the K. I. D. C.

Sinks to the grave with evident decay,
Procrastination gently slopes the way,
While all his prospects darkening very fast,
He's slowly going to the dogs at last.

N.B.—I think of publishing all these on a sheet separately, and selling them in the street on Lord Mayor's Day for the small sum of one penny. This would appeal straight to the generous and noble public of England. Good idea this, eh?—Yours ever.

*From Editor to Distinguished Traveller (by post).—We are indeed deeply touched. We will whip up a subscription all round. Bearer has waited too long, and is no longer in a fit state to be trusted. So, to save time and expense I send you an I.O.U. (unsigned), of which you may make what use you like, and enter it to your own private account. *Il faut vivre*, my dear Sir, and you shall. Lord Mayor's Day a good idea. Why not go round yourself, with the hat (&c.), on the 5th of November? By the way, we don't quite know where you are. Have you returned to Janzeribar, or are you writing in Town? Send finish of your contribution.—Yours, E.P.*

Reply (by telegram) from Distinguished Traveller to Editor.—Just had an offer to go to Cyprus. Think I shall do it. Send coin, or I'm sure I shall. I have not said a word yet. Cyprus speaks consent.

From Editor to Distinguished Traveller.—No. Don't go yet. STANLEY isn't in Cyprus. You'll find him here. All right. Send finish of thrilling narrative: coin by return.—Ed.

SUCCESS.

(*With Apologies to the Shade of Cowper.*)

"BENJAMIN DISRAELI rules the world."—J. A. ROXBURCK.

I AM Monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute;
From the Court to the Cot, for the day,
The claims of my rivals are mute.
"A First fiddle" to set in one's arms,
"Eclipse first, the rest nowhere," to place!
To lead men by the nose has its charms,
Though they be of the gross Gothic race.

I am far above rivalry's reach;
My career I must finish alone;
No more meet grim GLADSTONE in speech,
The one Peer I, a Peer, may not own.
The Lords who once jibbed 'neath my rein,
Now in harness submissive I see;
To wheel to my whip-hand so fain,
Their docility shocks even me.

Society's Lion and Pet,
Of the Hour I am clearly the Man;
Have I ought to redeem or regret
Of failure in purpose or plan?
My dreams from my own fiction's page
Are translated to far stranger truth,
To be swallowed by drivelling age,
And welcomed by rollicking youth!

Success! ah! what pleasures untold
Reside in that heavenly word!
The world as mine oyster I hold,
With my tongue and my pen for my sword.*
Ne'er such bouquet-clouds darkened the skies,
Ne'er Jingos so joyous appeared,
In the light rained from fair lips and eyes,
That my progress to Downing Street cheered.

Ye Whigs who once made me your sport,
Ye Tories who snubbed me of yore,
See me settle the Ottoman Porte,
And my party teach wisdom once more.
For the fools whose weak nerves one offends,—
The whites of their eyes they may show;
But the wise I may count on as friends,
While I've fishes and loaves to bestow.

How wide is the Empire of mind!
Who shall dare to set bounds to its flight?
Fortune's breath against it is but wind,
Weighed with it rank and fortune are light.
When I think of my Old Jewry youth,
I half doubt if such changes can be,
If the crmine enwraps me in sooth,
If the Garter I wear 'neath my knee.

My fame fills the East and the West;
At riddles the Sphinx I o'erbear;
If inclined on my laurels to rest,
Of green bays I've enough and to spare.
I've success, I've fools' Paradise—Place,
And success, be it solid or not,
Can even to gout give a grace,
And reconcile age to its lot.

* "The world's mine oyster which with sword I'll open."
Pistol—Henry IV.

A Legal View.

"SIR," said Mr. BRIEFLESS, in his loftiest manner, "you may depend upon it, that Lord BEACONSFIELD's object in annexing Cyprus was to exemplify the doctrine of *Cy-près*. He could not have taken Egypt or Syria without offending France, and wished to do as nearly the same thing as possible without producing that most undesirable result."

Mem. after the Mill in the Lords.

(*Between the Derby Pet and the Salisbury Slogger.*)

PERSONAL Government the Briton dreads,
Nor likes to rank it in the actualities:
But Ins and Outs punching each other's heads,
Comes close on Government by personalities.



OUR RESERVES.

Colonel of Volunteers (having clubbed the Battalion several times during the Drill). "HAN Y' WERE!—'ALT!—MARK TIME! THE 'OLE WILL BEAR IN MIND THAT MY WORD O' COMMAND IS MERELY 'A CAUTION'!"

[A remark with which the 'ole of the Regiment entirely agreed.]

THE "PAS DE DEUX."

"She did praise my leg being cross-gartered."—*Twelfth Night*.

Beaconsfield (in the *pas de triomphe*, complacently contemplating his gartered leg). Well, CECIL, my boy, we are going it blazingly!

Salisbury (aside, not so complacently). Methinks a *pas seul* I should rather more relish.

Beaconsfield. An excellent fit, and becomes you amazingly.

Salisbury. A Garter's the thing a fine leg to embellish.

Beaconsfield. Humpf! there I confess you have rather the pull.

Salisbury. You need not begrudge it, it's nearly my only one.

Beaconsfield. Well, surely the cup of your triumph is full.

Salisbury. I was thinking of DERBY, that outcast and lonely one.

Beaconsfield. It serves him quite right; he lost faith in my lead.

Salisbury. While I—(aside)—never thought to have you for my leader!

Beaconsfield. The man's a disgrace to his chivalrous breed.

Salisbury. He has met with the fate that befalls the seceder.

Beaconsfield (aside). Ah! there he speaks feelingly. (Aloud.) Out of the race!

Salisbury. Far better indeed to have been a non-starter.

Beaconsfield. How smartly you countered him;—straight in the face!

Salisbury. Well, he'll have to wait long enough for the Garter.

Beaconsfield (pirouetting). By Jove, they look well! Not a bad pair of legs!

Salisbury (walking round). Ah! dancing is better than kicking each other.

Beaconsfield. Of late ours has been like a dance among eggs.

Salisbury. Yes, but now we've free fling. Shall we just try another?

Beaconsfield (rather blown, but resuming his step). By all means. 'Tis a *pas de deux* worthy of VORON.

Salisbury. Ah! VOKES *et prætere nihil*, we'll say.

Beaconsfield (making a wry face). Oh! sneer as you like, but I can't stand your jokes.

Salisbury (acidly). Well, I own my dear Earl, you're the joke of the day.

Beaconsfield. Much better; that's more in your natural form.

Salisbury (cutting a caper). Tchick! Hou-p-là! That wasn't a bad pirouette.

Beaconsfield (puffing). A-h-h! I'm older than you, and the weather is warm.

Salisbury. Pooh! pooh! there is life in the old, DIZZY yet.

Beaconsfield. One more then; but mind, let us foot it together.

Salisbury (aside). Ah! yes, that's his cue. Am I hero, or martyr?

Beaconsfield (aside). Aha! does he wince at the gall of the tether?

Salisbury. Now for it! Keep step! One would not fly this garter!

[Left footing it.]

An Irish Bull in Action.

"IN the neighbourhood of a certain Irish city, which we need not identify, an unfortunate herdsman, at a place suggestively named Killbarry, was, the other day, gored to death by a bull. His master gave evidence before the Coroner's Jury, among other witnesses, which clearly proved the man's death by the horns of the animal. The Coroner's recommendation to him is worth quoting for its highly patriotic and national character. We recommend it to the admiration of Messrs. BIGGAR and O'DONNELL:—

"CORONER.—I must ask you to part with the animal. Ship him. He is not fit to have about the place. If you sell him here you will likely have some more Irishmen killed. Ship him, and, if he is to kill any person, let it be an Englishman."!!

Race and Ribbon.

FROM the Winner, just weighing, look back to the Starter,

One name, if not one race, the blue ribbon shows;

From a Countess of SALISBURY came the first Garter,

The last to a Marquis of SALISBURY goes.

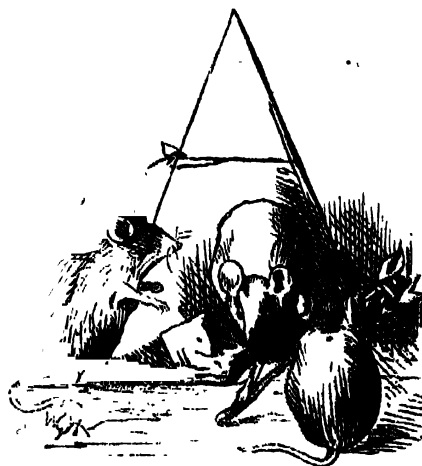
APPROPRIATE DRINK (for the Earl of Beaconsfield and Marquis of Salisbury at the Guildhall Luncheon on the 3rd of August.—"B. and S.—iced, if you please,—but not split.")



THE "PAS DE DEUX!"

(FROM THE "SCÈNE DE TRIOMPHE" IN THE GRAND ANGLO-TURKISH *Ballet d'Action*.)

SPECULATION ON CYPRUS.



Among the disadvantages objected to Cyprus is its want of a natural harbour. This defect should be promptly remedied by the erection of a factitious harbour. Everything is possible to British enterprise and capital. But the powers of the most enterprising British Government are limited by considerations of supply. The House of Commons, even with its Ministerial majority, will hardly, perhaps, vote the superaddition of an income-tax necessary to make a harbour for Cyprus. As that would be a

work of such magnitude that it could be accomplished only by the agency of a Joint Stock Association, the constitution of such a body, with command of the requisite resources, is contemplated already.

A Prospectus will be published in due time, under the title of the "Cyprus Harbour Company (Limited)." That statement will be headed with a list of Directors, including the most eminent names in the commercial world, and a due proportion of well-known Members of Parliament, and distinguished Officers in the Army and Navy. It will embody a glowing account of all the particulars requisite to demonstrate the safety of the investment. Its promoters will look up in the *Court Guide*, the *Post Office Directory*, the *Law List*, the *Medical*, Clerical, and all the like Catalogues, the names of persons likely to be in possession of small savings, for which they would be glad of the highest possible interest, who will be duly provided, in the Prospectus sent them, with neat and handy forms of application for shares. By this device will be obtained subscriptions, expected to go some way to complete the advertised paid-up capital of three hundred millions.

The "Cyprus Harbour Company (Limited)," will be started immediately on the revival of commercial prosperity confidently anticipated to result from the Treaty of Berlin. The Directors will be utterly incapable of attracting shareholders by concealment or fallacious representation of the Company's prospects. None who invest their cash in reliance upon the Company's Prospectus, need fear to find in a few months that the concern has been wound up, and that its promoters have absconded with the money.

PICK'S POCKET PICKED.

It is, or used to be, a maxim of Law that there is no wrong without a remedy. What remedy, then, has Mrs. PICK, a lady committed for trial at the Sessions on a charge of picking pockets, by a magistrate whose decision was apparently determined by a purblind eye to a pun? For the Bill against Mrs. PICK was thrown out by the Grand Jury, and a thorough investigation of the case has since proved the accusation utterly groundless and false. And what remedy has Dr. PICK, Mrs. PICK's husband, for having had to find £1000 bail for his wife, and pay about £240 law expenses in her defence? None whatever, it seems, except such as may be obtained for them by a Committee, headed by the Earl of SHAFTESBURY, the Countess of RUSSELL, and Miss FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, who "have taken the matter up, and now appeal to the public to express their sense of injustice by subscribing to a testimonial." But ought injustice of this kind to be left to be redressed by voluntary subscription? Have not the victims of false accusation a rightful claim on the public for damages to the amount of the pecuniary loss to which they have been wrongfully subjected in the public interest by stupidity or error in the administration of justice? As the case stands, it is not that Mrs. PICK unlawfully picked anybody's pocket, but that Dr. PICK's pocket has been picked by the Law.

A Cheap Pony.

We are all familiar with learned pigs, but the following, from the *Manchester Evening News* of the 24th inst., suggests a new accomplishment, not in a pig, but in a pony:—

PONY WANTED, 11 or 12 hands, suitable for collecting rents: about £8; also a Trap and Harness for same.

THROWING THE SHOE.

THE Indian Troops, their European mission accomplished, are transferred to Cyprus, whence they will probably, in due time, be re-shipped to India. Mr. Punch has not yet heard whether Her Majesty's Government contemplate the commemoration of their Visit to the West by the erection of a monolith on Primrose Hill, the Goodwin Sands, or some other appropriate site. If they do, he is very happy to put the following inscription at their service:—

THIS IS TO COMMEMORATE

the importation into Europe
of a Portion of Her Majesty's Indian Forces.
Arriving quite unexpectedly,
to the immense surprise of Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE,
one morning at Malta,
by the direction of a Genius
who regarded the effect produced by their Uniforms
rather than the amount claimed for their Travelling Expenses.
They afforded to the Weekly Illustrated Papers
material for a Series of Admirable Sketches,
and cost the Country
THREE QUARTERS OF A MILLION!
Violating unconsciously by their advent
THE BILL OF RIGHTS,
and so earning, for all time, the genial gratitude
of Mr. GLADSTONE.

They were not paraded at Wormwood Scrubs,
or utilised for sentry-duty in St. James's Street,
thus escaping a Shilling Ovation at the Crystal Palace,
and possibly
an acquaintance with other new and not less startling features
of Western Civilisation.

They obliged H.R.H. the Duke of CAMBRIDGE
to encounter the Mediterranean in rough weather,
and to admit,

in a subsequent Despatch
that their bearing was striking and soldierly.

So, HAVING MORE THAN FULFILLED
the Expectations of those who imported them,
and who, after having transferred them to Cyprus,
found themselves considerably embarrassed
what next to do with them,
they were re-shipped, quietly and unobtrusively,
to the general Mystification of Europe,
for the Land of their Birth;

Whence,
though they have merited the Admiration of Some,
and the Respect of Many,
and have left behind them

AN ELECTION CRY TO ALL,
it is to be hoped they will never again visit
the Western Dominions of their Imperial Mistress,
who, through the mouth of *Punch*,
gladly bids them ADIEU!
Adieu! *Adieu!*

A CASE FOR A COMPOSER.

THE plot of *BELLINI's* most popular Opera might, perhaps, have been modified had the librettist been acquainted with this interesting case related in a local paper:—

"An extraordinary case of somnambulism is reported from Heudley. A young woman of the neighbourhood got up in her sleep on Sunday night, and, taking a carving knife from the kitchen, went to the fowl-house, where she cut off the heads of six fine cocks, and fourteen hens. She afterwards killed five choice rabbits, and concluded her somnambulant proceedings by mortally stabbing a favourite donkey."

These deeds of a sleepwalker seem suggestive of graver incidents, which, dramatised, and set to music, might have formed a *La Sonnambula* of an intensely tragic character. The final catastrophe of the piece is obviously figured in the heroine's concluding act, of "mortally stabbing a favourite donkey." The analogue of that cherished animal would, of course, have been a hapless *Elvino*, fated to fall by the hand of his somnabulic sweetheart.

AFTER READING THE DEBATE ON THE VERNACULAR PRESS ACT.

"Of gagging Acts I, too," quoth TOOLE, "may brag;
The best part of my Acts is always gag!"

MRS. TAIT'S LAWN PARTY.—The Bishops' gathering at Lambeth.

"BIEN VENU QUI APORTE!"



W. HAMBLEY, DEL.

SWAIN, SC.

VENUS loquitur.

No pilgrims to my Paphian shrine
Now gather as of yore:
The gems, that through this isle of mine
Once sparkled, shine no more.

But more than all its gems of old,
My GARNET, comes with you,
Whose Government brings British gold,
My Cyprus to renew!

Emblem of might and right at home,
Emblem, abroad, of "swag,"
Lo Venus, daughter of the foam,
Draped in the British flag!

OVER THE LEFT.—In answer to many inquiries, we have to inform our Correspondents that the Garter is *not* put on the right leg.

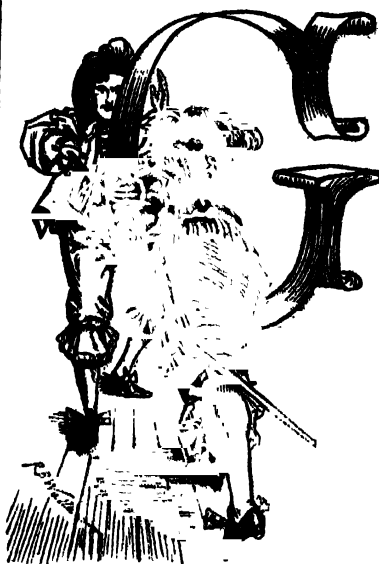
SUBJECT FOR A SEA-PIECE BY MR. BOREAS WHISTLER.—"A disarrangement in green and flesh colour."



A SWEET DELUSION.

Little Lady Fatima Flumpington (to the stately Mrs. Longlay, whom she fancies she resembles like a twin). "How do you do, Darling! I declare we are more like each other than ever, with these hats; and in looking at you I feel as if I were looking at myself in the glass. I suppose you feel the same yourself, dear!"

RIDDLES FOR THE RECESS.



IVING different views on questions of the day for the benefit of the British Elector.

Is the Island of Cyprus "the fairest jewel in the British Crown," or "the 'Wapping' of the Mediterranean?"

Has the conduct of the English Plenipotentiaries at the Congress of Berlin "deserved the enthusiastic gratitude of an adulating Empire," or "ought it to be branded by all rational politicians as 'infamous and astonishing'?"

Will the 'secrecy' with which Her Majesty's Government have conducted certain recent negotiations, "bear the enlightened scrutiny of reflective statesmen?" or, "drive every Englishman who values his liberties to ask himself

whether the volcano that produced *Magna Charta* is extinct?"

Was the importation of the Indian troops into Europe "a splendid and far-seeing master-stroke of Imperial policy?" or, "the vulgar and expensive antic of a spangled circus-poseur?"

Has The Earl of Beaconsfield "added to the prerogative of the Crown a legitimate and lustrous splendour," or ought he "to be burnt in effigy on every village-green where the true principles of Constitutional history are discussed and digested?"

"Is The Anglo-Turkish Convention the crowning master-stroke of far-seeing and Imperial policy?" as the *Daily Telegraph* proclaims, or, "an insane proceeding, involving the country, without a word of previous warning, or an opportunity for national consideration, in great risks and incalculable responsibilities," as Mr. GLADSTONE contends.

And, ought The Unhappy British Elector "to listen to the violent partisan shibboleth that is being prepared for putting into his mouth on both sides," or "to take a sensible, calm, and impartial look round on his own account, and then give his vote accordingly?"

PREACHING AND PRACTICE.

AT a medical conversazione, held after dinner, around the hospitable board of Sir WILLIAM JENKINS, attention was called to an appeal to the Faculty by a daily journal, in an article on "The Perils of Fashionable Life" those besetting "the fashionable dissipation of a London season" with its resultant evils; the damage done to the system by the giddy whirl of pleasures, late hours, constant excitement, over-heated, and ill-ventilated rooms, exposure to sudden changes of temperature, want of sleep, imprudent indulgence in stimulants—against all which medical men were invited to protest more emphatically and generally than they do—the invitation being especially addressed to "the majority of the busiest practitioners in the West End" who were urged "to steadily discountenance" these fast and foolish courses.

Dr. GUINEMAN said the article in question was quoted and endorsed in a professional journal, which admitted that they (the Faculty) "had not taken the subject up as they ought to have done. Public hygiene had monopolised too much of their attention, to the neglect of private hygiene; and they had witnessed with too much indifference those social abuses and irregularities to which many of the disorders among the higher classes are to be chiefly attributed." Very likely. Their attention to public hygiene had vastly improved the public health. The like consequence, no doubt, would result from equal attention to private hygiene. Yes; but how would that affect private practice?

Dr. PUMBY.—Fancy the effect, in a business point of view, of successful remonstrance against those unhealthy habits, which, as we know, produce nearly all the disorders prevalent among the higher classes. How could doctors live, if there were no diseases? That would be the necessary consequence of thorough attention to public hygiene, and private hygiene, too.

Sir CUTE SHARPLES.—The Profession are called upon to preach obedience to the laws of health. Preaching is the province of the

Clergy. But as to that, the cure of bodies differs materially from the cure of souls. If the souls are cured by it, so much the better both for the souls and the sermoniser. The Parson gets paid all the same. But the Physician's exhortations, in so far as they are effectual, impair his income.

Mr. ABERNETHY JONES.—True; but they are effectual in very few cases indeed. I speak from experience. My patients all belong to the better orders, so called—those that ABER styles the "Upper Ten." I never cease pointing out to them the error and stupidity of their ways in respect of eating and drinking, late hours in heated rooms, impure air, and all the rest of it. What is the consequence? They give me great credit, but, for the most part, pay me not the slightest attention. My practice is never at all the worse for my preaching. In the mean time—*liberavi animam meam*—and I combine the enjoyment of an undiminished income with the satisfaction of a self-approving conscience.

[*Roars of laughter, during which the host called upon the speaker to pass the bottle, and the conversation concluded.*]

A CURIOUS CORRESPONDENCE.

(Non-Official.)

MY DEAR LORD B—D, Tuesday,
I AM delighted to see that you have received the reward you so richly deserve. But there is still a George to let.
Yours sincerely, S—Y.

MY DEAR S—Y, Wednesday.
A THOUSAND thanks for your congratulations. Yes, I think perhaps that I have earned it at last. You may remember that I refused it a little while ago. I had scarcely noticed that there was still one vacant. As you say there is, of course there must be.
Yours sincerely, B—D.

MY DEAR LORD B—D. Thursday.
I AM surprised that the vacant Garter has not been given to the other person who has so richly earned it.
Yours faithfully, S—Y.

MY DEAR LORD S—Y. Friday.
ANOTHER person has earned the vacant Garter? You surely do not mean Lord DERRY? I admit he has certain claims upon his party, but yet—
Yours, faithfully, B—D.

MY LORD, Saturday.
I DO not mean Lord DERBY. I mean myself. If you have got a Garter for the Congress, I ought to have one. Please see to this at once, or I too can take the Public into confidence—*verbum sat*.
Yours, &c., S—Y.

DEAR S. Saturday Afternoon.
CAPITAL! I was only joking. I am going down to Windsor on Monday. You shall have the Garter at once. It was through a mistake that you did not receive yours when I got mine. The announcement will appear in to-morrow's *Times*. Till then, believe me,
Yours affectionately, B—D.

Punch's Notes on his own Archdeacon's.

(See "Notes of my Life," by Archdeacon Denison.)

MOST optimist of pessimists, John-Bullest of John Bulls.
Thou orcheat of Arch-deacons, and most dear of High-Church DENISONS,
Punch his crown, the "cap and bells," to thy shovel-hat off-pulls,
And bids thy book, JOHN ANTHONY, the heartiest of benisons.

Hammer and Pen.

CHARLES MARTEL was christened "*Malleus Barbarorum*" after his defeat of the Saracens at Tours. After him we had a "*Malleus Malefactorum*," and more than one "*Malleus Hæreticorum*." So there is no lack of precedent for dubbing Sir LOUIS MALLET—who stood alone on the Copyright Commission in denying property in ideas, and sent in a report advocating the abolition of Copyright altogether—*Malleus Auctorum*.

ONE HEAD TO TWO LEGS.

"THE second vacant Garter has been conferred on Lord SALISBURY." Two legs are now provided for.

FROM A BRITHER SCOT.—The Itchiman Pass—the Brigg o' Perth.



WARRANTED.

Traveller. "You 're sure she's quiet, LANDLORD?"

Landlord. "QUIET—JUST TELL HER WHERE Y'ARE GOING, HONEY, SAY NAE MAIR!"

OUT OF SEASON QUESTIONS FOR BEAUTIES.

How many balls, crushes, garden-parties, *matinées musicales*, and afternoon dances have you been to?

How many times have you been mobbed at the Zoo, the Royal Botanical Gardens, and the Royal Academy?

Enumerate the matches at which you have been stared at at Lord's, Prince's, Hurlingham, and the Orleans; describe your costumes on each occasion.

How often have you danced at the Court Balls?

How many times have you been paragonized in the Society journals?

State the names and addresses of the photographers to whom you have given sittings, distinguishing each photograph by (a) dress, (b) attitude, (c) expression of eye.

Describe your costumes and parties at Ascot and Goodwood.

How do you like running the gauntlet of fast men and faster women, of more money than brains and less character than either?

Describe the sensation of (a) being "taken up," and (b) being "let down."

Describe the effect of the beauty-woman's passing and questionable popularity, on (a) your health, (b) your happiness, (c) your income, (d) your manners, and (e) the feelings of your family.

And lastly (not that it matters much), state what has become of your husband?

Heads in Chancery.

(A Scene in Court.)

SAYS MALINS to GLASSE,

"I think you're an ass!"

SAYS GLASSE back to MALINS,

"I pity your failings!"

APPROPRIATE "PITCH" FOR THE MINISTERIAL FISH DINNER.—Billingsgate.

AFTER THE SEASON.—On the Seine.

THE PEOPLE ON PALAVER.

To the Honourable the House of Commons in Parliament assembled:—

The humble Petition of us, the People of England, Humbly Sheweth:—

That we, your humble Petitioners, are accustomed to read the morning papers in which the speeches of the principal Members of your honourable House, therein made in the preceding night's debate, are reported.

That those speeches altogether occupy as many as ten or twelve newspaper columns of small print.

That in every paper they are daily compressed within a space of larger print seldom exceeding a single column.

That the debates of a whole week in your honourable House are regularly condensed into about two pages of that incomparable publication, *Punch*, containing everything in them which is of any the slightest consequence.

That whilst it is true that a fool is known by his much speaking, it is equally true that the Members of the Collective Wisdom constituting your honourable House, are notorious for the very same thing.

Your petitioners therefore would humbly pray that your honourable House would be pleased to take such measures as to your wisdom shall seem fitting, for compressing the speeches of your long-winded Members within reasonable bounds, which they could easily be reduced to by being shorn of verbosity, tautology, rigmarole, irrelevant argumentation, bomb and bunkum.

In conclusion, your humble Petitioners humbly beg your honourable House to consider what the probable consequence would have been if her Majesty's Government had, out of deference to Constitutional principle, communicated to your honourable House their pro-

jected Anglo-Turkish Convention. Which had they done, the Convention would certainly not yet have been concluded, but would still remain a question under debate before your honourable House, and most likely never to be concluded at all. Your Petitioners therefore beseech you to oblige all Honourable Gentlemen addressing you to cut it short.

And your Petitioners, as in duty bound, will ever pay.

(Signed)

WE THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND BY OUR PROCURATOR PUNCH.

OLD CLOTHES FOR CLERGYMEN.

ACCORDING to the *Post*, Mr. COWEN, in moving an amendment to the Bishoprics Bill, expressed himself in terms which may be thought to indicate some slight confusion of ideas concerning the Ministers of the Established Church. Having said that what the people of England wanted was, not more Bishops, but a Church with complete intellectual freedom, and religious equality:—

"He also objected to increasing the number of a highly-paid hierarchy, while many of the working Clergy were so poor, that they were not able to have flesh-meat more than once a week, and that appeals were made on their behalf for old clothes."

Is the Honourable Gentleman quite sure that much of the abstinence from flesh-meat among the parsons which he appears to have heard of is not voluntary, and practised on purpose to emulate Roman Catholics? This may well be, if it is also those Clergymen on whose behalf appeals for old clothes are made. Are not appeals continually made on behalf of the Ritualist Clergy in favour of copes, stoles, chasubles, and other antiquated sacerdotal vestments and embellishments? And what are all such fal-lals and paraphernalia but ecclesiastical old clothes?

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



MONDAY, July 29 (Lords).—A smart little "set-to," growing out of an obscure interpellation of Lord STRATHEDEN's, calling attention (which did not come) to the Convention and the Protocols.

First these masters of tongue-fence, Earl GRANVILLE and Earl BEACONFIELD, had a bout, in which they both showed their command of the weapon. Earl GRANVILLE taking up the report of the Riding School dinner speeches, twitted the head of the Government with himself abusing the practice of innuendo which he charged on the Opposition. He complained more especially of the offensive personal attack on Mr. GLADSTONE in the shape of a "*tu quoque*," dressed up in carefully prepared and painfully elaborated sen-

ferences, as violent, though not as powerful, as attacks which were directed some thirty years ago against one of the most eminent statesmen of the century."

"As to dealing in innuendo," retorted Earl BEACONSFIELD, "what was the noble Lord's whole speech but one long innuendo? If he *had* flung mud at Mr. GLADSTONE, it was in return for much mud thrown at him." (Head-Master *Dr. Punch* has spoken his mind about this low-lived mud-throwing in this week's Cartoon.) "If the noble Earl, and those whose who act with him, think the Anglo-Turkish Agreement 'an insane Convention,' it is their duty to ask the opinion of the House upon it, by motion. It is not by petty criticism, by asking little questions, and making long speeches not followed up by motions, that an Opposition can commend itself to the confidence of the country." Perfectly true, my Lord.

Then Lord NAPIER and FITZICK dealt some well-aimed raps all round. "As for the Treaty, its settlement of Turkey in Europe was *unsettlement*: its changes are too big to please the Turks—too little to satisfy the Russians; its arrangements too complex to last. As for the Convention, it pledged the Turks to effect impossible reforms. People talked of popular education for the Turks. Why, it was not wanted; and was not to be got when wanted. And as for public works—where was the money to come from? How were the Turks to raise loans without security? Rest was what Asia Minor wanted—rest from the tax-gatherer, from the recruiting-officer, from the task-master; and the best thing we could do for her would be to multiply and improve our consuls; to send her as many soldiers as possible, and with experience of Indian work. See what had been done in the Lebanon. He did not object to our guaranteeing the Turkish frontier. It would tend to keep Russia quiet. As for our having concluded a separate Convention, joint Agreements were usually dead letters. As for the secrecy observed in the matter, that was quite right, and in accordance with precedent. Lord PALMERSTON stole just such a march on the French in the Treaty of 1840."

Lord RIPON was generally critical. The Treaty of Berlin gave up the defences of Turkey to Russia, and tended to provoke the war of the

future, in which the Convention bound JOHN BULL to take part. If the Convention was not "insane," it was one of the most dangerous and unwise engagements ever entered into by an English Minister. It was said to be the duty of the Opposition to attack the Government by specific motion. But how could they do that when the Government policy was kept dark till it was too late to oppose it?

The Marquis of SALISBURY reiterated his leader's complaint of the Opposition's desultory discussions, raised without the regular Parliamentary equipment of a notice in their foreheads, and a motion in their tails. Englishmen will never tolerate Russian supremacy on the Euphrates and the Tigris. The Convention tells Russia so in plain terms. To do this is to diminish, not to increase, the responsibilities of Great Britain, and to give plainness and frankness to British diplomacy. The European concert of 1856 has ended in a charivari: our more definite engagements are likely to be better kept.

Lord CARDWELL felt it was hard to bully the Opposition for asking questions, so long as they could not get answers. To be sure it was very kind of Lord BEACONSFIELD to teach his opponents, after he had so successfully educated his own party.

Lord CRANBROOK said the Opposition was very ready to blame all the Government had done, but why didn't they tell the country what *they* think *ought* to be done? We don't expect to turn Asia Minor into a Garden of Eden; but we think improvement is wanted there; we think improvement is possible; and we mean to help it forward. Criticism is all very well, but it is not a policy, and it won't re-make a party.

After a few passing remarks from Lord ABERDARE, Lord HAMMOND, and the LORD CHANCELLOR, and a last word from Lord



A DILEMMA.

Jones (a big, burly Man). "HERE! HI! THAT BIG BRUTE OF YOURS WILL KILL MY DOG! CALL HIM OFF!"

Brown (who always stammers when at all excited). "HE WON'T B-B-BITE HIM, SIR! HE'LL ONLY SQ-Q-Q-QUEEZE HIM A LITTLE!"

Jones. "CALL HIM OFF, I SAY! CATCH HOLD OF HIS TAIL AND PULL HIM OFF!"

Brown. "IF I CATC-CATCH HOLD OF HIS TAIL, HE'LL LEAVE OFF SQ-Q-Q-U-U-UEEZING YOUR DOG, AND B-B-B-BITE HIM INSTEAD."

Jones. "LOOK HERE, YOU STAMMERING IDIOT, I'M HANGED IF I—"

Brown. "D-D-D-D-DON'T C-C-C-CALL ME NAMES, PLEASE, OR HE'LL L-L-LEAVE GO YOUR DOG, AND C-C-C-C-C-C-CATCH HOLD OF YOU!!!"

STRATHEDEN—who, we are sorry to find, has no confidence in Austria, which, no doubt, will at once put up the national shutters—their Lordships rose, after an unusually lively evening, at the unusually late hour of twenty-five minutes to nine.

(*Commons.*)—In the meantime, the Commons had been having its go in at the same little game, but in less lively fashion.

Here the match was opened in regular form with a motion in the cool hands of Lord HARTINGTON. His indictment had been carefully drawn. Thankfulness for peace comes first; then satisfaction with the extension of liberty and self-government to parts of European Turkey; then regrets at the treatment of Greece; protest against the extension of our military liabilities by the Convention, and disclaimer of the responsibilities it imposes without indicating means to meet them, and all behind the back of Parliament.

The head of the Opposition deserves full credit for supporting the counts of his indictment temperately, clearly, and forcibly. But if Lord HARTINGTON was dull—as *Punch* is afraid he must admit—what word shall he find for the tediousness Mr. PLUNKET bestowed on the House in support of his amendment, expressing thankfulness for peace, and earnest hope that under Divine Providence the Government arrangement will avail to preserve peace, to ameliorate the condition of large populations in the East, and to maintain the interests of this Empire?

"And so say all of us." You could not say fairer, Mr. PLUNKET, or flatter. If a man's soul for his cause is to be gauged by the spirit of his pleading, your heart is but half in yours.

Sir CHARLES DILKE gave some spice to the debate. He thought it an insane Convention if it meant anything, but did it mean anything? He put very strongly the case for the Greeks, and against the Government that had thrown them over. Any effect our policy might have had had been destroyed by the clandestine character of the Convention. The Opposition were in a cleft stick. If they said Government had saddled the country with enormous responsibilities, they were told that those responsibilities meant nothing. If they treated the hopes reared on the Convention as illusory, they were

assured nothing could be more solid and serious. He, for one, did not think our responsibilities light.

"He believed that we had displaced the centre of gravity of the British Empire towards the East, and entered upon a course which, if persevered in, must lead to England becoming a sort of rich dependency upon the Indian, Imperial, and Military Crown."

Then the House emptied for dinner, and Mr. BAILLIE-COCHRANE delivered to a select House of seven a discourse worthy of his concentrated audience.

Mr. ASHLEY followed, too good a talker for dinner-time, and then, after an *intermezzo* by Mr. R. PLUNKETT, Mr. GRANT DUFF spoke the speech of the evening—if not, indeed, of the debate—for pith, point, and sense pregnant with knowledge. He dealt with the Government policy from four parts of view. First, its effect on Turkey in Europe—dismemberment now, and defencelessness in the future. Then for its effect on Turkey in Asia:—

"The Anglo-Turkish Convention either meant nothing, or it meant something. If it meant nothing, it was altogether an imposture; if it meant something, it was well nigh an impossibility."

Then, as to the effect on Europe at large—

"Russia, of course, hated us cordially, and was biding her time. Austria was pleased or acquiescent. Germany thought we were what we always were—clever traders on high principles, with a weather-eye open to commercial results. France was persuaded that *perfidie Albion* was as ever *perfidie Albion*; and Italy, where, for a long time back there had been more popular sympathy for England than in any other European country, was thoroughly disgusted, and said that the pens with which the Berlin Treaty was signed were taken from the wings of four vultures, one Turkey, and two geese."

(*Punch* himself could not have put it better.) Lastly, as to the Constitutional question—

"No one doubted that the Crown had full power to conclude treaties without consulting Parliament, but that was a doctrine which wise Ministers would not push to its logical extremity. Our Constitution was good for nothing, if it was permitted Ministers, without the consent of Parliament, not



FROM THE SUMMER MANŒUVRES.

General (to Colonel of Cavalry—slightly inclining to embonpoint). "Now, SIR! UNDERSTAND THAT YOU ARE NOT CAVALRY AT ALL. YOU ARE A SKELETON ENEMY!"

[Stout Colonel does not feel the right man in the right place.]

merely to conclude an ordinary or even extraordinary Treaty, but to utterly revolutionise the whole policy of the Empire. That was what the Convention did, if it did anything, and was not a mere deliberate deceit practised on Turkey, on England, and on Europe."

Mr. BOURKE laboured, with intolerable long-windedness, to prove that the Plenipotentiaries had made the best of their bad bargain at Berlin, and that the obligations of the Convention were conditional on the Turk setting his house in order—whereunto we had undertaken only to advise him well and to assist him morally.

Before Lord SANDON moved the adjournment of the Debate, Mr. GREENE appealed pathetically to the House to cut short what he felt to be the dullest debate he ever remembered. *Punch* is bound to agree with his friend GREENE. So it was, thus far. But on Tuesday matters looked up—not in the (Lords) where Lord TRURO complained, not without too good grounds, of the inefficiency of the Metropolitan Police, protective and detective, and was met, not as conclusively as *Punch* could have wished, by Lord ABERDARE and Earl BEAUCHAMP—but in the (Commons), where, after Lord SANDON had painted a *couleur-de-rose* picture of Turks in Asia under the Convention, with a background of schools, steam-ploughs, and smiling Arcadian fields, bright enough for the Realms of Delight in a Drury Lane Pantomime, Mr. GLADSTONE sounded the war-whoop in one of his most vigorous orations of two hours and a quarter. It would be idle in Mr. *Punch* to attempt compression, impertinent in him to adventure paraphrase, or still more, persiflage, of an impeachment of the Government policy which evidently came hot from the heart and head of the speaker. JOHN BULL must summarise this for himself.

Mr. GLADSTONE referred to the painful subject of this week's Cartoon, and read his own letter demanding explanations of his assailant, in a style of even superfluously elaborate courtesy. *Punch* is sorry to find that Lord BEAUCHAMP has not thought fit to follow his rival's lead. Those who wish to read the strongest that can be said against the "peace with honour" which Lord BEAUCHAMP claims to have brought us from Berlin, may be referred to the Liebig's Essence of GRANT DUFF's Monday speech, and the full flowing torrent of Mr. GLADSTONE's Tuesday onslaught. It is an indictment of Lord BEAUCHAMP for high crime and misdemeanour against the Constitution—a charge against the Government of having struck at the rights of Parliament, winding up with solemn utterance of a fear that

"The result of these operations of the Government—I will not give them a less respectful name—is likely to be an increase of responsibility, no addition, but rather a diminution of our strength, loss of respect abroad, with a shock to Constitutional instincts at home, and an augmentation of burdens on the back of a too-confiding people."

Unluckily, Parliament and the public, for the present, seem to like it. SIDEBOTTOM, after GLADSTONE, sounds in reading, as it sounded in hearing, comical.

Mr. CROSS, the other great gun of the night, fired, if he did not aim, low, and was altogether unusually under CROSS mark. The debate, though it had the aid of Mr. O. MORGAN, and Mr. STANSFELD, and the more questionable support of Messrs. BIRLEY and GOLDNEY, languished and died down in the socket, at an earlier hour than pleased Major NOLAN, with a promise from Mr. LOWE to give it a fillip at its reopening on Thursday.

(Wednesday.)—Was given up to the Duke of CONNAUGHT's Allowance, against which Mr. PLIMSOLL, who considers himself released from his obligations to the Crown by the prerogative claimed for Her MAJESTY—

"To pledge the lives and property of her people to the most unlimited extent, not only without the consent of the nation, but without its knowledge, as in the case of the recent Convention with Turkey,"

voted with twelve more *Intransigentes*.

Mr. FORSTER, who knows he will have to render an account of his vote to a popular constituency, explained that he voted for the Allowance, because if we have a Monarch, that Monarch must be maintained in a position suitable to Royal rank; because the incomes of the QUEEN and her family are small compared with great English incomes; but more than all, because an agreement was entered into at the beginning of the reign that these allowances should be given.

But *Punch* wishes to note that the two working-men representatives of working-men spoke strongly, though soberly, and voted, against the Allowance. It is evident that the present arrangements as to allowances to the Royal Family would be the better for overhauling, as soon as present understandings run out.

The Cattle Diseases Bill was passed through Committee. A good riddance of a bad business. And the Bishops Bill was talked out, after a vehement "*Nolo Episcopari*" (translation—"I don't want to be bishoped"), from Mr. COWEN and Mr. E. JENKINS, a protest from

Mr. SULLIVAN and Mr. RICHARD against legislating for the Church in the House of Commons, and a plea for the Bill from Mr. CREES, showing a good case in favour of following self-sacrificing bishops and devout Churchmen to reduce old over-sees and provide for new overseers out of their superfluity.

Thursday (Lord).—Lord CARNARVON protested against Lord BEACONSFIELD's imputation on him of having stuck to the Cabinet till it came to a prospect of fighting, and then having bolted. Lord BEACONSFIELD clinched the imputation in an elaborate statement. All depends on how you look at things. Lord CARNARVON and Lord DERSY worked for Peace and hoped for Peace. When, in spite of their hopes and their efforts, they saw the country brought to the edge of War, they protested, and parted company with Lord BEACONSFIELD. Lord B. puts this in the unpleasantest way. Lords C. and D. want it put in the pleasantest way for them. Naturally, the two views don't harmonise. Time must determine whether B., or C. and D., deserve to stand A. For the moment, the turn of the political wheel has distributed B. into the right box, and C. and D. into the wrong.

(Commons).—The chiefs of the battle to-night may be classed as—High (Lord JOHN MANNERS); Lowe (*in propria persona*); Jack (Mr. CHAMBERLAIN); and the Game (Sir J. HAY, Messrs. HOLMES and STAVELY HILL, Alderman COTTON, Major NOLAN, Mr. BALFOUR, and Mr. LAING, Mr. C. LEWIS, and Sir J. LUBBOCK.)

Mr. LOWE has seldom been more effective. Perhaps because his points stand out in sharp contrast with MANNERS. He delivered a series of biting epigrams on Turkey in Europe dismembered; Greece sold; England professing to act impartially, with a secret Agreement in one pocket, and a secret Convention in the other; the "little game" with Lord Odo; the serious responsibilities of the Convention; the burden of Cyprus; the absurdity of preparing a defence against an impossible attack; the moral of Rome's decline and fall; and the straining of the Constitution and giving the go-by to the House of Commons. The QUEEN has the prerogative of treaty-making; no doubt, and so—

"The QUEEN has the prerogative of mercy, and could let loose every felon now confined in her gaols without anybody having the right to say anything against it; the QUEEN has a right to make treaties, and she could make a treaty ceding the Isle of Wight to France without any one having the right to object; the QUEEN is the fountain of honour, and she could make an earl of every cobbler in London if she thought fit, equally without any person having the right to object."

But we are satisfied she won't do anything of the kind, and so we sit at ease with the prerogative hanging over our heads.

Lord JOHN MANNERS, in reply to this rude shower of sharp-pointed shafts, harped tunelessly on the Imperial string. The British Lion was once more in his old form, and JOHN BULL rejoiced in him, and was willing to pay the bill.

The Treaty has made Turkey strong and England influential. The Convention has but given the Sultan a guarantee conditional on improvement. Improvement is possible; and we can help it. We have done nothing to strain the Constitution.

"When he says the prerogative of the Crown in making treaties has hitherto been safeguarded by the conduct and character of the Ministers who have advised it, and it has been so maintained because the Ministers of the Crown have had a knowledge of the sentiments of the people, I tell him it is precisely because this Government have had knowledge of the prevalent sentiment of the people of England that we are here (pointing to the Treasury Bench), and he is there."

It is a collision, said Lord JOHN, of Imperial policy and counter-policy, the latter

"—a policy which, if I understand it, is one of insular isolation and calculating selfishness—a policy shrinking from all risks, refusing all responsibilities for the future, and probably ending in failing to discharge those which are still admitted; and a policy which in the course of long years has made England a great and glorious empire—a policy which in a just cause and for noble objects will not shrink from risk and will not avoid responsibility—a policy which, as we believe and hope, if carried out, will bestow on the regions of Asiatic Turkey some at least of those blessings which America, Australasia, South Africa, and India have loved to associate with western civilisation and the glory of England."

Very well perorated, my Lord. That is very much how the British public is willing to have it put, just now—till the bill comes, and the balance has to be struck between anticipation and achievement.

Friday.—The last day of the week's weary battle—the four nights of great cry over spilt milk and little wool, though intolerable length of yarn. Lord ECHO, Mr. FORSTER, Sir W. HARCOURT, and Mr. ROEBUCK, protagonists, with Sir STAFFORD for a stopper over all. Division, in a crowded House, 338 to 195.

So the Government has its triumph, and the Opposition has had its say. Events must and will decide between the two parties and the two policies.

A PAS DE DEUX.—The Father of Twins.

ANGELINA'S VIEW OF IT.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

WHATEVER sour critics and sarcastic caricaturists may say, Earl BEACONSFIELD is a *darling*! There! If EDWIN sees this he will be angry, for he does not believe in the popular idol. I do, and so do all the nice girls I know, except a few, a very few, who are under the influence of grumpy Radical-lovers. Lord B. said of the Greeks, that they "are an interesting people," and that "s exactly



what I feel about himself. He is so interesting that I am sure he must be right.

I have been reading all his novels, and they are perfectly lovely, though perhaps a little puzzling. EDWIN says they are an amazing mixture of keen cleverness and tawdry rubbish; but at any rate they are far more interesting than horrid political pamphlets, all bad temper and big sentences. I don't say they are so nice as *Quida's*, or so easy as Mrs. HENRY WOOD's, but I'm sure it's awfully condescending of a Statesman and an Earl to be intelligible at all. The romantic parts are simply *delicious*, and when I am puzzled by the politics and the mysticism, I feel inclined to say with TENNYSON, "I cannot understand; I love."

Indeed, it is this combination of mystery and niceness which is so fascinating in an Earl. An affable Sphinx in a ball-room is bound to be a success, and when the Asian Mystery curls his hair and talks pretty, who could resist him? And, dear Mr. Punch, since he has proved himself to be the *greatest and most delightful* of men, why cannot those aggravating Liberals let him alone? I am sure if the QUEEN, and the Court, and the Clubs, and, oh! *everybody* agreeable or of any consequence, are quite satisfied, that grim-looking Mr. GLADSTONE might be quiet.

Now there is a man I never could like, though EDWIN considers him the sublimest of heroes. He may be awfully high-principled, and all that; but a man with that mouth and nose could never be nice. If he would brush his hair, and not wear such enormous shirt-collars, would talk pleasantly, and not object to everybody and everything, well even then I don't believe he could ever be really interesting, but he might be tolerable. As it is, I do not find that anybody in Society has a word to say for him. But our Earl; oh! he is the universal pet! EDWIN says we women are ruled by personal prejudices, and have no grasp of political principles. He also says that the feminine spirit seems so to have permeated the politics of the day, that partisanship and personalities have for the moment beaten principle out of the field. I don't quite know what he means; but I do know that politics were never so interesting as now to

Your old Admirer,

ANGELINA.

P.S. If Mr. GLADSTONE had not been so very cantankerous, he might have had that other Garter, no doubt. Why doesn't he give up Radicals, and Dissenters, and principles, and post-cards, and other unpleasant things, and go in for being nice and popular, like our Earl?

Happy Thought.

THE Marquis of LORNE for Governor-General of the Dominion, and with more power to his elbow in the fair shape of the Princess LOUISE. A capital idea of Lord BEACONSFIELD's. It shows he was determined not to put a duffer in to DUFFERIN's place.

DOG (AND GUN) LATIN FOR THE DEATH OF THE SESSION.—Mo(o)rs!



IMPENITENT.

Jack (who has been put in the corner for misbehaviour). "MAMMA!"

Mamma. "WELL, SIR, WHAT IS IT?"

Jack. "WHAT REMARKABLY NICE CORNERS THERE ARE IN THIS HOUSE!"

A BAD EXAMPLE.

Head-Muster Punch loquitor.

WHAT both of you at it? It's really too bad!
Of mud-throwing lately we've had far too much;
But to see boys like you flinging filth makes me sad:
Roughs *may* stoop to weapons that knights may not touch;
A Queen's Prize may not shoot with a Blunderbuss, WILL:
A rapier is better, my BEN, than a bludgeon.
You have met in too many a classical mill;
For either to take to dirt-slinging in dudgeon.
Faugh! *Noblesse oblige!* If a couple of cads,
Who fisticuffs funk, to the gutter descend,
Who cares? But a brace of high-spirited lads
Should scorn to such ill-smelling misadventures to bend.
I don't care a jot who began it, or which,
Of your two odoriferous charges is worse;
There's certain defilement in touching of pitch—
You remember the proverb as pungent as terse?
"You aimed at his jacket and not at his face,
Whilst BEN threw the nastiness right in your eyes"?
Perhaps, but the plea, Sir, would come with more grace,
If *you* had steered clearer of personal shies.
You, BEN, should know better; I thought you had broken
Yourself of bad manners, and Billingsgate style;
This outbreak of *your* self-command is no token:
The smell of that last dirty handful was vile!
Come, shake hands, when you've washed dirty fingers and faces;
A gentleman temper and tongue should command.
The stateliest triumph foul language disgraces,
And the man who shies mud dirties more than his hand.

FROM OUR IRISH CORRESPONDENT IN PARIS.—Seeking a breath of fresh air between the acts in a Paris theatre this hot weather, is, literally, "Out of the frying-pan into the foyers."

ACROSS THE KEEP-IT-DARK CONTINENT;

OR, HOW I FOUND STANLEY.

(By the Author of "Coomapassie," and "Notanagollar," "My! Phallaloo!" &c.)

PART I.—CHAPTER VII.

Mossi—Gozlingi—Palace—Ventriloquist—Danger—Business—The Show—Disorderly Conduct—More Danger—Rush for Seats—Arrangements—The Spears—Indignation—Escape—Conciliation—All's Well—A Delicate Question—An Offer—Momentous—Disassembling—Meeting—Parting.

ON April 1st we reached Mossi, a soft, green spot, the residence of Queen UGANDA, whose son, Prince UGUSE, received us with much civility. He insisted on my living in his own palace, and provided me with his royal canoe as a means of transit from one fertile spot to another, within the somewhat circumscribed limits of the Queen Mother's dominions. The accompanying sketch will give a more than correct idea of what the palace was like at this time of year.

McSMUGGINS, the Ventriloquist, who was in excellent voice, interested the Gozlingi (the tribes reigned over by Queen UGANDA and Prince UGUSE) to such an extent, that it was as much as I could do to restrain the simple people from performing a series of surgical operations on him with their knives, in order to find out where the other voices came from. It was, however, a big success; and the *Royal Arkadia* (drawn up on shore, and the compartments so arranged, as to form a good orchestra, stalls, pit, private boxes, &c., holding about £150 when full) was crammed every night.

M'YIONTV also came out well, changing his dress behind a table, and announcing himself as somebody else each time he reappeared. If he had only kept sober, this entertainment would have been perfect, but he would refresh himself whenever he disappeared under the table, and, at last, he came up as two people at once, insulted the audience, fell over the table into the orchestra, which was well filled by myself, in a white tie, as Conductor, the Printer's Devil, with trumpets,



A BAD EXAMPLE.

DR. PUNCH. "WHAT'S ALL THIS? YOU, THE TWO HEAD BOYS OF THE SCHOOL, THROWING MUD!
YOU OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELVES!"

cymbals, and drums, and the rest of our party with dummy instruments, while the musical box was turned on underneath the stage, out of sight. Before appearing as Conductor, I had taken all the money myself at the



QUEEN UGANDA & HER SON PRINCE UGYSE.

doors. Subsequently I had to explain that M'YIONYU's extraordinary conduct was simply an ebullition of Genius, which could not be controlled in very hot weather. The Gozlingi were quite satisfied; and the next night, being my benefit, and a "bespeak" by Queen UGANDA, and Prince UGYSE, was a real bumper. The women gave their gold ear-rings for front seats, beautiful pieces of workmanship, that had been in their families for ears—I mean for years. Men gave seal-rings, gold brooches, jewelled pins, gold-headed walking-sticks, and anything else they could lay their hands on, in order to be present on this the Last and Greatest Night of the Present Season, when in addition to a Concert (the musical-box, personally conducted by myself) there was to be an Exhibition of Paintings (by me), a Scene in the Circus by the Boy from Fleet Street, the Printer's Devil, whom I announced as—

**PUERILLO IL DIAVOLO
IN HIS MARVELLOUS TRICK ACT ON THE
BARE-BACKED STEED.**

Then a Special Entertainment, by M'YIONYU, who (if quite sober) was to give imitations, in character, of the various celebrities of the House of Commons, including the Member for Peterborough "with a Song," after which a Ventriloquial Farce, interspersed with conjuring tricks, entitled—

**TOMMY AND HIS UNCLE;
Or, Cox and Box in the Dentist's Cupboard!**

This was to be followed by a farewell speech from the Bénéficiaire, myself, then a dance by all the Characters, and fireworks outside illustrating

**THE TAKING OF FORT OWUNBARWUN
BY THE GALLANT WELSHERS!!!
AND
THE GRAND STAND
OF
THE BRITISH
ON
EPSOM DOWNS!!!**

If this wasn't an attraction, nothing could be. I forgot to mention one interlude—a *pose plastique*—representing

THE BENISON OF THE DUKE OF ARGYLL,

with Scotch airs on an improvised bag-pipe (made out of hollowed sugar-canes and a leather foot-ball), played, at first, with much taste and discrimination by McSMUGGINS; but unfortunately he became so excited by the blasts of his national Highland air, that he shouted out something about "Auld Reekie" and "his foot being on his native heath, and his name Macgregor" (which it wasn't, being McSMUGGINS), and then took to dancing what he called a McCanoan, while blowing with all his might and main, until I contrived to stick a knife into the foot-ball, and so to speak took the wind out of his sails, when he calmed down, and became rational, but exhausted. The entire show would have been a triumph if McSMUGGINS could only have been kept from the whiskey-bottle, or the whiskey-bottle from him, or the whiskey from the bottle, and if M'YIONYU had only known anything at all about the people he professed to be imitating. Even the Gozlingi stood it for some time calmly, but when M'YIONYU announced the twentieth Member of Parliament (Irish Home-Ruler this time), and spoke in precisely the same tone and made the same speech (he has no sort of invention), and came up from under the table in the same white wig and whiskers in which they had already seen him do Mr. GLADSTONE, Lord BEACONSFIELD, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, Lord



**MOSSI
— THE RESIDENCE OF QUEEN UGANDA —**

SALISBURY, and thirteen other notabilities, even these mild people couldn't control their righteous indignation, and threw spears at him, which they had brought in contrary to my regulations written up, "All spears, knives, &c., to be left with the Saloon-Keeper (myself)," so that he was glad to get under the table, and down through a trap, as quickly as possible. Luckily I had ordered a man to be ready for him with this trap, or he wouldn't have got off so easily. I appeased the infuriated people with the overture to the *Bronze Horse*, and McSMUGGINS (who was almost sober) made an omelette in the hat, which they devoured with avidity—hat and all. All passed off happily. *Cox and Box at the Dentist's* was good. We had to pretend that M'YIONYU had fainted, and carried him home to his compartment. The *Arkadia* is a most useful boat.

The next day we were preparing to go when the Queen came to me, and said that she had understood I was a Christian. I answered cautiously that I tried my best, &c.

"If the White Colonel is a Christian, has he a wife?" asked Queen UGANDA, looking down at her toe-rings bashfully. She was fifty, if a day, but a fine woman, and, before our arrival, very well off.

"The White Colonel is a Christian," I replied, "and never tells a lie when he is at home. The White Colonel can only have one wife at a time."

"UGANDA will be the White Colonel's one wife," she said, modestly enough, but with a great show of determination.

"UGANDA does the White Colonel proud," I returned, making my politest bow, "but the White Colonel is afraid that the great and lovely Queen UGANDA is trifling with his affections."

No she wasn't: not a bit of it. She had taken a fancy to me, and that idiot



EDUCATION.

Inspector of Schools. "IT STRIKES ME THAT TEACHER OF YOURS RETAINS LITTLE OR NO GRASP UPON THE ATTENTION OF THE CHILDREN,—NOT HOLD ENOUGH, YOU KNOW,—NOT HOLD ENOUGH!"

Lancashire Magnate (who takes great interest in the Educational Movement). "NOT HOLD ENOUGH! LOR' BLESS YER—IF SHE EVER SEES FORTY AGAIN, I'LL EAT MY 'AT!!"

M'YIONYU (whose business it is to know everyone's private affairs), had informed her that I was a bachelor.

"Queen UGANDA loves the Great White Colonel, and will come with him to the end of the world!" she exclaimed enthusiastically, at the same time throwing her dusky arms round my neck, and shaking her nose-ring in my face, to the infinite amusement of the Printer's Devil from Fleet Street.

Now I said to myself, "Now or never! I must dissemble!"

Unfortunately the Prince, her son, was ambitious, and encouraged his mother in this sudden idea of hers, which, as far as my personal appearance is concerned, was neither strange nor unusual. In fact—but we are on a delicate subject—and all I have to say is, that I remembered the mission to which I had devoted myself.

"Pardon me, Queen," I said, quietly, "but I *must* find STANLEY!"

"I will find STANLEY, too!" she said, simply.

"You shall!" I replied. "You shall take the route to the South, while I take the route to the North. Then at a certain point we'll meet again. Farewell!" And, tipping the wink to my followers, who had been carefully putting together the compartments of the *Arkadia*, and to which *Old Scratch* the Dark Horse had been already transferred, and was drawing it down to the sea, I raised my handkerchief to my eyes, declared my heart was breaking; that parting was such sweet sorrow, that I would go away, and come to-morrow,—and then made for the boat like mad. In a second a something whizzed by my ear!

A spear! It came from her son, the Prince! It was the only weapon left on the island. We had taken all the rest, which we had collared either as payment for the Show, or when left at the doors with the cloaks and umbrellas, including those thrown at M'YIONYU. As far as spears could go—and they can go pretty far—we were safe.

"UGANDA!" he exclaimed.

"UGUSE!" she cried.

And in another second they were weeping in each other's arms.

The Gozlingi, with tears in their eyes, met to debate the question of what should be done with the Great White Colonel, who had spurned UGANDA's offer.

Fortunately the Gozlingi never proceed to deeds without a regular debate, or, as they call it in their language, a *kakkel*.

In the midst of the formal preliminaries we silently rushed *Old Scratch* (as good a mare as ever drew bathing-machine) down the shingle, with the *Arkadia* in tow, and in another second, without a word or a whisper, we had unharnessed and stabled the faithful animal, my crew had taken their places at the oars, and, with a hearty cheer (not above our breaths), we dashed, with a will, into the Lake.

We were all there; and with a grateful and a beating heart I lighted a cigar, and reclined on the cushions, while the Printer's Boy turned on a Selection from OFFENBACH; and McSMUGGINS playfully threw his voice overboard as far as the shore, startling the Gozlingi, by making Queen UGANDA suddenly sing, "*Ah, que j'aime les Militaires*," with admirable effect.

They all jumped to their feet; and as we sailed away almost out of sight, McSMUGGINS braced up his ventriloquial powers for one final effort, and sending his voice right in amongst them, he made the Queen say to UGUSE, "Mr. STANLEY, I presume!" How we all laughed! And how happy and merry we were as we sailed away from the simple, soft-headed people of Mossi!

(To be continued.)

Paying for a Pearl.

THE name of Margaret is generally known to signify Pearl. How comes it that Mr. PLIMSOLL, or Mr. BURT, or some other opponent of the Duke of CONNAUGHT's Establishment Bill, failed to observe that the Princess MARGUERITE of Germany would prove a pearl of great price to Mr. JOHN BULL?

LEVEL CROSSING BETWEEN DOVER AND CALAIS.—For further particulars, apply to Neptune and the *Calais-Douvres*.

CLASSICAL SEA-SIDE TRIP.—Dance of Mermaids.

ADVANCE, AUSTRALIA!"



"THEY are coming up, Master," cried *Toby* in a fever of excitement, "the entire Eleven."

"They are heartily welcome," replied *Mr. Punch*, with one of his most graceful bows as the Ambassadors from the Antipodes, with *SPOFFORTH*, *BOYD*, and the *BANNERMAN* Brothers at their head, entered the sanctum.

"Be seated, my dear boys," exclaimed *Mr. Punch*, cordially.

The eleven sunburnt heroes looked at one another and smiled.

"We will sit down with pleasure," said the spokesman, "but our favourite practice is to make a stand. You should see us at Lord's."

"I have seen you both at Lords and Commons," returned *Mr. Punch*, with enthusiasm. "I have seen you North, South, East, and West; I have seen you all round. A splendid team! Australia may well be proud of you, and England too, as branches of the British willow, though grown at the Antipodes."

"I'm, I don't know," answered the spokesman; "we are pretty well. But there are lots as good or better where we come from. Still, I think that we have given you a fair taste of the Cornstalk."

"Before or behind the wickets, in the field,—everywhere,—as the artfullest of bowlers or the best of bats,—you are simply magnificent!"

"Oh no, we are not," continued the spokesman, with modest pride. "As you may have seen by reading the report of the speeches at the dinner the other night, we don't consider ourselves by any means the top-twigs of the Australian willow. But, as I say, we are pretty well, and quite equal to teaching our grandmother—if not your own *Alma Mater*—a thing or two."

"Ah! Cambridge was rather too much for you, but think what an

Eleven it was! You should have tackled them at the beginning instead of the end of your campaign. But never mind that. Don't be put out," said *Mr. Punch*, good-naturedly.

"We never are, except after a long innings," returned the spokesman. "Still, we don't think you quite understand us. Now, Sir, you are certainly the best informed man in the Old Country."

"Undoubtedly," replied *Mr. Punch*, who never flinches from the truth.

"Well, Sir, what do you know about Australia? Now don't look it out in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, but tell us off-hand."

"Australia is a magnificent country," returned *Mr. Punch*, with enthusiasm. Then he added, with a little hesitation, "and it's famous for all sorts of things."

"What things?"

"Oh, gold, and Australian beef, and kangaroos—and 'possums, wombats, and ornithorhynusses, black swans, black fellows, and bush-rangers, and—" then *Mr. Punch* came to a full stop.

"I thought so," said the spokesman, with a smile, "your ideas about Australia are of the most Zoological-Gardenish character. Are you aware, Sir, that our cities are full of magnificent buildings? Are you aware, Sir, that trade and commerce are nowhere more prosperous than they are in our quarter of the globe? Are you aware, Sir, that with us all the learned professions are represented by the ablest men, and that our Public Schools and Universities [are pat-



THE FAULT OF THE FOWL.

SCENE—Coffee-Room, Hotel, Guernsey.

Visitor (gazing at a Guinea-Fowl's egg). "WAITER! CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT EGG THIS IS?"

Waiter. "OH, SIR, IT'S A GUERNSEY EGG. THEY SOMETIMES LAYS THEM LIKE THAT. IT'S NOT DONE IN THE BOILING!"

terms which might be imitated with advantage in every quarter of the globe? Are you aware, Sir, that our Press is as free, as enterprising, and as respectable as the Press of Great Britain? Are you aware, Sir, that—"

"Stop! stop!" interrupted Mr. Punch, "you overwhelm me. Believe me, I am quite aware that Australia has taken gigantic strides in the march of civilisation, from the date of her first European settlement!"

"You are alluding to Botany Bay, Sir."

"Not at all, not at all," returned Mr. Punch, quickly.

"But we accept even the past of Botany Bay, Mr. Punch," said the spokesman. "It is our boast that we currency-folk have been so sound at the core that we have been able to absorb your convict refuse without contamination from its criminal leaven. After all, it is only what our Old-Country ancestors did about a thousand years ago, when they took to absorbing Danish pirates first, and Norman cut-throats afterwards."

"Then you know something of early English History?"

"I should rather think we did! Even before it had the Green light thrown upon it. What we complain of in the Mother Country is—that it's not nearly English enough to suit our tastes."

"Come, come," remonstrated Mr. Punch. "Surely England takes the lead in everything."

"I like that!" replied the spokesman. "Why, who taught you the blessings of the Ballot Act? Who taught you—?"

"Well, you may, perhaps, be a little ahead of us in politics," interrupted Mr. Punch; "but all social reforms begin in England."

"You dare say that, when you know that SPIERS AND POND came from Australia! Oh, Mr. Punch! we blush for you!"

"Well, your hearts are in the right places, at any rate."

"I should rather think they were! We love the Old Country. We know how to handle the oar—as TRICKETT has taught you—as well as the bat; and as for the rifle—should the time come—We don't want to fight; but, by Jingo—"

"If we do, dear boys, JOHN BULL would rather, by a long

ON THE BOIL!

(Between Cardiff and Newport. Proceedings in Parliamentary Committee Rooms this Session.)

THE biggest parliamentary railway fight that South Wales has known since coal was discovered there, has just been concluded. The object was the establishment of a connecting link-line for the general benefit of the several Welsh towns with unpronounceable names by the ordinary Saxon, and for the special benefit of the Newport Alexandra Docks. Of the importance of this place, the outsider can judge from a speech of the President of the Newport Chamber of Commerce, Mr. J. C. PARKINSON, J.P., who is reported to have said, "We have at the Alexandra Docks the great advantage of practically boundless space." Not bad that for Docks.

"Open Docks,
Whoever knocks!"

Room for the shipping of several worlds and many undiscovered continents within this "boundless space!" The President wishes, he observes, in the preface to the report, "the two ports to be allies, not opponents, in ministering to the trade of South Wales, and in promoting its development," which are "good words," fair and friendly to both. And, *in re Ports*, both Ports ought to be much obliged to him for these *re-ports*, as he was clearly on the right tack,--which "Port it is, yer honour!"

The advantages of the scheme were so evident as to have led one to suppose that there would be no opposition to "getting up steam" from anyone, least of all from a gentleman rejoicing in the appropriate name of BOYLE. Yet, to quote DICKENS'S commencement of *The Cricket on the Hearth*, "Kettle began it," and Kettle went on with it, and Boyle'd over, but ultimately Boyle'd down, simmered, and subsided.

The result has been most satisfactory for the Alexandra Docks; henceforth proved to be not the "needless Alexandra" that "ends the Line." On the contrary, it can now boast that its affairs have assumed the fairest and healthiest complexion, so that the present state of the case may be summarised in a couplet, which we present, with our compliments, to the successful Newporters—

"The angry boil, by means direct and simple,
Has vanished!—what remains is scarce a pimple."

chalk, rely on Australian Volunteer Riflemen than Indian Sepoys. But a truce to all Jingoism; let us hope that is settled by the Berlin Treaty. Believe me, my dear boys, when I assure you that I love you so that I have had serious thoughts, on the invitation of a branch of my family settled in Melbourne, to pay you a visit."

"You had better not; for if you came, we should certainly keep you. And although your presence in Australia would be the climax of our triumph, we don't want to ruin the Mother Country right out."

"With this pretty compliment the Australian Eleven after hearty handshakes all round, withdrew."

"Our counterparts, though our Antipodes; and no blind side to them, big bats as they are," said Mr. Punch. "No doubt about their nationality. British Lions every one. Birds of a feather with the old cock, and no mistake! May they and their great country, of a still greater future, prosper!—and may 'Advance, Australia!' long be the best description of her career, as well as the device of her escutcheon!"

The Police in the Purlieus.

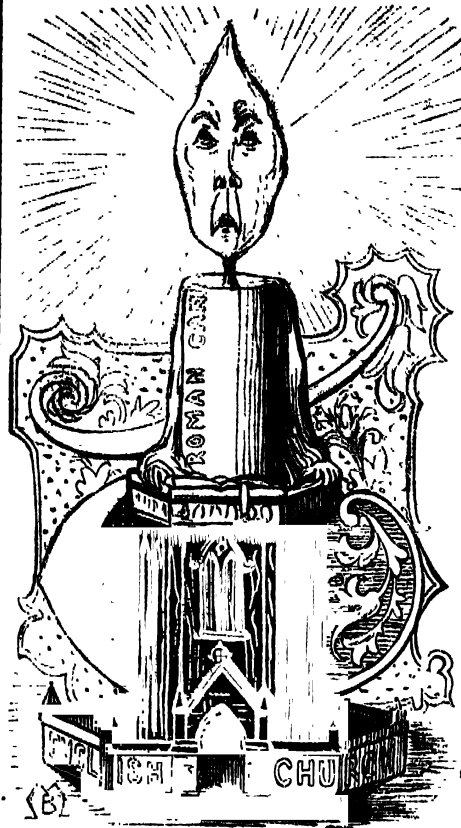
THE frequency of suburban robberies occasions the inhabitants of the suburbs to cry aloud "Where are the Police?" Echo answers as usual; but a more distinct reply is returnable by the peripatetic observer. The Police are mostly stationed about the public-houses to look out for infringements of the Licensing Act. Wanted, in the neighbourhood of this Metropolis, a sufficiency of Policemen to attend not only to public, but also to private, houses.

Diva Potens Cypri.

(An Adaptation.)

"Bella gerant alii, tu felix Anglia amores;
Nam quæ Mars alii, dat tibi regna Venus."

THE LEGAL ROPE BROKEN.



As Church once more rides triumphant over the Courts. The Queen's Bench — by two Judges to one — and the two including Chief Justice Cockburn — has cut the rope with which Lord PENZANCE, as Chief Judge of the Court of Arches, had suspended the recalcitrant "priest" of St. Alban's, Mr. MACKONCHIE, for disobedience to the monition of the Privy Council.

So new Mother Church laughs at old Father Antio, the Law; and LUSH stands at judicial daggers drawn with COCKBURN and MELLOR; while Chief Justice gives a slap in the face to Lord Chancellor and Privy Council. It is a very pretty kettle of fish — Legal and Ecclesiastical — and *Punch* can only point to it in blank bewilderment.

When doctors differ, who shall decide? A Chief

Justice, and a Lord Chancellor "shooting in each other's mouth," is a startling spectacle. Themis may well stand aghast at the cross-lights shown from the two highest peaks of her domain!

What COCKBURN thinks of CAIRNS's law his judgment proclaims; what CAIRNS thinks of COCKBURN's, perhaps he will find an opportunity of letting us know even before the end of the Session; what MACKONCHIE thinks of both we need not inquire. *Punch* can hardly doubt that his uppermost feeling must be that let the Law give him never so much rope, he *can't* hang himself; and so he is free to snap his fingers at Common Law, and Statute Book, at Chief Justice, and Lord Chancellor, at Privy Council, Court of Arches, and Queen's Bench, with larger impartiality of contempt, and priestlier pride of defiance than ever.

BETSY PRIG AND THE MUSE OF HISTORY.

"The Muse of History, who has a good many reasons to favour the great City of London, arranged the order of events so happily that the magnificent majority which has endorsed the policy of Her Majesty's Ministers was obtained and hailed through the length and breadth of the land just in time to render the civic banquet a commemoration as well as a compliment." — *Daily Telegraph*.

So I writ in my moment of joy, when my buzzum with victory burned, And I thought, like my BENJY's Philippic, 'twas panted and poitily turned.

Then I nodded and napped o'er my nip, and a sort of confugion come o'er me, And Clio 'erself—that's the Muse!—stood in *proprry persony* afore me.

She were much more sewere in 'er looks than I'd always been led to suppose,

A trifle more tight in the lips, and a leetle more red in the nose, She didn't look werry elated, nor eager to bust into werce, And no more like the party I'd pictured than Mars to a old monthly nurse.

"Ow d'ye do, Mum?" I sez, "which I'm proud to receive sech a werry old friend!

Take a cheer! If so be you're disposed for a drop—" (here my 'air stood on hend,

For she gave me, oh, Lor! *sech* a look! 'twas as sharp and as straight as an arser, Wich it seemed to go in at my buzzum, and frizzle me slap to the marrer.)

"BETSY PRIG," she observes, orful 'orty, "my name you've been takin' in wain."

(I can't ketch her style, not exactly), "I beg you'll not do it again. You're a fulsome and foolish old woman, which that I can freely excuse,

But you stick to your own gushing cackle, and don't interfere with the Muse."

I felt myself bilin' with wrath, and a-shiver with fear all at once.

"Well," I sez, "this 'ere's 'ardly perlite, Mum; you're settin' me down as a dunce!

Which the triumph of BEN and them big City feeds was ewents, I *did* think,

As was worthy your finest gold pen and your werry best violent ink."

"BETSY PRIG," she replies, "you presoom! I prefer to choose themes for myself.

What you fancy the chiest of chaney to me may seem commonest delf.

If you think I shall follow your lead or consult your great City's desire,

You are awfully out in your views of what Clio's high functions require."

I sez, "You'll exenge me, I 'ope, but my BENJY now! ain't he an 'ero?"

His fame is at glory-pint now, while his rival's is right down to zero. (All along o' not taking my tip! Wot a obstnit himidge it is!)

Now you don't mean to say you'll begrudge a big page in your record to Diz?"

"Not at all, BETSY PRIG," she replies, "but my werdict may often reverse

The noisy awards of to-day, and applaud where the mob may asperse.

The chords your BEN touched have responded, those struck by his rival seem mute;

But which would have made noblest music is open at least to dispute."

"But," I sez, "ain't it lovely to see 'ow BRITANNIA's improved 'er position,

Since BENJY 'picked up the dropt threads of Old England's imperial tradition'?"

She 'as wrote with the pint of 'er sword on the bleak Balkan ranges—oh, Lor!"

Here I stopp'd, for she give me a glance as confuged me and filled me with hor.

"Fine phrases and flatulent figures," sez she, "are the charlatan's tools;

But the wise are not duped by sham watchwords which rally the legions of fools.

Imperial? Many-sensed word that makes music in many long ears! The Muse is not fired by its sound. Better wait till its *meaning* appears!"

She said it that scornful and cold, I was riled, and felt gume for a row,

But somethink as quite shet me hup seemed to shine from 'er radiant brow.

Then she wanished like smoke, and I woke—or leastways I suppose 'twas a snooze.

But if that there cool party was Clio, I do not think much of the Muse!

Drummed Out.

MR. YEAMAN, who misrepresents Dundee, as *Ginx's Baby* represents that Liberal borough, has been struck off the Liberal List by the Opposition Whip. He has gone so often into the wrong lobby, that it is felt he had better stay there. In fact, his "Yea" has been "Nay," and his "Nay" "Yea" on so many critical divisions, that many think his name ought to be changed from YEAMAN to NAYMAN, as well as his party label from Liberal to Conservative.

A PARALLEL.

(For the last week of the Session.)

WHY is the House of Commons unlike the *Eurydice*. Because it will soon be pumped out.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—August 17, 1878.



A REMINISCENCE OF LORD'S CRICKET-GROUND (ETON V. HARROW).

Charles (*postprandially*). "AW!—AWFULLY JOLLY, IF IT WEREN'T FOR THE CRICKET, AIN'T IT?"
Fred (*ditto*). "YAS. CRICKET'S AWFULLY SLOW. IF IT WERE ONLY *ROUNDERS*, NOW—OR *SKITTLES*, YOU KNOW!"

TEMPLE BAR REDIVIVUS.

(For the Reception of Lords BEACONSFIELD and SALISBURY by the City, Saturday, Aug. 3.)

RUSKIN came along the Strand—
 Heigh-ho, the floppage o't!
 Where Temple Bar the way once spanned—
 Heigh-ho, the stoppage o't!
 When, lo, on either side the street—
 Heigh-ho, the uncleanness o't!
 A new-reared arch his gaze did greet—
 Heigh-ho, the meanness o't!
 Their painted canvass still was wet—
 Heigh-ho, the newness o't!
 On either top a Griffin set—
 Heigh-ho, the blueness o't!
 Of papier-mâché and tin-foil—
 Heigh-ho, the stagger o't!
 With mouths that gape and tails that coil—
 Heigh-ho, the swagger o't!
 From forth their shaky claws did rise—
 Heigh-ho, the wagging o't!
 A pair of poles, sustained by guys—
 Heigh-ho, the straggling o't!
 And stretched from pole to pole did go—
 Heigh-ho, the tying o't!
 A strip of white glazed calico—
 Heigh-ho, the buying o't!
 Whereon, in six-inch letters sewn,—
 Heigh-ho, the sagging o't!
 The motto, "Peace with Honour," shone—
 Heigh-ho, the bragging o't!
 RUSKIN gazed, in wonder lost—
 Heigh-ho, the enjoying o't!
 Then cried, "I wonder what it cost!"—
 Heigh-ho, the buying o't!
 'Peace with Honour' brings Lord B.—
 Heigh-ho, the puffing o't!
 But 'Peace with Honour' here I see—
 Heigh-ho, the duffing o't!
 This last piece of Temple Bar—
 Heigh-ho, the downing o't!
 O'er the old Gate has honour far—
 Heigh-ho, the crowning o't!
 While the Bar the way did stop—
 Heigh-ho, the pinning o't!
 Ne'er such Griffins graced its top—
 Heigh-ho, the grinning o't!
 Ne'er such wealth of Calico—
 Heigh-ho, the measure o't!
 On its reverend front did show—
 Heigh-ho, the pleasure o't!
 Ne'er such canvass clothed its bones—
 Heigh-ho, the figging o't!
 Ne'er such bare poles crowned its stones—
 Heigh-ho, the rigging o't!
 Only one thing works me woe—
 Heigh-ho, the grievance o't!
 The true Griffin would you know—
 Heigh-ho, the achievement o't!
 In my *Stones of Venice* look—
 Heigh-ho, the hatching o't!
 There the beast I've brought to book—
 Heigh-ho, the catching o't!
 If true Griffin there you've got—
 Heigh-ho, the framing o't!
 Then true Griffins these are not—
 Heigh-ho, the shamming o't—
 Griffins these of propriety—
 Heigh-ho, the scumbling o't!
 As in Pantomimes you see—
 Heigh-ho, the tumbling o't!
 Griffins on the Council's plan—
 Heigh-ho, the baseness o't!
 Griffins *à la* Alderman—
 Heigh-ho, the crassness o't!
 Griffins painful to my eyes—
 Heigh-ho, the affliction o't!
 Griffins that are more like Guys—
 Heigh-ho, the fiction o't!"

"MUCH WOOL AND LITTLE CRY."—Motto for the seat of the Speaker of the House of Lords.



"RISKS."

Shrewd Clerk (with an eye to his per-centage). "TAKE AN ACCIDENT INSURANCE TICKET, SIR?"

Passenger (nervously). "WHA' FOR?!"

Clerk. "WELL, SIR, NOTHING HAS GONE WRONG 'TWTIX THIS AND LONDON FOR THE LAST FOURTEEN MONTHS; AND, BY THE HAVERAGES, THE NEXT SMASH ON THE HUP LINE IS HOVERDUE EXACTLY SIX WEEKS AND THREE DAYS!!" [Old Gent forks out with alacrity.]

HOW TO SPEND AN UNHAPPY DAY IN LONDON.

7 A.M.—Awake to the rumble of the vegetable carts and the cries of the milkman, the hearth-stone vendor, and the early coster-monger.

8 A.M.—Pay your first visit to Covent Garden Market. Note the vegetable slush, the dead lock of vehicles, the bad language of their drivers, and the general air of dirt and confusion. Dodge the carts, cabs, and waggons. If you do not get run over, put your handkerchief to your nose, your fingers to your ears, and bless the Duke of BEDFORD.

9 A.M.—Take a train from Portland Road to Moorgate Street in a carriage containing double its complement of passengers. Inhale the sulphurous atmosphere, and compose a letter of indignant remonstrance for to-morrow's *Times*.

10 A.M.—Spend an hour in crossing from the Bank to the Mansion House. Fill up your spare time in avoiding the importunities of shoe-blacks, flower-girls, and perambulating petty tradesmen.

11 A.M.—Return to the West End by the Thames Embankment, and study the practical jokes of the London rough as exhibited between Somerset House and Charing Cross.

12 NOON.—Walk in St. James's Park, carefully dodging the stones playfully thrown at each other by thousands of children from the Westminster slums. Should your hat suffer, be thankful that it is not your head.

1 P.M.—Pay your second visit to Covent Garden Market, which you will find dirtier, noisier, and more unsavoury than ever. Spend your time as before, and again bless the Duke of BEDFORD.

2 P.M.—Take a cab north or south, and enjoy the peristaltic motion of the lower viscera induced by the wheels of your conveyance catching in the grooves of the tramways.

3 P.M.—Go to Westminster Hall and enter one of the Courts, first seeing the Usher to carry you out in the probable event of asphyxia.

4 P.M.—Pay your third visit to Covent Garden Market. Observe that the dirt of the place is now increased by another day's vegetable refuse. Fight for your life as before, and repeat your blessing of His Grace of BEDFORD.

5 P.M.—Take an excursion train on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, and look out for accidents.

6 P.M.—Dine on lukewarm viands in a fearfully overheated restaurant, to the music of an overpowering orchestra.

7 P.M.—Push your way into the overcrowded pit of a popular theatre, and sit out the fun of a "playing-in" farce.

8 P.M.—Pay your fourth visit to Covent Garden Market, which you will always find a safe draw for discomfort. Exercise your Christian charity in blessing the Duke of Bedford for the fourth time in twelve hours.

9 P.M.—Spend an hour at Charing Cross dodging the omnibuses, cabs, and fire-engines. If you have time, examine the character of the passengers lounging about the platform of the Railway Station, and its approaches.

10 P.M.—One more visit to Covent Garden Market. Take stock of the dirt of the day, and then home, miserable, to bed.

ACROSS THE KEEP-IT-DARK CONTINENT; OR, HOW I FOUND STANLEY.

(By the Author of "Coompassie," and "Notenagollar,"
"My! Phillaloo!" &c.)

PART I.—CHAPTER VIII.

Log—Entry—Bodega—Curious—Very—Odd—Rather—Amphibious—Shelling—Shot—Details—Dilemma—Description—Danger—When—Why—What from—How—Who—Stanley—Sketch—Diagram—Theory—No Extra Charge—Remarks—Diamond Rings—Panes and Penalties—Jokla Island.

Water-Log on board the Arkadia.—To-day, after a week of very dry weather, MYIOXYU managed to come up with a magnificent specimen of the Bodega, just within sight of port. I should much have liked to have brought over one of these curious creatures to England. The Bodega, which, when on shore, has often been mistaken in the dark for a mermaid, scented our approach, and I was raising my glass (a very strong one, a kind of binocular of double strength, multiplying the ordinary power of vision by two), when it came up out of the Lake, and made a tremendous charge, for which none of us were quite prepared. However, the Bodega didn't get the best of an old sportsman like myself, who soon gave the creature the benefit of a couple of barrels, and, in less than it takes me to tell, the amphibious brute was staggering on the plain. [Note.—I have subsequently discovered that a Cockle Shell fired right in among a number of these amphibious creatures, is the best remedy for getting rid of them.] Presently he dropped, then rose again, but a few more drops finished him. The Bodega, being something between a whale and a hippopotamus, affords both meat and drink, but chiefly the latter to the fortunate traveller. Unluckily for us, the Bodega, having died hard, its flesh was absolutely uneatable. On examining his hide, we came to the conclusion that he had been engaged in a terrific combat before our arrival, from which he had come off the victor, as we found the distinct marks of two horns of a Dylemma. This warned us of the probable proximity of a herd of these dangerous animals. The Bodega is of a tawny yellow colour, with a leathery hide, and a sort of casque over its head, with which, when on shore, it butts at you fiercely. It is also furnished with three sets of scales, major, minor, and crow-matic—the latter being a protection against these birds (hence the name), which attack it when sleeping. It was impossible to secure a live specimen, as my men were all too tired and footsore to move on; and so, after giving directions as to their all keeping a careful watch for a few hours while I slept (for in these regions it does not do for everyone to sleep at the same time), I retired to my Arkadian Hut, and, as the Printer's Boy was working the punkah with one hand and turning the musical-box with the other, I sank into a profound and delicious slumber.

Diary (Extract).—A memorable day. I think I've seen STANLEY. It was blazing hot, the sun at 160° (which is about 90 premium, ex div.), and I had just finished my *stajero*, as the natives call it, meaning a sort of light, midday meal, consisting of a little cockaleekie, broiled lake *char* (which are caught here in abundance by the native charwomen, who go down to the banks in their carts, made for the purpose, and called *char-ar-bongs*), some buffalo beef, with mixed pickles, chutnee, and an excellent tomato salad, (for which I have a patent receipt, worth millions to a public caterer, and which I can part with for a moderate sum, giving private lessons into the bargain, if the purchaser will ask me to dinner,) some prawns stewed, iced venison outlets—venison far superior to anything in England, and as plentiful as chops in the Southdown country—a tart, made of native berries, and some fresh undercurrents from a neighbouring stream (for I have a sweet tooth—in fact, several sweet teeth, I'm glad to say—and can relish where others would starve), which, mixed with a desert-spoonful of a rich cream (obtained from limes, and far superior to anything a cow can give), makes an *entremet* fit for a Lucullus, and altogether represents a *menu* that would

gladden the heart of many a noble Amphitrite, or Amphi-try-on—I forget which—it may be the "try-on"—but I mean a classic Gentleman, who used to get up first-rate Entertainment Scenes, in the Social Circle, perhaps, as there was something of the *Amphi* about him,—at all events, to sum up, I had finished my *stajero*, and, just to finish with, had taken my forty winks (picked out with a pin, an admirable digestive), when in the distance, about 40° N. by 50 S., I saw—a shadow!!!

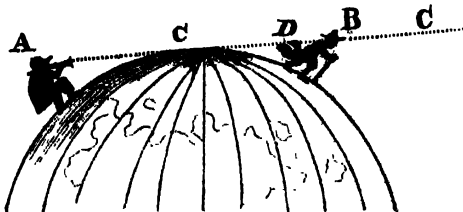
Only a sketch can give any idea of the situation.



Description of Sketch.—I think I see STANLEY about 500 miles distant, longitude 50°, and any amount of latitude allowed. From a drawing taken on the spot. (N.B.—Fine opportunity offered for advertising in my book of travels. Terms easy.)

The trees represent the marvellous distance, but the two black spots disappearing over the equatorial line are represented as they appeared to me through my binoculars, and are, no doubt, the extreme points of Mr. STANLEY's coat-tails as he was running away down-hill.

On second thoughts, he was *not* running away: but his vanishing points of coat-tails prove to me indisputably the globular shape of the earth. Had the earth been flat, I could never, with my binoculars, have lost sight of the object of my indefatigable search. A simple diagram will explain my theory:—



A, myself.

B, STANLEY walking against the wind.

C, line of sight.

D, STANLEY's coat-tail points blown out by the wind. His head, being well forward, is out of the line of sight, which passes horizontally, through his shoulders, but in its first direction is stopped by the two points of coat-tail. Had these not cut the line of sight, it is evident that I should have seen STANLEY's shoulders; and, had he stood erect, probably I might have recognised him by the back of his head.

In any case, I consider my theory of the earth's shape satisfactorily proved, and should be glad to receive a gold medal from the Royal Geographical Society, which might combine with the Humane and other Societies to give me five hundred a year for life, as a valuable consideration for Discoveries Received as per invoice.

To rise from my hammock, to wave my handkerchief, to raise my hat, and call out in a stentorian tone, through my speaking-trumpet,

"Mr. STANLEY, I presume!" was the work of a moment. But, alas! he had gone from my gaze—gone from my GAZE—like a *Cook's Tourist* (*Jeu de mot*, made in diary, even under the most trying circumstances); and once more I am all alone in the Great Desert.

More from Diary.—When I write "More from Diary," it occurs to me that this reverses the order of things: it ought to be Diary from MORE—at least we always have an Almanack from MORE, and the Diary generally goes with it. *Toujours qui! Allons donc!* The idea occurs to me, perhaps STANLEY is coming back. "He will return—I know him well" (Song); but, perhaps, I don't know him well enough, and he won't return.

Leaving this spot about ten P.M., we came in the cool of the evening to Jokla Island. This I have rechristened *Joe Miller's Men*. On all the rocks I have inscribed my name with a pen-knife. This I do wherever I go; and sometimes I scratch it on a pane of glass with a diamond ring. In lieu of any other legal and prior claim this signature confers proprietorship on the cutter. And can't I cut with a diamond! On such occasions it is of very little moment who cuts after me. "What shall he do who comes after the King?" Catch him, if he can. They want to make me king of the Jokla Isles, with a salary of two thousand puns *per annum*. I am considering the proposition. I should send over to Italy, and secure the services of one of the Grimaldi family for Prime Minister. I should take the title of King JOCOSUS THE FIRST. If it comes off, I'll send you my Civil Service List. Talking of cuts, look at this one:—



THE EXTRAORDINARY GRINNITE ROCKS ON JOKLA ISLAND.

[From a photograph taken on the spot, and, with a view to a future advertisement picture, two well-dressed gentlemen are shown in the foreground, representing the experienced and well-informed person in a tall hat always seen in this style of illustration kindly pointing out to a weak but deeply-interested friend ("CHARLES—his friend") the wonders of the newly-discovered island. On the right is the *Arkadia*, with a new weathercock. On the left are the natives, just out of their beds. N.B. I think, on my return, I shall start a studio at South Kensington, open from 10 P.M. to 2 A.M., as a Night Nursery of Art. Best of liquors supplied. Good writing. Harmony.]

Further Extract from Diary.—Copy of Letter sent to Editor, which ought to have been received by him.*—"I am now on to finding STANLEY. I am going for him, with all that inborn courage and latent energy, for which I am remarkable. A friend will call on you for cheque, and save you all trouble and expense of sending it, as he knows where I am, and will come out direct to me. Send tin, or I might find STANLEY before it arrives."

12:30 (same day).—To the above letter I have as yet received no answer. I am sweeping the horizon with my glass.

1:30.—I have swept the horizon for an hour. Capital exercise. The horizon, after so much sweeping, is now quite clean—not a speck of dust to be seen on it anywhere; in fact, you might eat your dinner off it. I wonder how I should feel after dining off a horizon? New idea. Must try it. Forwards! to STANLEY!

* But wasn't.—Ed.

(To be continued.)

SOMETHING LIKE A WELCOME!

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

10th August, 1878.

I APPEAL to you. Have not the claims of the ancient historical town with which I have the honour to be municipally connected been inexcusably ignored? Do not the two junior Knights of the Order of the Garter owe their present proud position as much to the action of the Provinces as to the influence of the Metropolis?

Sir, we expected LORDS BEACONSFIELD and SALISBURY to visit us. We had made magnificent preparations, strictly governed by precedent. Those preparations are now useless. We have lavished our money upon costly signs of welcome, and the men who were to be fêted have never turned up! But a time will come; and LORDS BEACONSFIELD and SALISBURY may yet have reason to rue the hour when they ignored the claims of Little Peddlington! Sir, I will give you the programme we had arranged.

First, we had decorated our town in the most magnificent manner. Flags waved from our shop-windows by the dozen, with the most appropriate devices. Our principal Grocer displayed, with a "Welcome to Lord BEACONSFIELD," a gorgeous banner bearing the legend, "Try our Best Mixed, at 8s. 6d.," and our leading Baker's shop-front was covered with placards informing the world that "England rejoices in Peace with Honour," and that bread was "Down again to Fourpence!" In this way we symbolised the close connection of the event of the day and its heroes with commercial and mercantile prosperity, and while doing honour to our expected guests, did not omit the tradesman's duty—of advertising himself.

But our happiest thought was the decoration of the town-pumps. Last year they fell into decay, and the order was given that they should be removed. We determined to restore both on this occasion to their original grandeur. We covered them with canvas, painted in imitation of stone, and tin-foiled their handles. But this was not all. Taking our town architect into council, we had prepared and set up two models, in tin-foil and papier-mâché, of our municipal crest, an owl.

Need I say that we had a Guard of Honour of Volunteers? Our citizen soldiers suggested by their presence the celebrated Motto of the great Jingo Party, "Defiance, not Defence."

But we kept our greatest coup for the bouquet—the speech of our Vestry Clerk. To this intelligent officer we entrusted the duty of welcoming the two Plenipotentiaries on their appearance to receive the freedom of our town. I have much pleasure in sending you a draft of the speech which our Vestry Clerk had composed, and got off by heart, for this interesting occasion.

"My Lord BEACONSFIELD. I have much pleasure in welcoming you to Little Peddlington. Take it all in all, your Lordship has not done badly. Born without any advantageous circumstances, and having to battle against the unreasoning prejudices of rank and caste, you have risen from the lowest stratum of society to equality with the nobles of the land. Having commenced life as a clerk in an Attorney's office, you would doubtless (had you stuck to that branch of the legal profession) have risen to the Bench. You have also written some highly successful novels, and have thus made the trade of literature nearly respectable. I will now give you my ideas about things in general, and foreign politics, in particular. I think, &c., &c.—(Here came the opinions)—I think the proclamation of Sir GARNET WOLSELEY to the Cypriots very neat. And now, my Lord, we propose giving you a good dinner at the Mayor's house. Be honest and true to yourself and others, and you may rest assured that you will long retain your present very respectable position.

"My Lord SALISBURY.—We have honoured Lord BEACONSFIELD; and, in common fairness, we will honour you—in a minor degree, of course, as your Lordship played only second fiddle at the recent Congress. My Lord, some of your ancestors were Aldermen; and, doubtless, had you followed in their footsteps, you might have become (who knows?) a Mayor. But though this honour has not been brought within your reach, you have done very fairly; and your present position reflects the highest credit upon you. I can assure you, my Lord, that we have no reason to blush for you; and you know, as the old proverb says, that when two men ride upon a horse, one must ride behind.

"And now to both of you, my Lords, I offer the right hand of municipal fellowship. Believe me, my Lords, we are not proud in Little Peddlington."

There, Mr. Punch! Now I put it to you candidly—Do you not think that in our decorations, and, still more, in our Vestry Clerk's speech, Little Peddlington would have run London hard in municipal welcomes, had our ancient and worshipful Corporation had the chance of entertaining the Hero of the Day and his subordinate, the Foreign Secretary.

If you do not think so, Sir, why then I am not Yours, respectfully,

BOANERGES BUMBLE, Alderman.
The Town Hall, Little Peddlington.



PROFESSIONAL JEALOUSY.

Miss Matilda (referring to her new Lawn-Tennis Shoes, black, with india-rubber soles). "THE WORST OF IT IS, THEY DRAW THE FEET SO!"
Our Artist (an ingenious and captivating youth). "AH, THEY MAY DRAW THE FEET; BUT THEY 'LL NEVER DO JUSTICE TO YOURS, MISS MATILDA!" *[Sighs deeply.]*

ARRANGEMENTS IN BLACK AND WHITE, FROM
A STATESMAN'S NOTE-BOOK.*Used.*

W. E. G. A sophisticated rhetorician, inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity, and gifted with an egotistical imagination, that can at all times command an interminable and inconsistent series of arguments to malign his opponents, and glorify himself.

Ready for Use.

J — B —. A political nonconformist, puzzled by the responsibilities of his own incongruous position, and distracted by the devious demands of a paradoxical party, either feverish in factious opposition, or inebriated by frantic anticipation of unattainable office.

R — L —. A pedantic professor, imbued with the acrimony of his own cynical utterances, impotently aimed at reputations beyond his reach, but judiciously reticent of all reminiscences of his own short-lived, though long-lamented official career.

SIR C — D —. A titled plebeian, swollen into imaginary importance by the gaseous inflation of a self-dishonoured name, and armed with a pachydermatous insensibility to the righteous contempt of the sages of the Senate, though not insensible to the titillation of hustings popularity, and suburban pot-house applause.

EARL G —. A mercurial dawdler, idly consistent in defence of a desperate cause, and consequential with a wrangling wit, which, when aimed at the shield of the Statesman, recoils, to find its target in the motley of the fool whose bow launched the bolt.

LORD R — M —. A shallow babbler, ever struggling between the remorse of the renegade, and the conceit of the sciolist.

MR. P —. A laughing philosopher, fed fat by the fertility of his own unequalled fancy, and gifted with a splendid imagination, which is the key to an inexhaustible armoury of wit, humour, and satire, whose shafts delight, instead of distressing, the fortunate objects at whom they are aimed, and who, while overwhelming his opponents, immortalises himself.

"PEACE WITH HONOUR."—"Si non è vero è Ben trovato."

CYPRUS BE-RHYMED.

For a rhyme *Punch* has still held a butt reason good:
And the best sort of butt's one of Wine in the Wood.

SOME Ninny has offered—at least so 'tis said—

A cask of the sweet wine of Cyprus
To whoe'er finds a rhyme with the Isle's name to chime
Where Lord B. stole a march on the sly Pruss!

Though RYLANDS may hoot, and FAWCETT may shoot
At the bargain with venom quite vip'rous,
The Convention is made, and the Bill must be paid,
And whoe'er the Turk bullies by BULL shall be stayed,
So you'd better put *that* in your pipe, Russ.
Then grin, grumblers, grin, and dissentients conform,
And no longer, indignant economists, storm
O'er the costs of "conveyance" of Cyprus.

Recipes from a Decoration Cookery-Book.

How to Make a C.B.—Mix up an equal amount of civility and firmness, and allow the mixture to simmer for ten years. Boil at Berlin, and garnish with newspaper trimmings. Serve hot at a National Banquet.

How to Make a K.S.M. & S.G.—With some hundreds of inspired questions mix a few partisan personalities. When the questions have served their purpose in clearing the mess, draw them off. Serve up on a European Commission for the organisation of an Eastern province.

How to Make a K.G.—See Mr. Punch's Pictorial Life of Lord BEACONSFIELD.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN WORSE.

THE country has been put to the expense of £6,427,000 for the preservation of peace. A high price; but how many millions more would war have cost us, by Jingo!



MAKING THINGS PLEASANT.

POLITE CREDITOR. "ONLY OUR LITTLE BILL FOR FIREWORKS, MR. BULL! BUT IT'S NOT OF THE SLIGHTEST CONSEQUENCE! IT CAN STAND OVER!!!"



MUCH PLEASANTER FOR ALFRED.

Constance (adding the last straw). "THERE, DARLING! I HOPE I'VE FORGOTTEN NOTHING. AND OH, ALFRED! HOW MUCH, MUCH PLEASANTER TO CARRY OUR THINGS OURSELVES, AND BE ALONE TOGETHER, THAN TO HAVE A HORRID SERVANT TROTTERING BEHIND US, AND LISTENING TO EVERY WORD WE SAY!"

OUR AUGUST REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(In Town—Out of Season.)

THIS is the time of year to be in Town. We are *en famille*. People give just as good dinners as they did in the Season, and there's no crush: it's all *sans façon*, and a good diner-out just now confers a special favour on a host.

NOW one can wear anything in London, without inviting objectionable remarks. I've a hat which only appears at this season of the year in London—my August hat. It has done so for years, and is uncommonly becoming—I mean, "becoming uncommonly" old. I've also a coat, so worn out, that the only time I can wear it out is in August. I think of getting up a subscription to revive it. If so, to insure success, I need only go round with the hat.

MR. HOLLINGSHEAD's electric light, bright as daylight, outside the Gaiety Theatre, is an attraction to thousands of day-lighted spectators. The entertainment within is just as brilliant. Walk up! Walk up! Shall we soon arrive at illuminating our streets with this superb light, or is it to be only a question *de Luc(e)*? Your health, Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD! "I *luz* towards you."

"Batti! Batti!"—I mean GATTI, GATTI—for whom Mr. ARTHUR SULLIVAN, M.D., does the batti-batti-ing—have started their Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden. With the eminent M.D. (this is Doctor of Music—not Medicine, his compositions being the very reverse of nauseous) for Conductor, the "bus" ought to go on well, the Conductor singing out, "Full inside! All right!" (N.B.—To outsiders; "bus" in professional parlance is short for "business.") No further explanation of the joke will be given.)

"Conductor, Mr. ARTHUR SULLIVAN, assisted by Mr. ALFRED CELLIER," says the advertisement. How does he assist him? Does he give him a pick-a-back up the stairs? see him carefully into his chair? fan him when he's hot? liquor him when he's dry? put *eau de Cologne* on his pocket-handkerchief, and when the first part of the concert is over, does he with his friendly arm aid the exhausted Conductor-en-Chef's tottering steps down-stairs

again, and then turn on a lavender spray till he is quite recovered? I must go and judge for myself. But *my* night shall be a Classical Night. In this overpoweringly hot weather give me a Classical Night, and the lightest possible drapery of a Grecian pattern. Expect me, Dr. SULLIVAN, on one of your Classical Nights. I shall come, with a boy carrying the latest edition of the Classics; as, if in appropriate costume, I sha'n't have any pockets. Yes, Dr. SULLIVAN, you will "meet me once again," and I shall catch your eye when you're "looking back."

At the meeting of the Alhambra Company (Limited)—"limited," you'll observe, for the line must be drawn somewhere, and probably the members of the *corps de ballet* are not included in the Alhambra Company when "Limited"—it was triumphantly announced by the Chairman that this "was the first time in the history of the Alhambra when there was £1,600 profit on the operations of the musical and theatrical entertainments." Hitherto "the only profit had been on the liquor!" "Drink, pretty creature, drink!" seems, up to now, to have been the feature of the Alhambra's success. But how was this £1,600 profit obtained? Well, it appears from the jubilant Chairman's speech, that, among various economical items, they had saved £320 for Authors and Royalties. Hang the Authors! but who were the Royalties? Surely, H. R. H. or the Royal Dukes can't be supposed to charge so much "for attendance"? If so, the Alhambra must have saved considerably by the continued absence of these Royalties. As to Authors and Composers, they can't have got much out of the Alhambra lately, as there is nothing to pay for *La Fille de Madame Angot*, and this piece appears to be their staple commodity. Why don't they start something new? Or, if they want to be still more economical, why don't the Shareholders, who pay their Directors handsomely enough—"their remuneration amounting to £2,200" (as Mr. BOLTON showed, and complained)—why, I say, do not the Shareholders insist upon the Directors writing an Opera among themselves,—the Vice-Chairman could do something with *The Vicar of Wakefield*,—and, if necessary, as a further economy, singing it themselves, finishing up with a magnificent ballet danced by all the Directors, who would then be really doing something for their money. The ballet should be called, out of compliment to one of their most energetic Directors, *Leda*. "An' bedad, Sorr," says an Irish friend, "instead of a swan, ye might substitoot an *ayle*."

MR. NEVILLE is appearing as *Pierre Lorance* in *Proof* at the Adelphi; and he ought always to have played it. There is something in the bills about town (only 'tis too hot to read details) about the piece being "re-mounted." Is there any arrangement made for running it with real horses?

SOLVITUR AMBULANDO.

IT may be found difficult to adjust the grievances of the Parisian Cab-drivers now on strike, for it is hardly in the nature of Cabmen to be satisfied when offered what is only fare. In this country, at least, they always want more than that.

SMOLLETT'S COMMENT.—"Works of irrigation in India! Nonsense! Works of super-irrigation, I call 'em."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



(Monday, August 5).—End of the Session in sight. Talk slackening and shortening; work thickening and quickening.

"We do not care for the people of India. This is a heavy indictment, but how else account for the facts about to be given? Do we even care enough to know about their daily lives of lingering death, from causes which we could so well remove? We have taken their lands and their rulers into our charge, for State reasons of our own. Nay, the hour is coming, and even now is, when for State reasons we are annexing, or preparing to annex, or to reorganise, or to perfect—by whatever name we call it—huge and immeasurable territories, because they lie between us and them. But for them, themselves—these patient, silent, toiling millions of India, who scarcely but for suffering, know their right hand from their

left, and yet who are so teachable, so ready to abide by law instead of resisting their 'enemy the law,'—for *their* daily lives and deaths we do not, as a nation, practically care. Or should we not, as a nation, practically rise *en masse* to see that the remediable things, to which good public servants have so vainly called attention, shall be remedied? Have we no voice for these voiceless millions? What is the saddest sight to be seen in the East—nay, probably in the world? The saddest sight to be seen is the peasant in our own Eastern Empire. But we do not look at this sight—no, not even those few who travel in India."

These are not light words lightly spoken in debate, not an extract from the discussion raised in the *Lords* on Monday, by Lord NORTHBROOK on a Calcutta Petition, signed by some of the best in



PRO BONO PUBLICO.

Brown (Passenger by the Glasgow Steamer, 8.30 A.M.). "I BEG PARDON, SIR, BUT I THINK YOU'VE MADE A MISTAKE. THAT IS MY TOOTH-BRUSH!"

McGrubbie (ditto). "AH BEAG YEARS, MUN, AH'M SURE. AH THOUGHT 'T BELANGED TO THE SHEEP!"

formed and most highly-placed natives of Bengal, on the subject of recent increase of taxation and expenditure on military charges and public works—but the beginning of the saddest note ever uttered by NIGHTINGALE, an article by FLORENCE of blessed memory on the People of India, in the *Nineteenth Century* for August. What weightier comment on her complaint could there well be than this, that the Indian Budget is postponed to the very fag-end of the fag-end of the Session, and fixed for the day of the Naval Review, when it will be listened to by a handful of weary Members, whom *Punch* could count on the fingers of two hands—if not of one.

We commend those who read Lord NORTHBROOK's Monday speech, and Lord CRANBROOK's reply—brook calling to brook, but with little refreshment for the poor parched Indian ryot between them—to turn to FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE's sad song in the *Nineteenth Century*, if they wish to see what is the normal state of the ryot of Madras and the Bombay Deccan between money-lender and drought, and the pitiless grind of the Government tax-gatherer and the Local Law Court—how he hangs habitually on the edge of famine, to fall helplessly

into its gulf, under the least downward impetus; unable to save, or to do more than secure the barest subsistence in the best years, and with no margin of strength to hold him up against the burden of the worst, till the end is written in the appalling fact of a famine-mortality in Madras of between five and six millions. If JOHN BULL has to answer for this, and there seems too much ground for fear that he, or at least the Government, has to answer for it in a great degree, it ill becomes him to be taking upon himself the reform of Turkish Government in Asia Minor. Who shall say that with all its sins of omission and commission, it may not cause less human misery than our finely adjusted, and inexorably working Indian machinery, which drives life down to starvation-point, and never relaxes its pressure till the poor starved ryot drops dead out of its elaborate wheel-work.

(*Commons.*)—Mr. GORST called attention to the case of a native of Tanna hung aboard the *Beagle*, on very doubtful proof of complicity in the killing of a white man. He objects to the system by which naval officers are turned into judges of Assize, and Her Majesty's ships into perambulating gallows. This brought down the ATTORNEY-GENERAL's bludgeon, clumsily rather than heavily, over Mr. GORST's knuckles. After Sir JOHN's usual style he did his best to convert defence into attack, and to maintain positions which have been abandoned by his official superiors. If Mr. SMITH had got up at first, instead of at last, to say that the Admiralty had sent out a despatch calculated to put a stop to the practice complained of by Mr. GORST, the Government would have saved its credit, and the ATTORNEY-GENERAL would have escaped another bad mark.

Lord G. HAMILTON, in moving the Education Estimates, gave a highly satisfactory Report of Education progress since Mr. FORSTER'S Act was passed in 1870, as measured by all its landmarks, money spent, numbers of pupils, schools, and teachers. If only one could gauge the effects of the education as well as the figures!

Tuesday (Lords).—All the steam powers in Tramway Orders Confirmation Bills were knocked on the head by Lord HENNIKER, Lord NORTON chief mourner over them. My Lords, who drive their own carriages, don't love trams—steam-trams, least of all.

The Earl of CAMPERDOWN asked for returns of the Reserve Men who had been turned out of civil employments, through turning-out in obedience to Royal summons. Lord BURY hoped there were none. So does *Punch*. If the return of Reservists to the ranks is to mean starvation of wives and children first, and loss of employment afterwards, Lord CARDWELL'S hopes of the System would seem *couleur de rose* indeed.

(*Commons.*)—After questions, the House resolved itself into Committee of Ways and Means.

Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOKE presented his little Bill—the first instalment of the cost of peace with honour. The Government has spent some £400,000 over the Six Millions. There is a deficiency of £1,306,000 to be met, of which rather more than half will have to be raised, the other half being already provided for. But Sir STAFFORD does not mean to come upon JOHN BULL for the money. The little Bill can stand over. The Two Millions will be provided by Exchequer Bills. Something will turn up in the course of the next two years to wipe 'em out without our feeling the operation. Everything is for the best in the arrange-

ments of this best of all possible Governments. So, in spite of a groan from Mr. GLADSTONE, and a growl, accompanied with a good show of damaging precedents, from Mr. CHILDERS, the House jumped to Sir STAFFORD'S proposal to renew the little Bill instead of paying it. Of course Mr. RYLANDS doesn't like it. But what does he like—a nasty cantankerous person? And Mr. E. JENKINS wanted further explanations; and Sir G. CAMPBELL, and Sir G. BALFOUR were disagreeable as usual.

Major NOLAN called attention to the insufficiency of the allowance to the wives and children of Reserve Men. He pointed out that while sixpence a day to the wife, and twopence a day to each child, is the sum now allowed wives and families of men serving in India, they have rations and quarters besides.

While Colonel STANLEY was speaking in reply, the deep voice of the Major was heard chorussing each sentence with a "hear, hear" so sonorous that nobody could hear anything else. Called to "Order" by the House, and bade to desist by the SPEAKER, the Major refused point-blank, alleging his right to call "hear, hear," after every comma, if I choose, and every semi-colon." Pressed to give way, he hardened his heart, and re-asserted his right in still stronger terms. Ajax defying the Brand of Jove, is the only parallel that occurs to us of the Major braving the Brand of the House—the awful and omnipotent SPEAKER, who in vain called on him for an apology.

In the end, the last reserve of the SPEAKER'S power was called into play—the reluctant bolt was hurled—the Major was "Named." This awful exercise of authority is so rare that the memory of it is confined to a few of the oldest inhabitants of the House.

This "solemn duty," as Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE very properly called it, having been discharged, it devolved on him, as Leader of the House, to move that the Honourable and gallant Member, for his disorderly interruption and disrespectful conduct to the Chair, be directed to withdraw.

In vain the chivalrous O'CONNOR POWER, and the self-sacrificing Sir P. O'BRIEN strove to induce the mighty O'GORMAN to change the Major key for the Minor; in plain English, to apologise. He preferred to withdraw, and take the as yet unimagined consequences.

Dr. O'LEARY pleaded that the Major was labouring under strong excitement "by considerations of professional wrong," as Sir P. O'BRIEN was careful to explain, "lest the excitement should be attributed to any other cause." In spite of an effort to get the words "disrespectful" and "disorderly" struck out of the Motion, it was carried, with another, that the matter be considered to-morrow, when the Major should be summoned to attend. Then the House calmed down sufficiently to return to business.

Mr. HAYTER hoped the Government did not mean to adopt the recommendation of the Joint Committee of the War Office and Civil Service Commissioners to give marks for athletics in examinations for Commissions. Major ARBUTHNOT thought a combination of physical and intellectual examinations would work well. Mr. CAMPBELL BANNERMAN thought otherwise.

Colonel STANLEY would give the matter his best consideration, which hitherto he had not been able to do. But he thought the *onus probandi* lay on the Committee. There had been no complaint of want of stamina, activity, or aptitude for athletics on the part of the competition officers.

(Surely, exclusion for physical incapacity would secure all the athletics necessary, without giving thews and sinews undue pull over brains.)

Wednesday.—Plank-beds in Irish prisons again on the tapis. Mr. MITCHELL HENRY wished to know whether the Irish Prison Board-bed was going by the Board? Mr. LOWTHER holds on to the Board, but would be willing to allow an indentation in it in the case of female prisoners. But bed-clothes and a night-dress are permitted.

(The sooner the Government gives up this stupid piece of severity the better.)

Then followed a touching scene. The Major apologised, and was restored to the bosom of his afflicted family.

What a subject for the Artist who in the Commons House of the Future is charged to paint the most memorable incidents that have transpired in the Commons House of the Past!

Mr. DILLWYN asked for a Select Committee to winnow the Estimates. The House said No, by 64 to 46.

Mr. HAYTER moved to reduce the Supplementary Army Estimates by £25,000, the charge for huts at Cyprus, by way of drawing the Government of any information in its possession about that highly interesting island. The Marquis of HARTINGTON followed suit. He wanted to know what was the meaning of sending the Indian force to Cyprus? The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER says the garrison will be 2,000. Why send 10,000? How about the health of the force—their accommodation? "He would not be surprised to hear that neither the Admiralty nor the War Office could give any detailed information." This Captain STANLEY proceeded to prove, by admitting as much. General chorus of "*Que diable allez-vous faire dans cette île de Cythère?*" Nobody seems to know. Perhaps, as the occu-

pation goes on, the Government may find out. Occupation by the troops will breed occupation for them.

For the present, all is in the dark, beyond the fact that there the troops are, and very hot they find it, and that a good many of them are down with fever.

Thursday (Lords).—Several Bills advanced a stage towards the happy dispatch of Royal Assent.

(Commons.)—Captain PIM, that "simple sailor," on Naval Reserves. Messrs. MACDONALD, BURT, and the HOME SECRETARY on the very unsatisfactory subject of Colliery Explosions—for which somehow nobody ever seems to get punished—the poor ignorant reckless miners, who are to blame for so many of these catastrophes, because they are generally the first sufferers; and the careless proprietors or managers, who are infinitely less excusable, because of the difficulty of getting the deaths laid at the right door.

Mr. FAWCETT wanted more light on the principles that would guide the Government in carrying out the Anglo-Turkish Convention, and the guarantees for the needed reforms. So did Mr. E. JENKINS.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER replied that "What the Government hoped was to bring about an agreement with the Porte by which certain specific reforms would be introduced into the judicial revenue, and police systems, which, it was believed, would give a prospect of improvement to the country."

Brave hopes! But how about guarantees?

Friday (Lords).—Cattle Diseases Bill back, as amended. The Duke of RICHMOND could hardly have known his child, yet he welcomed it with every sign of affection, notwithstanding that the "stain of the Commons is over it all."

(Commons.) Bishoptics Bill pushed merrily through Committee—undamaged by the assault of the *Nolo-episcoparis*, COURTNEY and CAMPBELL, and COWEN and JENKINS.

Final Vote in Supply taken, and — "Last stage of all, That ends this unevenful history"

Appropriation Bill brought in. The Ministerial Fish Dinner stands for Wednesday next.

Finis Sessionis clear in view, after eight months of more ory and less wool than in the memory of the oldest inhabitant of St. Stephen's.

HOW TO ENJOY A HAPPY DOG-DAY.



6 A.M.—Rise and take a well-iced tub.

7 A.M.—Dress leisurely in white linen.

8 A.M.—Breakfast off a cup of iced coffee and a wafer.

9 A.M.—Read the first line of the first Leader of the *Times*.

10 A.M.—Read the last line of the last Leader of the *Times*.

11 A.M.—Calmly think over what you have read.

12 A.M.—Go to sleep in a refrigerator.

1 P.M.—Go to sleep again.

2 P.M.—More ice in the refrigerator, and more sleep.

3 P.M.—Dine off a cut from an iced quail and a couple of neotardines.

4 P.M.—Unlimited claret-cup.

5 P.M.—Lie on a sofa and look at another man smoking.

6 P.M.—Get into an ice-tub and doze.

7 P.M.—Get out of your ice-tub and rest.

8 P.M.—Go to bed in a hammock slung between two bushy trees, and sleep, if you can, till next morning.

CANADA (after the departure of Lord Dufferin).—FOR-LOYN.

WHEN THE BILL COMES IN.

A BALLAD FOR JOHN BULL.

AIR—"When the Tide comes in."



BEN rode away,
alert and gay;
The outlook
seemed most fair;
I heard the Jingos'
hoarse hooray
Rise on the Sum-
mer air.
"Friend JOHN," he
cried, "keep up
your pride.
I'm off to far
Berlin!"
I joined the shout;
but feel some
doubt,
As the Bill comes
lengthening in.

Fresh claims I see,
they crowd on
me,
Like flocks of
hungry birds.

My heart sinks low, cooled down from glow
Of BEACONSFIELD'S big words.
"Oh, BEN," I sigh, "canst tell me why
I'm bled of all this tin?"
"The 'why' you'll know, and the 'wherefore,' too,
By the time the Bill comes in."

BEN winks so sly, while piling high
New burdens on my back,
With that fine smile of winning guile
Of which he has the knack,
I scarce dare groan, so bland his tone,
Yet midst the Jingos' din,
I feel each cheer will have cost me dear—
By the time the Bill comes in!

REGINA V. REGINA.

(Everybody intervening; or, the next Case on the List.)

THIS was a case of some interest arising out of an application on the part of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council to the final Court of Appeal, to restrain the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court from issuing prohibitions against their monitions. The Parties appeared in person.

The Lord President commenced his opening statement by saying he knew a prejudice existed against a plaintiff who insisted on conducting his own case; but as he wished particularly to test his own judicial status, about which so many highly unpleasant things had been already said, he was determined at least to find out "who he was."

The Lord Ultimate Justice interposing, said he hoped there would not be any attempt at elucidation of any individual Judge's status introduced into the argument. The question before the Court was, "Who on earth are the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council?"—That at least was the only issue to which he could direct his attention.

The Lord President.—I think, my Lord, it would be just as well if you were to direct your attention to the limits of your own jurisdiction. We shall certainly raise that question at a later stage.

The Lord Ultimate Justice.—That is a very candid announcement, my Lord President; and though I and my learned brother constitute, I believe, the highest Court of Appeal in the kingdom, I have no hesitation in saying that I am disposed to join issue with him on every possible aspect of this amusing and confusing case. What, I should like to know, is the value of a judgment passed by such a tribunal as what used to be called the Court of Queen's Bench?

The Lord Chief Justice submitted that that was not the question before the Court. The Court of Queen's Bench had rather a more respectable foundation, he hoped, than the Court of Arches. (Laughter.)

The Lord Ultimate Justice.—Or, as no doubt the defendants in this cause would add, the House of Lords. (Renewed laughter.)

The Lord President then proceeded with his case. He said that, after all, the question submitted to the Court was a very simple one. It might be broadly stated as follows: Ought a set of Judges, who are handsomely paid in order that by their precept and example they may exalt the dignity of Justice, to descend to what he must term

"procedure by practical joking?" It was too bad. He and his learned colleagues regarded the late action of two of the Justices of the Queen's Bench Division as nothing short, at least, of this. He could only say, on behalf of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, that if the Court to which they now appealed could give them no remedy, and they were to be held up as a laughing-stock without any sort of redress, they should know how to take their revenge. The Exchequer Division had had far too quiet a time of it lately; and he would like to know, for one, what was the present market value of a decision of the Lord Chief Baron.

The Lord Chief Justice objected. If this sort of sifting were to go on, they should soon get a definite view of their respective jurisdictions, and he appealed to the Court to say whether this would be likely to add to the solemn mystery of justice, or to exalt the public respect for that complicated procedure which was, if not its brightest, at least its most costly jewel.

The Lord Supreme Baron here interrupted. He said: I think it right, upon hearing that statement, to mention that I have, during the progress of this case, been indulging in some considerable scruples as to my own position in this Court. I shall, therefore, now refuse to grant any application until I am assured as to the nature of my jurisdiction. The rule must be refused.

The Lord Ultimate Justice.—Nonsense. I don't concur for an instant. I am only too happy to add to the confusion of this cause. You may take a rule—or two, if you like.

The Lord President.—Yes, my Lord, if we can find them. (Great laughter.)

The proceedings then terminated.

THE ARMS OF CYPRUS.

"It is interesting to note that the arms of Cyprus are borne on one of the shields on Queen ELIZABETH'S tomb in Westminster Abbey, viz., Barry of ten arg. and az., over all a lion rampant gu., crowned or."—*Athenaeum*.

WHERE good Queen BESS's honoured bones
Sleep in the Abbey's gloom,
The Arms of Cyprus grace the stones
Of her emblazoned tomb.
In argent fair and azure bright
Barry of ten behold;
O'er all, a lion rampant, dight
In gules, and crowned with gold.

Fair emblem of the happy fate
That now on Cyprus shines,
And in our rich Protectorate
Re-opens her long-closed mines.
And what if British Lion's gules
Be toned to a dun-brown?
Besides the crown upon his head,
His purse holds many a crown.

Sharp Cypriotes, who Jews can squeeze,
Armenians confound,
That Lion of his crowns to ease,
And eke half-crowns, are bound.
With cunning thus in coat of contest,
Punch Heralds' pardon beg,
If he with deference suggest
The Isle's Arms should be Legs.

A Missing Link.

JOHN EVANS, D.C.L., &c., &c., in his Address, as President of the Geological Section of the British Association at Dublin, refers to one member of the group of quaternary *Mammalia*, as "far more abundant in Ireland, than in England or Europe—the *Megaceros*—which has rightly received the appellation of *Hibernicus*." It is strange that Mr. EVANS should have omitted to notice another distinguished member of the same group, which ought to be far more abundant in Ireland than in any other part of the world, the peculiar family of the *Bos Taurus* which has also won world-wide fame under the epithet *Hibernicus*.

If the Irish Elk be so common in a fossil state, surely fossil specimens of the Irish Bull ought to be forthcoming, if sufficiently looked for.

Greece Asking for More.

GREECE has a past; who denies or defames it?
Greece has a future, 'tis Lord B. proclaims it.
But besides past and future, Greece asks for a present,
Epirus, Crete, Thessaly! Isn't she unpleasant?

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



"PEACE WITH HONOUR"

SATURDAY, August 10. — Rare day for rarer deed. At an uncommon sitting of the *Commons* the Irish Sunday Closing Bill was carried by 63 to 23, with the five principal cities of Ireland exempted from its operation; about the biggest Irish bull of the Legislative breed that was ever got through the House of Commons. The *Lords* have since passed it, too, under the leading of Lord O'Hagan.



"THE UNKINDEST CUT OF ALL."

The Major. "WOULD YOU ADVISE ME TO HAVE THESE FEW HAIRS IN FRONT CUT OFF?"

Haircutter. "U—M—WELL, SIR—I SHOULD 'ESITATE BEFORE I SACRIFICED MY HONLY HORNAMENT!!!"

Monday, August 12.—St. Grouse's Day, and Parliament still sitting! No wonder the birds are buoyant under their brief respite from the Parliamentary great guns. Alas, "*Peine*,"—like "*Plaisir*"—"*différée n'est pas perdue*," as the poor grouse will find next week.

(Lords).—Lord TRURO on the Police Force. *A quelque chose malheur est bon*. Frequent burglaries on his mansion at Blackheath have given Lord TRURO an intelligent interest in the Force that so lamentably fails him. He now comes forward as the friendly critic of the Bobby, and as the "Parant, Guide, Philosophier and Friend" of the Commission which is about to sit on him. He suggests *inter alia* that Model Lodgings should be provided for the Police, when Metropolitan street improvements are a-making. At present our view of the Bobby at home is chiefly in the character of warming-pan of the "House to Let," or *locum tenens* for the family out of town. It would be much if the public could see the Force as the model Lodgers of Model Lodging-Houses, A-1's in their interiors, and never on the beat at home, as but too many males of the married masses are apt to be.

The Duke of RICHMOND said the Commissioners should have the benefit of Lord TRURO's wise warnings and sagacious suggestions.

(Commons).—"Have the Russians crossed the Oxus, on their way to Merv, in dangerous proximity to our North-West Indian frontier?" asks Sir C. DILKE. "Has a Russian Resident been received at Cabul?" asks Mr. C. B. DENISON. "Not knowing, cannot say," answers Mr. BOURKE, for the Foreign Office. "But if they are up to any little game on the Oxus, or in Cabul, the Foreign Office has its Eastern eye on them, and will, no doubt, in due time know all about it." For the moment F. O. knows nothing about anything, or knowing, cannot say. Further questioned, through said Honourable Mr. BOURKE, F. O. declares that it has not heard that the Porte has refused, or means to refuse, Greece any rectification of frontier, for all the recommendations of Congress. Sir CHARLES means to go on asking questions, till he arrives at more satisfactory answers.

Mr. GOUVLET, thus encouraged, has also taken to ask questions, about the departure of the British Fleet from Turkish waters. "BRITANNIA will withdraw her chickens," says the CHANCELLOR of

the EXCHEQUER, "when Russia calls off her bears"—which he hopes—and so do the Turks, and so does Mr. Punch—will be soon. As yet Chickens and Bears confront each other.

Mr. FORSTER procured the House the painful pleasure of hearing the history of a little Bill, birth-strangled between Lords and Commons. The tragic tale is beyond the grasp of prose—*Facit indignatio versum*.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE POOR LAW AMENDMENT ACT (1876)
AMENDMENT BILL.

Mr. C. Lewis.

"MELLOR had a little Bill;
If not dead, 'tis living still.
Where is MELLOR's little Bill?"

Chancellor of the Exchequer.

"Twice the House has talked its fill
Over MELLOR's little Bill.
Twice the Lords that Bill amended;
Twice the Commons-House, offended
Lords should so their work undo,
In their face the Amendments threw."

Twice the Lords, too proud to bend
Their Amendments to amend,
In the Commons' face, full snack,
Their Amendments flung them back;
Till, as Lords and Commons croak,
MELLOR's Bill, betwixt them tost,
Caught in Lords and Commons strife,
Yielded up its little life.
New life for it none may see—
Dead it is, and dead must be!"

Intermediate Irish Education Commissioners named. A happy family—three Catholics, three Episcopalians, and one Presbyterian. ("They don't want to fight, but, by Jingo, if they do!")

Mr. C. LEWIS for the boys of Londonderry, Mr. NEWDEGATE for the High and Dry Protestants of Warwickshire, Mr. COURTNEY for the Doctrinaires of Devon, *non obstantibus*, the Bill passed triumphantly through Committee—the one "rapid Act" of the Session, and that an Irish Act!—amid an unprecedented chorus of discordant voices for once harmonious. Well may the poet say,

"The sweetest music is from discord bred."

The Bill is to secure payment by results. If its result be to show us for once Roman Catholics and English Protestants working together in harmony for the promotion of better Education—in the schools of both—who shall say that any payment can be too high for such a result, though it took two millions instead of one of the



GRATIFYING.

Young Person (applying for Housemaid's place, where a Footman was kept, objected to Children, was engaged to, and visited by, a most respectable Young Man in the 'Orse Artillery, and with a fortnight's Character from her last Place, but who altogether does not exactly suit). "I REALLY HAM SORRY, M'UM, FOR I RATHER LIKE YOUR APPEARANCE, M'UM!"

Irish Protestant Church surplus. But what a Nemesis! The proceeds of that Church employed to pay the expenses of an Education scheme by which Irish Roman Catholics will chiefly benefit, and that by the Act of a Conservative Government!

Tuesday.—Lords and Commons at sea—dancing attendance, to the music of waves more rough than was agreeable, on BRITANNIA'S Naval Review of Her Coast-Guard brood of chickens, the "Particular Service" Squadron, under Admiral KEY, at Spithead. It was very spiteful of BRITANNIA not to rule the waves straighter for the occasion. She and NEPTUNE and rude BOKRAS spoilt the show between them.

While the Commons were steaming back sick and tired from Portsmouth, a House had been kept, by Black Rod's summons of a handful of the Commons to the House of Lords to hear the Royal Assent given to a batch of belated Bills. And then, to a beggarly account of empty benches, Mr. STANHOPE rose to disburden him of his Indian Budget—the concluding farce of a played-out House and an expiring Session.

Mr. FAWCETT criticised Mr. STANHOPE'S figures, and protested, in the name of economy, against reckless expenditure and cooked accounts, with a courage and spirit worthy of a better House and a more attentive audience.

Who cares for Budget or critic? "All's well" (says Mr. STANHOPE),—"That ends well," add Mr. FAWCETT and Mr. PUNCH.

The thin House, says Sir STAFFORD, is no proof of languid interest in the entertainment of the "Indian Balance-Sheet," so long as the few who come understand what they are listening to. India is not to be governed in England. The thinner the House when the Indian Budget is up—or down—the more proof that England, if she understands nothing else about India, understands what is best for her great dependency—to be left, unhampered by House of Commons critics, to the Viceroy and Indian Secretary of State, and their respective Councils.

As to economies in Army and Public Works, and provision for Famines, past and future, let the House of Commons leave such matters to those whom they concern. The best thing the House can do for India is to stand aloof, and trust her to the tender mercies of an enlightened Empress and a paternal Government. "So it is willed, where Will and Power are one." And who is FAWCETT, that he should fidget himself, or England?

Wednesday (Lords).—A Sign of the Time. My Lords sat at three o'clock (and, after a few minutes' work, "adjourned during pleasure." Met again at six, and adjourned again (during pleasure; we presume), at five minutes past. Yet in this brief time they knocked off a Second and a Third Reading and three Committees. Only let the Commons go and do likewise two or three nights a week, and they might "adjourn during pleasure" for the rest of the Session.

(Commons.)—How about sickness among our soldiers at Cyprus? It is hard to reconcile Colonel STANLEY'S reports, and *Daily News'* Correspondent's. Here is the latter's hospital return:—

"The 42nd Regiment has 170 on the sick list; the 101st has 130. Six artillery officers are down. Of 136 sailors and marines sent to Nicola 84 are fever-stricken. One officer and 19 marines sent to Baffo were there for three weeks, and are now all in hospital. A detachment of sappers sent into the interior was found helpless in a farm-house, every man being delirious with fever. In all about 25 per cent. of the white troops are fever-stricken. About two-thirds of the medical force are also down. The fever is not deadly, but those attacked cannot quite recover while they remain in the island."

How the SECRETARY for WAR can say, in the face of these figures, that he cannot say there is any cause for anxiety, it is hard to understand for those outside "the Office," who do not know the difficulty of disturbing the normal serenity of the official mind. The poor soldier in Cyprus may sing—"In me tota ruít Venus"—at fever-heat, too; and all the calm confidence of Colonel STANLEY, and the *couleur-de-rose* reports of Sir GARNET will neither cool his burning brow, nor moisten his parched lips, still less give comfort to his anxious friends at home. As *Punch* said last week, "*Que diable allaient-ils faire dans cette ile de Cythère?*"

F. O. knows nothing yet about the dispatching of a Russian Resident to Cabul. It seems likely enough that the reports of Russian movements, both Diplomatic and Military, in Central Asia, refers to the pre-Peace Congress period. None the less our Jingo journals are keen in working them up into war-material.

Mr. SAMUELSON called attention to a painful subject, which demands more notice both from the Government and the Public, than it has yet received, the murder and mutilation of Mr. OGLE, the *Times* Correspondent, in Thessaly. Our Government have directed and held an inquiry, but as they could not, or, at least, would not guarantee impunity to the witnesses, it seems very doubtful if their inquirers have got, or could have got, at the truth. They have promised to direct fresh inquiry, with powers, it is to be hoped, to ensure due protection to witnesses. The friends of Mr. OGLE have good reason to be grateful to Mr. SAMUELSON for bringing the Government to this point. So have all British subjects who feel it of moment that foreign, and, above all, barbarous Governments, should be taught that the life of a British subject is a sacred thing. When that British subject happens to be a man discharging dangerous duty in a heroic spirit, his life should be doubly sacred. As it is, there has been a nasty disposition visible to impute blame to Mr. OGLE for his very courage and humanity, and to add something very ugly like, "Serve him right!" to the vague official verdict of "Found Killed"; but how, when, or by whom, no evidence is forthcoming.

Bishoprics Bill read a Third Time by 62 to 20,—*Ginz's Baby* protesting to the last.

Thursday (Lords).—Last day's work. Sing "O be joyful!" Standing Orders dispensed with for once—pace even Lord RUSSELL. Appropriation Bill and Expiring Laws Continuance Bill rattled merrily through all their stages in a sitting.

(Commons.)—Notices of Motion—for next Session. Thank the House's stars, and *Punch's*, loose points are being "flemished down," and ends of questions coiled away. *Punch*, happy in the prospect of his holiday, bursts into song, like his own little bird:—

"The Government don't mean to find, nor yet to make, occasions To re-establish with the Pora diplomatic—or other—relations; The Turkish troops still hold Batoum, which F. O. much amases, But England has no intention of taking in the *Lesses*. Sir AUGUST LAYARD will do his best—Herculean operation!— To induce the Grand Visier to take Crete into consideration. There has been a good deal of fever among the Cyprus garrison, But, on the whole, it has been drawn mild, and is now "*en proces de guerison*."

Sir G. BOWYER shot a last shot at the Territorial Waters Jurisdiction Bill, but missed his mark; and the Bill was read a Third Time. Henceforth, when a foreigner violates our law within three miles of our shores he will be punishable for it, as he ought to be.

Lord C. BERSFORD gave a full account of the operations for the raising of the *Eurydice*, and the difficulties which had retarded them. The poor ship is out of the hole at last, and everybody's wish must be that her unfortunate captain and the Dockyard Authorities who have had to do with the sinking of her, first, and the raising of her afterwards, should be in the same position as the ship.

So let bell be rung,
And *De Mortuis* sung!

The persistent COURTNEY had a last pitch into the dealings of the South African Government with the Transvaal. *Punch* can only sing,

"Annexation is vexation,
Division is as bad—
SHEPSTONE (Sir T.) he bothers me,
And the Boers they drive me mad."

Never was a harder BRECH-nut for the industrious Secretary for the Colonies to crack. "Of two evils choose the least" is a good rule. The difficulty in this case is to say, between annexation and independence, which evil is the least, they are both such whoppers!

Friday.—Parliament Prorogued by Royal Commission. Commons whipped into Lords' House by Black Rod to hear Queen's Message:—

MY LORDS AND COMMONS,

Far off seems the day
When, wishing peace, we met to face affray.
To calm the twitters bred of War's alarms,
We gladly threw ourselves in India's arms;
But as they're happily not wanted, home
We've packed them, post-haste, o'er the Red Sea foam.
May the Monsoon and heat no cholera bring,
And then "All's well that ends well!" we may sing.

The Powers for Congress at Berlin have met;
High hands have there to protocols been set,
Whence, let us hope, the flower of peace may bloom—
For which, just now, see Bosnia and Batoum.
Greek has met Turk, but not for tug of War—
The tug of Peace Hellas finds harder far.

We with the Turk have signed our own Convention,
Which, like a certain place we never mention,
Is paved, throughout, with the best good intention.
By it we're bound to guard the Asian border,
Within which he binds himself to keep order.
These obligations both alike accept—
We must ask Time to show how they've been kept.
Meanwhile, to mark the end of Europe's quarrels,
A Cyprus wreath we've twined for lack of laurels.
"*Pax cum honore*" at Berlin we've won;
And "*Tax cum onere*" has now begun.

GENTLEMEN OF THE COMMONS,

Thanks all round;
We've asked for money: money you have found.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

Too well one knows
Queen's Speech "*propose*," but Parliament "*dispose*."
Of English Bills passed into Acts the amount
Upon one hand's four fingers you can count.
There's one for Factory Laws consolidating:
One that provides for Road-repair and Rating:
One with what 's left of Cattle Plagues' big Bill:
And one to make four Bishops, if you will—
But by *quite* voluntary contribution—
The thing to save the Church from dissolution!
Of the three Acts for Ireland—favoured nation—
One—that for Intermediate Education—
Passed, wondrous to relate, with no opposing:
Not so the one for Sunday-shebeen closing.
That such Acts *should* pass is a thousand pities—
True, it leaves out the five chief Irish cities.
The third Act makes the Public Health its care;
For that there 's room in Ireland, and to spare.
For Scotland,—happy land of oatmeal-cakes,
Where no Home-Ruler's clique disturbance makes,—
From tolls on bridge and road henceforth made free,
To good account she 'll turn each saved bawbee.
Her Education Acts, too, have been bettered,
Her schools and hospitals from clogs unfettered.
Now to home-plagues, and home-duties fall—
So, good-bye! Happy halloos to all!

ANOTHER NAVAL REVIEW.



THERE was one Naval Review on the twelfth; there is another before *Punch* at this moment, being a Review by HENRY F. WATT, Master Mariner, "of the State of the Navy, 1878," printed and published at Liverpool. This little book of seventy-one pages, with not an idle or superfluous word in it, deals exclusively with our unarmoured ships of 1000 tons and upwards. The writer gives very clearly and calmly stated reasons for his conclusion, that this portion of the Navy is not what it ought to be, and that a great deal of the money spent upon it is wasted. In proof of this, he goes through the list of our wooden ships built since 1867, comparing the strength and speed, power, cost of building, and repairs, and actual performances of each, with those of first-class

merchant vessels of the same tonnage. This comparison lands the Admiralty and its Constructors awfully on the wrong side of the balance-sheet.

Another section of the book, devoted to the important question of Naval Education, gives reason for the writer's conclusion that the Admiralty is as much out in its building up of Queen's officers as of Queen's ships.

Now, it is no doubt easy to find fault. But it is *not* easy to give such fair and forcible reasons for your fault-finding as H. F. WATT seems to *Punch* to have given in his Naval Review. And not to *Punch* only. A Rear-Admiral of longer and more various sea-service than any officer of his rank and standing, after reading Mr. WATT's pamphlet, said in *Punch's* hearing, "He is right, as far as I can make out, in every point, except in his over-insistence on lengthiness as a quality in sea-going ships. That, I think, he pushes too far. For the rest, I go along with him, from stem to stern."

This rather startling, but decidedly well-written and well-reasoned brochure *Punch* would earnestly recommend to his nautical readers in general, and to Mr. T. BRASSEY in particular. Something ought to come of it.

RITUALISTIC RUMOURS.

THE triumph achieved by Mr. MACKONCHIE over Lord PENZANCE and the Public Worship Act, has of course tended very much to encourage Ritualist Clergymen to set the law at defiance. It is said that they have the following steps in contemplation:—

To erect in every Church a Roodloft enriched with Images.
To adopt the use of Holy Water, and to provide every Church with a receptacle for that fluid.

To set up a Confessional Box in all Churches and Chapels.
Habitually to wear all the vestments in use amongst the Romish Clergy—especially tiaras exactly resembling the Triple Hat of the Roman Pontiff, by way of symbol that not a man of them cares a *Benedicite* for his Bishop, but that every one esteems himself his own Pope.

Surplice and Surplus.

(O. LEWIS and NEWDEGATE loquuntur.)

THE Irish Education Bill
Can you wonder we run down—
Irish Church Surplus when it turns
Into a Jesuit's gown?

Between Advocates and Architects.

(High and Low.)

SURELY it would be possible to conduct the controversy between high-pitch and low-pitch roof at St. Alban's without getting into such a high-pitch of temper and low-pitch of courtesy; in short, without such a flinging of pitch by the advocates of either style of roof at those of the other.



INDUCTION.

Sylvia. "THERE GO UNCLE GEORGE, AND AUNT MARY, AND THE BABY! WHAT A FUSS THEY MAKE ABOUT THAT BABY, TO BE SURE!"

Daisy. "PEOPLE ALWAYS MAKE A FUSS ABOUT THEIR FIRST-BORN, AND ALWAYS HAVE EVER SINCE THE WORLD BEGAN."

Sylvia. "I DON'T SUPPOSE ADAM AND EVE MADE MUCH FUSS ABOUT CAIN."

Daisy. "WHY NOT?"

Sylvia. "WELL, THEY'D NEVER SEEN A BABY BEFORE, AND MUST HAVE THOUGHT HIM QUITE AN IDIOT!"

GLEANING GONE BY.

(Mr. HAWFINCH warbles.)

I REMEMBERS the Gleaners when I wuz a buoy,
In a smock-frock and trousers o' striped corduroy;
What the rippers had left, then the farmers could spare;
And the poor and the needy went in for their share.

I thinks I can zee 'um, when harvest wuz done,
Afield mougst the stubble in evenun's slant sun,
The women and children in councree array,
Or to whoam wi' their bundles o' grist on their way.

The moor mouths by the projuice o' gleanun wuz fed,
The less rates wuz required to supply 'um wi' bread.
O, BUMBLE, friend BUMBLE, bear that in thy mind;
The moor gleanuns, the fewer the paupers to grind.

Then the words wrote by MOZUS wuz took for plain truth,
Likewise all as we rades on 'bout BAWOAZ and RUTH,
And to strip the fields bare when the harvest was o'er,
Wuz condemned as no better nor plunderun' the poor.

But the times for the Farmer wuz differ'nt from now
In the days o' my youth, when I foller'd the plough.
Competition 'a then hadn't none for'n to fear,
And to voorce 'un to rake up and scrape up uth ear.

'Twuz by hand that they farmerly cut all the sheaves,
Too much earn, arter gath'run, machinery leaves.
All as went to the gleaners, now, therefore, by means
Of the hoss-rake, their own selves now the husbunnen gleans.

'Twixt the fields the old hedgerows wi' flowers once so gay
High farman has purty nigh sweep all away,
To impoveridge his ground a chap can't let 'um stand;
As a needs for to till every strip of his land.

We that lived in the old world now lives in a new,
The commandment o' which is to scramble and screw.
We sims sent into it only Life's battle to fight,
For the most that we can, to the best of our might.

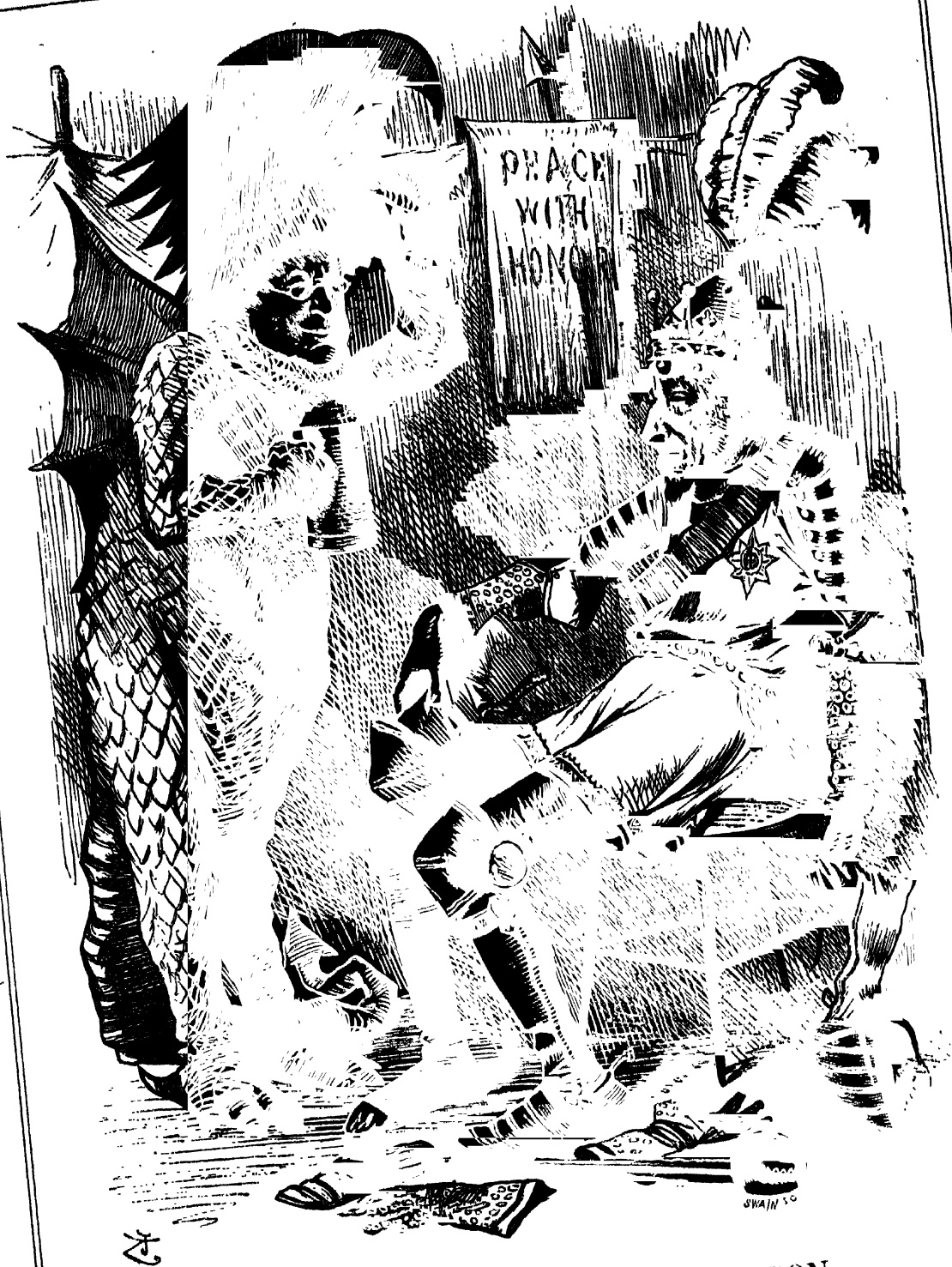
'Twuz a fur differ'nt tale as we used to be told;
But this here is the new world, and that wuz the old.
And the gleaners be gone, and their gospel as well;
And Ruths as goes gleanun now finds it a sell.

NEWS FROM CYPRUS.

THE *Daily News* Correspondent in Cyprus states that in two days nearly ten per cent. of a certain detachment of troops were struck down with fever. If that rate of sickness continues, it is to be hoped that the retreat of the Ten Thousand may not be long delayed. Mr. FORBES goes on to say, "General WATSON is effecting a sweeping reformation in the sanitary state of Larnaca." But surely something deeper than a mere *sweeping* reform is necessary. There must at least be a thorough draining reform before the risk of fever can be lessened. Unfortunately, this Reform Bill will have to be settled by British taxpayers. But if Great Britain is to be allowed the distinguished honour of draining Cyprus, she must not grumble at being called on to pay the piper. And, thanks to the Anglo-Turkish Convention, it is not at all unlikely that Turkey may eventually return the compliment by draining England. Such are some of the advantages of a spirited foreign policy.

A Tale and its Root.

THE *Times* is authorised to give an "unqualified contradiction" to the report that Mr. ALEXANDER BARNARD HORNE is about to be raised to the Peerage. *Punch* is happy to add that it was not HORNE who "told the flattering tale."



ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.
(AFTER THE PERFORMANCE.)

"The Earl of BEACONSFIELD has arrived at Hughenden Manor for a few weeks' rest."—*Morning Post.*

HAPPY CYPRUS!



THE following letters have been received during the last ten days at 88, Fleet-Street. To save postage-stamps Mr. Punch publishes them with his minutes for answer:—

7, Prospect Place, Bathnal Green, West.

MY DEAR PUNCH,

You are a friend to all good fellows, and I am sure you will be a friend to me. I feel that I am a man after your own heart. I am always ready for a lark or a liquor up. Just now I am hipped—down on my back, don't you know—and I want you to set me up again.

Ever since I spent what my father left me, and determined not to be a burden on my mother and sisters, I have been trying all sorts of things.

A friend bought me a commission in the Army, but I found soldiering an awful bore. Besides it was expensive, and so I had to sell out to settle with the more pressing of my duns. Then one of my uncles put me into a Government Office. But I got sick of that in a week. Fancy being tied to one room and one desk from ten to four! So I threw it up, and somebody did something for me in the City. Need I say that I hate the City? You will not be surprised to hear that I soon came West again, and with the assistance of a friend had a go-in at the wine trade. The wine trade is a mistake from a commercial point of view. How can you make anything when all your old pals keep dropping in, all day long, for nips? To make a long story short, I have had my passage paid to Australia, and have come back by the next return boat but two. I have been offered a share in a scientific farm, and once helped the sub-editor of a weekly paper for nearly a fortnight. In fact I have had all sorts of openings, but somehow or other all the openings have closed again before I could make my way through them.

And now, my dear Punch, comes the pith of my letter. I know you have any amount of interest. I want you to get me an easy and lucrative post at Cyprus. You can if you like, so be a good chap and do, and ever oblige,

(Signed)

A. ROLLINGSTONE.

Mr. P.'s Minute.—Bad shillings are not in demand in Cyprus. The export trade in us'en-do-weels may be safely left in the hands of the native and neighbouring Greeks. Request refused.

248, Kensal Green Villas, North, North Kensington.

SIR,

Don't you think that the Antiquities of Cyprus should be looked up, somehow or other? I am rather hazy about the character of these Antiquities, and I don't quite see what is to be done with them when found, beyond making a note of. But I shall be happy to serve on a Commission or a Committee, or anything of that sort. I don't quite know what the duties of the Commissioners would be, except—I am tolerably clear on this point—to receive their salaries; but still I feel something ought to be done. At least, don't you think so? Cyprus must be thoroughly gone into—prehistorically as well as historically, classically, mediævally, and modernly, don't you agree with me? If so, do kindly say a word for

Yours sincerely,

(Signed)

PETER VAQUE.

Mr. P.'s Minute.—Judging from some recent appointments, Mr. VAQUE seems to be the very man for the post he suggests. If Cyprus has no opening for his services, his name might be added to the list of the City Charities Commissioners; or, better still, he might be put on one of the new Eastern Boundaries' Commissions.

Please address, Post Office, Raminghall Street.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

UGHT we not work together? Cyprus, that freshest, if not finest gem of the British diadem, is quite ready for operations of a philanthropic character. We really must do something for our new

dependency. So to speak, the Cypriotes are waiting to be done. Let us be up and doing at once. Enclosed you will find a few prospectuses of a philanthropic description. I would call your attention to the Cyprus Children's Bank, intended for the savings and "little alls" of the Cypriote widows and orphans; the Cyprus Glove Company, for furnishing Cypriotes moving in society with white and lavender-coloured kids; the Cyprus Wedding Cake, Mince Pie, and Hot Cross Bun Association, for extending to our swarthy fellow-subjects the blessings of English Civilisation; and the Cyprus Anti-Prodigal and Good Samaritan Discount Corporation, for lending wealthy Cypriotes (on really good security) small sums of money, at the rate of, say, two-hundred and twenty-five per cent.

The capital for working these excellent institutions will have to be raised in England. Will you join me in these and kindred plans? We would halve the proceeds. As to the work, you might represent the Companies in London, while I proceed to survey our field of enterprise in Cyprus. Is it a bargain?

(Signed)

Yours, respectfully,

JEREMIAH DIDDLEB.

Mr. P.'s Minute.—Proposal declined. Perhaps if Mr. DIDDLEB refers to recent advertisements, he will find that some of his benevolent schemes have been anticipated by equally disinterested philanthropists.

THE COVENT GARDEN OBSTRUCTIONISTS.

THE *Daily Telegraph* lately gave us this information:—

"COVENT GARDEN MARKET.—In accordance with an order issued by the Duke of BEDFORD a fortnight ago, all Sunday trading is henceforth to be prohibited at this market."

If the Duke of BEDFORD can issue such an order—which sounds uncommonly hard for those whose work only permits them the convenience of an early Sunday morning for their marketing—let him go a step farther, not out of Covent Garden, but in it, and round it, and round about it. Covent Garden is an unsavoury obstruction, the roadway round it is almost impassable, and the "Odour Covent Garden" is worse than the "Odour Cologne" itself in its own native place. Let his Grace of Bedford determine to deal with this Dis-grace of London, and until we can have an entirely new Market (the great Hebrew Race will go in for plenty of entries for such a New Market), let him get a new broom and sweep it clean, as also the streets round about, which are the Market's tributaries. Such a state of Stinkomales as Covent Garden now represents ought to be an impossibility in our Nineteenth Century London.

Order in the East.

It has been truly said that "one of the difficulties in Eastern Roumelia will be to prevent the rival zealots from attacking one another." The measures about to be taken for that purpose seem the reverse of promising. The European Commission is to provide a local militia and a police force of Christians and Mussulmans in proportion to the number of the sects in the several districts. Let us hope that militia will not fire on militia, nor policemen run in policemen.

High and Low Water.

"ALEXANDRIA, Aug. 15.—MR. RIVERS WILSON will to-morrow present to the KHEDIVÉ a preliminary statement concerning the labours of the Committee of Inquiry into the Egyptian revenues. It refrains from entering into any administrative details."

Egypt's financial prospects are spry,
Though the Nile be low, while RIVERS stands high.

More Power to Him.

WHY is Mr. FORSTER like the CZAR?
Because he declines to be stopped by the Caucasians.

[See the late Correspondence between the Right Hon. W. E. F. and Mr. A. ILLINGWORTH—may be had for a penny, but is really a shillingworth.]

ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY.

SIR ERSKINE MAY—SIR ERSKINE must get better. Neither the House of Commons nor the Country can afford to lose him.

HOW TO KEEP THE WOLFF FROM THE DOOR.—Make him a G.O.M.G., and send him to organise Eastern Roumelia.

BONNIANS AND TURKS.—Begg and Beggars.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—August 24, 1878.



“WHERE THERE’S A WILL THERE’S A WAY.”

NOT PLAY LAWN TENNIS IN THE DARK! STUFF AND NONSENSE! ALL YOU’VE GOT TO DO IS JUST TO MARK OUT THE COURTS WITH PHOSPHORUS, AND RUB THE BALLS WITH THE SAME.

ACROSS THE KEEP-IT-DARK CONTINENT.

OR, HOW I FOUND STANLEY.

(By the Author of "Coompassie," and "Notamagoddollar," "My! Phillaloo!" &c.)

PART II.—CHAPTER IX.

Summit up—Champagne—Kings—Mum—Natives—Leaving—Cake—Race—Heads—Too Many—Off—Description—McSmuggins's Wit—Rowing—Heat—Haven—Old Joke—American Visitors—Chief of the Tribe—Who?—Brigand—Dumcrambo—Terror—Hesitation—Ollendorflan—Onecards—Row, Brothers, Row—The Meeting—End of Act—Curtain.

FROM the summit of the hill, we had now before us, for thousands of miles and miles, a magnificent champagne country, which, in accordance with my own feeling at the moment, I at once christened *Trayseck*.

The King of this country, who bears the name of RHEO BOOM, came out to meet us with his brother, JERRI BOOM—no relations, as I subsequently ascertained, to the gentleman who used to have the Cremorne Gardens—and accompanied by the two Primo Ministers PUMBERT and GRAYNO, and all the MAGNUMS of the place, as well as by an elderly lady, the Queen Mother, whom both the Royal Brothers respectfully addressed as "Mum."

They seemed a very uppish set, with a strong family resemblance among them; in fact, as the Printer's boy remarked, in his own graphic way, "there seemed to be only one sort of 'phiz' among the lot."

At first I thought we had met with a most intelligent specimen of the savage; but, though they made a great noise at first, they were very soon drunk, and then I discovered them to be the emptiest set I had ever come across.

We came away with a few dozen of the wine of the country, and as much more as we could conveniently carry.

Before leaving, I made a sketch of these extraordinary people.

It was necessary to press forward, as, up to this time, I had not yet found STANLEY.

At this point we came upon the extraordinary Tapecock Falls, above the lower basin.

Here the natives, a very cleanly race, came out to meet us, and offer us refreshments, of which we stood much in need. After helping ourselves freely from the exquisitely scented contents of the *sôpe*-dishes (the *spécialité* among this people, who are amply provided with the material in question), and having regaled ourselves with a few *barthbunz* (a sort of rich cake), we witnessed a race between three of the native *Tow'losses*, who ran a course without any jockeys. The first *Tow'loss* was much cheered as he passed the Grand Wash-stand, where we were seated, but the race being a flat one—more than usually flat—did not interest me much. Besides, I wanted to get on. When I intimated this, the simple people replied that I couldn't "get on," except at a hundred to one. This I courteously, but firmly, declined, adding, with unmistakable irony, as I politely bowed myself out, "Mr. WALKER, I presume!"

They were a small, but sharp, tribe; and, after counting heads, I found that they just exceeded my own party by one. This decided me. They were one too many for us; and so I determined on leaving as quickly as possible.

Their costumes were indescribable. One line will, sportingly, sum up this curious tribe—i. e., *A small race, with nothing on.*

After dipping in the lower basin, with another refresher from the *sôpe*-dishes, we took, as McSMUGGINS the Ventriloquist said, (quoting from an entertainment of his own), "our dip first, and our dip-arter," and congratulated ourselves on getting clean away.

After a few days' rowing in the *Arkadia*—with myself seated under the awning, cheering my men, and keeping them up to their work, which I must say was none of the lightest, considering that the thermometer stood at 120° in the shade (i. e., under the awning)—we passed one of the pleasantest-looking islands I have ever seen, offering a vast haven of rest to the weary and sun-burnt traveller.

"Now who will o'er the downs so free?" I sang out cheerily to my men, who really wanted encouragement—"I mean, who's for shore?"

They all held up their hands, except TIDL WINKI, the native Guide, who implored us not to attempt a landing on this spot.

"Why not?" I asked, casting a longing glance towards the cool inlets of water, sheltered by umbrageous overhanging trees.



"Because!" he replied, as though he were answering a riddle—"because, Master, that place has a very bad reputation! It is full of shady coves."

It was with great difficulty that I managed to save WINKI from the vengeance of the crew, who, having all heard the joke years before, in their early childhood, would have torn him to pieces for cruelly reminding them of home and comfort, by his ill-timed levity. McSMUGGINS, the Ventriloquist and Entertainer, was specially indignant, as he had used the joke so often in his entertainments, that he had come to look upon it, quite affectionately, as his own.

TIDL WINKI protested that he had meant what he had said, but promised, at an intimation from me, not to do so again.

"Yes!" I murmured, half-unconsciously to myself, "I should like to do the island!"

"You must get up very early in the morning, Master," answered the snubbed TIDL, "if that is your intention!"

"I have been there and still would not go," he presently added, with a sigh, "for they know, only too well, under which thimble is concealed the little pea; they are perfectly up to the right card to choose out of the three; and they are old hands at the Confidence Trick."

The fact was that some American Missionaries had been there, and judging from our thermometer, had found the place too hot. They left early.

"Who is their Chief?" I inquired; for his account of the place awakened my interest.

M'YIONYU smiled.

"Who is it?" I repeated, sternly, for, when I am in my imperative mood, I am not to be trifled with.

"You do not know, Master?" asked TIDL, in utter astonishment.

"I do not," I replied, sternly, from the steerage.

"I will tell you," said M'YIONYU, with an air of importance. "It is DUMCRAMBO the Brigand!"

At the mention of this redoubtable name, the Printer's Boy gave a whack on the drum, TIDL clashed the cymbals, and McSMUGGINS imitated a chord on the violoncello. All the others threw themselves into various poses indicating intense terror. It was a tableau calculated to strike with awe natures less impressionable than my own.

When they had recovered, I asked,

"Who will go with me?"

A dogged silence was the only answer.

On repeating my question, and obtaining no reply, I said aloud, as if to myself, in my bitingly sarcastic Ollendorflan style.

"Good. The Sailors will not go with the Captain. The Captain will go without (sans) the Sailors. The good Captain will have all the gold, and the silver, and the diamonds, and the jewels, and the beautiful treasures in the mines of this island. But the Explorer's companions (i. e. the companions of the Explorer) will have nothing. Let the bad Sailors row to the shore. The good Captain commands the bad Sailors to row to the shore."

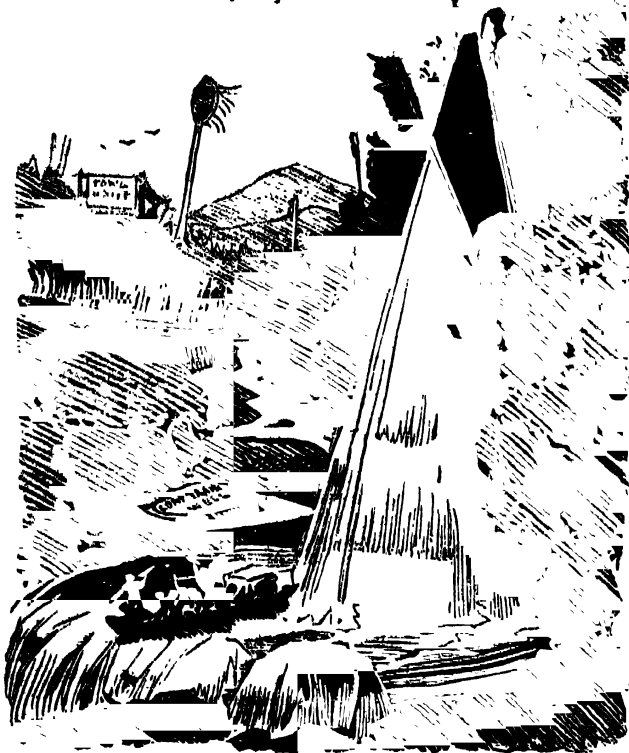
They obeyed my order with alacrity.

"Master," exclaimed TIDL, suddenly, "I will go with you. We are here to-day and gone to-morrow; and what was to be, and what isn't to be, won't be," he added, with true Mahomedan fatalism. "If we lose you, Master, we lose everything," said the grateful fellow, as spokesman for the rest. He acted as Spokesman, on account of his now being the man at the wheel.

After half an hour's hard pulling, I leapt ashore, and, my men being exhausted,

I carried away with me the oars, mast, sail, &c., and then loosened the fastenings of the *Arkadia*, which at once came to pieces. I left

THE TAP COCK FALLS
INTO THE LOWER BASIN.



the rudder with them, and, as I had got all the bolts with me, I knew they couldn't make a bolt without me, and so felt satisfied.

Rising early, I went to the top of the hill, and saw a man striking an attitude. Having always a sympathy for the weak, and noticing that the man was about to strike it again, and this without the smallest provocation, I interfered.

The person, thus interrupted, in his cruel sport—for every savage thinks he has a natural right to strike his own attitude as much as he likes—was in evening dress, and began, forthwith, making signs of amity to us.

"He has been out all night," said McSMUGGINS, suspiciously.

"I know him," cried M'YONYU, the Detective, "from information I've received, it is —"

"Who?" I asked, breathlessly.

He replied in a thrilling whisper,

"DUMCRAMBO the Brigand!"

DUMCRAMBO, THE NATIVE BRIGAND,

In Evening Dress, making Signs of Amity to us.

(From a sketch taken on the spot. N.B.—Notice the eye, which is well dotted, and gives a double or treacherous expression to the Brigand's countenance.)



THE NEXT NAVAL REVIEW.

(By Telegraph.)

PORTSMOUTH, 8 A.M.

THE morning is fine, the sea calm, and the leaves are perfectly still. Not a breath of wind, fortunately. The Authorities, however, are rather anxious. Some of the sailors of the *Omnipotent* have not learned to walk upon the tight rope, and it is feared that they may cause that powerful Ironclad to lose its finely adjusted balance and capsize in consequence.

10 A.M.

The Authorities are in high spirits. The whole of the Ironclad Fleet has moved nearly a dozen yards without serious mishap. The *Thunderbolt*, however, very narrowly escaped a terrible accident. Some careless Seaman allowed a heavy shot to roll on one side, causing the vessel to heel over in a most alarming and dangerous manner. A light-weight Midshipman, with the assistance of a small balloon, was, however, able to repair the mischief before the ship turned turtle.

12 NOON.

Another mishap! Some silly Artillery Volunteers have just fired a gun. The concussion has caused a distinct breath of wind. The Ironclads are rocking and rolling in the most violent and perilous style. They have had to be anchored; and now the Authorities are talking about using Russian air-bags as a further precaution.

2 P.M.

A great disappointment! The Naval Review has had to be postponed! Sufficient wind has sprung up to blow out some of the flags. Besides, it is beginning to rain.

FAIR GAME.

ACTORS v. AUTHORS was played at Lord's last week. We believe there is to be a return match. The following is our list of the two Elevens, open to correction:—

Actors.

Mr. BENJAMIN WEBSTER (with a very long innings, and "not out").

Mr. J. B. BUCKSTONE (also a long innings—stumped).

Mr. JOHN HARE ("caught"—Theatre).

M. H. IRVING (long leg).

Mr. S. BANCROFT (who will score some splendid runs).

Mr. J. L. TOOLE (in two pieces—one being *The Cricket on the Hearth*).

Messrs. JAMES and THORNE (one run between them).

Mr. PHELPS (long stop).

Mr. HENRY NEVILLE (point).

Mr. ARTHUR CECIL (Captain).

Mr. DION BOUCICAULT (will appear as *The Vampire*, a new version of *The Umpire*).

For the Authors, Messrs. BOLTON and SAVILLE ROWE will go in together, and obtain two runs. Mr. PLANCHÉ will be Captain and long stop. Mr. WILLS will exhibit his well-known play. Mr. ALBURY will also give us a notion of his play, "not out." Mr. PALGRAVE SIMPSON will "adapt" himself to circumstances. Mr. H. J. BYRON will make a big hit, and Mr. W. S. GILBERT several with his Harlequin "bat." Mr. E. IS. BLANCHARD, Umpire. Messrs. FARNIE and REECE will stand in and make some good catches. And should any assistance be wanted, a messenger will at once be sent to fetch the Editor of *Vanity Fair*, T. G. BOWLES, or Mr. MORTIMER of the *Figaro*, who would provide the players with stage-directions for his *Little Cricket*.

Bule, Britannia!

HERE is the latest assertion of our naval supremacy:—

"A YACHT RUN DOWN.—The *Lively*, one of Her Majesty's despatch-boats, had landed a party at East Cowes yesterday afternoon, and as she was 'slewing' round to go away, she carried away the cutwater and other parts of the Royal yacht *Alberta*. The *Lively* proceeded on her course, and had not gone far when she came into collision with a yacht that was 'for hire or sale,' and immediately sank her, a portion of her mast only remaining above water. This occurred in broad daylight. Fortunately no person was on board at the time. The *Lively* then ran aground."

After showing such deadly liveliness, suicide seems quite the correct thing. But should not such despatch-boats be called "Happy Despatch" boats?

Branding a Buck.

MR. A. J. ROEBUCK has been made a Privy Councillor, and in that character may write "Right Honourable" before his name. But both as to the "right" and the "honour," under the circumstances, opinions are likely to differ. The QUEEN is, happily, not the fountain of "right," whatever she may be of "honour," in the conventional sense of the word.



ST. PARTRIDGE'S DAY IN OUR PARISH.

Sporting Rector. "SATURDAY BRING THE FEAST OF ST. ENURCHUS, THERE'LL BE MORNING SERVICE AT ELEVEN. TO-MORROW, THERE'LL BE THE USUAL BIBLE MEET—"

Ditto Clerk (in a loud Whisper). "HOUD ON, PAIRSON! THU' S FORGETTEN T' PAIRTRIDGES!"

Rector (hurriedly). "HEM!—THE USUAL BIBLE MEETING WILL NOT TAKE PLACE.—LET US SING," &c.

DARWINISM AND DOGMA.

(Song for the "Anthropological Section.")

'Twas the Sun that stood still, GALILEO declared,
And the Earth that around him was moving;
And we know how at Rome the Philosopher fared,
Fact, but heresy likewise, for proving.

Astronomy threw Mother Church into fits
By what seemed to her lore contradiction.
Now it chimes so with chapter and verse, she admits,
That 'tis taught free from priestly restriction.

Then Geology made out this Earth's age more vast
Than a Sunday School Teacher supposes;
And divines, for the most part, awhile stood aghast
At apparent discordance with MOSES.

But when Saurians extinct could no more be denied,
Nor the "flint in the drift"'s proof confuted,
They found truth scientific and text coincide
Both chronologies rightly computed.

By-and-by, if we find our first parents were apes
That 'tis proved to each soul's satisfaction,
Words received in new senses, things taking new shapes,
Will be squared with man's simious extraction.

And 'twill then be thought only a bit of bad taste
To inquire if as apes die so men die?
Faith and Science, at odds howsoe'er they seem placed,
Will aye find out a *modus vivendi*.

ON HER MAJESTY'S SERVICE.

Q. WHY is the Queen's livery scarlet?

A. Because it has such frequent cause to blush at its treatment.

BULL AND THE SCARLET CLOTH;

OR, THE BADGE OF DISGRACE.

(An anything-rather-than-laughable Farce in numberless Acts.)

SPECIMEN SCENE—*The Coffee-Room of a Country Inn. Cloaked Stranger surrounded by delighted Diners (who have left their own Tables to listen to his amusing conversation) discovered discussing a modest meal.*

First Diner. Ha, ha! A very capital story, Sir! You must have travelled much?

Cloaked Stranger. Ay, Sir, indeed have I. I know India by heart, the Cape of Good Hope is as familiar to me as the platform of Clapham Junction is to him y-elept its Station Master; and as for Gibraltar, Malta, Canada, or Aden, why I know them all as well as I do mine own shadow. Yes, I have been something of a traveller.

Second Diner. And have read deeply?

Cloaked Stranger. Well—yes—a little. The fact is, I am fond of books and papers. Wherever my wanderings may have led me, I have always found a library ready to my hand—it has formed a part of my dwelling-place. But do not put me down as a dreamer. In my leisure I have learned a trade.

Third Diner. So accomplished a man must have done the State some service?

Cloaked Stranger (modestly). They have told me so. When dark clouds obscured the sun of my country's future, when the echo of the storm came from abroad, when commerce was paralysed, and labour found itself a drug in its own market—then men have looked to me for help, and I have helped them.

Third Diner. And your reward for this signal service?

Cloaked Stranger (with a smile). Chiefly the approbation of my own conscience. Nay, do not let me be ungrateful. In my public capacity I have been treated well. My health, as the first of toasts, has been drunk with enthusiasm at every subscription dinner; and the QUEEN herself has gracefully and graciously acknowledged what HER MAJESTY has been pleased to call my patriotism.

First Diner (with awe). Pray pardon any undue familiarity, Sir. We had no idea we were honoured with the presence of one with so great a claim upon our gratitude—our respect.

Cloaked Stranger. Nay, say not so. There are thousands and thousands who have done what I have done. I only ask for kindness—toleration.

Chorus of Diners. Indeed, you are too modest—you are, indeed.

Officious Waiter. Sir, let me remove your cloak—the room is hot.

Cloaked Stranger (with hesitation). Nay, let it be. I prefer to wear it. (Aside.) Dare I trust them!

Officious Waiter. You must permit me. I will take no refusal.

[Removes cloak, and starts back horrified.]

Chorus of Diners. Atrocious! Shameful! Disgraceful!

[Ex-Cloaked Stranger covers before the general indignation.]

Officious Waiter (turning to Diners). It has never occurred before, Gentlemen.

First Diner (indignantly). As I am a tailor in a small way of business, this is too bad!

Second Diner (more indignantly). As I am a petty farmer, who can scarcely spell my own name, I was never so insulted before!

Third Diner (most indignantly). As I am a quasi bagman, dismissed for dishonesty, things are coming to a pretty pass!

Ex-Cloaked Stranger. Nay, hear me. Look at these modals, these wounds. I have a wife at home, and children, too. They love and respect me. Why should you—

[The Diners turn their backs upon him.]

Officious Waiter. Now, then, you be off!

Ex-Cloaked Stranger. Why should I be treated thus? If I walk into a place of entertainment I am told to leave; if I ask for a berth in a steamer I am refused the boon I crave; if I enter a church to pray, before I have time to kneel I am hunted from the pew. In other countries the garb I wear secures for its owner hearty welcome and sincere respect. But here I am driven, insulted—I know not what—(excitedly). Tell me why I am treated thus?

Officious Waiter (pointing contemptuously to Ex-Cloaked Stranger's uniform). Because you are a Common Soldier! Now be off!

[Diners shake their fists at Ex-Cloaked Stranger, and ask to see the Landlord; and a Recruiting Sergeant, who has watched the scene through the window, gives up his business as a hopeless task as the Curtain falls.]

ON A FAIR TARADIDDLE.

YOU swear your tresses are home-grown! What good
To cover your false-hair with a falsehood?

THE LATEST FROM AFGHANISTAN.—The British Government will not stand any Shere (Ali) nonsense!

A NICE TIME OF IT; OR, THE NEW CONSTABLE AND THE NAUGHTY BOYS.



"Twas thought his tramp and truncheon would have quelled them double quick,
But that awful pickle Hazz is as slippery as an eel,
And young Bozzz's far too handy with the unexpected briek,
For a Bobby so bewildered every kindly soul must feel.

Pity a poor policeman! Told off to a new beat,
Considered quite an easy one, and rich in tips and perks,
The Austrian Bobby finds his task by no means such a treat,
The boys in the new neighbourhood seem most tremendous Turks.

Fine to talk of occupation and serene administration,

But the settlers have been reckoning without a stiff-neck'd host,
So thinks the would-be guardian of the peace, in trepidation,

Remembering Bizz's benison and Dizzy's little boast.

Peace with Honour! Vastly fine, but this sort of all-round shine,

Seems a very curious comment on that optimistic phrase,

Peace our pressing invitation appears likely to decline,

And Honour lags confoundedly in bringing up the bays.

PORTE-MONNAIE AND PISTOL.

ATTENTION has been attracted by the many ingenious Yankee "notions" on view in the Exhibition at Paris, especially in the department of firearms, which contains divers highly-improved rifles; contrivances for enabling mankind to shoot one another as expeditiously and easily as possible. A "notion" of this kind, devised by a German mechanist, is on sale at an establishment in Ludgate Circus. It might well be called a sweet thing in firearms, if it were not equally well describable as a sweet thing in purses. It is, in fact, a combination of purse and pistol, denominated, in a Circular accompanied with illustrative diagrams—

THE REVOLVER-PURSE, patented in the principal European Countries and the United States of America.

This truly remarkable "notion" may or may not have been derived from the original of Rob Roy's purse, which also concealed a pistol, except that the pistol was not used for the purpose of self-defence or assassination by Rob Roy, but only caused anybody else than Rob Roy who might open the purse, to shoot himself. However, as to the "Revolver-Purse," we are assured that, whether strictly original or not—

"The Article is quite unique. A purse to all appearances in size and manufacture (handy even for ladies), contains hidden within its frame a five-barrelled Revolver, which can be loaded with a five-millimeter cartridge (Eley). In daily use, as a purse, it simply answers that purpose; if, however, to be employed for shooting, a pressure with the finger upon a certain part of the frame opens a valve. A passage is thus prepared for the bullet, and the trigger is also ready for action. The Pistol sends a bullet a distance of about sixty yards. It thus becomes an excellent weapon of self-defence."

In the days when Hounslow Heath was infested by TURPIN, and other villains of the same turpitude, this "article" might have been advantageous to travellers. The summons, "Stand and deliver!" might have had a twofold and effectual reply. The hand extending a purse to the highwayman could have also extended a pistol; action perhaps accompanied by appropriate words:—"Here, take this purse. But first receive this shot." Now, however, improved police arrangements, in this country at least, have superseded pocket-pistols, inasmuch that another sort of gentleman, moving in another kind of society than the British, must be taken to be referred to in the anticipation that—

"The Revolver-Purse being of solid make and elegant finish, scarcely any gentleman, after becoming familiar with the novelty and its usefulness, will be without it."

"Solid make and elegant finish," however admirable, may not alone, perhaps, suffice to induce the majority of gentlemen to provide themselves with Revolver-Purses. Nor, to be



SECURITY IN SLUMBER.

Defenceless Citizen (afraid of Burglars, to his Housekeeper, on retiring for the Night).
"THERE, MRS. BINKS, IF THEY ATTEMPT TO COME IN HERE, YOU SEE, THE BELL WILL RING, THE DISH-COVER WILL BE THROWN DOWN, AND THE COAL-SCUTTLE WILL BE UPHET; SO I'VE NO DOUBT WE SHALL HEAR THEM, AT ANY RATE! AND THE MAN-TRAP I'VE SET JUST INSIDE THE DRAWING-ROOM DOOR!"

sure, could a gentleman in a drawing-room, at a theatre, at a ball, or anywhere else in England, ordinarily have occasion to use a pistol of any description, and, in particular, a Revolver-Purse. Still less could a lady need a purse which would be also such a protector. But the novelty of this ingenious "notion," if not its utility, may recommend it, as a plaything, to not a few gentlemen and ladies. Porte-monnaies inclosing pistols for the use of ladies and gentlemen, have hitherto been generally unknown in any community in Europe, notwithstanding that there may be creatures capable of saying that the purses of many people commonly contain pistoles; which the bearers of them make use of to pay their shot with.

MINISTERIAL MEMENTO.—Ophthalmia, it seems, is prevalent in our new Protectorate. So now, you who intend going to Cyprus, mind your eye!

ACROSS THE KEEP-IT-DARK CONTINENT; OR, HOW I FOUND STANLEY.

(By the Author of "Coompassie," and "Notamagdollan," "My!
Phillaloo!" &c.)

PART II.—CHAPTER X. AND LAST.

Old Guide—New One—Kumkum—Gogo—Tidli—Winki—On Again—Maps—Difficulties—Names—Elasticity—Marvellous—Wonderful—Company—Rhigatturs—Reverends—Strange—An Interview—A Discussion—Dryness—Shyness—Slowness—Where is Stanley?—The Note—The New Tribe—Black Mail—Misaid Letter—Back Again—Accounts—Retrospect—Dispersion—Aspersions—Difficulties to the last—Final Tableau—End of the Expedition.

OUR Guide up to this time had been the honest and worthy native WINKI. He had joined us at Kumkum, but left us at Gogo. Here he introduced his young brother, TIDLI WINKI, who, he informed us, would supply his place. At first I thought they must be twins, as TIDLI was so like WINKI.

This morning we arrived at the Great RHIGATTUR Country. The rivers here are wonderful. The district is mainly inhabited by the various TETO TALLA tribes, who live entirely on the water.

The RHIGATTURS include all the different races on the numerous water-courses. The sources of the rivers can be seen from the mountains; and though, being as they are, so beautiful, I had scarcely the heart to call them names, yet I felt bound to include them on my new maps (sixpence, plain; and a shilling, coloured; and eightpence for the larger size, with more places in it), under such titles as would at once remind the future traveller of the old home, and the new Continent, while giving him an extra relish for his enjoyment, viz., the source on my left, I called *The Fresh Elizabeth Lasenby*; the one before me, *The New Reading*; the one on my right, *The New Club*; a grand source, to the south, I christened *The Improved Worcester*, and so on. I made MCSMUGGINS undo the labels; while the Printer's Boy, who had wanted to desert, and sneak off, but had been watched by M'YONRYU the Detective, was ordered to cut a few sticks—his own not included—to be placed at different points, with the labels affixed.

The sources and re-sources of this Dark Continent are, I have no hesitation in saying it, *something fabulous*! Where are the enterprising people, who will at once start a Dark Continent Company, with me for the Manager? Here as I sit on the top of one of the highest mountains, I meditate on the elasticity of the country, which I see actually stretching away before me for hundreds of miles. There it is, stretching and growing, like a young baby of a country, as it is.

As to the mines—close to the rivers—they are absolutely overloaded; and in the streams themselves you absolutely see the shining ore on the surface. But I must be silent. Be still, my heart, until I can form a Company.

These simple people have, at some time or other, imbibed a sort of notion of Christianity; that is, from what I can gather, Christianity as connected with the division of tribes into parishes. I fancy that in very early days,—the days of the very early bird, I mean,—a Dutch missionary trader went astray here, lost on the coast, with a cargo of Dutch metal. He was, I imagine, from their hazy traditions, a Baptist, accompanied by his wife, ANNA, Baptist. The tribes are divided by the rivers into parishes, called *Waterkures*, under charge of a sort of Reverend Overseer, called a *Waterkurit*. The one thing remarkable in their legends is the absence of all that is beneficent in the supernatural.

The Teto Totalla tribes do not believe in the existence of any but bad spirits. Yet they are superstitious, and believe firmly in the efficacy of philtres—but they are all water philtres—and each stream has its own charms for those who visit it.

The men of the *Rhigattur* tribe—including their Reverend *Waterkurits*—are much addicted to spells on the river.

"And," I asked of their Chief Splashur—a sort of *Episcopus in partibus aquarum*, or 'Bishop of Bath and Wells,' which is much the same thing—as we sat after our quiet rubber, which succeeded an evening bathe, and, as he was always losing, considerably, restored my circulation, just then getting rather low, "do you not believe in The Immeasurable Good?"

He shook his head gravely—he has a large head, as have most of these Teto Tallas, owing, I fancy, to the constant water on the brain—as their heads are full of it—and, after assuming his Discussion Cap, replied,

"No; not in The Immeasurable Good: but we fully believe in the Immense Well."

I was beginning to feel rather dry. Theological argument generally has that effect on me; in fact, as a rule, I never commence it until the third bottle after dinner. Besides, I wanted to convert him. How much this poor man lost through his utter ignorance of

the supernatural!—not the bad in the supernatural world, but the Good Spirits, the pure Spirits, which will do no mortal any harm!

"But," I went on, "do you absolutely disbelieve in the existence of spirits in this country?"

"There are none," he replied.

"Then," I remarked slyly, "some one 'does' your duties."

"No," he replied simply, "what duties there are for me to do, I do myself. As a matter of fact there are none to do."

I didn't believe him, the old rascal, for his nose was as red as a glowing coal. However, I was in a hurry to be off out of such an anomalous country—a dry country full of water—and so I said,

"Well, your Reverence, you'll just square up for that last rubber"—it had been double dummy—"and I'm off."

He couldn't. He oughtn't to have played. I knew it, and threatened to expose him. He implored for mercy, as exposure would ruin himself and family. "Would I," he asked, "take it out in water?" I reflected. I fancied I saw what he meant by the twinkle of his old eye. I looked him full in the face, and said with intention,

"I will take it out in water, and I will take it in in water, and if you'll only give me sufficient, I will promise to leave the country at once, and not say a word to a soul on the subject."

He put his finger to his nose.

"I believe," he said, "in the existence of bad spirits; but there is also the Great Water Spirit, who is good and generous, and who is only known to a very few here; you understand, jolly companions, every one!"

"Exactly so," I returned, capping his quotation, "and we won't go home till morning. I'm off."

He took me to his Water-Kurasee, and showed me in a secret cave some water-kurasee, the knowledge of whose existence is confined entirely to the superior clergy. After bargaining with him for a couple of bottles, he then showed me into another cellar which he said was the abode of the Good Water Spirit, *Odevee*.

"Good, ain't it?" he asked, as I sipped it.

"Superb," I replied, handing my glass to be refilled. "Odevee for ever!"

We drank each other's health. We toasted "absent friends, and long might they be so!"

"This is jolly," said the Arch-Waterkurit, tossing off his fifth glass.

"Very," I replied, keeping pace with his movements, "and so quiet! Not a soul to disturb us."

I had just gone on to a fresh tap, when, from behind a cask, stopped forward a figure, bottle in hand, and at first quite unrecognisable by his best friends, being so completely disguised in liquor.

Recovering my self-possession, and uncovering in the presence of a visitor, I took off my hat and said as distinctly as I could, my accent having become affected by the constant use of outlandish languages, "Michter SHTANLEY, I pr'shume."

The man staggered forward. It was M'YONRYU the Detective. (*Private Diary.* I have made up my mind to get rid of M'YONRYU on the first opportunity. I took him as a detective on purpose to find out STANLEY or anybody else, and he is always detecting me. I remonstrated with him this morning, but he says he can't help it; it's in him, and that's how he makes his money. He got a good round sum out of the Arch-Waterkurit, of whom he threatened to tell, calling as witnesses myself and MCSMUGGINS, who, as a Ventriloquist, can always command several voices, and we, in the interests of morality, backed him up, and then when the Arch-Waterkurit paid over the coin, and surrendered several bottles of Odevee on condition of our secrecy and leaving the country at once, Old M'YONRYU wouldn't divide until he said "we had got well away." Now he has got well away, and I can't find him anywhere. The Ventriloquist is still with me. Also the Printer's Boy. We daren't go back to the Rhigattur Country as the Arch-Waterkurit, and all his officials have been preaching against us, and the people are tremendously incensed—though this, I believe, is an ordinary portion of the religious rites.)

I haven't made much by this journey. Wish I could come up with STANLEY.

I should have gone on with it myself, but that I was preparing a paper for the British Ass-Sociation, to be read when called for. It is "A Note on a Perspiring Tribe slowly melting away under a Tropical Sun on the STEREO SCOPICO frontier." The people of this tribe are known as Fotos. There are bad Fotos, good Fotos, and indifferent Fotos—human nature being pretty much alike everywhere. Their creed is divided into Positivism and Negativism. I am generally opposed to anything resembling the Slave Trade, but as I was not allowed to take a Foto, without paying for the privilege, I bought one. Life is valueless among these strange people, and often in a morning's walk have I seen as many as a hundred Fotos hung up in a public place.

I am informed that their views of marriage are superstitious in the extreme; one of the parents giving her consent with reluctance, as the sacrifice of a mother-in-law is considered an act of heroic virtue.

Extract from Diary.—This evening sent letter to England by Black Mail, asking for cheque on account. Exploration must come to an end, if cheque doesn't arrive. Mine is an un-chequered existence at present. I have drawn for the Editor a touching picture of our wretched state; I wish the Editor would draw something that would touch me. Then how about the Proprietors? I've got reams of their advertisements to stick all over the Keep-it-Dark Continent—just to enlighten them—but I can't use them *without paste*. How to make paste without the tin? Impossible. If they only knew what they are losing. And how about that friend in the North to whom they telegraphed and who wired back "Yes"?

There are several political water-parties in the Rhigattur country, but they are included under two heads, the *Torpid* and the *Rapids*.

The only crimes ever committed here are known as "Aquarian Outrages," and generally arise from envy of a *Torpid*, in consequence of some more than usually dashing action of the *Rapids*, when he will go out in a boat at night with a gun for the purpose of shooting one of the *Rapids*, in which nefarious design he generally succeeds, but not without considerable personal risk.

But I am expecting some return, per the Black Mail, who has left this evening for England.*



F.C.B.



THE BLACK MAIL (STARTING).

LEVYING THE BLACK MAIL.

This explains *why* he never arrived. From a drawing taken on the spot. The two villains are *probably* M'YIONYU and McSMUGGINS in disguise.

We returned to Jarnziribar. Then came the moment of settling up with my merry men. This lasted some time, as I had to go into all the accounts *very* carefully before I could declare a dividend.

On the afternoon of the fifth day I published a report, showing a clear profit to everybody at the rate of 12½ per cent. per annum on the takings throughout the tour, including the race with *Old Scratch*, the Dark Horse, and the entertainment at Mossi.

The total amount I proposed to carry forward as far as England, where, being properly invested, the dividend would be considerably increased.

In order to put this plan into successful operation as speedily as possible I set to work to pack up all the coin in bags previous to setting sail. Sad and subdued were the faces of those I saw looking in and flattening their noses against the panes of the windows, which were as firmly closed as the doors. How could I satisfy all the claims? Except in one way, and on this I decided.

The Printer's Boy, who was as amenable to kicks as to halfpence, assisted me in my manœuvre, and M'YIONYU, the Detective, also gave me the greatest possible help, though unconsciously.

I called M'YIONYU to me, and having thanked him in a set speech, and complimented him on his personal appearance and his generally meritorious conduct, I presented him with a cheque on the United Alliance Greenland Bank Company for double the amount claimed, begging him to get it cashed early next morning, so as to be beforehand with McSMUGGINS. Then I summoned the latter gentleman, and explaining to him that he had merited well of his country, I wrote him a draft on the North Bank (Regent's Park Branch), and requesting him not to mention the circumstance to M'YIONYU, I gave him, as an extra douceur, my best suit of reversible travelling clothes, my expanding hat, patent umbrella, and all complete.

As I had expected, he at once set out to see what could be done with the draft, but, it being late at night, there was no chance of his cashing it in Jarnziribar; so he immediately started to make the best of his way back to Mossi, where he thought the soft-headed tribes would cash his cheque, or give him beads, gold, a farm and cattle, in exchange.

Then followed exactly what I had anticipated. All the people who had been bothering me with their claims, and who had been hanging about my camp-office all day, seeing (as they judged by my clothes, hat, and umbrella) me on horseback, galloping off in the direction of the far West hills, at once procured every available animal, cart, chaise, bathing-machine, anything on wheels, or on four legs, and gave chase. Away went McSMUGGINS, like *Johnny Gilpin*, and away went everyone in Jarnziribar (who had pretended claims on me) after him. M'YIONYU was employed to pursue the fugitive, and as the job was made worth his while, he went for him.

In the meantime, I and the Printer's Boy put the *Arkadia* together, and in the silent night, with beating hearts full of gratitude, we entered the rowing compartment boat of our tight and trim craft, *The Arkadia*.

* *Note by Editor.*—This Messenger never arrived. We wish he had, as we should then have known what to do. Pray accept apologies; but this will explain apparent neglect.

As we were launching it into the deep, a small crowd of brave fellows rushed down to render some assistance. They pushed us off, and we pushed them off. Then, as they clung on to the boat affectionately, we shook their hands heartily, detaching them from the boat's sides with a walking-stick and a boat-hook as quietly as possible, or, as our sail was hoisted, and the breeze was already propelling us at the rate of twenty knots an hour, the poor fellows might have been carried away miles to seaward, and Heaven knows what might have happened to them—and, by the way, Heaven only knows what did, as, perhaps, like my Costa Rica Stock, they may have gone down to rise no more. They deserved a better fate: I wish they may get it.

But regrets are useless. We were away, at last, on the bounding and boundless ocean, and as with swelling sails, and bursting hearts, we went with the gale for the Bay of Biscay oh (or somewhere else), we waved a long farewell to Jarnziribar, and at one A.M., with a southerly wind, and a cloudy sky proclaiming a sailing morning, the wind blowing well from the Coast and out to sea, we felt all the joy of a moonlight trip without any of the expense, and at one A.M. *The Off-to-find-Stanley Expedition* was no more. The rest is silence; I have no cue for going on, and so, as I want the rest, I take it.

L'ENVOI.

Where is STANLEY? where is he? Good title for comic song, "*Master Stanley, I presume*," and if nothing else comes of my travels, at least this source of income is open to me. I think I've got a tune; something between "*In my Cottage near a Wood*," and another,—as yet unsettled. No good trying to find him here. I shall come across him in Paris.

Grand opening for me in Cyprus. May find STANLEY there; but mind, no cheque, no STANLEY. If I do find him, I hope I shall find him very well.

Ah, Sir! had you but shown a little more trust and confidence, you would have had a great deal more for the money.

Adieu! Adieu!

Editor's Note.—Our intrepid contributor has not yet reappeared. The Boy has turned up again, looking the picture of misery, and the victim of a settled gloom. He has never been repaid for the coffee which he stood as a treat to the Explorer, who said he was going to find STANLEY. When cross-examined as to where he had been, he commenced a long story about men with black faces and awful-looking instruments, and of strange sights and sounds, and wild sands and rocks. He has not yet recovered from the effects of travelling, and is still wandering in his mind. His mother is of opinion that he has not been farther than Margate. This Boy has a future before him.

CRIME AND CACKLE.

A DEPUTATION of a somewhat mixed character lately waited upon *Mr. Punch*, ostensibly to seek his opinion, but more manifestly to state their own, upon criminal discipline in general, and the new Prison Rules in particular. The deputation was introduced, in a lengthy and magniloquent speech, by Mr. Commissioner CACKLE.

This gentleman took occasion—and about half-an-hour—to say that having considered the question from the psychological, physiological, and æsthetic points of view, he had embodied his opinion in a brief essay of forty pages or so, which, with *Mr. Punch's* permission, he would proceed to read. *Mr. Punch* hinting that *précis* might be preferable to full perusal, Mr. CACKLE became learnedly obscure upon "physiological rest," the "struggle for survival," the "golden mean," and the comparative effects of work and worry upon the criminal mind, his conclusions being conveyed in language almost dithyrambic, and illustrated with numerous quotations from the Latin Grammar and the Imperial Speaker. His opinion, so far as it could be gathered from a rambling rhapsody, seemed to be that the criminal's chronic malady of "physiological rest" should be treated with a sparse diet of beans and fat bacon; and that the best cure for a too easy conscience was an uncomfortable couch.

Mr. GUSHINGTON FUDGE considered that a pharisaical brute like the last speaker was more deserving of bare plank and wooden-pillow discipline than many a poor so-called criminal. Criminals were the creatures of circumstances and the victims of Society. Society, like another *Frankenstein*, was driven by fear and disgust into taking harsh measures against the monster itself had brought into being. Society owed a duty of care, and kindness, and delicate consideration to the criminal classes, but Mr. CROSS and his myrmidons were reviving the traditions of TORQUEMADA's torture chamber. Moral suasion was the only panacea for the spiritual eccentricity called

crime; the regimen of discomfort and short commons was as futile as it was barbarous.

Mr. WILLIAM SIKES 'ad the 'onour of agrein' with the party as last spoke. He, himself, never felt so inclined to be virtuous as when he was comfortable. Skilly and toke always put his back up, and a 'ard pillow sent him on the ram-

page sooner than anythink, 'cept a nagging woman. A poor cove wanted leisure and rest to repent, work and worry only spiled his chance of conversion.

Mr. TIMON SNAP said that the cordial agreement of the last two speakers was as natural in itself as conclusive against their view of the case. When a fool and a scoundrel joined in commending the same thing, it was clear that things must be unmitigatedly bad. Humanitarian dealing with the criminal classes was pernicious rot. (*Groans from Mr. SIKES.*) Make it hot for them! That was the only way. (*Snorts from Mr. GUSHINGTON FUDGE.*) Fine cookery and cossetting for criminals were an insult to common sense and a premium upon crime. The only fault of the New Prison Rules was that they were not half severe enough.

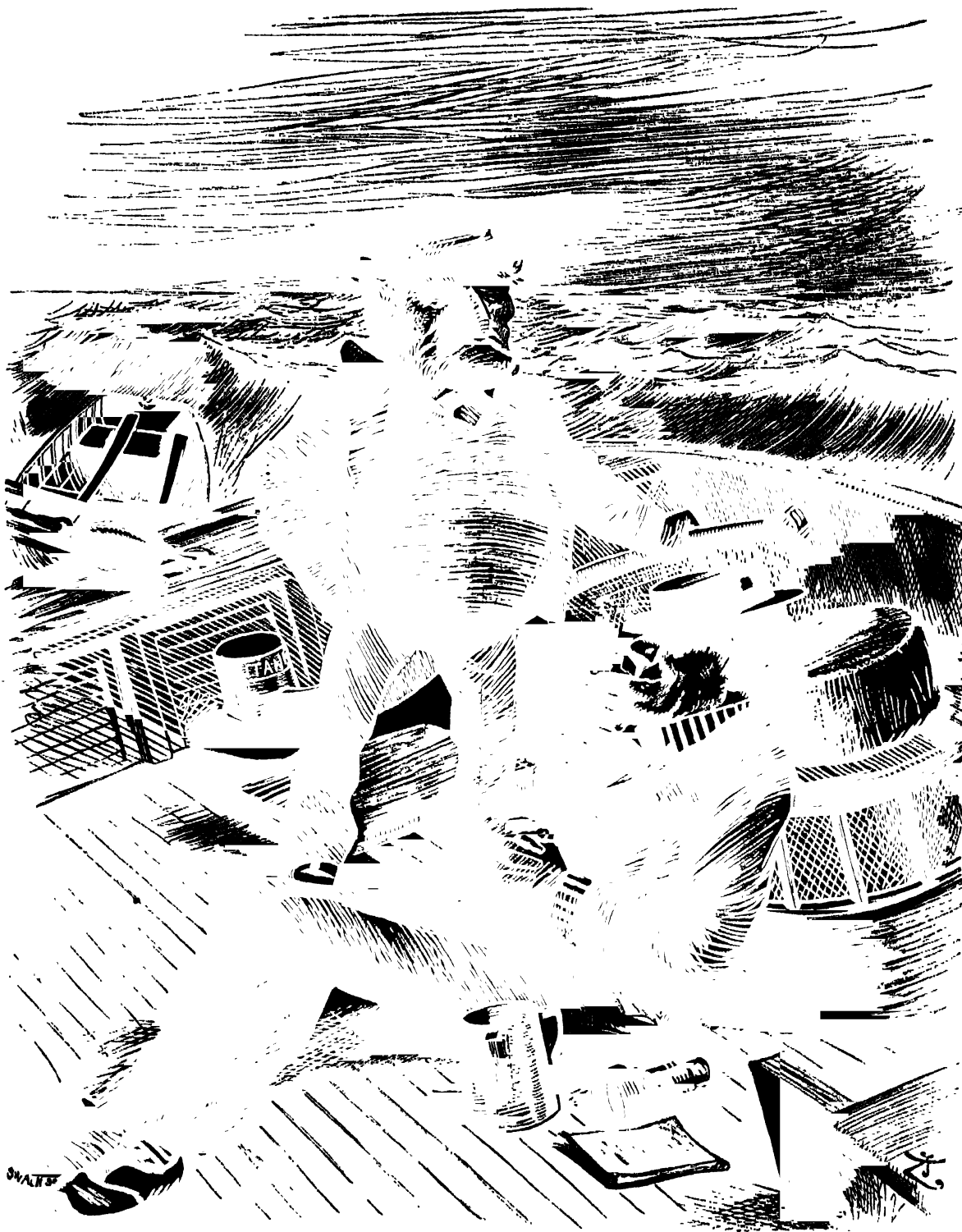
Mr. Commissioner CACKLE was about to reply, when *Mr. Punch* peremptorily cut him short by remarking that bunkum verbosity in the style of an amateur essayist, might do for a Parliamentary Blue Book, but not for his pages. He (*Mr. Punch*) had patiently heard them, and he had the honour to disagree with them all round. Doctrinaire fustian, maudlin muddle-headedness, cynic shallowness, and criminal cant had all had their turn, but common sense seemed not yet to have found voice on this question. Mr. CACKLE had talked of the "golden



CHERUBIC.

"IS THAT GREAT-GRANDPAPA, AUNTIE DEAR?"—"YES. THAT'S GREAT-GRANDPAPA!"
 "AND WAS GREAT-GRANDPAPA CLEVER?"—"VERY CLEVER, INDREED!"
 "AND WAS GREAT-GRANDPAPA VERY GOOD?"—"VERY, VERY GOOD!"
 "AND IS THAT ALL THERE WAS OF GREAT-GRANDPAPA?"

mean," but he had certainly not hit it. It lay somewhere between plank pillows, which savoured of brutality, and pious petting, which was full-blown folly. If Home Secretaries and Commissioners could not discover it, and that without high faluting rhetoric and Latin quotations, they had better give what they considered their minds to prize essays, or penny readings, and



THE WAY OF THE WIND.

LORD B. "HA! THIS IS REALLY MOST ENJOYABLE, CAPTAIN! HOW'S THE WIND?"
MR. P. "STILL IN THE EAST, M'LORD!!"

leave criminal legislature alone. If he (*Mr. Punch*) took the matter in hand—which it seemed likely he would have to do—they might depend upon it that the results would be in accordance with the carefully-balanced claims of common sense and enlightened humanity, and therefore profoundly unsatisfactory to the persons composing the deputation, as egregious types of the classes of phrasers, fanatics, criminals, and cynics.

The deputation then withdrew somewhat hurriedly, *Toby* sharply cutting short a feeble attempt on their part to formulate their thanks in the conventional way.

INTERNATIONAL ORDER.

"General GARIBALDI has written to say that he sees nothing in the least alarming in the German Socialistic movement, and that he recommends, by way of protest against the recent action at Berlin, the immediate holding of an 'Anti-Diplomatic Congress' at Paris, under the Presidency of VICTOR HUGO."—*Morning Paper*.

In the event of the above coming off, it is understood—That, on assembling for the transaction of business, the President will be expected to fight the Members of the Standing Committee, one by one, for the possession of the chair;

That the said Committee will be elected by revolver at a general meeting of the entire Congress, at which one black or white ball, well delivered, will be considered as excluding;

That everybody who does not insult the Chair on rising, will be regarded as "out of order," and immediately thrown out of window.

That as a protest against the "diplomatic" proceedings of a recent assembly, all the debates shall be conducted in a tongue that the whole body of Delegates can understand;

That no resolution shall be regarded as worth anything that is not carried at the point of the bayonet;

That on the motion being put that, "The Chair do leave the Speaker," it be suddenly, but adroitly, drawn from under him, any appeal on the matter being settled forthwith by a decisive show of clenched hands; and

That, after the American fashion, all decisions of the Congress be "tabled" by a general division of that article of furniture on the floor of the House. Such Members as are able to secure the legs, being expected, in the absence of such officers, to deliver effective "tellers" all round!



INS AND OUTS.

Irish Innkeeper (to "Boots," &c.). "If WHERE'S BIDDIE? OUT, IS SHE? BAD LUCK TO THE HUSSY! SHE'LL GO OUT TWINTY TIMES FOR WONCE SHE'LL COME IN!"

THE SPHINX AND THE OBELISK.

"Lord BEACONSFIELD lately paid a visit to Cleopatra's Needle."—*Newspaper Announcement*.

Lord B. (soliloquising). "Westward the course of empire takes its way."

So BERKELEY sang, right, doubtless, in his day.
But now? Well history has its ebbs and flows;
The East may take its turn again, who knows?
Land of the Rising Sun, my fancy still
Yearns to thee, and if Time to patient Will
Lent lengthier tether, I might prove, perchance,
Tattered not all a dream of mad romance.
This obelisk, fore-doomed to know no rest,
Comes as a tribute paid by East to West,
While I, the Orient's incarnate soul,
Win J. B.'s worship—many-headed mole!—
Dull accident on Occident more dull,
The Juggler's plaything, and the Sphinx's gull.
Memorial of Moses, On-carved stone,
But that I stand, and still must stand, alone,
Unseconded, unfollowed, I might make
Thine advent here an augury to shake
The stolid West's fat self-sufficient fool
Out of his dreams of sempiternal rule,
And guardian silver streak—Ha! who is this?

Enter Shades of ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

Antony. The fool who bartered empire for a kiss,
Cleopatra. And she, the greater fool, who stooped to give
That kiss to such an ingrate.

Lord B. As I live,—
Though to offend such shades I should be loth,—
It seems to me you might have compassed both—
Empire and kiss—with management.

Antony. Ah, there

I own you beat me. You can greatly dare
Yet keep cool head.

Cleopatra. To sway and manage men,
Is your prime skill.

Lord B. 'Twas CLEOPATRA'S, when
Her living eyes looked out on life, and I
Yield her the subtlest form of flattery,
In imitation.

Cleopatra. With one man I failed,
But your superior glamour hath prevailed
With the long stubborn Briton, stolid elf,
Dull and cold-blooded as the CÆSAR'S self.
He's at your feet at last.

Lord B. (dubiously). Well, yes,—but still
I find my Cæsars too, whose rigid will
Bows not before the idol of the day—
Confound them! Creatures whom I cannot sway—
Pachyderms proof to pose, and epigram,
Who hold me still a great successful sham,
And whilst the astonished herd are all at gaze
Stand coldly by, and praise not, but appraise.

Cleopatra. How well I know the feeling!

Antony. But you'll own
Your Cæsar cannot push you from your throne.

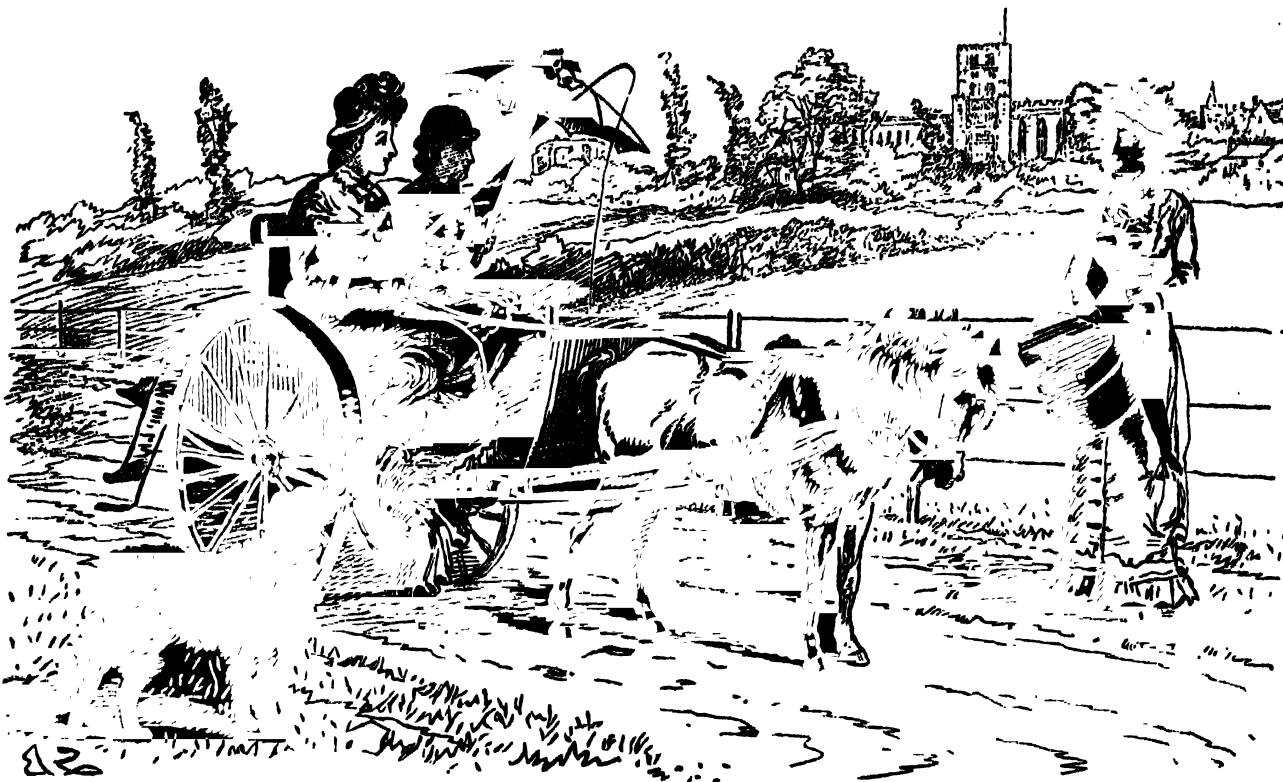
Cleopatra. No! "All for power!" or "The world well won!"
Should be your epigraph. To Cypria's son,
The other world-god, you've refused to bow.

Lord B. Great Queen, there are no Cleopatras now,
Or I, perchance, had been an Antony.

Cleopatra (triumphantly). There, MARK!
Antony (moodyly). O vastly flattering! Yet, by Thoth,
He said, but now, a man might win them both—
Power and Love.

Lord B. Ay, if, as in your case,
There lived a love worth winning.

Cleopatra. Turned with grace!
Ah me! Would I were but on earth again!



A COMMON INTEREST.

Rector's Daughter (invited to Tenants' Ball at Big House). "I SAY, MISS TUCKER, WHEN ARE YOU COMING TO TRY ON OUR DRESSES? I SUPPOSE YOU ARE VERY BUSY?"

Miss Tucker. "YES, MISS, SO BUSY I HAVE NOT HAD TIME YET EVEN TO THINK OF MY OWN DRESS!"

Antony. What think you of this stone?

Lord B. (meditatively). A wondrous chain

To link far generations. Once in On
Our great lawgiver looked this spire upon;
Now I, another alien of his stock,
In a new Goshen read the lettered block.
JOSEPH the dreamer saw it: I have dreamed,
A Zaphnath-paaneah, whom men deemed
Like him a madman; but my dreams take shape.
I'm dreaming still, and did I dare to drape
My thoughts in speech,—well, if in future days
An obelisk to my memory men should raise—

Antony. By Thoth, no unfit fancy!

Cleopatra. Ah! methinks
An obelisk to the memory of the Sphinx
Savours of Asian Mystery to your mind—
And the inscriptions?

Lord B. (gazing at the hieroglyphs). Well, men still might find
"The strong Bull crowned in Thebes"* as "Egypt's king,"*
Though JOHN to-day might shrink at such a thing
Have I not made him "greatness" and a name,
"In Royalty expanded?"* England's fame
Is "power with moderation."† To become
Inheritor at once of Ra and Tum,—
Son of the rising and the setting sun—
Should tempt the British Horus. I have done
What one may do. Now like "the Golden Hawk,"*
Of which these signs in mystic language talk,
I'm "of abundant years,"* and if I add
"Very victorious,"* yet it makes one sad
To know man's empire of so brief a date,
And victory, for its farthest ends, too late.

Antony. Great workers in their work's far ends have faith.

Lord B. My faith is in myself!

Antony (gravely). So ever saith
The trickster-leader, whose supreme desire
Is not so much to enlighten, guide, inspire,

* Phrases from the translation of the hieroglyphs on the Needle.

† The bull in hieroglyphic language signifies "power with moderation."

As to nose-lead, and hood-wink, dupe, control,
And lead men blindfold to an unguessed goal.
Such work abides not long, nor blesses much,
When time and truth have put it to the touch,
It fails, like fable's towers which ever fell
With the withdrawal of the sorcerer's spell.

Cleopatra (impatiently). Pooh! pooh! you're jealous, MARK, and
jealousy

Prophecies evil.

Lord B. (grimly). *Teste W. G.!*

Cleopatra. Sophist, than FULVIA's self more shrill and sour!

Antony. We must be getting back; 'tis past our hour.

Glad to have seen you.

Cleopatra (sighing). Ah! such treats are few.

Antony. Good-bye!

Cleopatra. Farewell!

Lord B.

Imperial Shades, adieu!

[Exeunt severally.]

UNFEMINE INTELLIGENCE.

WORTHY MR. PUNCH,

I AM an old sportsman and old bachelor to boot, and perhaps
some people think me a bit of an old fogey. Anyhow, I own that I
hate new-fangled ways, and even now indulge myself at times in
shooting with a muzzle-loader. You may fancy then my feelings
when I found this in my newspaper:—

"In the neighbourhood of Reeth, in Swaledale, several young Ladies have
been out shooting, which is rather a novelty in grouseland."

A novelty, indeed; and, to my mind, not a pleasant one. What
business, I wonder, have girls to go a-grouseing? There are quite
enough bad shots already on the Moors, and there is no need to
increase the plenitude of Misses there.

Yours, indignantly, BENJAMIN OLDBUCK.

P.S.—In my eyes a young Lady could never look less killing than
when armed with a breech-loader.

HELP IN HOT WEATHER.—Iced Lemonade.



AN UNFORESEEN CONSEQUENCE.

"WHAT'S YOUR HOLIDAY TASK, ARCHY?"

"OH, THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE MEDITERRANEAN! THIS COMES OF DIZZY FINDING OUT CYPRUS—BOTHER IT!"

MORE SECRET AGREEMENTS.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I SEND you at the earliest possible moment an important political document which has reached me by the last Siberian post, from a friend, late an *employé* in the Russian Foreign Office, who was exiled to Siberia immediately after he had finished copying the papers relating to the Anglo-Russian Memorandum, under the apprehension, no doubt, that he might disclose the contents of that interesting document if he were left at liberty. It never seems to have occurred to the Muscovite authorities that there were channels, even from Siberia, at the command of

Yours truly,

A LITTLE BIRD.

Codicil.⁶ The conclusion of the foregoing agreement (Anglo-Russian) being of a

* The translator (an English Foreign Office writer at tenpence an hour) who has put the above into the vernacular, has probably had some difficulty about the terms here used in the original protocol.

nature to embarrass seriously Her Britannic Majesty's Government should its real nature become known, it is agreed between the high contracting parties that His Imperial Majesty consents to a Treaty being concluded between Her Britannic Majesty and the SULTAN, by which the former shall guarantee to the latter the possession of all that part of Asia Minor which His Imperial Majesty the EMPEROR of all the RUSSIAS has no desire to incorporate in his dominions; it being understood—

Firstly, that Her Majesty's Government shall not oppose the taking of Batoum, Kars, and the country intervening.

Secondly, that Her Majesty's Government shall neither give itself nor His Imperial Majesty's Government any further trouble about that portion of the Turkish Empire which lies north of the Bosphorus.

Thirdly, that Her Majesty's Government shall take possession, with or without the consent of the SULTAN, of any or all the islands in the Eastern Mediterranean, and, if necessary, any lands in Asia Minor bordering on the Mediterranean, and extending inland as far as may be requisite, Her Majesty's Government being invited to come to an understanding with the various independent tribes who may become involved in the operations arising out of the validation of said guarantees.

Fourthly, that in case the annexation of Asia Minor should become in the opinion of Her Majesty's Government necessary or desirable, His Imperial Majesty declares in advance that such step is not in the least opposed to any Russian interests or plans, and that His Imperial Majesty will in no manner, secretly or openly, exert any influence in opposition to such annexation. And—

Fifthly, as the knowledge of the existence of the foregoing agreement may be dangerous to the stability of Her Majesty's present Government, and prejudicial to the success of the Conservative party at the next General Election, His Imperial Majesty pledges himself to take every step customary in his dominions to secure absolute secrecy as to these negotiations; and both the high contracting parties promise to cause the official papers of both realms to profess, within moderate limits, a determined hostility to the plans of the respectively opposing Governments.* And His Imperial Majesty in particular agrees to give orders to his journals to express any desirable degree of indignation at the diplomatic victories of Her Majesty's Government, and at the humiliation of Russia, it being understood *per contra* that the tone of the English Government journals shall be kept within certain respectful limits, and moderated at the demand of His Imperial Majesty's Government, should their remarks cause any agitation in the Governments of Moscow or Vilna.

Finally, His Imperial Majesty solemnly agrees to withdraw all subsidy from Mr. GLADSTONE, Mr. E. A. FREEMAN, the *Northern Echo*, and the *Daily News*, and to exert no influence on behalf of the Liberal party at the next General Election, it being agreed that Her Majesty's present Government shall consult the interests of His Imperial Majesty as fully as a Liberal Government could in any case.

(Signed)

* Translation seems to me a little obscure here, though of course everything must have been clear as day in the original.

FROM THE NORTH.

Q. WHEN did both the candidates for Argyleshire find their insular canvas a failure?

A. Why, when they found the island a Mull, to be sure.

OUR AUGUST REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(In Town—Out of Season.)



DURING the proceedings at the Mansion House in the LAMBEI v. Truth case, *à propos* of certain West End Clubs—where play, depending on temperature, rises from £2 to £1000, when somebody “gets it hot,” and where, it appears, a dishonoured cheque in quittance of a loss is not positively unknown—Sir WILLIAM ROSE, by the kind permission of Mr. GEORGE LEWIS, made the following observation:—

“It is my opinion that the police ought to make some inquiries respecting these proprietary Clubs, which appear to me to be nothing else than hells—hells of the worst description—in which all sorts of gambling are carried on. The police are supposed to protect us against such things; and certainly it seems to me that such places ought not to be allowed to exist in this metropolis.”

Sir WILLIAM asked, in effect, “What are the police about? How is it they allow Noblemen and Gentlemen to gamble in ‘hells of the worst description’ without interfering and taking the whole lot of them into custody?” Ah, Sir WILLIAM, do not be too hard on the police! You must already have noticed, that, if a trifle remiss in a fashionable quarter of the town, they can be most rigid in the execution of their duty in a less aristocratic neighbourhood, for in the very next column of the *Daily Telegraph*, parallel with the report from which the above quotation has been made, I find:—

“SOUTHWARK.—GAMBLING.—Three youths, named SIMMONS, CONNOR, and GOODMAN, living at Bermondsey, were convicted of gambling with cards in Cross Street, on Sunday. GOODMAN and CONNOR were sentenced to six days’ and SIMMONS to three days’ hard labour.”

Now, Sir WILLIAM, let us suppose these names to be Lord SIMMONS, the Hon. Mr. CONNOR, and Colonel GOODMAN, substitute the Berkeley Club for Bermondsey, and would there have been any interference on the part of the police?

We haven’t many fine summer evenings in the year for *à fresco* entertainments, but we might make the best use of them when they do come. I was at Antwerp the other evening, and from seven to ten (they’re an early people *les braves Belges*) the Zoological Gardens were thronged by *tout ce qu’il y a de plus beau* in Anvers, promenading, or sitting about, or taking their cool drinks at comfortably-placed small tables while listening to a first-rate orchestra. Is this impossible in London? The animals at Antwerp didn’t appear sad when they heard sweet music. There was no howling, or baying the gas, when at 8’30 they commenced lighting up. Why can’t our Zoological Gardens, Regent’s Park, step out and do likewise? The old Surrey Zoological used to. But that’s past and gone; and they never had such a *prestige* to go on with as the Zoo. In tropical weather theatres are hothouses where you don’t go *without being forced*: and besides, in these days of long runs, the man about town who can’t get into the country has “done ‘em all” long ago. Light up the Zoo from 8’30 till 11’30. No fireworks: small tables: good attendance: cooling drinks, also coffee. Good music, such as is played at feeding time at the Holborn Restaurant, by Mr. RIPLEY’S Orchestra: no dancing: only promenading. Who’ll object? The Sloth?

Here is a line, from a couplet, which is frequently quoted:—

“Qu’importe la façon, pourvu qu’on ait l’ivresse.”

The Author is ALFRED DE MUSSET: but it strikes me the sentiment is more like what might be expected from an ALFRED DE MUZZY. Under this *nom de plume* I shall take to writing Bacchanalian songs.

The eminent Comedian, Mr. TOOLE, has lately visited Paris. The first place he wanted to see was the Tooley-rees, “where,” he was informed, “Too’ le monde goes.” No more *jeux de mots* on this subject: this being the *ultima Tooley*.

To those who are pining for sea-air, and who are unable to obtain

the genuine air-tickle, I recommend the following process: Steep a pocket-handkerchief in *Solution of Essence of Marina Brinina*; stand in an open space out of doors—anywhere will do; the centre of Regent Circus, or Trafalgar Square, for choice,—face the breeze, and apply the handkerchief to the nose,—your own, of course. You will thus obtain all the exhilarating advantages, without any of the attendant expense. In anticipation of all anxious inquiries as to where the *Solution of Essence of Marina Brinina* can be obtained, I can only reply that it is *my own invention*, and that none will be genuine unless signed by the Inventor. The solution of the problem “where to get it” is just the solution I cannot provide you with. But after this advice all I can say to my readers is, that I recommend them to try and get it, and *I wish they may*.

The Adelphi “*Proof*” has been “corrected” to advantage. I mentioned the advertisement last week as to the “ramounting” and Mr. NEVILLE’S performance of *Pierre Lorance*, which is, in my opinion, even better than DUMAINE’S rendering of the original at the Porte St. Martin. Mr. NEVILLE is certainly the right man in the right place. Miss BELLA PATEMAN is as excellent as she was on the first night, and Mrs. BANDMANN is far better, bringing down the house with the curtain, at the end of the Fifth Act. Mrs. ARTHUR STIRLING, as the Directress of the College, denounces the impostor with electrical effect; and so thoroughly villainous is her husband, Mr. ARTHUR STIRLING, as *Lazare*, that when he appears before the curtain, the audience is divided between cheering and hooting the sham Count, whose ultimate destination is to share the fate of the “unfortunate nobleman now languishing,” &c.—which *cause célèbre* in England probably suggested to the Authors, Messrs. D’ENNERY and CONNOR, the idea of routing out and dramatising some similar case in the French Newgate Calendar. This is Mr. NEVILLE’S second *Ticket of Leave Man*. Good omen.

Mr. WREN, the well-known private Coach for the Civil Service Examination has lately shown us in the papers what a good proportion of his pupils have passed the winning-post, and won the Competitive Stakes. Let them be henceforth known as “*The Wren Boys*”—and with a far more satisfactory claim to the title. His Boys will look back on their “WREN” as the architect of their fortunes. He charges Mr. PERCIVAL, Head Master of Clifton, with playing “Cuckoo” to the fledglings of the *Wren’s* nest.

There is some excellent acting by MILK BEATRICE’S Company (Limited) at the Olympic Theatre, in *A Woman of the People*, specially on the part, or rather in the parts of Dr. Leblanc (Mr. GEORGE WAUDE) and Signor Appiani (Mr. J. CARTER EDWARDS), who, like Mr. STIRLING above mentioned, is nightly called before the curtain to receive the reward of his villainy. The Members of the Company play well together under the superintendence of their Manageress, and with *Benedick* I say, “Fair BEATRICE, I thank you for your pains.”

Mrs. CROWE (Miss BATEMAN) has been *drawing tiers*, at the Lyceum, as *Mary Warner*. The Moors have made a pretty clean sweep of the aristocratic Stalls at the Court Theatre, which, like the Great Metropolis itself, more resembles GOLDSMITH’S *Deserted Village* than his *Vicar of Wakefield*.

Life is a riddle. Yes. The answer to be given “in our next.”

Quelque chose à boire during the hot weather in Paris, is “a ‘*consommation*’ devoutly to be wished.”

“What’s the best investment?” asked a friend of the PREMIER’S, whose mind was running on Turks and Egyptians. And Lord BEACONSFIELD replied, “The best investment is—the Garter.”

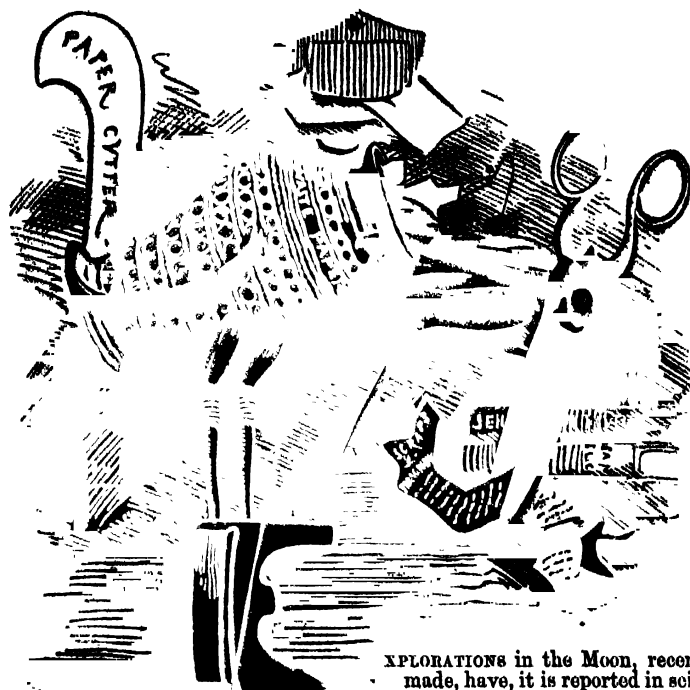
BORING FOR WATER.

THE Municipal Authorities of Manchester are respectfully invited to take notice that Messrs. DOCWRA AND SONS, commissioned by the Admiralty and instructed by Professor RAMSAY, have bored a well at Chatham, down through the gault to the lower green sand, at a depth of 903 feet; whence the purest of drinking water ascends to the surface and bubbles over. Also that a similar well, sunk at Loughton, Epping Forest, to the lower green sand likewise, 1093 feet deep, yields an ample water-supply. Of course the only reason why Manchester is not supplied with water too from an Artesian well, is that Geology does not allow it. There we must presume that water cannot be got at by boring to any possible depth, for what would that be in comparison with so monstrous a bore as the enormity of spoiling, if not abolishing, Thirlmere Lake, by turning it into a reservoir?

A LIGHT ENTERTAINMENT.—The Electric Illumination at the Gaiety.

THE SILLY SEASON SILLIER THAN EVER.

(With Mr. Punch's compliments to the "Paragraphists.")



PAPA AVIS

NEW IN SEASON

SERVED WITH STUFFING

TO THE PUBLIC

DAILY

PASTE

EXPLORATIONS in the Moon, recently made, have, it is reported in scientific circles, proved beyond a doubt that the extinct volcanoes found there must have been composed at one time entirely of green cheese, and not of frosted sugar, as hitherto believed.

It will be interesting to our readers to learn that the next transit of Venus across the Moon and the Sun *via* Neptune, Uranus, and Jupiter, will take place on the 23rd of February, 1884. Those who wish to see it at its best, should take apartments in Herne Bay. If the weather is fine, the phenomenon will be distinctly visible through a good telescope.

We deeply regret to have to announce the death of Her Majesty, Queen ANNE, who expired on the 1st of August, 1714, greatly lamented by those to whom she was personally unknown.

The well-authenticated report that a lady supporter of Woman's Rights has been torn to pieces by wild horses in Cheapside, is contradicted on the most reliable authority.

Mr. BROWN, the popular and well-known Author of *Jones—a Romance*, is engaged upon a new work entitled *Robinson—a Mystery*.

Now that the Session is over, most of our Officials are on the wing. Mr. HENRY DE SNOOKS, of the Treasury, is at Ramsgate, and Mr. TENTERPOUR, of the War Office, will shortly leave Pall Mall for Boulogne.

We give the following important item of intelligence, which has been going the rounds of most of our contemporaries, with all reserve:—"There is no news. Nothing is moving but stagnation."

CADS AND COUNTERPARTS.

In "Parliament out of Session" generally we miss the "Obstructives." None such are present except now and then certain cads behaving like those who, the other day, interrupted Mr. MUNDELLA at Sheffield.

RITUALIST "REASON WHY."

Why do "Priests" of the Established Church burn incense? To lead their dupes by the nose?

BIRTHS AND BEGGING-LETTERS.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

BIENNIALY, or thereabouts, an addition is usually made to my domestic happiness. I ought to be a happy man. Well, I don't find a birth always so great a bore as it is in some households. In my newspaper I observe, "A MOTHER OF A FAMILY" complains that the "arrival of a newly-born infant," announced amongst the "Births," invariably subjects her to a troublesome influx of letters and parcels enclosing a variety of goods such as babies' shoes, knitted shawls, embroidered pocket-handkerchiefs, and useless articles of fancy-work. Some of them purport to come on behalf of churchbuilding and charities from "clergymen's wives," others from "ladies in reduced circumstances," and all request a remittance of stamps, or of business orders, in return.

I can corroborate all this. My own wife's experience is always exactly the same as "A MOTHER OF A FAMILY'S." But it never annoys either her or myself in the least. On the contrary, we make both profit and fun out of it. I will tell you what I do with all the commodities poured in upon us.

All of those things that are in anywise useful, I use, or keep.

All that are useless I burn, unless they are postable. In that case I carefully return them to their senders, without reply, in unstamped envelopes.

In like manner enclosed I take particular care to post back the whole of the begging-letters.

Applications for payment or return of consignments, how frequently soever repeated, I take no notice of.

This, Sir, is how I, for my part, systematically deal with duffers accustomed, of course, cynically to scan the "Births, Marriages, and Deaths" (the "Deaths" as well as the "Births" and the "Marriages," and also the Guide-Books and professional Directories), for the purpose of getting at people by name and address, presumably in positions and circumstances which lay them open to have a rise taken out of them, and be preyed upon by means of playing on their softer feelings, and still more soft intellects, such as they have. Let me recommend those that have any, to try and cope with their crafty correspondents in the same way that I tackle the like who attempt to put a plant on me. Some people may consider it unscrupulous; let them. I myself, meanwhile, enjoy the sanction of inward self-complacency, and remain, serenely,

Ever your ancient Friend,
MENN SIBI CONSCIA RECTI.

TO THE FINEST OF FRUITS.

(Sung in August, by a Sub-Editor.)

LET others praise the mellow peach,
The luscious grape, the golden pine;
But oh, within my modest reach,
I know a fruit that's more divine.
'Mid fragrant groves of orange flower
Let bridegroom roam! But weave my crown
Of gooseberries that, sweet or sour,
Bloom when the world is out of town!

When silence holds the Lady's Mile,
And daily sheets, grown empty too,
Hail, with a glad and greeting smile
The little earthquake from Peru—
The avalanche—the hot pursuit
Of luggage lost—all things that bore!
Say, what can match the cheery fruit
That blooms till Town is full once more!

The Blue Riband of Diplomacy.

THE best reply yet made by Lords BEACONSFIELD and SALISBURY to those who disapprove of the Salisbury-Schouvaloff Agreement, the Treaty of Berlin, and the Anglo-Turkish Convention,—"Noni soit qui mal y pense."

HOW TO PRODUCE AN ECLIPSE OF THE SON.—Cut him off with a Shilling.

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE JACK SPRATTS.

A Tale of Modern Art and Fashion.

PART I.

IN a beautiful old suburb of London, undescrated, as yet, by steam or telegraph-wires, and surrounded by low-lying flowery meads, through which the Thames would still meander occasionally, as it had been wont to do in days long gone by, dwelt JACK SPRATT, a handsome, genial, and simple-minded young painter. He had a girl-wife of lofty stature, and truly transcending loveliness, a gift of which she seemed as yet unconscious.

They were unknown to fame, and not of exalted birth; but they had refined tastes, pretty manners, and affectionate dispositions, and were unto each other even as the apple of the eye. Their united ages amounted to thirty-nine brief summers. They had twins (a boy and a girl), as beautiful as the day, whom they loved with an exceeding love, and who loved them back again with all the singleness of their two little child hearts, that beat as one.

"Oh, really *quite* too fortunate! . . . had they but known" (as VIRGIL would no doubt have exclaimed, had he but been an Englishman, and lived to make the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. J. SPRATT)!

Their house was of red brick, smothered in ivy, and had been built about QUEEN ANNE's time, or before, and never repaired since, nor meddled with in any way whatever. It stood by itself in a small old-fashioned garden, surrounded by once peach-laden walls that crumbled to the touch, and overrun with nettles, thistles, marigolds, sunflowers, and poppies; a trellised arbour of sweet pea half buried a sun-dial in its fragrant gloom; and there was a nice little green pond. Apple-trees and pear-trees, leafless and long past fruit-bearing, but beautifully gnarled, grew rank as in an orchard, and on to a luxuriant lawn that had never known the scythe, opened the pretty studio, which was full of blue china, round mirrors, faded tapestry, carved oak-chests, high-backed chairs, brazen sconces, mediæval arms and armour, an organ with beautifully painted pipes but no bellows, and other musical instruments, such as sackbuts and psalteries, a harpsichord without any strings, and a dulcimer that had been turned into an eight-day clock, but could never be got to go. The dust lay thick on all these pretty things, and toned them into harmony. Studio, house, and garden were pervaded with a subtle fragrance, significant of old associations, which arose in the soft summer twilight from time-honoured, ruined, and all but forgotten drains.

JACK SPRATT also gloried in the possession of two beautiful and costly lay figures, representing a mother and a child, the only modern objects in the house, whose open countenances and curiously-wrought limbs, duly draped, he would never tire of painting, while his lovely wife sat by, darning his socks, may be, or embroidering some quaint device, as she read to him aloud old tales of chivalry, to which he was extremely partial, while the twins frolicked at her pretty feet. This work done, after a frugal meal of bread and honey in the parlour, they would hie them to the flowery mead; and there, in the golden sunset, she would ply her spinning-wheel, and softly sing some ancient ballad in a foreign tongue, while the twins gambolled in lamb-like innocence around.

They made a pretty picture, these happy children, and their beautiful young mother, and the trees, and the grass, and the winding river, bathed in the glories of eventide; and in the midst of it all, JACK SPRATT would be inspired to close his eyes, and reverently, regretfully, recall to mind the grand old sunsets, by the grand Old Masters, in the National Gallery, and the quaint old children and mothers by BOGOFOGO, ANTIMA CASSARO, VECCHIO COCCOLOBO, FRA STOGGIATO DI VERNICELLI, SARRAFARILLO DELLO STRANDO, and other painters of that ante-præ-Raphaelite school; and, in the depths of his bliss, a feeling of discouragement would steal over him as he thought of those immortal works, showing thereby that he was a true artist, ever striving after the light. He little dreamt in his modesty, that, young and inexperienced though he might be, his pictures were even quainter than theirs; for not only could he already draw, colour, compose, and put into perspective quite as badly as they did, but he had over them the advantage of a real lay figure to copy, whereas they had to content themselves with the living model.

The amusements of this happy pair were of the simplest, healthiest, and most delightful kind; they never went to the play, nor to balls or dances, which they thought immodest—(indeed they were not even asked)—nor read such things as novels, magazines, or the newspaper; nor visited exhibitions of modern art, which they held in contempt, as they did all things modern; but they skipped, with single and double rope, and played battledore and shuttlecock, and hunt the slipper, and puss in the corner, and hide-and-seek, and such like little innocent old games; and they were devoted to music, not that of the



AN UNCANNY ORDER.

Mysterious Stranger (introducing himself). "Ah—I've secured a charming site for myself in the new cemetery, Mr. Trestles. And—ah—I wish you to measure me—"

[Mrs. T., alarmed, rushes off with her Children; and Trestles remarked at his Club (the "Scarf and Truncheon," in Hutmment Alley), the same evening, that all the years, man and boy, he'd been in the Trade, he never was so taken aback. You might have knocked him down with a tray of feathers!]

present day, which they despised, nor that of the future, of which they had never heard; nor English music, which was not old enough; but music of the early continental school, with nice easy tunes, which they could learn to sing in unison, and early French and Italian words, which appealed to their fond hearts with all the hidden power of a language they loved but did not understand. Their voices were musical and low. They sang even the liveliest ditties to a slow sad measure of their own, and in the sweet but homely accent of their native London. The reader can hardly realise the effects that early French or Italian strains of a festive nature, with festive words to match, can produce on a musical Frenchman or Italian of the present day, when rendered in this unsophisticated manner by such performers as Mr. and Mrs. JACK SPRATT.

They were not without friends, carefully chosen on the combined principles of natural and Hobsonian selection. They were few, but true and trusty, with remarkably fine heads for a painter; their gait, gestures, grammar, and personal habits were mediæval; their deportment grave, sad, and very strange; for the death of the early Italian Masters still weighed on their souls with all the force of some recent domestic bereavement, and they always behaved with the solemnity that befitted them as chief mourners, speaking of the dead in hushed and reverential whispers; not that they conversed very freely or very often; they were much given to long periods of thoughtful silence, which were held sacred by each other, and only broken now and then by flashes of a sad strange merriment, that would have puzzled an outsider immensely. But, buoyed up as they were by brave hopes of the past and a firm faith in better days gone by, they were not unhappy. They looked on themselves, and each other, and the JACK SPRATTS, and were looked upon by the JACK SPRATTS in return, as the sole incarnation on this degenerate earth of all such good as had still managed to survive there; and so they were always telling each other, and everyone else they met. And no wonder, for they were marvellously accomplished; being each of them painter, sculptor, architect, poet, critic, and engraver, all in one; and all this without ever having learnt, but through a

mere effort of the will, and by mutual consent, as it were; and if you were to mention to them the name of any world-renowned follower of any of those arts in the present day, they would coldly reply:—"We don't know any painters!" or, "We don't know any poets!" as the case might be, and walk off in an opposite direction; and after that you would find it very difficult to continue the conversation.

As for the Royal Academy, they held it in merely passive contempt, and were satisfied with never having heard the names of its most celebrated members. Their especial scorn was reserved for that school of Art which finds its home on the walls of the Grosvenor Gallery; they regarded its disciples as renegades, and its gifted leader as a base apostate, who, having once known the better way, had chosen to depart from it, and had been branded in consequence with the indelible Hall Mark of ineffaceable popular renown. In extenuation of such extreme views, it must be admitted that the authorities of the Grosvenor Gallery had not invited JACK SPRATT and his trusty friends to exhibit there; not through any ill-will, but because they had never heard of them.

Their appearance in the streets of busy London was in no way remarkable, for they walked abroad in shapeless hats, long cloaks, and cheap garments of an ordinary reach-me-down description; but often, when they met at the JACK SPRATTS' in the gloaming, or at evensong, or Curfew time, as they would alternately call it, they would doff their ponchos, slip their ready-made trousers, and display themselves, regardless of expense, in the outward bravery of that early Italian time they held so dear; and all this without ever departing from the grave and impressive demeanour that was habitual to them.

Far be it from Mr. Punch, who has a young and mirthful heart, to make his mock of such masquerading; indeed, he is not above such masquerading himself, although in a somewhat more frolicsome and facetious spirit. It is his pleasure to know a certain Artistic set (not a mutual admiration society, by any means) who have a fondness for the early Georgian period, and live near to each other

in mansions built about that time, and furnished accordingly; they are young and prosperous, and without care; and it sometimes suits their mood, of a winter's evening, to meet at each other's houses in the ruffles and knee-breeches, the powder and patches, of that frivolous but graceful time. The Ladies of this society happen to be fair to the eye, and, like the Gentlemen, accomplished musicians, and persons of a lively wit; and *Mr. Punch* has occasionally graced these parties in his own person, duly arrayed in a plum-coloured suit that belonged to his step-great-grandfather-in-law, with knee-breeches, black silk stockings, and buckled shoes (he has a well-turned leg and ankle, has *Mr. P.*; what the French call "*la jambe de cour*"); and he vows and protests that he has never seen or heard anything prettier than a stringed quartett of HAYDN's or MOZART's tastefully performed by these ruffled amateurs, while their patched and powdered Ladies sat by, looked on and listened; after which *Mr. Punch*, who can sing "*Phidias Plouts Me*" with genuine taste and feeling, has contributed his share to the evening's amusement; and then they have all joined in a gay minuet, and exchanged snuff-boxes and epigrams, and elegantly worded compliments; and *Mr. Punch*, who has also graced the *bals costumés* at all the Courts in Europe, including our own, has never beheld anything half so merry or charming as these powder parties.

But to return to the SPRATTS. Sorrow and sickness seldom visit those who lead such pure, simple, and innocent lives. In their hours of sorrow, the SPRATTS and their friends would find comfort in gazing at some pretty combination of form and colour; such as a dead frog lying on a blue china plate in the sun, or a cracked sackbut with a peacock's feather sticking out of its bung-hole. Their only abiding grief was a hideous red pillar-post which stood outside the gates of their pretty dwelling; and so much did they loathe this undecorative object, that they never used it, on principle, but even in bad weather would walk half a mile to post such few letters as they ever had occasion to write. Indeed, most of these had been written to the Vestry, demanding that the pillar-post should be removed, on the score of its unsightliness, and offering to replace it by a new sundial, designed, free of charge, by JACK SPRATT, from the old one in his arbour, on condition that the parish should bear the expense of the original material, its carving according to JACK SPRATT's design, and its subsequent erection. But the Vestry had taken no notice of these appeals.

In their hours of sickness alone the SPRATTS were as other people, and sent immediately for the nearest medical practitioner (or leech, as they preferred to call him); their only sickness to speak of had arisen from once feasting mediævally on an old roast peacock, in company with the trusty friends, who had also been taken very bad on that occasion; and they ever afterwards avoided that dish, but at their banquets would have the peacock's head and what was left of its tail tacked on to some more digestible bird, which, duly roasted beforehand, and allowed to cool, would thus adorn their board with borrowed plumes before it was carved and eaten, and so please their æsthetic sense without making them sick afterwards; a very wise precaution; for they were very much given to such old-fashioned hospitality, these SPRATTS: although their acquaintance was by their own choice (so they said) rather limited; for as staunch Radicals, they hated the aristocracy, whose very existence they ignored; shunned the professional class, which they scorned, on account of its scientific and utilitarian tendency; and loathed the middle class, from which they had sprung, because it was Philistine; and although they professed to deeply honour the working man, they very wisely managed to see as little of him as they possibly could; and thus, living for each other, and their chosen friends, they haughtily held aloof from the outer world, which, it must be owned, betrayed no wish whatever to lure them from their seclusion.

Although the kind of felicity we have tried to depict may not commend itself to the taste of the general reader, he cannot fail to see that for such unworldly people as the SPRATTS, it leaves nothing to be desired. Youth, health, simplicity of life, a modest competency, self-respect, friendship, domestic affection, the love of Art, innocence of mundane ambition, blameless aspirations and regrets, everything seems combined to make their existence happy and blessed; not to mention that belief in themselves and each other and all that belongs to them, which *Mr. Punch* looks upon as the highest concomitant (if he may forge a word) to earthly bliss. Indeed, *Mr. Punch* does not think small beer of himself, as his readers should know by this time, and believes *Judy* to be quite the first among wives, although he has been used to beat her now and then; and thinks *Toby* the finest dog in the world. He has dwelt at length, and with a lingering fondness, on this idyllic picture of the SPRATTS' home, and the gentle life they led there. Grave it in your mind, good reader, for there are few such homes in England; nay, that you may grave it in your mind the better, *Mr. Punch* has subtly limned for you a cartoon showing the SPRATTS at home, in their pretty garden, with the twins and the trusty friends, all mediævally arrayed, around them. JACK SPRATT and his wife are playing "cat's cradle," the twins are revolving quaint conceits in their æsthetic little minds;

the friends are fondly lute-playing, or poring over old myths, and musing sadly on the light of other days; what time BARRY the Cook is dishing up a cold roast capon (which, in her haste, she has unfortunately peacocked the wrong way), and her distant policeman looks over the wall, with one eye for her, and one for the cold roast capon. Say, reader, is not it a fair, glad, gracious picture? How different, alas! from those (D. V.) to come!

THE OIONOKTONON.



My name it is JIM BAGSTER, which I'm Keeper to the Squire—
(And which the young 'un sartlinly a "Keeper" do require)—
And if that there Inventor, as the Yankee called hisself,
Had come to me he'd gotten what 'ud laid him on the shelf!
He comes, that Yankee, and he says, says he unto the Squire,
"I guess you Britishers are green! Now, Mister, jest lewk hyar!
Yew pick yewer birds off one by one, and take a heap o' trouble.
I've got a kind o' notion as 'll make yewer bags just double.
The name" (says he) "I calls it by's 'I owe a knock to none.'
Leastways, that's what it sounded like—a queer name for a gun!
And what it means is Greek to me—I never was a scollard—
But when I seed the thing itself, by gum! I a'most hollered.
Which in he wheels a thing just like a trumpet on a barrer,
And turning of a handle, bang! he shoots an ould cock sparrer!
Which sparrers is the on'y thing as sichlike seem should shoot;
And them's JIM BAGSTER's sentiments—and yours, I hopes, to boot.
How's ever, my young Master took a fancy to the thing,
And made me wheel it down the moor, to try it on the liag;
Which then they druv a lot o' grouse across the line o' fire.
To where, just like a horgan-man, sits grinning my young Squire.
I felt that bad you might ha' brained me wi' a taller-candle,
As that there youngster blew his smoke and turned that blessed handle.
Just then the grouse went whirring by, and a roar came worse than thunder,
Which, when the smoke had cleared away, why, where's the birds,
I wonder?
The birds they wasn't there, that's flat, but just a bit o' feather,
A few odd claws and mashed-up bits lay there upon the heather.
The young Squire laughed as I wheeled back that blessed surdy-gurdy;
"I think," says he, "JIM BAGSTER, we will stick to Mr. PUNCH!"

TOO DEAD A CERTAINTY.

WHY does the Friendly Societies Act limit the amount of burial insurance for children under five years of age to 25? Last burial insurance should too certainly insure burial.

ANNUAL FELINE FAMINE.



His plea for starved cats has seasonably reappeared on the prorogation of Parliament. There exists an asylum for destitute dogs, but the feline race has hitherto failed to enlist the feelings of any of those, if there are any, who in these days "die and endow a college or a cat." The cats are not endowed with any kind of college, hospital, or refuge. It has been suggested that to hand over the starving cats to physiologists for vivisection would be humane comparatively to leaving them to die in the "agonies" of hunger and thirst; and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is invoked to undertake the duty of putting them out of their misery. But would not any performer of that duty have to take good care how he did it?

Or else, might not one of the Society's own agents very likely find himself pulled up before a Police-Magistrate on a charge of "Cruelty to a Cat."

It is sad to think that inhabitants of Belgravia should be so inconsiderate as to go out of town without leaving some provision for their cats equivalent to board-wages; and therefore that many cats are pining in a state of starvation. We may, however, console ourselves a little by reflecting, firstly, that in a district within which the cats are mostly starving, all the rats and mice must have been devoured; and, secondly, that cats dying of hunger in a state of emaciation, are hardly capable of being utilised by even the most unprincipled victuallers; so that the more of them we know to be perishing in that state, the more confidently can we dine at neighbouring restaurants; seeing there is all the less cause to give us qualms in partaking of made dishes, particularly of jugged hare.

HOW TO MAKE THINGS PLEASANT ABROAD;

Or, the Travelling Snob's Vade Mecum.

ON entering a Railway-Carriage, kick any parcels you may find in your way, and, if possible, seat yourself upon a bonnet-box.

If Ladies are present, insist upon lighting a short pipe, and close or open the windows at your own sweet will, and with regard to no one's comfort but your own.

On board the Steamboat make yourself a nuisance to your fellow-travellers by indulging in silly practical jokes and smoking bad tobacco.

On arrival at a Hotel, force your way out of the omnibus before any one else, and in your selection of a room be as unobliging to your fellow-travellers as possible.

Lounge about the hall, smoking your favourite pipe, and stare at every Lady who enters or leaves the place. If you find a Lady away from her father, husband, or brother, grin at her.

Bully the Waiters at the *table d'hôte*, and if you can find a kindred spirit, indulge freely in a conversation of a strongly-seasoned character.

On your return to the Hotel late at night, shout at the top of your voice to your companions, to the great disturbance of those who have retired to rest before you.

If you are fond of fun, alter all the boots at the doors, and change the numbers and hours on the "waking-up slate."

If you have to catch an early train in the morning, be careful to arouse by your noisy conduct all the other inmates of the hotel.

If you enter a Church to "do" it, put your hands in your pockets and whistle. Push any one praying roughly out of your way, and if service is being performed, go up to the altar-rails and mockingly inspect it. To avoid unpleasantness, only do this when the *Suisse* is away.

Touch everything in the Museums and Picture Galleries, and declare in broken French, bad German, or imitation Italian (according to the country), that the South Kensington treasures beat all the foreign collections hollow.

In fact behave like a selfish, underbred, ill-conditioned Cad for a

month or six weeks, and then return to England to lose your individuality in some small City office, or post of a kindred character, until the time arrives for your annual outing next year, when commence *de novo*.

ON A MATTER OF TASTE.

As, to judge from the very spirited correspondence that has appeared on the subject, there seems now to be not a shadow of doubt but that, in the matter of proper Sunday observance, Great Britain leads triumphantly in the van ahead of all rivals, Mr. *Punch* is, of course, happy to throw his voice in with the chorus of universal jubilation. At the same time, since, though no friend to unnecessary labour, Mr. *Punch* is by no means opposed to innocent Sunday recreation, and, therefore, anxious to shed what light he can upon the better understanding of the subject, he sets aside a corner of his space for the following little twin documents, which strike him as perhaps not altogether inappropriate reading for those who have lately found themselves very much shocked at what was on weekly in and about the Paris Exhibition.

Sunday Diary of Mr. WILLIAM STUBBS, Bricklayer, of Seven Dials, London.

Journal d'un Dimanche kept by M. JULES POTIN, ouvrier, residing at Belleville, Paris.

SIX A.M. TO TWELVE NOON.

In bed, sleeping off last night's drink.

Up early, putting on best things, taking bath in Seine, breakfasting, chatting, and making a promenade to the *Jardin des Tuileries*.

HALF-PAST TWELVE.

Wait outside a public, and chew a straw till it opens.

Recreate EUGÉNIE, the little ones, and myself by surveying the gold-fish for a little quarter of an hour.

ONE.

Go in with the rush, and drink.

Refresh ourselves with liquor-ice water under the trees.

TWO.

Drinking hard, and getting through as much as I can finish before three.

Enjoying the continuance of our promenade, and discussing the programme for our amusements.

THREE TO SIX.

Turned out with a row. Go in for a smoke, and bowl along any-who's to get through the blessed time till six. Looks at the outside of the front door of the British Museum, and wonders when I shall ever get a chance of seeing what's at the back of it. Stops a bit, and curses the nob's coming out of Church. Bowls back again to the Dials.

Enter the Galleries of the Louvre, and survey the various objects of Art and other interesting treasures, feeling proud of our great France, which makes such enjoyment the common property of the universal people. Turn our steps towards the *Champs Elysées*, and watch the brilliant equipages with satisfaction. Continue our enjoyable promenade towards the Bois.

SIX.

Go in again with a rush, and set to at the liquor steady.

Refresh ourselves further with *plainirs* and syrup of currants.

SEVEN TO EIGHT.

Come across JIM BLEWITT, and wager him to get through two quarters hot before he finishes a gallon of four, drinking fair, with a start of a pint and a half.

Met EDOUARD BRISCHE, and arrange a *partie* with him at shooting with the crossbow for sugared buttons.

EIGHT TO NINE.

Keep up the drink against JIM, talking politics and tossing him for the lush till he calls me a "bloomin' Sarcophagus." Make him take his measure against the joists. Give lively CHARLIE and the Barman one each for interfering. Smash a gaselier as a "parting farewell," and run for it towards the Lane, chivied by bobbies.

Amuse ourselves in various ways in the pleasant evening twilight, eventually inviting EDOUARD and his maternal Aunt to partake of coffee and iced water mixed with biscuits of rice in the neighbourhood of a concert in the open air. Watch the stars, and the illumination of the thousand street lamps; and so, home leisurely with EUGÉNIE and our little ones to our lively quarter.

TEN.

Just my luck! Run in again at Bow Street!

Ah! once more arrived at Belleville!



A PHILOSOPHICAL EXCURSIONIST.

Elderly Gentleman (politely to middle-aged Spinster opposite, evidently one of Cook's Tourists). "AND WHERE, MAY I ASK, ARE YOU GOING NEXT?"

Middle-aged Spinster. "OH! LET ME SEE!—I'M GOING TO GENEVA!"

Elderly Gentleman. "GOING TO GENEVA! WHY, YOU ARE IN GENEVA!"

Middle-aged Spinster. "AM I REALLY? OH, THEN I'M GOING TO MILAN!"

DISGORGING.

An Allegory on the Banks of the Nile.

THERE dwelt on the banks of the mystical Nile
An edacious, shrewd, elderly, fat Crocodile;
A pachyderm dandy, or Saurian Swell,
Who wore smart pantaloons cut exceedingly well,
And with pockets capacious—all tokens which tell
Of superior breeding and polish.

He was lord of the land by common consent,
Let it out at high figures, and lived on the rent,
Which he ruthlessly levied and lavishly spent;
And bad luck to the tenant who was not content—

He'd proceed that poor wretch to demolish
In true alligator-like right-divine style.
Well, he grew quite ambitious, this 'cute Crocodile,
A compound, in fact, of King Log and King Stork,
A game which appeared for a season to work.
He lod his poor subjects a deuce of a dance,

And tasked them and taxed them right royally.
But your Autoerut ever breaks down in finance,
And this was King Crocodile's piteous chance.
He essayed many dodges his funds to enhance:

He called in the aid
Of experts at the trade,
His accounts in their hands ostentatiously laid,
Took oath to conform to the rules which they made,
And back up their policy loyally.
Yet the devious devices of Saurian guile
Quite baffled these honest experts for awhile;
But such shuffling at last did those gentlemen rile,
And friend pachyderm found that his wriggle and smile
Were met with an ominous frown.

So thinks he, "Like that 'cute Yankee coon, I am treed.
Mere dodge and delay will no longer succeed.

The game's up, so I'd better come down."
Then he shed many tears, as your Crocodile can,
And "Oh, my poor family!" blubbered the brute.
"But I'll give up the lot, 'tis the honestest plan."

(The "lot" was his plunder and loot.)

"Ah! honesty is the best game, after all!"

(He had tried every other, and so ought to know.)

"Restitution's the cry. I respond to the call
With the finest alacrity. Lo!"

Here he turned out each pocket and emptied each bag.
(So a burglar, when chased, will abandon his "swag.")

"Take the dross and divide it!" quoth King Crocodile.

The rejoicings were great. Let us hope it's all right;
But immense are the Saurian resources of sleight,
And it's just on the cards that the game is not quite
At an end on the banks of the Nile.

PUNCH'S WEATHER WARNINGS NEXT WEEK.

Monday.—Sultry heat. Westerly wind. Get in your ice, and put on your suit of white dittos.

Tuesday.—Intense cold. Wind in the East. Light your fires; and do not neglect your Ulster over-coats.

Wednesday.—Rain. Wind anywhere. Temperature neither hot nor cold. Avoid any risk of catching the influenza.

Thursday.—Yellow fog. Perfect calm. Sultry heat until noon, then cold. Draw down the blinds, and light your gas.

Friday.—Magnificent spring weather. Wind from "the South. Wear your great-coat only in the evening.

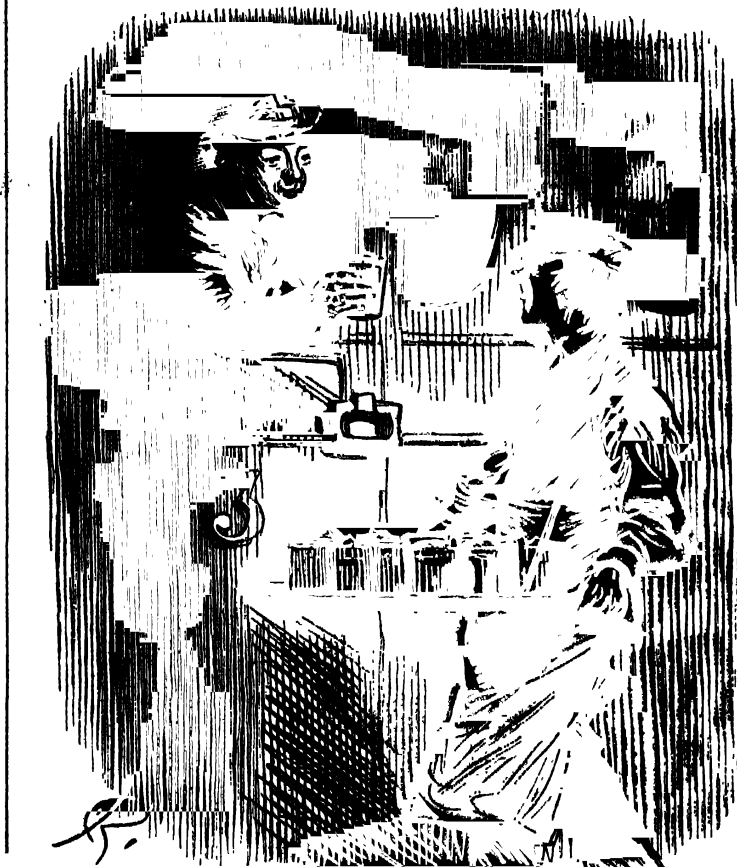
Saturday.—Thunderstorms, snow, and intense heat. Lay your fires, and keep your wines in ice, prepared for any emergency.

Da Capo.



DISGORGING.

KHEDIVE. "TAKE THE DIRTY DROSS, MR. BULL! HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY—AFTER ALL!!!"



RAILWAY LUXURIES.

Eccursionist. "I SAY—'ERE! THIS WATER'S FULL O' CRUMBS!"

Aquarius. "THAT AIN'T CRUMBS! THAT'S ONLY THE SAWDUST OFF THE HICE!"

FEES AND FEES' WORTH.

SCENE—*Inside a Railway Train. Physician and Friend.*

Friend. Now tell me, Doctor. Wherefore this rise in the Profession of first consultation fees to two guineas? Because the cost of living has risen for Doctors, have they raised their terms for prolonging their patients' lives?

Physician. Oh dear no. At that rate every fee would have to be doubled, or quadrupled, at least.

Friend. Is it, then, that a first consultation is a so much more scientific and laborious affair than it used to be?

Physician. Partly. But you miss the chief reason for the double fee—yet how obvious it is!

Friend. What?

Physician. The immense advance in these days of medical science and medical skill, which, in nine-hundred-and-ninety-nine cases out of a thousand, renders, or ought to render, one consultation enough—one, the first and the last. What is an additional guinea paid for advice, which, if only followed, may prevent the expense of hundreds?

Friend. It never struck me in that light.

Physician. But now you see it, of course, as clear as day. Why, isn't a consultation that saves a long illness, and perhaps a life, worth any money? And one consultation would in general suffice, if patients commonly had common sense enough to do what their doctor told them.

Friend. You think, then, you ought to be paid in proportion to the services you render?

Physician. If possible—as it would be in surgery, for instance, quite. There might be a tariff of surgical operations, from the price of removing a simple tumour to that of tying the subclavian artery. To be sure, in medicine it could not be so simple; else a physician could charge for items—for the cure of lighter complaints so much, for that of graver so much more: as from "To relieving you of Indigestion," or "To attending you in Gout," say two guineas, up to an indefinite figure "For curing you of Typhoid Fever." But then, you see, dyspepsia on the one hand, may be obstinate, and fever, on the other, mild; so that nominal gravity of disease is no criterion necessarily of work and labour done.

Friend. Work and labour being medical treatment, would there be any possibility of payment for results?

Physician. Curative results, you mean. Yes, if the scale were high enough; because, of course, in case of old age and decay of nature the results may prove fatal.

Friend. Not to say that the cures are comparatively few. And then there are patients who really die of their diseases?

Physician. Sometimes.

Friend. But that is generally their own fault?

Physician. Always; and the labourer is worthy of his hire; and if you, being the subject of a disease which torments or disables you, or threatens to deprive Society of your valuable existence, are put in the way to get rid of it for two guineas only, what I say is, you have a vast deal more than your two guineas' worth for your two guineas. There! Now, I am sure you have had an amount of medical information out of me ridiculously cheap at that sum. Hand it over.

Friend. I'll owe it you.

[*Train stops at Station, and colloquy closes.*]

THE LOTOS-EATER IN THE LEVANT.

(Pitched, with apologies to Mr. Tennyson, in an Asia-Minor key.)

"CYPRUS!" is the last new cry;

Money in that cry we see.

Cash is the end of life; then, why

Not draw on kind J. B.?

Give us a loan: Credulity is vast;

And twelve per cent. will strike the cautious dumb.

Give us a loan. It need not be the last:

We'll take all from you, and, unmoved, become

Insolvent now, as in the cheery past!

Give us a loan. What pleasure can we have

To live by labour? Is there any fun

In sheer hard-working 'gainst the working Slave?

Give us a loan, the market's chance we brave

And ask you for your money; you may dun,

And p'raps get back what's left,—or half, or may be none!

TALK OF THE TRAIN.

(Specially arranged for the use of Travellers by the "Sea Side Express.")

Is eighteenpence all that you return me out of my ten-pound note? Surely, then, the charge made by the Company for a first-class fare, for a distance of sixty-seven miles, is amply sufficient? Why are we starting one hour and thirty-nine minutes late?

I do not note that a delay of seventy minutes in this retired siding is referred to officially in the Time Table.

Is this not the twenty-seventh time we have been shunted in the last five hours?

As we seem to be spending the whole afternoon at this little country station, will you ask the Guard to direct me to a restaurant, where he can recommend the wines, and also to tell me where I can purchase some back numbers of an Encyclopedia, and have my portrait taken in oils?

Would it not have been better if we had proceeded by the mineral, cattle, or even an ordinary luggage-train?

As the darkness is profound, and we have come to a dead halt in this spot for the last three hours and a half, I should feel extremely glad if one of the officials could kindly inform me what is the matter with the engine?

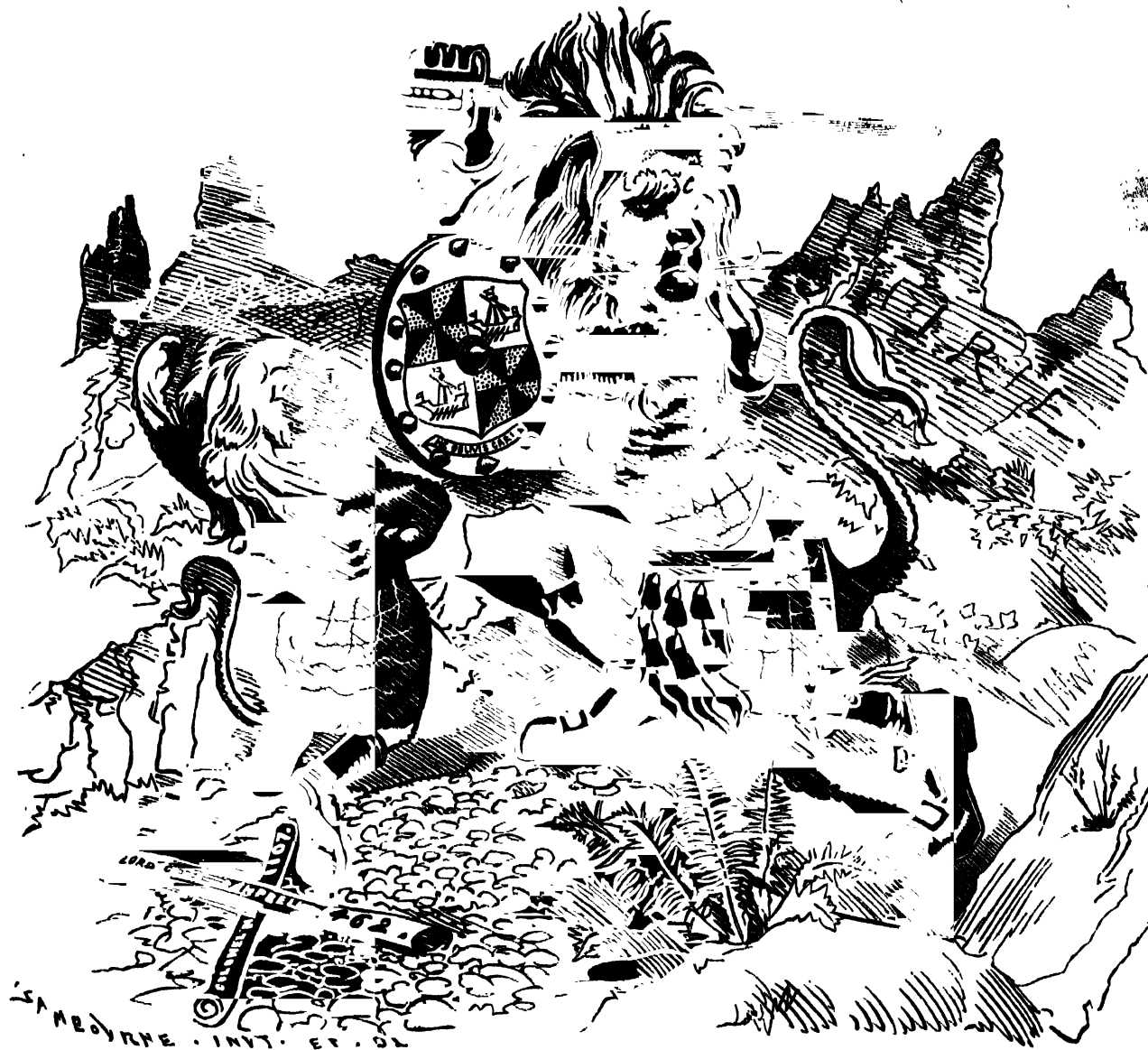
If it is quite determined that we are to make a night of it at this gloomy junction, might I ask you to telegraph to my wife and family, and inform them of the fact, and at the same time furnish me with a bolster, and three glasses of brandy-and-water, and the address of the Company's solicitors?

The Products of Peace!

THE Paper Exhibition at Vienna doubtless contains many wonderful articles; but to be complete, should it not include the curious sheet of the Berlin peace-programme, out of which has been made a war in Bosnia?

THE TRIUMPH OF THE CALLEIN OG.

(An Epic Fragment.)



"AND DAREST THOU THEN
TO BEARD THE LION IN HIS DEN?"

STOUT MALCOLM to MAC CULLUM MOHR *
(A mighty chief ne'er braved before)

In haughty accents cried:
"CAMPBELL, look out! I front thee here,
E'en in thy place of pride.

Nay, never feign thy nose to cock,
And crest-like toss thy tawny shock!

I tell thee thou'rt defied!
I'm game to struggle for the seat,

And if men say I funk defeat,
MAC CULLUM MOHR, they've lied!"

On the Duke's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the calm that suits the sage

Who wrote *The Reign of Law*;
Who in *Good Words*' more pious page,

And on St. Stephen's wordy stage
Can hold his own at jaw.

Fierce he broke forth: "And dar'st thou then
To beard the Lion in his den,

The CAMPBELL in his hall?

Upon my soul it's like thy cheek,
I have a mind thy nose to tweak,

I won't, though—not at all.

I'll not so grace thee, graceless dog;

But here's my son, the CALLEIN OG,
With thee will try a fall."

The CALLEIN OG was young and slim,
PORTALLOCH* tall and stark and grim;

It seemed his mighty length of limb
The stripling must defeat.

Yet was young COLIN toughly strung,
Nimble of foot as swift of tongue,

His giant foe he foiled and flung,
And saved the threatened seat.

Brave MALCOLM turned, well was his need,

Yet shook his fist, and cried,

"A lick—but a close shave indeed!

Another day I shall succeed,

And lower the CAMPBELL's pride!"

Then loud as victor-lion's roar

The shout of the MACCULLUM MOHR.

His targe he spread young COLIN o'er.
And wildly waved his huge claymore,

What time the CALLEIN OG
Triumphant danced before his sire

A crossed-sword dance (a thing to tire,
And make the sturdiest chiel perspire),

Feetly as lad of Lancashire
Might foot it in the clog;

Whilst loudly rang from isle to isle,
The triumph of the young ARGYLL.

* Name given to Colonel MALCOLM, from his estate.



HASTY GENERALISATION.

Mamma. "WE'D BETTER GO IN, DARLING! IT THREATENS TO RAIN."

Harry. "OH! THEN IT WON'T!"

Mamma. "WHY?"

Harry. "PAPA ALWAYS THREATENS TO VIP ME! BUT HE NEVER DOES!"

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(In Town—Out of the Season.)

If the now Electric Light gains the day, or, rather, the night, against Gas, the Poet Laureate will be engaged to celebrate its victory in an entirely new metro—his present one being no longer of any use to him.

By the way, does Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD, eminently well up in his DICKENS, remember what was the mad old gentleman's address to Miss La Creevy, on the occasion of his sudden appearance down the chimney into Mrs. Nickleby's parlour? "Aha!" cried the old gentleman, folding his hands, and squeezing them with great force against each other, "I see her now; I see her now! My love, my life, my bride, my peerless beauty! She is come at last—at last—and all is gas and gaiters!" For "gas" read "electric light," and substitute "Gaiety" for "gaiters," and then you have the present state of the light question in the Strand just now.

I looked in at EVANS's the other night. Ah, how the *tempora mutantur*, and, is it possible that *nos mutantur in illis*? No, not on this subject. EVANS's was unique. Remembering the celebrated "Hardy Norseman" since I was a youth about town, I murmured to myself, as I walked away—

"The Hardy Norseman's house of yore"
Was, as we know, a glee:
It could be sung by twelve or more,
But not alone by me.
Oh, ne'er shall I forget the choir
That once there used to be,
Of course I mean when PADDY GREEN
Ruled o'er the harmonies.

I never paid a shilling then
To enter,—it was free;
The company were only men,
Who stayed till nearly three.
"Dear Boys," alas! are here no more,
Dear Girls now come to sup;
The Hardy Norseman's House before
The hour of one's shut up.

It would be as well if ingenious young dramatic critics fresh to their work, and burning with the ardent desire of slaughter, were to restrain their ardour awhile for the purpose of obtaining some correct information on the subject they've undertaken to criticise. For example, the dramatic critic of the *Daily News*, in reviewing *Jeames* at the Gaiety, says, in an airy manner, "With the incidents in the 'Yellowplush Papers' probably no one is unacquainted"—except, as will be seen, the critic himself—"but it would be difficult to recognise them in the exaggerated version here presented." The recognition would be more than difficult—it would be impossible—*Jeames* having no more to do with the "Yellowplush Papers" than with *Vanity Fair*, *Pendennis*, or *The Virginians*. The play of *Jeames* is from *The Diary of Jeames de la Pluche*, which first appeared in *Punch*, with THACKERAY's own grotesque illustrations. *The Diary* is included under the head of THACKERAY's "Burlesques," while the *Memoirs of Mr. C. J. Yellowplush*—there are no "Yellowplush Papers," although the *Daily News* critic quotes the title in inverted commas—are bound up with the *Paris Sketch-Book*; and, except that they are supposed to have been written by an uneducated footman, they have nothing in common with *Jeames's Diary*. The story told by Mr. *Yellowplush* concerns the Hon. Mr. Deuceace, Lord Crabs, Lady Griffin, and her poor crooked daughter. *Jeames's Diary* is mainly caricature, but there is a good honest purpose throughout it, and in the characters of *Mary Anne*, *Granny*, and *Uncle Bill*, THACKERAY has given us that touch of nature which enlists our best and truest sympathies. But in the *Memoirs of Mr. C. J. Yellowplush*, all, except the dupes, are villainously bad. There is not a redeeming quality among the whole *dramatis personae*, who are, I venture to say, impossible on the Stage. Their reality would be too hideous. Yet it was with this work of THACKERAY's, and not with *Jeames's Diary*—from which *Jeames* was professedly taken—that the observant and well-informed critic compared the story of *Jeames* at the Gaiety. His Editor will, I hope, reward his young man's ingenuity with a well-bound copy of all THACKERAY's works, and, at the end of the half-year, make him pass an examination in *Jeames's Diary* and *The Memoirs of Mr. C. J. Yellowplush*.

The KHEDIVE has given up his revenues. Mr. RIVERS WILSON has been "spoiling the Egyptians" to some purpose—I beg his pardon, I should have said "improving the Egyptians," as they've been going up wonderfully within the last fortnight. *Montez toujours!* as Lord BEACONSFIELD says of Mr. CORRY.

Mr. KNOX, of Marlborough Street, retires. Everyone in the Police Court is sorry. On the departure of Knox, there will be mo(u)rnning in Marlborough Street.

BOROUGHES AND BOOK-MAKERS.

New work, by the Author of *On Horseback Through Asia Minor*. Over the Birmingham Caucasus, on a Popular Cry.

AT IT AGAIN!



BRavo, VICTOR HUGO, or rather—as you were invited and only sent a letter—VICTOR *Hu-didn't go!* But what a letter you sent! Thank you very much for the private copy with which we have been favoured, and which evidently from you is the genuine article before it was corrected for the Ears of your Unionist Delegates and the Eyes of the World:—

VICTOR Nogo to the Trades Union Delegates from everywhere generally assembled in the Chateau d'Eau Theatre.

MY DEAR EUROPEAN COUNTRYMEN,

I CANNOT at this moment, to my great regret, come and preside over you. Observe, I say "at this moment." "This" moment is not next moment, not that moment, nor any moment but this moment. You did not ask me for this moment. That is where I am

evasive. Who was the Englishman I have always respected? WALKER! My young men from the country! Hear me. I demand what you demand. I want what you want. I wish I may get it. I wish you may get it. I mean what you mean. "Unity" is to be joined together. I am with you in heart and soul. Not in body. Every Dog has his day. These days are the Dogs' in Paris. Thus is it I prefer Guernsey to Paris. Let us be cool. As I am. Here! Without us Governments attempt something. They all do it. Who leads, fails. To follow is to succeed. Look on without uneasiness, always gay, sometimes free! Continue to march, labour, and think! I, your brother, your friend, will sit, eat, and drink! You are a single people. I am a singular person. The first person singular. You, a single people, want a peace, a big peace, a noble peace. A peace for one! I, a singular person, command a peace for two. That satisfies. That is enough. Behold me! Here! On velvet! In flannel! In a jersey! In Guernsey!

Your friend,
FICTOR Nogo.

P.S.—*Chateau d'Eau!* I salute you. Place of Assembly, henceforth historic. Cold water is a cure for most maladies. For the fanatic, the intemperate, the irascible, the violent—*au Chateau d'Eau! allez!*

A BELIEVER IN DARWIN.

FROM a speech delivered by Professor HÄCKEL of Jena, at a dinner given to him a few days since in Paris by some French *savants*, it appears that Science is essentially much more like Faith than people commonly suppose; science, that is, as professed by Professor HÄCKEL. According to a telegram whence extracts follow—

"In his speech as reported in the *Temps*, he expressed gratification at the progress of evolutionist ideas among French men of science, and remarked that professors and preachers who ridiculed man's descent from the ape unwittingly furnished the best proof of it, their pride and childish vanity being foibles which might have been bequeathed by the ape."

The best proof of man's descent from the ape being, by Professor HÄCKEL's own showing, far short of demonstration, he, Professor HÄCKEL, nevertheless believes it, and that firmly enough to be capable of accusing scoffers at it of childish vanity and pride. What is the difference between such science as that and the faith of any the most dogmatic clergyman?

"Man, however, did not descend from any known anthropoid, but was a branch of ootarrhine monkeys of the Old World."

How does Professor HÄCKEL know that? From scientific proof, or scientific inspiration?

"The continuity of nature was daily becoming more evident, and superstition, mysticism, and teleology would give way to reason, causality, and mechanism."

Is Professor HÄCKEL also among the Prophets?

"Among philosophical minds, at least, the believers in final causes of the universe, immutability of species, sterility of (hybrids?), geological cataclysms, successive creations, and the late appearance of man were dying out. The primitive life-organisms were formed chemically by spontaneous generation at the bottom of the sea like saline crystals in water. Nohow else could the

origin of life be explained. LAMARCK and DARWIN had struck the last blow at the doctrine of final causes, and modern morphology was irreconcilable not only with the dogma of the Creation, but with that of Providence or the vague idealistic pantheism of HEGEL, SCHOPENHAUER, and HARTMANN."

In spite of the well-known experiments of Professor TYNDALL, tending, as far as they go, to disprove "spontaneous generation," Professor HÄCKEL firmly believes in it—as firmly, perhaps, as the Archbishop of CANTERBURY does in the dogmas of Creation and of Providence, notwithstanding modern "morphology."

"The transformation of living organisms under the influence of adaptation, hereditary selection, and struggle for existence, could not, indeed, be mathematically demonstrated, but its existence could not be doubted any more than psychology or social science."

Well; but are there not diversities of opinion concerning social science? and as to psychology, are not its questions as varied as those of theology? Nevertheless, Professor HÄCKEL is as sure about social science and psychology, together with evolution, development, and all the rest of it, Darwinism to wit, as M. VEUILLOT is of the certainty of all the propositions of the late POPP's Syllabus. The articles of our Professor's scientific creed cannot, certainly, be "mathematically demonstrated;" no, but, as M. VEUILLOT might say, "*præstat fides supplementum*;" and *fides* and *scientia*—Professor HÄCKEL's *scientia*—do seem very much indeed like one another, especially *scientia*.

A PASTORAL SYMPHONY.

[Mr. CROSS, Lord SANDON, and Colonel STANLEY have lately been optimising at Liverpool.]

SCENE—*The Lancashire Arcadia.*

PERFORMERS—*Certain Shepherds, piping.*

First Shepherd. The libretto and music our leader hath set us
Both savour most sweetly of pastoral calm!

Second Shepherd. Aye, dulcet as honey from classic Hymettus,
The strain and the theme to all bosoms bring balm!

Third Shepherd. Since Creation was in its Arcadian nonage
So peaceful a moment has never been known!

First Shepherd. Let us pipe of our power, our *prestige*, and our
tonnage,

Which under our fostering care have so grown!

Second Shepherd. The nightmare of War which so long had oppressed us,

Has passed, and we're free of all friends and all foes!

Third Shepherd. The country has flattered, and praised, and
caressed us,

Oh, everything's lovely and *couleur-de-rose*!

First Shepherd. As to War, oh! it's really too shocking to
mention—

I humbly beg pardon for using its name!

Second Shepherd. Universal content has extinguished contention.

We're all at the height of our well-deserved fame!

Third Shepherd. Our wicked opponents—their leader sophistic—
All vanished like dim allegorical ghosts!

First Shepherd. What eloquence ornate, sublime, optimistic
Enough for expressing our jubilant boasts!

Second Shepherd. But great though the present our glory still
waxes,

The future shall be one big blaze of success!

Third Shepherd. We'll annex all the world, and abolish all taxes,
The sons of our sons shall brave BEACONSFIELD'S bliss!

A Voice. Yes, that sounds very nice, and no doubt he's a hero,
But isn't yours rather a rickety Peace?

Taxation at present is not down to zero,

And how about Bosnia, Batoum, and Greece?

Shepherds (together). Hush, hush, noisy sceptic! Awaunt, rash
intruder!

Cacophonous creature! inopportune bore!

Our Concert you'd mar with harsh discords? *Proh pudor!*

The themes you refer to are not in our Score!

[*Left piping.*]

LOGIC FOR LEGISLATORS.

ACCORDING to a great living Philosopher, people in this country at least are "mostly fools." Query, therefore: What is the greatest happiness of the greatest number? A Fool's Paradise.

NOTE ON RED NOSES.

A SURGEON has published a treatise on a method of curing "Port-wine Marks." In many cases probably port-wine marks could be effectually got rid of by simply leaving off port-wine.



THE WAGES QUESTION.

(Overheard at Ironopolis.)

Intelligent Working Man. "ARBITRATION! CA' THAT ARBITRATION! WHY, THEY'VE GIVEN IT AGAINST US!"

THE COMIC JOURNEY;

OR, HOW TO SPEND AN UNUSUALLY HAPPY DAY.

SCENE, &c.—The Outside of a Railway Station. Jovial Porters discovered laughing heartily, and cutting jokes. A Cab drives up loaded with luggage, from which emerges Anxious Traveller. Jovial Porters nudge one another, and scan Anxious Traveller's countenance with amusement.

Anxious Traveller (having paid his cab-fare). My luggage, please. I am in a hurry to take the parting train. (*Jovial Porters ignore him, and give their attention to fly-catching.*) A friend, an invalid, awaits my coming eagerly. (*Getting angry.*) Here you, Sir, attend to my luggage at once, or—

First Jovial Porter (with a wink to his comrades). Well, I am attending to it. Where do you want to go to?

Anxious Traveller. To Mudbeach.

First Jovial Porter (with a burst of merriment). To Mudbeach! (*Aside, to Comrades.*) Oh, what fun! Did you ever hear the like? And now, my lads, lend a hand, and we will send his luggage to Mudbeach (*Ha! ha! Mudbeach!*) with a will.

(*The Jovial Porters, laughing heartily, tumble the luggage roughly into the Station. Anxious Traveller follows them, and appears at Booking-Office.*)

Anxious Traveller. A ticket, please, for Mudbeach.

Inexperienced Clerk. Where did you say? (*Anxious Traveller repeats his question.*) Oh, I don't think this line goes to Mudbeach. Does it, *BILL*?

Bill (in the distance). Does it what?

Inexperienced Clerk. Does the line go to Mudbeach?

Bill. Oh, come, that is good! I must tell that to TOMMY. (*Showing.*) I say, TOMMY, CHARLEY wants to know if this line goes to Mudbeach! *Ha! ha! Ain't he green?* (*Bell rings.*) Of course it goes, and in two ways, too!

Anxious Traveller (impatiently). My ticket, if you please.

Inexperienced Clerk (leisurely). Don't be in a hurry. I can't attend to everybody at once. Besides, you haven't told me which way you wish to go.

Anxious Traveller. By the shortest way, of course.

Inexperienced Clerk (referring to time-tables). Well, you can go by Talkingwater, changing at Jonesbury.

Anxious Traveller. Well, give me a ticket.

[*Bell rings.*]

Inexperienced Clerk. Don't be in a hurry, especially as there's no train that way for three hours and a quarter. You can go, too, by Cook's Basin.

Anxious Traveller. And when does a train start by that route?

Inexperienced Clerk. Oh, I don't know, but perhaps these chaps may (*with difficulty attracts the serious attention of his confreres and obtains, after a few minutes, the desired information.*) Oh, they say there's a train due now. So you had better look sharp if you want to catch it. First-Class—all right—here's your ticket.

[*Gives card and wastes a short time in finding proper change.* *Anxious Traveller hurries off towards the Departure Platform.*]

Official in a high Hat (at door). You can't pass here. You're too late.

Anxious Traveller. But I wish to go to Mudbeach.

Official in a high Hat. Well, you may go an hour's hence by another train. You can't go by that.

[*Points to a Train seen through the window which, apparently, has no intention of starting for some little time to come.*]

Anxious Traveller. And my luggage?

First Jovial Porter (laughing heartily). Oh, we've sent that off. (*Aside.*) Won't he have a hunt to catch it up! *Ha! ha! ha!*

[*The other Jovial Porters roar, and the Official in the high Hat, with difficulty suppresses a smile.*]

An hour passes, and Anxious Traveller finds himself seated in the next Train bound for Mudbeach. He gazes for ten minutes or so at the faces of the Two-late Voyagers as they glare through the glazed barriers at the Train they have missed.

Anxious Traveller. When are we going to start, Guard?

Cheerful Guard. Pardon me, Sir, but what a hurry you are in. Why, we are only a quarter of an hour late!

Anxious Traveller. A friend, an invalid, awaits my coming eagerly at Mudbeach.

Cheerful Guard (smiling). What, Sir, going to Mudbeach! Well, and a very nice place, too,—when you get there!

Anxious Traveller. I have ascertained that at Cook's Basin a steamer meets the train and carries travellers to Bull's Hyde, where another train is in attendance to take them to their destination.

Cheerful Guard. Indeed, Sir, and they told you that! Why, what is this? As I live, the signal for departure! And only twenty minutes behind our time! They must be in a merry mood this morning! [*Whistles as the Train moves off.*]

After a tedious journey, Anxious Traveller arrives at Cook's Basin in about two hours after the advertised time.

Anxious Traveller (getting out of the train briskly). And now, my friend, the way to the boat?

Gloomy Official. What boat?

Anxious Traveller. Why the boat to Bull's Hyde—the boat that will take us all to catch the train to Mudbeach.

Gloomy Official. Oh, that boat (*pointing to speak on the horizon.*) There she is!

Anxious Traveller. How long will she take coming here?

Gloomy Official. She's not coming here. Why she left here more than an hour ago.

Anxious Traveller (in despair). A friend, an invalid, awaits my coming eagerly at Mudbeach. When is the next boat?

Gloomy Official. There should be one in an hour or so.

Anxious Traveller. This is very wrong.

Gloomy Official. Everything's wrong in this world. Good day, Sir; I am going to have my tea. [*Retires.*]

Three hours are supposed to elapse, and Anxious Traveller lands at Bull's Hyde.

Anxious Traveller. And now for the train to Mudbeach.

Hardened Official. Oh, there are no more trains to-night. The last went an hour ago.

Anxious Traveller. What, no trains! A friend, an invalid, awaits my coming eagerly at Mudbeach.

Hardened Official. Mudbeach! Why, Sir, you must be the gent whose luggage we packed off three hours ago! You must have made a mess of it, Sir!

Anxious Traveller (exploding). A mess! It's disgraceful, scandalous! Ignorant Clerks, silly Officials! Time wasted everywhere! Sent to meet boats that are off before we reach them, invited to catch trains that never start! And you dare to laugh, Sir?

Hardened Official. And so would you, Sir, if you had the smallest sense of the ridiculous!

[*Scene closes in upon "a Scene" in which Anxious Traveller and Hardened Official are the chief Actors.*]

THE NAUGHTIEST LOT IN EUROPE.—The Russian "Nihilists."

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE JACK SPRATTS.

A Tale of Modern Art and Fashion.

PART II.

It happened one day that JACK SPRATT'S beautiful lay figure had to go back to its maker's, in order to be cleaned, mended, and restuffed; and the happy thought occurred to JACK SPRATT that he might as well take a respite from serious Art-work and paint a portrait of his wife, as she sat there darning one of his socks and reading aloud from a black-letter edition of *Jack and the Bean Stalk*, whose adventures never seemed to pall on the SPRATTS and their friends.

Now Mrs. SPRATT'S form and features had not been cast in an early Italian mould; her maiden name was Maloney, and her papa had kept a leading oil and Italian warehouse in Finsbury; which was, indeed, the only Italian feature in the family. Her mother had been a lovely Lancashire lass; and Mrs. SPRATT had raven hair, violet eyes, ruby lips, an ivory brow, and a skin made of the whitest lily and the reddest rose. Her little head was poised on a long thick creamy neck, while her tall supple figure erred if at all on the side of a too superabundant exuberance; but her waist was very small, and so were her proudly arched feet; and her dimpled little white hands had not been made for sock-darning, or any such house drudgery; but to be tightly-gloved in all that Paris can furnish of the best in perfumed kid, five and three-quarters, *gris perle*.

It is, perhaps, too much to say that JACK SPRATT did the same justice to all these charms as he had always done to those of his lay figure; but he produced something so different from anything he had ever produced before, that the trusty friends, who were scandalised beyond measure, repeatedly exclaimed that if *that* were Art, then the Old Masters must be *wrong*!

JACK SPRATT, however, in spite of the trusty friends, had it framed, called it "*Ye Phayre Sockque-darrene*," and forwarded it to the Royal Academy, much as he scorned that institution; and the Royal Academicians, who had persistently rejected, year after year, the pictures JACK SPRATT and his friends had as persistently sent there, accepted this one; and owing, perhaps to a little difference among themselves about one of their own works, hung it on the line, in a place of honour in the large room, No. 3, where it made such a sensation that a plucky Baronet bought it at the private view.

Thus JACK woke up one morning, and found himself famous.

Of the Art critics, some proclaimed in him the advent of the long-yearned-for nineteenth century genius, whose holy mission it was to redeem the Art of our day from the loathsome degradation into which it had fallen; and with the generous intolerance of youth, branded as snobs and ruffians those who could not quite agree with them; others with the calm benignity of age, pronounced both JACK and his admirers to be perfectly harmless, but incurably imbecile; so that old friends quarrelled, and united families fell out, and all the world was set by the ears through JACK SPRATT'S little sock-darner; dealers came down on his studio like the wolf on the fold; and so great was the crowd round this picture, that the Royal Academy stationed a couple of mounted Policemen near it, a thing which had never been done in Burlington House before; and many a shilling they brought to the Royal Academy—those two mounted Policemen; and a very happy thought it was to have them there!

The upshot of all this was, that the plucky Baronet, who had purchased the little sock-darner, called at JACK'S studio with his Lady, and they were much charmed with all they saw. This Baronet could not only tell a pretty picture when he was told, but also a pretty face when he saw one. Most Baronets are equal to that; and as for my Lady, a good-natured and impulsive person, she was quite beside herself with delight at the notion of Genius painting Beauty, while Beauty darned the socks of Genius. She immediately looked upon Mr. and Mrs. JACK SPRATT as a pet little invention of her own; and before she had been five minutes in their company, invited them to a "small and early" at her mansion, in Belgrave Square. By this time also the SPRATTS' life-long prejudice against the aristocracy had quite evaporated; and they accepted this invitation with alacrity.

Well, the SPRATTS duly attended that "small and early," attired in their very best. *Mr. Punch* forgets what Mrs. SPRATT'S very best consisted of at this particular period of her career; but rather thinks it must have been a brodered wimple, surcinctured with a golden liri-pipe over a welshed chaisel-smock of watchet sergedusoy, lined with shalloon, and edged with vair, or possibly ermine.

JACK SPRATT so far gave way to the conventionalities of modern life as to wear a gent's evening suit complete for three-seventeen-six (made to order by a suburban tailor for this special occasion), and put a smart peacock's feather in his button-hole. At the same



UNINVITED.

WE HAD BOWLED OUT THEIR BEST MEN, AND SHOULD HAVE WON THE MATCH, BUT SOMEBODY CAME ON THE GROUND WITH A CONFOUNDED HYENA-COLOURED BULL-TERRIER, WHO RAN AFTER THE BALL, AND WOULDN'T GIVE IT UP!

time, in order to show how simple and unworldly he really was, he sported a watch-guard made of common pack-thread, and left his luxuriant locks untouched by the comb.

They got to the "small and early" an hour and a half too soon, and had to disport themselves alone in those gilded Belgravian Saloons until the company had done dinner. Presently the great and gay came trooping in, and the SPRATTS mingled with the glittering throng, and liked it very much, especially Mrs. S., who thought it very civil and attentive; it is not too much to say that she attracted far more notice than any of the highborn ladies there, even the Papuan ambassadress.

In the course of the evening, Mrs. SPRATT was prevailed upon by her amiable hostess (whom nobody had ever been known to resist) to sit on a stool, as she had done in the famous picture, and darn a beautiful blue and yellow silk sock of the Baronet's to a running accompaniment on the pianoforte by one of our rising composers, who had been cunningly invited on purpose, while SPRATT was made to stand by in the attitude of an early Italian Master consumed by a pure but wasting passion.

This impromptu tableau had an immense success, and our simple friends were the lions of the evening, and passed a delightful time, and quickly, but firmly, resolved that this outer world they had taken such pains to shun had its charms, and that they would certainly cease to shun it in future.

Mrs. SPRATT'S deep-rooted dislike to the female dress of the present day did not last much longer than her life-long prejudice against the aristocracy. The very next morning after that small and early, she discarded the mediæval garments she had hitherto worn with such disdain for the eccentricities of modern fashion, and put herself into the hands of the best dress-maker in town. She had always looked lovely in her quaint old-fashioned attire, although the irreverent outside world had been wont to smile thereat as she took her walks abroad; but oh! how far lovelier she looked in the latest Paris mode, with chamois-leather underclothing, and tightly clinging skirts that showed her as she really was! The simple-minded JACK hardly recognised her, and in the depths of his modest mind he made comparisons between his wife and his lay figure, that were not always to the advantage of the latter.

He also bespoke the services of a fashionable West-End Artist; no more suburban evening suits for him! but a beautiful dress-coat, with black velvet collar, and watered-silk facings; a white waistcoat, with three coral buttons to match the shirt-studs, only bigger; trousers cut rather wide; neat pumps, and black silk socks, with white clocks (just such as *Mr. Punch* wears himself); and for his button-hole a *Stephanotis*, in a little glass tube full of water to keep it fresh.

One invitation leads to another, when the invited are as beautiful as Mrs. SPRATT, and as clever and modest as her husband, and especially when they possess such unhackneyed social accomplishments; soon she could scarcely see her lovely face in the Chippendale mirror over the front parlour mantelpiece, for the coroneted notes and cards of invitation she was able to stick there.

It is true that the plucky Baronet's Lady had dropped the SPRATTS a week after she had taken them up (in favour of a female *Æolian* harpist, with a blind Albino brother, and a very clever and faithful dog), but during that week she had raved about them so much, and presented them to so many people, that they were fairly launched on the sea of London Society, and no longer thought much of Baronets and their good ladies.

As in duty bound, Mrs. SPRATT was presented at Court. She also purchased a *Peerage*, &c., and learnt therein who was connected with whom, and all about everybody worth knowing; and grew to talk in sympathetic tones about the dear Marchioness, and poor Lady ANNA MARIA, who was such a martyr to rheumatism; and such like smart people; and you couldn't mention any Lady of decent fashion before her but what she would ask, "Who *was* she, by the bye?" if she didn't know; or if she did, she would insist on telling you, whether you wanted or not.

Not the least important result of these genealogical studies was that she established to her own satisfaction that the JOHN SPRATTS must be descended from the same stock as the ST. JOHN D'ESPERATS, of Chalkstoneshire, and were consequently entitled to bear the same crest, which she forthwith had engraved on her notepaper and envelopes; and on suddenly discovering that the head and last remaining scion of that ancient but impecunious house had recently cut his throat in a fit of *delirium tremens*, after having been publicly

kicked out of the Kingston race-course for welching, she felt the family disgrace so keenly that it quite upset her; and although she made JACK SPRATT wear a hat-band, and went into slight mourning herself, just for decency's sake, she would not allow the sad event to be mentioned or discussed in her presence.

As for JACK, he was in the seventh heaven at all this, as well indeed he might be; not that he thought his wife's beauty had anything to do with their sudden rise in the social scale; although modest to a fault, he felt that Society was only honouring itself in honouring such genius as his, but it pleased and touched him to see how cordially, for his sake, Society had also welcomed the one he loved best, and his bosom swelled with manly pride, to see how well she bore herself and held her own.

How often it happens that the great male Spratts of this world do not achieve fame, and thus become ornaments of Society, and worth its notice, till their females have tarnished their bright scales and hardened their pretty fins in household cares, and the nursing of innumerable Sprattlings (or shall we call them whitebait.) So that sometimes, the great ones of the earth, and especially the would-be great ones, and more especially their womankind, and most especially such of their womankind, as are neither useful nor ornamental, would gladly welcome the gifted husband, and leave the thrifty wife out in the cold; and gifted husbands are sometimes so supple-backed, and thrifty wives so meek and lowly, as to acquiesce in such an arrangement. In which case, *Mr. Punch*, who really loves the poor in spirit, and can thoroughly appreciate grovelling self-abasement in others (if it be only genuine and sincere), hardly knows which to commend the most, the husband or the wife.

Nor is he at all unsympathetic, when he sees some titled lady-radical, who rates modest (male) worth higher than Norman blood; or better still, some fourth-rate woman of fashion, say some rich contractor's wife, or some wealthy stock-broker's lion-hunting widow, who wishes to make her house attractive; pressing her hospitality on some small now rickety lion, with a sprouting mane, say an amateur tenor, while she altogether forgets to invite his muneless but faithful consort, who can only roar at home; and if said lion, such as he is, accepts said invitation, and allows his lioness to be passed over and ignored, even by the greatest lady in the land, it suits *Mr. Punch's* humour, to get himself introduced to that lion, and after the usual compliments to hiss into his ear,

"Doff thy lion's hide,
And hang a livery on those recalcitrant limbs."

And he must be uncommon smart at repartee for an amateur tenor if he can parry such a home-thrust as that.

Mais, revenons à nos — By the bye, what is the French for Spratts? Perhaps there are no such fish or people in that democratic country, so we will return instead to the trusty friends, who, thank Heaven! are to be found in all countries. In this country, alas! which is not democratic, trusty friends who are not asked to dine and dance with the Aristocracy, very seldom tolerate those who are. They say spiteful things calculated to take one down; and Mrs. SPRATT did not like to be taken down. It was especially distasteful to her when she happened quite by accident to mention the dear Marchioness, and poor Lady ANNA MARIA with her rheumatics, or to bewail Lord GEORGE'S unhappy *mésalliance* with an attorney's daughter, that these tried and trusty friends should yawn, or hum, or whistle out of tune, as they would invariably do on such occasions; moreover, their innocent prattle about the grand Old Masters (peace to whose ashes!), had begun very much to pall on Mrs. SPRATT; and she had grown to dislike the cut of the trusty friends' clothes, and the way they wore their hair, and other mediæval ways they had, so that a coolness gradually made itself felt between them. At last they fell out altogether, sad to say, and parted. It happened thus:—

JACK SPRATT and his wife had been driven on a drag to Hurlingham by a noble lord of their acquaintance. Mrs. SPRATT had sat on the box-seat, and with the exception of the two grooms (and of her husband, who had been put inside), there had sat nobody behind her back of humbler rank than the younger son of an Earl. After a delightful afternoon, they were set down at their own door. There was to have been a dress evening with the trusty friends at JACK'S house that night; and one of them, PETER LEONARDO PYE, was to have read a series of original poems, entitled *Dank Kisses from Mildewed Lips*. Mrs. SPRATT bade a regretful farewell to all the smart young men, and on entering her dwelling with a sigh, she found the trusty friends assembled in the hall. They were austere pulling off their trousers, and revealing themselves in brand new mediæval tights of purple silk, and short green doublets of a stuff they called "samite." At this sudden sight, Mrs. SPRATT's dormant sense of humour was at last aroused, and she poured forth such peals upon peals of laughter, that these unhappy men were offended beyond all hopes of reconciliation, and dragging on their everyday reach-me-downs in great haste, they shook the dust off their feet on the door-step, and left that hospitable house, never to return there again!

This incident led to the first misunderstanding that had ever occurred between JACK SPRATT and his wife. He upbraided her with the loss of his old friends; whereupon she told him that it was no loss at all, and that they were a "duffing lot"—an expression she must have heard at Hurlingham, or on the baronial box-seat.

And Mr. and Mrs. JACK SPRATT, who had been so closely united in thought, feeling, and sympathy, or, rather, who had always been as perfect complements to each other, each completing the other's being through harmonious dissimilarity of taste as thoroughly as did their thrice happy namesakes in the undying nursery rhyme, and like them reaching a common goal by apparently divergent ways, were no longer one and indivisible evermore.

THE SEAMAN AND THE SCRIBE.

(A Story without an End.)

The Scribe
recounteth
how he met
the Sea-
man.

"Twas a Seaman old and hoary,
Hoary as a crusted Oyster,
Crusted with an ancient glory,
Silvered by the sea-foam hoar.
Matted was his beard and ropy;
Ropy likewise were his features;
Shiny as with friction soapy;
As he paced the pebbly shore.
Also he expectorated
Freely, as he paced the shore.

And how
he resolved
to pump
him.

Here, I said, is food for story;
Story full of strange adventure,
Full of phantoms, grim and gory,
Brimful of outlandish lore.
I will question this old party;
I will probe his inmost nature;
I will board him, free and hearty;
I will search him to the core.
Then I'll write a thrilling story
Which shall stir men to the core.



He address-
eth him in
moving
terms.

"Seaman," said I, "by your features,
You have been in seas tempestuous;
You have seen some fearful creatures—
Great sea-serpents by the score.
Tell me of the lovely mermaids
Singing in the coral forests;
Tell me of those wondrous fair maids,
Tell me freely, I implore!
Weird and wicked though it may be,
Tell their story, I implore!"

Strange
conduct of
the Sea-
man.

Not a word that Seaman uttered,
Nothing said he, nothing answered;
Save a kind of rumbling, muttered
Sound, as though he groaned, or swore.
But he pointed o'er his shoulder,
Where I spied a humble Tavern:
Then, my courage growing bolder,
Quick I sought its open door.
I am what you call Teetotal,
Yet I passed that Tavern door.

The Scribe
proceedeth
to prime
him.

There I gave him rum-and-water,
Whiskey, and likewise a gin-sling;
Then he took some bottled porter;
Also Brandy-punch galore.
Still that Seaman, old and wrinkled,
Did not yet begin his story.
Only in his eye there twinkled
Something of the treat in store;
For his eye grew moist and glistening—
Glistening at the treat in store.

How the
Story was
baffled.

Sudden, rose he, grim and steady;
Stood a moment, glaring at me;
Then, in husky accents, said he,
"Shipmet!"—this, and nothing more.

How the
Story was
balked.

Sudden, slipped he 'neath the table—
Slipped and rolled with graceful motion,
Till he'd reached his length of cable,
Till he'd reached the Tavern floor.
Great was my surprise to see him
Stretched so neatly on the floor.



The Scribe
explaineth,
and maketh
an apology.

Thus I left that Seaman hoary—
Thus I lost his wondrous story;
For I think he had a story,
Such as man ne'er heard before.
Ought I to have waited longer?
Ought I to have primed him farther?
P'rhaps my patience had been stronger
Had he not begun to snore—
I would cheerfully have waited,
But I could not stand his snore!

OUR SAVIOURS.

(A Little Drama of the Day.)

SCENE I.

Britannia (to Reserve Man). I am glad to see, my fine fellow, that you have responded to your Country's call with such noble alacrity.

Reserve Man. Well, Ma'am, duty's duty, you know.

Britannia. Exactly! A truly English sentiment, which does you infinite honour. Go forth, my friend, with the inspiring consciousness that the eyes of your countrymen are upon you!

Reserve Man. Well, Ma'am, I dare say it's all right. I'm rather fidgety about my wife and children, though. Perhaps the eyes of my countrymen wouldn't mind giving a bit of a look to them while they are about it.

Britannia. Never fear, my friend, never fear! A Conservative Government is now in power; Imperial spirit, proud patriotism, and true liberality have taken the place of pettifogging parochialism and cheese-paring.

Reserve Man. Thank'ye, Ma'am; that sounds well. Quite a pleasure to serve such a Country and such a Cabinet!

Chorus of Jubilant Jingoos. Splendid spectacle! Noble devotion! British pluck and simple dutifulness once more magnificently illustrated! Capital move this of the Government's. Complete checkmate to those rascally Russians! Let's go and drink the health of Lord R. and our brave Reserves!

SCENE II.

Chorus of Jubilant Jingoos. Peace with Honour! Precisely! Rascally Russians caved in! Calling out of the Reserves did it! Expense indeed! Why, that move saved us untold millions. Besides, perish expense when the national honour's at stake! England can afford to pay for the preservation of her prestige, we should hope. Reserves disbanded? Ah! so I hear. Grumbling! Oh, nonsense! far too fine fellows for that! Bogus tales, Sir, nothing more; last card played by those precious Radicals. Let us drink to their discomfiture, and the health of our patriotic Government!

[Left doing so.]

SCENE III.

Britannia (to disbanded Reserve Man). Well, my good man, what do you want? *Reserve Man.* Pretty nearly everything, I'm sorry to say, Ma'am.

Britannia. Pray be more explicit.

Reserve Man. Well, then, bread for my family, and work for myself.

Britannia. How is it you are out of work?

Reserve Man. I left my employment at the call of my Country, to help frighten the Russians from Constantinople. I wasn't wanted, after all, except for show. You assured me that the eyes of my Countrymen were upon me; they seem now to be in quite another quarter.

Britannia. Well, but are not your old employers sufficiently patriotic to take you back again?

Reserve Man. I was in Government employ, you see. They tell me that as I left at my own wish—that's their pleasant way of putting it, Ma'am!—I have no claim upon them. As to my countrymen, they are too busy cheering the Government, to think of me, or subscribe to the Reserve Relief Society.

Britannia. Well, really I don't quite see how I can help you. But there—there's the Workhouse, you know.

Reserve Man (indignantly). The Workhouse? Would "the eyes of my Countrymen" care to see me there?

Britannia. Well, well, just for the present, you know, till things mend a bit, or something turns up.

Reserve Man. Still, it doesn't seem exactly the place for a man who has served his country, as a soldier, for five-and-twenty years, and helped the Government to bring home "Peace with Honour."

Britannia. Ahem! Perhaps not, but—well, really, you must excuse me for the present. I want to run down into Lancashire, to hear my Tuneful Three in their popular symphony on the pleasant theme of "Peace and plump Pockets."

[Exit hurriedly.]

Reserve Man. Well, really it seems rather hard lines for a saviour of his country to have no choice between starvation and the Workhouse. (To Chorus of Jubilant Jingoos.) Perhaps you, Gentlemen, could help—

Chorus of Jubilant Jingoos (waving him off). Begone, unfortunate pauper! Quite ashamed of you! Ought to have saved up the fourpence a day which a lavish country allowed you when on service. (Exit Reserve Man, sorrowfully.)

All bosh! Don't believe a word of it. Exceptional case anyhow, and even a patriotic Government can't be expected to provide for exceptional cases. Put up to it by those precious Radicals, I shouldn't wonder. Awful spongers, these low fellows! Only did his duty, after all; and a patriot should be too proud to beg. What!—Russia up to her games in Afghanistan, eh? Told you so! However, BRAKEY has his eye on 'em, no doubt. Have out the Reserves and the Indian troops again like a shot if it's necessary. That'll bother the buggars! Oh, trust him to trump their best card. Here's a toast, Gentlemen: "The PREMIER, Imperial patriotism, and no petty purse-pinching!!!" Let's go and drink it in a bumper!

[Left liquoring.]

SUNDAY OPENING AT MANCHESTER.

An example to most, if not all, Town Councils and Corporations in the United Kingdom (particularly in Scotland) has been set by the municipal body named in the subjoined quotation from a newspaper:—

"SUNDAY OPENING OF FREE LIBRARIES.—The Manchester City Council have instructed their Free Libraries' Committee to make arrangements for the opening of the reference and branch libraries of that city on Sunday afternoons. The resolution was carried by 28 to 20."

Such appears to be the proportion in the Manchester City Council of the wise Councillors to those who are otherwise. Notwithstanding that the former exceed the latter in the above ratio, there is still a considerable minority in favour of refusing to allow working classes on Sunday a place of resort for moral and intellectual entertainment to repair to as well as the public-house. But the interests of Society have triumphed over the stupidity of Sabbatarianism; and now that the public libraries, as well as the public-houses, are to be open on Sundays at Manchester, and the workpeople can slake their mental as well as their bodily thirst, it may be hoped that a decline will soon be visible in the statistics of drunkenness.

Punch.

(From an Objective and from a Subjective Point of View.)

German Reader (Ph. Dr.) to English ditto. Now I will ask you, my dear young friend, how was you read your *Punch*?

English Reader. Easy chair; pipe; half hour real enjoyment.

German Reader. Ach, mein arme junge freund, but you English was not understand neimale den hoch seligen *Punch*. How was I read him? I wait de night, I wrap one wet towel around mein kopf, I trink in his innermost meaning doo, drie hours, I weep, ich schwitze, I get up betterer, wiserer, strongerer. Das ist der wirkliche *Punch*gelesenheit.

Candid Arbitr. Both right in their ways. Only the golden and the silver side of the shield.

RAILWAY MISMANAGEMENT.

FOR the unpunctuality of trains it may be observed that there are other parties a great deal more to blame than the Pointsmen.



THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

(This is the second time that Mudge has pricked her finger—the first time it bled so much that Mamma felt quite faint, and had to drink a glass of Sherry;—now it's Jack's turn.)

Mamma. "WELL, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU, JACK?"

Jack. "OH! I FEEL RATHER FAINT, THAT'S ALL. IS THERE SUCH A THING AS A FUN IN THE HOUSE?"

"THERE AND (NOT) BACK!"

DEATH sits in his ticket-box, issuing forth
For the east, and the west, and the south, and the north,
His holiday billets. His task as he plies,
The Spectre looks gay, and with reason;

For Time, his old friend, who so faithfully tries
To fill the Anatomy's maw as he flies,
Has brought back the Holiday Season!

The Holiday Season! A very grim jest,
Which Death may well mouth with ineffable zest,
As he reckons the harvest it brings him.

But the holiday-maker? Perhaps he is one
Who may well be excused for not seeing the fun,
E'en although, for the time, he has luckily run
The cordon of danger that rings him.

For hearts must beat low at the hideous tale
Of multiplied slaughter by river and rail,
And steadiest nerves at the prospect may fail

The annual risk of renewing,
If, spite of all science, and labour, and care,
He who fronts pleasure's fast-growing perils must dare
Such horrible, swift, multitudinous wreck,
As comes when the Demon of War, without check,
Red fields with his victims is strewing.

"Weak sentiment!" smiles the calm Cynic, and airs
The time-honoured saw about Accidents.* Well,
Men who sit safe at home, with an eye to their shares,
May philosophise thus; but the mind which will dwell
On the pangs of that awful ten minutes of terror,
And the wide-spreading woe it were hard to o'erstate,
May inquire if the judgment may not be in error,
Which sets it all down to indifferent Fate.

* "Accidents will happen in the best regulated families."

Glib talk of per-centage, and average may tire,
When Grim Death's the assessor, and lives are his hire;
Has Greed never brand in the game, which enhances
The "average" due to the "doctrine of chances"?
Has callous Incaution, which heeds not, nor recks,
No need of stern urgings, and strenuous checks,
Which Public Opinion, plus Law, may administer?
May means not be tried, and not wholly in vain,
To lessen the sum of the annual gain,

Of that spectre so gloating and sinister?
"Lucre-lust, and impatience of trouble and care
Are her caterers twain, and the mischievous pair
Must be countered by Caution and Reason;
And then it may prove that, in spite of the saw,
And of high-sounding talk about Chance and its law,
Death need not be regarded with panic-struck awe,
Fated Lord of the Holiday Season!"

Expert and Tyro.

Old Novelist (he) to Young Ditto (she). Well, my dear, how does your book get on?

Young Novelist. Nearly finished my second volume.

Old Novelist. Ah! then you have married your hero and heroine each to the wrong person, and are looking out for new, easy, and natural ways of killing off your obstructives.

Young Novelist (overwhelmed with astonishment). Oh, my dear Mr. OLDBIRD, how could you possibly know?

Old Novelist (with calm smile of ripe experience). "Know," my dear? Why, it is the regulation pattern. Booksellers will not publish anything else.

THE REAL "BEES' SELL."—Taking the honey.



"THERE AND (NOT) BACK!"

(Vide any Daily Newspaper.)

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.



Covent Garden Promenade Concerts—C Minor—News from Switzerland.

A STUPENDOUS Musical Amateur insisted upon my going with him to hear "C Minor," and to make

a note of it. We ended by making a night of it, but that mustn't be laid to the score of "C Minor," and, in fact, is neither here nor there. Well, we dined, wisely and well, and then went to the "C Minor." We entered our box at Covent Garden amid suppressed cheers from the crowd, and, after scattering largesse to the officials (a silver fourpenny to the venerable box-keeper, who mistook it for sixpence, and wept with gratitude), we bowed to the house, then to Mr. ARTHUR SULLIVAN, and seated ourselves.

Miss ROSE HERSE had just finished singing, as my Stupendous Friend explained to me, "*Her-see Minor*." This was his fun, and I begged him not to repeat it. He did, however, several times, having, as I subsequently discovered, only two jokes for the evening, the one leading up to the other. The other came after he had given me the first several times. I had just begged him not to harp on this one string, when he replied, with a diabolical chuckle, that this was the part of the concert for which he was engaged, i.e., "to harp on one string."

After this I sat gloomy and discontented, thinking how poverty makes strange boxfellows—for it was his box, not mine, and I was in his power,—when M. PAUL VIARDOT struck up *Scènes de Ballet* on his violin. I should have enjoyed this hugely, but for the accompaniment of soda-water corks in the distance, which I venture to say would spoil "C Minor" itself. How M. PAUL VIARDOT could get on at all with "Pop goes the Soda" going on behind him, I don't know. This *Ouverture d'Eau de Seltz* ought to be restricted to the Monday "Pops." Why can't there be a few drinking bars' rest during a solo?

'Twas very hard, oh,
On Monsieur VIARDOT!

but the eminent Conductor, who so ably half fills the chair at the Promenade Concerts, doesn't seem to mind it, so why should *nous autres*?

My stupendous and accomplished musical Friend explained everything to me, scientifically. M. VIARDOT having retired gracefully after being recalled enthusiastically, the orchestra played the *Gavotte from Mignon*. It only lasted a few minutes, and roused the audience to enthusiasm. It was vociferously redemanded. My accomplished Friend applauded until his gloves split, and his spectacles dropped into the promenade below (which gave him another opportunity of reproducing his joke about "C minor"—it was something about being able to "see minor" without them), but Mr. ARTHUR

SULLIVAN would not yield. There he sat with his back to the excited crowd, stern, passive, impassible. He calmly looked at his watch, as though in his capacity of M.D.—Musical Doctor—he were feeling the pulse of the audience. "You don't have this *Gavotte* again!" he seemed to say. Even the band looked up to him with pale, imploring faces, but he wouldn't give it again, or, as my irrepressible friend said, he wouldn't "*gave-cotte* again." The turmoil gradually ceased. The soft-hearted band sighed, but "the Governor was resolved," and up came Miss ANTOINETTE STERLING to sing us "*False Friend, wilt thou smile or weep?*" by J. W. DAVISON. Courteously the Conductor rose, and placing himself at the piano with an affable gentleman by his side, to turn over a new leaf for him, he accompanied the song, which went admirably. During this, the soda-water-cork accompaniment was conspicuous by its absence.

"Now," cried my Friend, "for 'C Minor'!"

There was the *Allegro con brio*—then the *Andante con moto*—then the *Scherzo allegro*, running into (without any accident, thank goodness) the *Allegro*.

The gay and careless promenaders stopped to listen to the magic of BEETHOVEN, and the waiters and the barmaids were struck motionless during the *con moto*. You could have heard a remark drop, had any one dared to let one fall. No, we all listened in rapt attention, my Stupendous and accomplished Friend humming the tit-bits *sotto voce*, and materially assisting Mr. SULLIVAN by beating time with his right hand over the ledge of the box. As the *Allegro* finished, my Stupendous Friend rose from his seat, and, frowning upon me as though challenging, or defying contradiction, addressed me thus,

"The *Allegro*," he said, firmly and authoritatively, "is the point where Human Genius has reached its uttermost limits," and with this he strode grandly from the box, in so otherworldly transcendental a manner that, had any one met me immediately afterwards, and told me "Your friend has gone straight up through the roof into the sky above, all among the angels," I should not have been surprised: indeed, I should rather have expected it.

In meditative humour I descended and joined the giddy throng. Somehow I wandered towards the GATTI barn, where music hath charms to soothe the thirsty beast, and I was awake from my reverie by these words from a Johnsonian voice, addressing apparently a select circle, "The *Allegro* is the point where Human Genius has reached its uttermost limits. Waiter, another B. and S., well feed." He was all there,—and I joined him.

On one of the "Classical" nights Mr. SULLIVAN proposes doing the *Opera of HORATIUS FLACCUS*, a symphony from CICERO's charming composition *De Senectute*, and the celebrated chorus of *Poluphoisbois Thalasses* from HOMER PASHA's *Iliad*. Solo, with *Variorum Notes*, by Mons. VIARDOT. Everyone in classical dress. Umbrellas and sandals left at the door.

Mrs. BANCROFT gave a reading from one of DICKENS'S works, for some charitable purpose, I believe, at some pleasant spot in Switzerland. In return, her enthusiastic admirers there have promised her a seat—not in the house, but out of the house—a country-seat, on which her name is to be painted in large letters. Will "Prince of Wales's, every Night" be on it? Or, as a really characteristic memorial of the talented Manageress, why should not that touching appeal to the public be painted on the back of the seat in letters of gold, showing how Mrs. BANCROFT earnestly requests the audience to be in their seats by eight o'clock *punctually*, not so much that they may have the full value of their money, but that they may not lose one word of the charming play (whatever it may be) at her theatre. Madam, I drink to your success, and as many of them in the future as you've had in the past, when ALFRED AUSTIN could write, in a note to *The Season, a Satire*, "Miss MARIE WILTON is every way charming, and can act only in those parts which are written for her; and it is no fault—but rather talent—of hers, that she creates a more lively sensation when she is not speaking than when she is."

If ALFRED AUSTIN was right then, how utterly wrong he is now! Think of the "Robertsonian Comedies"! Polly Eccles in *Caste*, for example. Of course, SARDON'S *Countess Zicka* was out of Mrs. BANCROFT'S line, but it was a marvellous clever mistake for all that, and it wasn't everybody who discovered it as soon as did the *artiste* herself, who deserves a rest, and as they've offered it in Switzerland, I hope it will be accepted. Something resembling local colour might have been given to the entertainment by Mrs. BANCROFT reading a scene or two from *The Maid and the Magpie*, in which Miss MARIE WILTON'S *Pippo* was inimitable. In her first song, almost prophetic, *Pippo* declares—

"I was born to be what Actors term 'a leading man,'

Tiddle de oodle um:

Or, in common parlance, a tragedian.

As *Hamlet* of Denmark to philosophise,

Or, as gallant tar William, to shout 'My dear eyes!'

Tiddle de oodle um."

Imagine *Countess Zicka*, in SARDON'S last Act, when, having been "foiled"—the usual tin-foiled of the stage villain—she is being crushed by Mr. CLAYTON, representative of "all the virtues"—



"COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE."

imagine, I say, *Countess Zicka*, when recalling the memories of her past career, so as to touch the callous hearts, suddenly coming upon that particular reminiscence of "Tiddle de oodle um"!'

Uncle Tom's Cabin won't do in its present form. Why "our boys" in the Gallery can do a better break-down than these Niggers; and then we have all seen the imitation, which is so much better than the real thing. Little *Eva* (most intelligently played by Miss *CARRIE COOTE*) is a horrid prig of a child, and *Uncle Tom* a canting old nuisance, enough to irritate any master. Mr. *CHARLES WARNER* as *George Harris*, has a deal of shouting and stamping to go through; and the bravest thing he does, in his character of hero and defender of the innocent and afflicted, is to stand on a platform, and fire a revolver, shooting the Comic Man six times through the umbrella. This brings down the Comic Man and the curtain, with

a roar from the audience; but it is not much for a hero to do, after all—not, I mean, exactly an act on which he would like, subsequently, to rest his reputation as a hero.

Messrs. *JARRITT* and *PALMER*, however, are first-rate Showmen, best after *BARNUM*, bar none; and they're safe to make it pay: but they've got their work cut out for them here, says

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S. There is to be a *Matinée* at the Gaiety next Saturday, in aid of the funds of one of the most deserving charities in London. It may be here recorded that every one of Mr. *JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD's* employes, without exception, have given their services on this occasion for the benefit of the Hospital for Sick Children. Cheques can be sent to the Manager; and "Friends at a distance will kindly accept this intimation," and forward the tin, and the good cause.



A NEW PANACEA.

Doctor. "MY DEAR SIR, YOU ARE SUFFERING FROM NERVOUS EXHAUSTION, THE RESULT OF OVERWORK—YOUR ONLY CHANCE IS PERFECT REST FOR SIX MONTHS, COMBINED WITH THE MOST FAULTLESS DIET, THE PUREST AIR, AND THE MOST UNEXCEPTIONAL HYGIENIC CONDITIONS."

Patient. "AND HOW AM I TO PROCURE THEM!"

Doctor. "I WILL TELL YOU. AS YOU LEAVE MY HOUSE, TAKE ONE OF MY UMBRELLAS WITH YOU. THERE ARE SEVERAL IN THE HALL. I WILL HAVE YOU RUN IN BEFORE YOU TURN THE CORNER OF THE STREET, AND IN A DAY OR TWO YOU WILL FIND YOURSELF IN THE MOST IDEAL CIRCUMSTANCES FOR REGAINING YOUR HEALTH, STRENGTH, AND SPIRITS. WHEN THESE ARE RESTORED, I WILL SEE THAT YOUR CHARACTER IS DULY CLEARED, AND YOU WILL BE ABLE TO RESUME YOUR INVALUABLE LABOURS FOR THE GOOD OF MANKIND!"

LIFE IN HIM YET.

As there appears to exist considerable divergence of opinion as to the simplest method of speedily and effectually "re-organising" his rather impossible friend, the Turk, *Mr. Punch*, who has received many interesting but conflicting suggestions on the subject, takes a random handful, and pins them up before him. The general outlook being promising, *Mr. Punch* subjoins a few as under, to wit:—

Let the SULTAN—say, on and after the fifth of November next—with a view to the reduction of all superfluous expenditure,

- (1) Never take part in any State ceremonial that involves the use of accessories other than a plain kitchen chair, two broomsticks, a couple of boys, a few decorations in coloured ribbon, and a newspaper cocked hat, and—on such occasions as the Opening of Parliament or the marriage of some member of the Royal house—perhaps a dark lantern, a bundle of matches, and a pair of gilt pantomime spectacles;
- (2) Have his Civil List cut down to eighty pounds per annua, payable quarterly, accept Rosherville as a winter residence, and appear on three five shilling Saturdays, during the height of the season, at the Crystal Palace;
- (3) Make up any deficiency in his income, as thus secured, by giving private lessons in etiquette to intending British Oriental Residents.

Let a spirited Joint Stock Company take over the whole of Constantinople as it stands, and open it, not later than the 1st of May next, as an International Aquarium, and Five o'clock Tea Gardens, at which fully paid-up Fellows shall have the privilege—

"EXCURSIONS! ALARUMS!"

As soon as the Excursion Season begins, the "points" become a fertile cause of railway accidents. The points which we allude to are principally these:—

A point of starting trains so quickly on the heels—or wheels—of one another, that the pointsmen grow confused, and can scarce tell which is which, and the Signalmen get tired, and make confusion worse confounded.

A point of neglecting to provide continuous brakes, and thus continuously exposing the heads and limbs of passengers to the risk of breakage.

A point of penny-wise economy in the manning of small Stations with a brace or so of boys, who, though they labour manfully, are utterly incompetent to do the work required of them.

A point of cutting Cheap Fast Trains in two, and sending off one-half without sending off due notice all along the line that the other half is following.

A point of shunting heavy goods waggons in the greatest haste, and when there is the greatest chance of some train running into them.

A point of perilous pound-foolishness in keeping Signalmen at their posts, until worn-out, they fall asleep, and mistake them for their bed-posts.

A point of crowding twenty people into a compartment, so that they cannot make their exit safely in the scanty time allowed them at bye-stations.

A point of working Engine Drivers so long at a stretch, that they will nigh ere the end of it are driven from their senses.

QUESTION FOR CHANGE.—When is a Joint Stock Company like a watch? Always. When it is going as well as when it is wound up.

- (1) Of introducing two friends to the reserved seats;
- (2) Of being eligible to any posts of emolument that happen to fall vacant in Eastern Roumelia;
- (3) Of ordering hot dinners on the premises before two P.M.; and
- (4) Of taking the rank and title of Turkish Pashas in England and the Channel Islands.

Let reform commence in the whole of Asia Minor simultaneously, by the immediate introduction into all towns, numbering a population of 5,000 souls, of—

- (1) A circulating library;
- (2) A Policeman;
- (3) A music-hall; and
- (4) A public-house; the number of the latter to be determined by the wants of the locality, estimated by the reasonable ratio of one to every 215 inhabitants.

Let capital flow freely to the East, and, hand in hand with enterprise, arrange a complete net-work of railways that shall bring the Caspian as close as Cowes and render the Euphrates as popular for water-parties as the Thames; the whole scheme being helped on by the opening of a cricket-ground at Bagdad, and the establishment of a branch of the *Ramsgate Marina* at the head of the Persian Gulf;

And lastly, let any financial deficiencies, should such arise from a vigorous prosecution of the above programme, be instantly made up from the teeming gold, silver, copper, diamond, and other mines that are only waiting the arrival of the requisite Government plant to be worked at this moment triumphantly in Cyprus.

Mr. Punch can only add that if a careful perusal of the above does not make the Turk and his friends happy and hopeful—nothing will.



DRACONIAN.

SCENE—Police Court, North Highlands.

Accused. "PUT, PAULIE, IT'S NA PROVIT!"

Bailie. "HOOT TOOTS, TONAL, AND HEAR ME SPEAK! AW'LL ONLY FINE YE HA'F-A-CROON THE DAY, BECAUSE ET'S NO YARRA WELL PROVIT. BUT IF EVER YE COME BEFORE ME AGAIN, YE'LL NO GET AFF UNDER FIVE SHILLIN'S, WHITHER ET'S PROVIT OR NO!"

HARD WORK IN THE WORKHOUSE.

Our friend, Mr. BUMBLE, has been greatly scandalised by the perusal, in a daily paper, of "A Magistrate's Experience of Stone-breaking," as related by his Worship himself, Mr. ALBERT SIMPSON, of Elmhurst, near Garstang, in a letter to the Garstang Board of Guardians. Mr. SIMPSON had occasionally had, as a duty, to send vagrants to prison for refusing to complete their task of stone-breaking in the vagrant cells at the Garstang Workhouse; but, as many of them declared they were unable, he, feeling now and then not quite satisfied that justice was done them, determined to "put the matter to the test by breaking a 'task' of stones" himself—a proceeding which Mr. BUMBLE deprecates as "werry doggeratory and in for a dig."

Having, however, formed the resolution to do what seems so derogatory to our Beadle, Mr. SIMPSON heroically did it, as he thus describes:—

"Accordingly I went into a cell, and, without asking any instructions, proceeded to break the stones. I found fully three-fourths of the stones such as any man in moderate health, and unskilled in stone-breaking, could manage, but the remainder were quite beyond the power of an unpractised hand. It took me over five hours of incessant labour to complete the lot, of which time nearly one-half was consumed in breaking six stones, which defied for a long time my utmost strength, although I am not unskilled in the use of the hammer. The fact was, that I did not understand the grain of particular stones, which a practised hand would have split easily; and I have no doubt that, through ignorance of the work, I exercised sufficient strength to have broken four times the quantity I did. I completed the task thoroughly exhausted, and with my hands raw and in many places bleeding."

"For a Swell to demean his self like that," says Mr. BUMBLE, "may be all werry well for a Immature Casual a-goin to write a article about it in a newspaper, 'cause bisnis is bisnis; but a Magistrate got no bisnis to interfere with the arraignments of Workus interiors, and witch I consider a most improper violation of porochial economy."

Mr. BUMBLE deprecates any attention on the part of "porochial" authorities to any such "speechious" representations as these:—

"Of course my object was to do the work exactly as a casual tramp would do who had never done it before, and I know now where I wasted my labour; but I can assure you I can quite understand why a weakly man, ignorant of stone-breaking, prefers to go to gaol rather than to complete such a task. Now, the result of the present system is that the casual vagrant who is really in search of work has inflicted upon him what not only amounts to positive punishment, but also more or less incapacitates him for work; whilst the habitual vagrant gets through his task without difficulty, and the better man of the two gets placed in the worst position, which is contrary to all justice."

"No sitch a thing," insists Mr. BUMBLE. "None on 'em better, and none wus than another, all alike, not a pin to choose between none on 'em, all tramps and wagrants and wagabones, the 'ole bilin, all ekally poor, and all to be put together under the 'ed of vicious puppers."

Mr. SIMPSON proceeds to suggest:—

"1. That a copy of instructions on stone-breaking be hung in each cell, to be read to those vagrants who cannot read it for themselves. 2. That either the extra hard stones are kept out of the 'task' allotted to the casual vagrants, or that they have the option of some other labour, such as oakum picking, which must be made equally remunerative to the ratepayers."

The expense of furnishing "those despicable wagrants" with a copy of instructions on stone-breaking in each of their cells, is strongly objected to by Mr. BUMBLE. "Let 'em find it out," he says, "as they was meant to, and don't put the beggars to no other labour but what the ratepayers is sure to find remunerative a good deal more than ekally." Viewing pauper task-work as simply a ratepayer's question, Mr. BUMBLE, "with all due difference to a Wurshipful Justis of the Peece," considers the concluding observation of Mr. SIMPSON's letter the only sensible saying it contains:—

"It must be borne in mind that every one of these unfortunate men sent to prison entails considerable extra expense on the ratepayers."

"Yes," assents Mr. BUMBLE, "the expense of the ratepayers; that's the pint. Don't send the willanous wagrants to jale by no means! Compell 'em to break stones, weather they can without urtin theirselves or no. Let a able-bodied inmate stand over every one on 'em as refuses with a good 'osswhip. Stone-breaking is the properest tax wot is or can be for them abandond outcasts. They asks for bread, and they receives stones as well; and if that isn't gorspel, I don't know who is."

Nevertheless, may there not be a degree of doubt in some minds, if oakum-picking, considered as task-work, is not hard labour, almost, if not quite, sufficiently severe for the punishment of merely casual vagrancy, to which the vagrant, honest and industrious, has been reduced by altogether unmerited misfortune, like, for example, a discharged Reserve Man out of employ?

New Nursery Rhyme.

RIDE the high-horse!
Cocky HANBURY'S CROSS
To see an old Statesman select his own course.
He calls him Arch-Traitor,
Chief friend of our foes,
And bullyrags GLADSTONE wherover he goes.

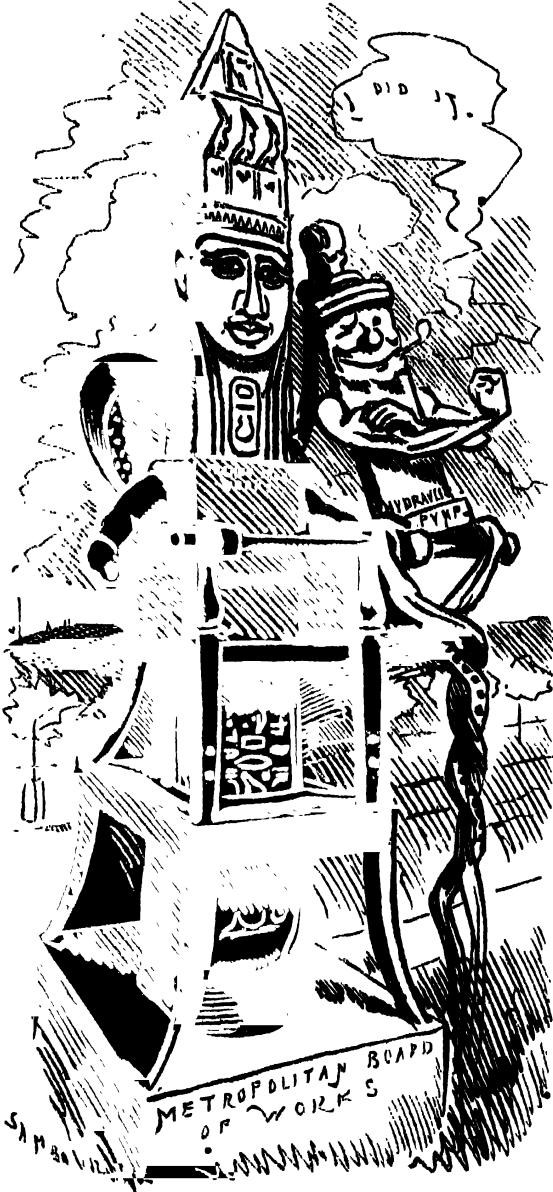
Fees and Fares.

"A CABMAN" who reads his paper on the seat of his box, suggests as to the question about "Fees and Physicians," that, as a Physician's fee is really a mere gratuity, when a patient asks him how much he is indebted to him, the Doctor might answer, "Leave it to you, Sir." Cabby thinks it would succeed.

"ANOTHER CABMAN" proposes that in case a Physician is presented with an honorarium of one guinea only, he should extend it to the donor in the palm of his hand, with a stare of astonishment, and ask, "What is this?" And then if he got double fee, what fee could be fairer than that?

"WHAT THE WILD WAVES ARE SAYING."—"We wish we could be quiet (*this hot weather*)."

THE CUTLERS' FEAST.—A Knife and Fork Tea.



AT LAST!

'ARRY ON POOTY WOMEN.

DEAR CHARLIE,

I send ye the photers you asked me to git, in your last. They're a nice little lot, and no error; the pink of the swell and the fast; Which the two nowadays is so mixed, it's no use to try drorin' the line.

There is parties as don't like the "blend," but their humbuggin' notions ain't mine.

I am nuts on nice gals, as you know; pooty faces, and figgers, and that, Are things as I tumble to quick; I'm a 'ot 'un, mate, all round my 'at. And I hold that this photygraaf fakement is proper; it gives yer a peep At a lot as you couldn't be fly to no otherways—not on the cheap.

That's it, don't yer know! Done on canvas these prime 'uns 'ud cost, oh! a pile.

But now, for a bob, you can twig 'em familiar like, doing a smile, Or tipping the wink confidential, as if you was one of their lot, And figged out in wot they calls *dishabille*, took, I should say, when it's 'ot.

The tip-tops are losing their stiffness; the grand highly-tighty don't pay; Which is wot, as I've mentioned afore, is the 'opefullest mark of the day: I'm a bit of a bloomin' feelosopher, CHARLIE, my boy, as you know, And there's lots to be learned from the text of "One shillin' a-piece, all this row."

There's the QUEEN—*she* ain't much to be sure—and there's BESSIE BOLAIR of the Cri.;

By Jingo, 'er bust is a buster, and hasn't she jest got an eye? Then comes Mrs. THREESTARS, of Thingummy, one of the horthy heleet, And I'm blowed if she doosn't run BESSIE a close 'un in figger and feet!

"Mixed pickles," my boy, and no kid. Oh, I've got a whole pile at my den; They'd be flattered to hear the remarks when I'm trottin' 'em hout to our men. To git 'em, jest like ten and srimps at a shillin' a 'ead for the lot, Is prime; and it's kind of 'em, CHARLIE, most kind of 'em, blest if it's not.

In course their sole haim's to oblige *hus*; they earn't care a cuss for the cash. With the batch as I sends yer per post you'll be able to out quite a dash, And astonish the rurals a few, as they mayn't be quite up to it yet, With the sight of the town's latest *belle wreeze-a-wee* with the *bally's* last pet.

I've heard soapy sneakers protest, and declare the whole thing *infry dig*, But I think they 'ad best stow their sermons; I *do* 'ate a sport-spiling prig! If the Swellessos *likes* to be looked at in attitoods yum-yum by *hus*, There's no gent with a taste 'ud object, though they hogled a 'undred times wus.

Which they *can* cast sheep's eyes and no error, the profession don't touch 'em at that, But a pooty gal, gentle, or simple, as earn't use her glims is a flat. It's that and the spicy-cut toggery fetches me (CHARLIE, that's poz, And if you don't say werry much ditto, you ain't arf the 'ot 'un you wos.

"Pooty souls!" When I sits with my halbum, jest like that old bloke in the play, (A nice cup o' tea *that*, old Mivvey!) I feel as we're on the right lay. Don't know, as the tub-thumpers' spout, that the lion lies down with the lamb, But Society's "lions," at least, wag their tails on the cheap, and *that's* jam.

Wot the 'usbands and brothers thinks on it is more than yours truly can tell, But I s'pose one must pocket some pride, if one's game is to smack of the Swell.

It ain't any use to go sticking up "private" on all o' your doors, 'Cos yer see if the public means twigging, sech posters it jolly soon floors.

I say it's one more to our side; shows the toffs give us credit for taste;

And I flatter myself I've a heye for the turn of a hankle or waist: There is one in your lot jest my sort, if I made up my book for to marry:

You see if you're able to spot 'er. Meanwhile, I'm

Yours, nobbily,
'ARRY.

EQUIVOCAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

AN Irish contemporary prints and publishes a "Want" expressed with a dubious perspicuity:—

LODGINGS.—WANTED, in a Christian or Protestant Family, of scrupulously clean habits, one Furnished Room, at £1 per month, about a quarter of an hour from town.—Address, "ECONOMY," office of this paper.

By the disjunctive particle "or" interposed between "Christian" and "Protestant," it may be surmised that the advertiser means to differentiate "Protestant" from "Christian," and express an idea that Protestants are not Christians. On the contrary, we may take "or" in the sense of "otherwise," implying the notion that Protestant and Christian are convertible terms, and that Protestants are the only Christians. "ECONOMY" seems economical in the use of words in a degree amounting to parsimony.

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE JACK SPRATTS.

A Tale of Modern Art and Fashion.

PART III.

MRS. SPRATT had not only learnt how to dress fashionably, and to laugh at the peculiarities of old and trusty friends, and to use vulgar, modern, slang expressions that would have made the fastidious CHAUCER turn in his grave; but she had also learnt how to get rid of that unconsciousness, which had once been as a sweet frame to her beauty, and which had so nobly stood the test of those little round mirrors in her husband's studio.

(Have our Lady readers ever contemplated themselves in one of these?)

During the early days of her married life, she had often sat by her husband in the National Gallery, reading aloud to him, as he copied those singularly seductive types of female loveliness which the early Italian Masters have made so especially their own; and she had shared in his enthusiasm for them, and had often blamed herself for being so utterly unlike.

There had been one picture in particular, the "*Martyrdom of Cupid*," by LUCA SIGNORELLI, in which Cupid himself, and the nymphs who persecute him are of a beauty so overpowering that J. SPRATT and the trusty friends would always feel faint, and weak in their backs and legs, through sheer excess of sensuous pleasure when they gazed at it; and varied as those nymphs were in form, hue, and feature, she could not claim the remotest resemblance to any single nymph amongst them, not even when she tried in a little round mirror.

JACK SPRATT himself, who had fallen in love, courted and married before he had ever seen an old picture, could not but also feel at times that his wife was not quite such as the early Italian Masters would have chosen for a model; and he had been confirmed in this impression by the careless remarks of his trusty friends, who had not yet gotten themselves wives of their own (and who, although they would speak of *each other's* faces as "beautiful," "lovely," "divine," and so forth, were extremely fastidious in the matter of modern female beauty).

This disenchantment had been the one slight drawback to a happiness nearly perfect; but he had always been too much of a Gentleman to reproach his wife with her physical shortcomings; and had found both his consolation and his reward in her gentleness, her gratitude, her admiration for his genius, and her complete devotion to himself.

Moreover, although he could not alter her form, features, and complexion, he had endeavoured to teach her most of the early Italian attitudes, and she had proved a docile and intelligent pupil.

But now all this was changed; for wherever she went she was greeted with an admiration sufficient to turn an older and wiser head than hers; Dukes, Bishops, Generals, Admirals, even Right Honourables vied with each other in paying pretty compliments to the pretty Mrs. SPRATT; so that she grew somewhat vain, and almost seemed at times as though she were half inclined to give herself airs; for instance, she would innocently blurt out before the wives and daughters of these great dignitaries (especially if they happened to be rather plain) that she would sooner be dead than not be beautiful, and the wives and daughters did not always relish these egotistical bursts of confidence.

Then there were the Royal Academicians, who also vied with each other in spoiling her; the painters painted her, one and all; and the sculptors sculpted, and the engravers engraved; while the cantankerous architects looked on with smothered envy; and gay young Associates, fellows of infinite jest, enlivened the sittings with inimitable song, dance, and story.

Not content with painting her, one famous artist, possessed of wide and varied information, and quite an authority in such matters, solemnly stated that so beautiful a woman as Mrs. JOHN SPRATT had not been seen for four hundred years! It requires less than this to make a pretty woman THE FASHION—which Mrs. SPRATT immediately became.

So that even that lily of lilies, born of the foam of the sea, wafted hither from the Channel Isles by soft propitious winds, immortalised by MILLAIS and POYNTER, and enshrined for ever (along with a good many others) in the constant but capacious heart of *Mr. Punch*, was fain to abdicate from her throne in favour of that rose of roses, Mrs. JACK SPRATT; and, to her inexpressible relief, was permitted once more to mingle with the gay and fashionable throng without attracting more notice than any other handsome and well-





"THE R. H. A."

Mrs. Shoddy (who has rung for her Cook). "MRS. SIMMER, I SAW AN OFFICER GOING DOWN MY ARE'. NOW, I WILL NOT ALLOW THIS!"

Cook. "LOK', M'UM, YOU CAN'T OBJEC' TO THAT, M'UM. IT'S ONLY MY SON, M'UM—IN THE R'YAL 'OS ARTILLERY, M'UM—JUST GAZETTED BOMBARDIER HE SAYS, M'UM, AND COME TO SHOW HIS UNIFORM!"

dressed lady; and as handsome and well-dressed ladies are by no means the exception in this gifted land, she had a nice easy time of it; quite a holiday, so to speak.

Not only the Fine Arts, as represented by the Royal Academy, but poetry, literature, and the exact sciences followed suit, and paid homage to the popular Mrs. SPRATT in the persons of their most famous representatives—shining lights, whose names are household words all over the habitable globe; and such homage she would receive at first with gracious condescension, for she made it her queenly boast that she honoured true genius irrespective of birth or breeding; which was very good of her, for in her inmost heart she thought but lightly of these immortals who had worked so hard for their immortality.

It must be remembered that Mrs. SPRATT had lived on terms of daily and familiar intercourse with the greatest geniuses of the age; for such, as she had always been given to understand, were her husband and the trusty friends; and this on their own authority; and these were, of all people, in a position to speak of such matters, being, as we have already said, critics as well as everything else, and knowing each other well.

There was PETER LEONARDO PYE, for instance, the author of *Dank Kisses from Mildewed Lips*, who was quite the greatest poet that had sung since MILTON, as had been ungrudgingly acknowledged by JACK SPRATT and the trusty friends, and even admitted by himself; though not without reluctance, for he was the very soul of modesty, was young PYE.

Indeed, so high were his aspirations, that he passionately longed not to be recognised by the world for many generations to come, and lived in constant dread of sudden popularity—thereby standing on a far higher pinnacle than any of the geniuses Mrs. SPRATT met in Society.

Well, P. L. PYE wore side-spring boots, an æsthetic neck-tie, and trousers that would have been thought ill-conditioned in the Hampstead Road.

Burning thoughts, fiery though Platonic passions, and a habit of too recklessly consuming the midnight oil had wasted his once comely

cheeks, contracted his chest, and made his shoulders round and sloping, and his legs so weak that he stood over like an old cab-horse; and proud as Lucifer though he was, and highly educated, for he had graduated with honours at the London University, he was only the son of a hatter; with whom he had, however, quarrelled and parted (which may, perhaps, have accounted for his always wearing such shocking bad hats); and his thoughts were so lofty and sorrowful that he kept most of them to himself, and those less lofty ones he had occasionally imparted to Mrs. SPRATT had still been too lofty for her to understand, and had made her feel very uncomfortable.

And though he thought her quite the most beautiful woman he had ever seen out of an old picture (he never looked at any others,) his admiration was expressed in such an abstract way, that she could scarcely apprehend it.

So that she felt not only that PYE's company gave her no pleasure, but that to be seen riding, driving, or waltzing with him, even had he been capable of such accomplishments, would not have made her an object of envy in the eyes of other women; and it was the same with the rest of the trusty friends, who in genius, sorrow, and shabbiness of outward form quite equalled PYE, if they did not indeed surpass him.

Whence she somewhat hastily concluded, that geniuses were careless in dress, eccentric in manner, very much taken up with themselves, and connected in some way or other with business; and she divided Society into two portions, those who were in BURKE, DEBBERT & Co., and those who were out of it, and looked upon all the latter as though they had been meritorious and more or less gifted hatters, worthy of all respect, but whose attentions conferred no social distinction on a pretty woman.

Argal, she much preferred the gorgeous gilded glittering swells, who had been born to Sweldom, as she had been born to Beauty, without any fuss or bother.

For Sweldom is like the rose, in that some of its scent will cling to those who live with it; so, at least, thought Mrs. SPRATT.

And Swelldom is pretty to look at, and wears trousers that never bag at the knees, and boots and shoes that do not turn up at the toes, nor flatten under the sole of the foot; and the flowers in its button-holes are poems, and its hats, neckties, and gloves are always new, and always the very best of their kind.

Swelldom is friends with horses and dogs, and guns and fishing-rods, which are easier to master than pictures and poems, and the intellectual problems of the day, and do not wrinkle the brow, nor waste the cheek, nor sap the youthful frame; and its easy flow of talk is generally suited to the capacity of the greatest number, and its golden silence does not proceed from unpleasantly lofty speculation.

Nor is there anything at all abstract about that kind of worship which male Swelldom of whatever age will always render (unless duly checked) to lovely woman wherever it meets her; especially when her sole and exclusive claim to its warm regard lies in the exuberance of her purely physical charms; as was the case with Mrs. JACK SPRATT, who had neither rank, wealth, accomplishments, conversation, nor repartee, and couldn't even say Hoh! to her husband.

No, Gentle Reader, it was not Pallas Athene they worshipped in Mrs. SPRATT, these gorgeous, gilded, glittering Swells, nor Diana, the chaste huntress of the silver bow, nor any one of the Nine Muses; but Venus Aphrodite, the goddess of visible, tangible love, whose apparent incarnation in Mrs. SPRATT's beautiful face, smooth white skin, and ripely-rounded form they openly adored, with an adoration which Mr. *Punch* will describe as "concrete," in opposition to that "abstract" kind of adoration indulged in by PETER LEONARDO

PYE, and which Mrs. SPRATT thought so vague, uninteresting, and slow.

And it speaks worlds for her guilelessness and purity that she should have accepted this wholesale tribute of concrete masculine incense as frankly as it was offered, and been honestly proud of the same, and looked upon it as conferring social dignity on herself, and honour and glory on her husband.

A more worldly and suspicious nature would have taken umbrage at once, and run away with the unhappy idea that homage of this kind, openly addressed to a wife and a mother, was but an insult in disguise, involving moral degradation instead of social dignity, and instead of honour and glory, only ridicule and contempt.

So that it was an unmixed pride and joy to her, wherever she went, to be surrounded by a crowd of smart male devotees, young and old, in whose tender tones of voice, and eager eyes observant of every detail of her face and form, she could hear and see unmistakable evidence of a fervour as impassioned as it was direct and sincere.

But this manly devotion to Mrs. SPRATT was by no means a source of unmixed pride and joy to the wives and daughters, who, to mark their disapprobation, not only ridiculed that Lady, and every peculiarity of her dress, gait, and manner, but actually imitated these peculiarities in their own persons, wearing their hair, moving and laughing exactly as Mrs. SPRATT did; and all this whether they were young or old, tall or short, dark or fair, lean or fat—and so did the sisters, and the cousins, and the aunts.

Which gave boundless gratification to Mrs. SPRATT, and tickled Mr. *Punch* immensely.

IRISH TOURISTS' QUESTIONS.



A COMMITTEE of the Irish Licensed Victuallers has addressed instructions, based on legal opinion, to the trade, respecting the operation of that paternal enactment the Irish Sunday Closing Act. Amongst these occurs the subjoined advice:—

"Nobody can be deemed a *bona fide* traveller who travels for the mere purpose of getting liquor, simply because that would be an evading of the law, and therefore not *bona fide*; but every one who travels three miles on Sunday upon any lawful occasion, is a *bona fide* traveller, and may lawfully be served with reasonable refreshment, whether of food or drink."

Query.—Firstly, how is O'BONIFACE—not to say O'BUNA—to ascertain that any one demanding refreshment as a *bona fide* traveller has travelled for the mere purpose of getting liquor? The postulant might say, or even swear, that he had not travelled for that purpose at all at all, but for some other, and wanted whiskey only to quench unpremeditated thirst; and these asseverations, though made by an Irishman, might possibly be inexact.

Secondly, what is meant by "any lawful occasion" upon which it is necessary a person should have travelled to be recognisable as a *bona fide* traveller? Suppose a man—or possibly even a woman—takes a three miles walk for the purpose of exercise and the sake of health, that surely would be a lawful occasion within the meaning of the Irish Sunday Closing Act, and would constitute not only a *bona fide* but an *optima fide* traveller. Or else, sure, the Irish Sunday Closing Act is as unconstitutional as it is Irish, and very Irish indeed. But, in fact, perhaps it is only Irish as construed by a Committee of Irish publicans.

Down on Him.

"GIRLS have no sense of humour!" EDWIN cried, When ANGELINA smiled not at his chaffing.
"You men are so ridiculous," she replied;
"If we had much, we should be *always* laughing."

A LIMB OF THE LAW.

A PIECE of slang which, once thought extremely sharp, would now be voted equally slow, was the street-saying of the period, "You're a nice man, I don't think!" This expresses a style of man exemplified, apparently, in the sender to the *Law Times* of the notification following:—

LAW PARTNERSHIP.—A Graduate of Oxford, admitted a Solicitor this year, capable of forming and managing a good litigious connection, WISHES to meet with a Solicitor who has a respectable Conveyancing business, with a view to a PARTNERSHIP.—Apply, &c.

A man capable not only of managing, but also of forming, a good litigious connection—good, of course, in the limited sense of gainful—one would imagine to be a most efficient *aide-de-camp* to the Commanding Officer of the Inns of Court Volunteers, and a proportionally useful and pleasant member of Society.

FULL OF EMPTYNESS.

A NEWSPAPER contains a statement that on the Great Northern Railway there is employed a "vacuum brake" liable to fail without warning, and requiring to be continually tested to see whether it is in order. This is precisely the vacuum which Nature abhors. It appears to be as often as not no vacuum at all in a pneumatic sense, but a perfect one morally, being entirely void of utility, and, in that respect, a contrivance so empty that there is nothing in it. Such a vacuum is of about as much use as that which the Chimera buzzed in, devouring his second intentions. A brake like that had better be called a break-down, as it would be likely to prove in time of danger; a brake unserviceable for stopping a train and preventing collision and breakage. The stokers call it a "vacuum," which is a good enough name for it to distinguish it from a vacuum properly so called.

Unnecessary Indignation.

MR. PUNCH has received two or three letters from amiable but excited Correspondents, denouncing violently, on sentimental grounds, the Cartoon which Mr. *Punch* published last week, and declaring it to have given great offence. In certain quarters, perhaps, it has. Parties deeply interested in the various Collision Companies are not at all unlikely to be very greatly offended with a work of Art particularly calculated to admonish excursionists to take extremely good care how they travel by land or water.

Injudicial Astrology.

It is an old saying that "misfortunes never come single," and certainly terrible accidents, as well as enormous offences, appear to occur in groups, and at times, like epidemics. Why? Owing, Astrologers of course say, to the influence of malignant planets. But if that causes the accidents, why don't they predict them? Can it be that the malefic influence is atmospheric, and that at certain seasons there are criminality and carelessness in the air?

CIRCULAR NOTES.

(By Our Representative in Town.)



O MISS ELLEN TERRY joins Mr. IRVING at the Lyceum. There is a talk about *Romeo and Juliet* being played there. Miss ELLEN TERRY *Juliet*, of course,—and *Romeo*, Mr. IRVING? If so, *Juliet* may ask, with a new emphasis, "Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?"

"To-day," says one of last week's journals, "the Provincial Council of Florence approved the credit for the maintenance of the schools conducted by the Scollopiast Fathers." The Scollopiasts! This must be not a very austere order—but a very oyster order. The worthy fathers,

of course, all wear boards and retire to rest in their silent shells. As to further particulars, apply at Maiden Lane for "The Rules."

Advice to mothers. If you want to make your child a first-rate story-teller—say romancist—bring him up on "Lio-big's Food."

Mr. HOLT has got "The Miserables" at the Duke's—FICTOR Nono's *Les Misérables*, I mean—which he calls *The Barricade*. I hear of it as a success. It should have been produced under Miss HELEN BARRY's management, and called the HELEN BARRY-cade. Where is *La Belle Hélène* now? Gone to Paris?

Oyster opening and theatre opening come in about the same time when there is an "R" in the month. *Happy Thought*.—"The Grotto" wouldn't be a bad name for a music hall or a theatre. The Royal Grotto Theatre. No fees to the *oucreuses*. "Please remember the Grotto."

Mr. TOOLE has been bursting out into literature. He has written a gibberish Welsh poem, because, as he intimates, since he has been playing *Charles* in *A Fool and His Money*, he has got a Welsh wig on the brain, and can't help it. *James de la Pluche, Esq.*, appreciated the Welsh as much as *Charles*, as appears by this extract from the *Diary*:—

"July 6.—Dined to-day at the London Tavin with one of the Welsh bords of Direction I'm hon. The Cwrwmwrw and Plmwyddlywm with tunni's through Snowding and Plinlimming.

"Great nashnality of course. AP SHINKIN in the Chair, AP LLWYDD in the vice: Welsh mutton for dinner: Welsh iron knives and forks: Welsh rabbit after dinner: and a Welsh harper, Je hanged to him: he went strummint on his hojous hinstument, and played a toon pigularly disagreeable to me. It was 'Pore Mary Hann.'"

The Welsh Harper—"be hanged to him"—was probably an ancestor of "the Bard."

Whence comes the term "Welshers"? From "Welsh Sharpers"? Rather hard on the "Harp that once"—but not more than once, thank you, and then "move on!" But that was another Harp that once'd in TARA's Halls. TARA was probably the proprietor of several Halls, and the Harper did so many turns all round, one after the other.

Why do heavily-laden, lumbering Waggon's invariably take the narrowest streets for their route? And why, knowing this, do Cabmen persist in selecting those particular streets as their shortest cut from one point to another? Why, also, will they choose Covent Garden, when you are in agony to catch a train? There is always a block in Covent Garden, and the place is about the nastiest to be compelled to stop in, for five minutes or more, in all London. When is His Grace of BEDFORD going to "reform it altogether"?

"Beauty is only skin deep," murmured Mr. ERASMUS WILSON, as he surveyed the Needle by moonlight and thought of Cleopatra. I present the two Egyptian Wilsons with the following lines, only

premising, that, for scansion, it is necessary to adopt the popular City quantity of "three shorts" in pronouncing the KHEDIVÉ's name: *les vould*:—

ERASMUS and RIVERS are two able men,
Both been to Egypt, and both "back agon."
The Needle ERASMUS goes in for, and wins;
While RIVERS the Khedive sets on his pins.

BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

(A Cheerful Little Asiatic Farce—in Active Rehearsal.)

SCENE.—A retired spot in the wilds of Afghanistan. Enter a Local Ameer out of breath, hotly pursued by two European Envoy's.

First Envoy (seising him by the collar). Ha! ha! It won't do, you know. I have got you now, and don't mean to let you go.

[Shakes him, and secures a firmer grip.]

Second Envoy (intervening and seizing him on the other side). Come, don't be so rough with the old gentleman. Catching hold of him like that! A pretty friend you are! Here, let him go, can't you?

[They all three struggle violently for five minutes.]

The Ameer (gasping). Allah is great! But oh, my sons, is there not plenty of room for both of you beyond the rising and the setting of the sun? Why do you trouble the poor harmless simple-minded rahat-lakoum loving Ameer?

Both the Envoy's (together). Because we are so friendly!

[They let him go suddenly, and beckon off respectively right and left.]

The Ameer (wiping his forehead with his pocket-handkerchief and arranging his collar.) Allah be praised! Allah be praised! A little repose. I shall go to sleep.

[Sits down on the ground.]

Both the Envoy's (rushing at him simultaneously, followed by members of their respective suites bearing presents). Never!

First Envoy. No, never—till you have accepted these tokens of the condescending friendship of my august master the Great White Czar. See: Genuine *Caviare*: some fully paid-up shares—in a State line; the grand cross and collar of the exalted order of the Purple Hyæna; and one dozen of dry *Vouvray* champagne.

[Empties them all on the ground in a heap before him.]

Second Envoy (kicking them aside). Nonsense! Call these gifts! Look at mine! Here is something that speaks not of despotism, but of progress. Behold! Two tins of corned beef; back numbers of an *Encyclopædia*: a public-house sign; and—a double bathing-machine. [Pushes them all on to him]. It is with such materials as those that the mighty civilised empire I represent—

The Ameer (feebly). Yes, yes, I know! But why, O my venerable little grandfathers, force the poor old Ameer to accept such costly gifts? In Cabul the blessed, we neither speculate, nor drink, nor wash! Let us alone! Let us alone!

Both the Envoy's (together). Never! [They each seize one of his arms]. Thus do we display our friendship.

[All three again scuffle violently for five minutes.]

The Ameer (endeavouring to release himself). Ah, yes! true, very true, O my importunate little grandfathers! But what if I decline it. This, your friendship?

First Envoy (breaking away from him with a bound). Decline it, you Moslem! Nigger! you can't!

Second Envoy (springing away from him with a leap). Decline it? Misguided old savage! You shan't!

The Ameer (again wiping his forehead, and arranging his collar). Allah be praised! I can breathe for a few moments in peace! Farewell, O my amiable little grandfathers! Farewell! and forget not the poor, well-meaning, pacific old Ameer!

First Envoy. Farewell! Ha! ha! ha! I tell you, within three months—

[Exit, to order the concentration of a large force at Keliff and Balkh, and to prepare for the sudden seizure of Herat and Charkund.]

Second Envoy. "Farewell!" indeed! Ridiculous! You haven't seen the last of me!

[Exit to arrange for the immediate occupation of Jellalabad and Candahar, and the subsequent invasion of Afghanistan by a force of sixty thousand men.]

The Ameer (looking after them with a hopeless smile). Gone! Well, Allah be praised! Allah be praised!

[Sits down, and opens the Corned Beef as the Curtain slowly descends.]

WAEFU' WUT.

N's sutor ultra crepidam. Scotch translation. Let not the Souter go beyond his last. The Souter's last. His last joke, which he sent to Mr. Punch, and Mr. Punch inserted in his waste-paper basket.



ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

Aunt Florence. "AND CAN YOU READ YET, RUTH?"

Ruth. "I SHOULD THINK SO, INDEED! AND I KNOW GEOGRAPHY, AND HISTORY, AND SUMS, AND I'VE GOT TWO SECOND TEETH!"

NO BUSINESS OF MINE.

(*A New Song to an Old Tune.*)

LORD BEACONSFIELD *loquitur*.

"PEACE with Honour." That summed it up sweetly, I think.
A neat epigram's Talent's pet tool;
What a magic there is in its musical chink
To tickle the ear of a fool!
The phrase is well worn; it has furnished my friends
With a text for their free panegyrics;
A happy refrain, what a finish it lends
To the flow of their jubilant lyrics!
And now in retirement, afar from my foes,
Amidst rural delights I recline;
And if all the world will not share my repose,
Why of course that's no business of mine!

I gave them a programme, I gave them a phrase,
A *mot* and a mission all round;
I divided the spoil in the fairest of ways,
Upon principles stable and sound.
Each party accepted his task and his tithe,
And now it remains for each one
Possession to take with alacrity blithe,
As we Britons in Cyprus have done.
But really, you know, if they cannot agree,
And *will* kick up a general shine,
It is not the least use coming down upon me,
For of course it's no business of mine!

Puff! puff! This cigar now is just about right.
The papers! A plague on the lot!
I read nothing but *Punch*; if he's caustic he's bright.
Lo! Himself! You are welcome, Sir. What?
"Friend Austria seems in a deuce of a mess"
"War waging as hotly as ever"?

Dear me! He has muddled his game, I confess;
I fancied him rather more clever.
But still, we must bear it as well as we may;
To coerce the dear Turk I decline;
And if Austria finds that her bargain won't pay,
Why of course that's no business of mine!

Our great Berlin triumph? Our durable peace?
Oh bother! I planned for the best;
"Perks" for Russia and Austria, patience for Greece—
It *ought* to bring quiet and rest.
I need them, at least, if the Bosniacs don't;
I've no doubt 'twill come right in the end.
Disturb myself now, *Punch*, I can't and I won't.
Take a seat and a weed, my good friend.
We've Cyprus, the Turks are our brothers-in-arms,—
As to Unredeemed Italy's whine,
Or France's suspicions, or Austria's alarms,
These are really no business of mine!

Something Sensational.

SOMEBODY advertises in the *Nottingham Journal* the startling information that there is

WANTED, a CUTTER for GUILLOTINE MACHINE. None need apply unless practical hand.—Apply, —, &c.

For the reassurance of readers who, with a Conservative prejudice in favour of the time-honoured British constitutional Tree, in alarm for the adoption of a Frenchified substitute, may be disposed to cry, *Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari*, it may be mentioned that the blank left in the foregoing notification was not filled up with the name of MARWOOD.

"MAD, MY MASTERS, MAD!"

UNTIL the proposed improvements are effected, the government of Afghanistan will be carried on under the title of **SHERE ALI-enation**.



“OTIUM CUM DIZ!”

•MR. P. “SEEN THE PAPER, MY LORD? AUSTRIA SEEMS TO BE IN A DEUCE OF A MESS!”

LORD B. “REALLY! WELL, THAT’S *HER* BUSINESS? I SUPPOSE WE MUST BEAR IT AS WELL AS WE MAY!! HAVE A CIGAR!!!”

(“Lord BEACONSFIELD is enjoying a period of perfect repose.”—*Daily Paper.*)



REVENGE!

North Country Labourer (who has been engaged to dig). "THEY THAT EAT ALANE MAY HOWK ALANE!" THESE ARCH'LOGICAL CHAPS NEVER SO MUCH AS ASKED ME IF AH'D TAK' ANYTHING, AND WHILE THEY'RE HAVIN' THEIR DENNERS AH'VE FOUND THE 'BURYIN'—(Pockets Urn and several Flint Arrow-heads)—"AND THEY MAY WHISTLE FOR T!"

SUITES TO THE SWEET.

To checkmate "Russian aggression," a mission of rather a formidable character is on the point of departure for Afghanistan. Always ready to serve his country, *Mr. Punch* begs to present the British Commissioner with a few phrases suitable to the occasion, to be used in an interview with *SHERE ALI* with the assistance of an interpreter:—

CONVERSATION WITH A FRIENDLY FOE OR FAITHLESS FRIEND.

Good morning, Your Highness. I would shake hands with you could I put down my sword and revolver.

Will you permit me to see to my luggage, which consists entirely of heavy artillery and ammunition of all sorts.

I shall have much pleasure in conversing with you about the weather after I have quartered my escort (which is made up of an army corps or two) upon the inhabitants of your capital.

Would it amuse you to see me carry your palace by storm?

In honour of the renewal of our relations, shall we have a grand sham fight with real cartridges?

Merely as a little practical joke, how would you like to be dethroned?

I hope you will consider it capital fun if I find it necessary just to make a slight change in the reigning dynasty.

Shall we have a friendly cup of tea together while we arrange a small treaty, binding you and your descendants hand and foot for two or three thousand years?

Can I help you at all in your plans by carrying you away in chains to Calcutta?

After you have been so kind as to send back the Russian Ambassador in a cage to St. Petersburg, I will just tread upon your neck as a proof of my good intentions.

Really I must thank you very much for all your courtesy. Pray accept these books, the British *Army* and *Navy Lists*. You will find them very useful works of reference. And now I will call out my rather numerous escort, and bid you *adieu*—perhaps *au revoir*!

MILTONIC MEDITATION (*by a looker-on at lawn-tennis*).
—"They also serve who only stand and wait."

GUIDE FOR THE FRENCH IN LONDON.

(Translated from the English in Paris.)

ARRIVAL.—During your journey from Folkestone or Dover to London, if you see any Englishmen present, talk about England and its people in the most disparaging terms possible. Utterly ignore their national prejudices, and lay down the law to their utter condemnation. When you reach the Railway Station, saub the Custom House Officers and laugh at the Police. Bluster your way into a cab, and shout to the driver, in bad English, "Here, you chap, you! take me Leicester Squarr—sharp! quick! cut! be off!"

At the Hotel.—If possible, select a French one, where they will give you a bad imitation of Parisian cooking. Ask for your own national periodicals, and if you see a picture of Queen VICTORIA hanging on the walls, jeer at the English love of Royalty. If Englishmen happen to be staying at your hotel, laugh at their costume, and mock their peculiarities. Stare at them with the amused wonder you bestow on the wild animals in your own Jardin des Plantes. Swagger into the coffee-room with your hat on your head, and your hands in your pockets, and treat the place as if it belonged to you.

In the Streets.—Walk about London in a costume that would surprise by its vulgarity and slovenliness the inhabitants of a fifth-rate French watering-place. Stand in front of the Sentries guarding Buckingham Palace, and grin at their size and their uniforms. Should any of the "High Life" be resident in London at the time of your visit, mix with them freely in the Park or at the Flower Shows, smoking a short pipe and swinging an ash stick. Stare the Ladies out of countenance, and laugh in the faces of the Gentlemen. If the English are as patient as your countrymen in Paris, they will bear your rudeness with equanimity. Push your way through crowds, and elbow the inhabitants of London off their own pavements. If you enter a shop, be careful to treat the attendants with marked rudeness. It is the custom in England for people to rise and take off their hats when they hear the National Anthem. If you ever happen to be present on such an occasion, be careful to remain seated and

covered. It is absurd to pay any regard to English peculiarities. Remember that Englishmen are "Rosbifs" and "Plum-puddings," and treat them accordingly.

At the Theatres.—Take care that your costume shall be an affront to the audience. Lounge in your Stall, and talk in French to your friend, to the discomfort of your English neighbours. If you don't understand English, let everybody in the house into the secret of your ignorance. If the audience seem to be amused and to be enjoying themselves, stand up in your place and laugh scornfully at them. If you get bored, leave your Stall with as much noise as possible, and shout rather louder than the Actors as you quit the auditorium.

Seeing the Sights.—Settle it in your own mind that France is a thousand times finer than England, and make odious comparisons everywhere. If you enter a place of worship, treat it as if it were a raree-show. Appear on Sundays at St. Andrew's, or All Saints, Margaret Street, during the sermon, armed with a guide-book, and inspect the church with the same nonchalance that you would bestow upon the treasures of the South Kensington Museum. Visit Greenwich Hospital, and if the Picture Gallery is full of Englishmen, be careful to roar with laughter at any representation of a defeat of your fellow-countrymen, the French. If you find yourself near any of the educated class of Britons, talk loudly of Fontenoy and the failure of the English to take the Redan in the Crimea. Make a joke about the Death of Nelson, and seize a suitable opportunity of showing your contempt for the Union Jack.

Departure.—Bully the porters, and push your way through your English fellow-travellers to your own carriage. Until you set your foot once more upon French ground, behave like a savage. On reaching France, throw off your offensive Bohemianism, and resume your usual condition of quiet respectability. If you carry out the above programme in its entirety without receiving a thrashing, congratulate yourself upon your good luck, which, however, will not be much greater than that enjoyed by some of the English who imitate in Paris the deportment you will have made your own in London.

RIVAL SPORTSMEN.

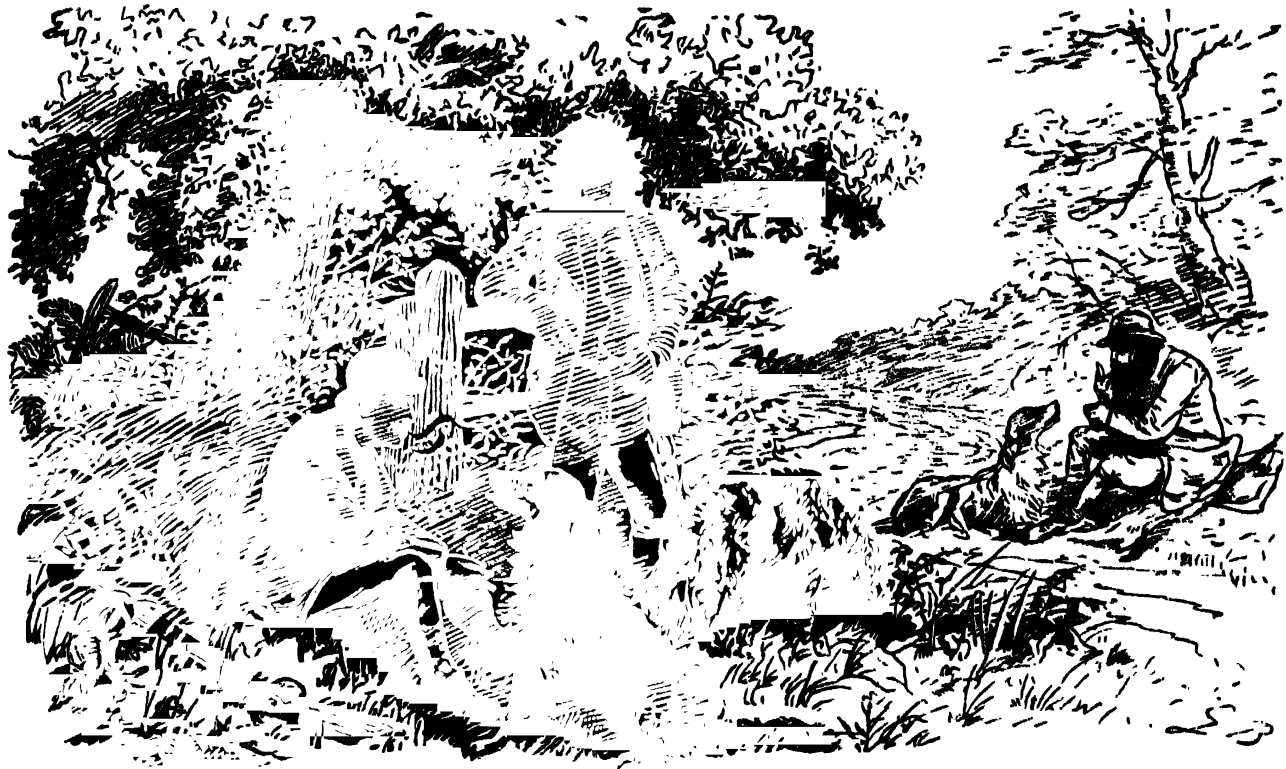
"I say now, as I have said before, that there is room enough in Asia for both England and Russia."—Lord BEACONSFIELD.



ASIATIC SPORT—SHERE STALKING.

Room enough! Yes, no doubt, and abundance of game,
Yet the two rival Sportsmen seem scarcely content.
Fine quarries! But what if both mark down the same?
The chance of collision 'twere hard to prevent.
Neutral ground? Very fine; but if one cross the line,
Though he swear with no notion of trying a shot,
To reprisal his rival will promptly incline,
And suspect that his aim is to collar the lot.

This quarry seems why; but JOHN BULL has his eye
On the Russian, who just reconnoitres, no more.
For suppose he were tempted a pot-shot to try,
As J.B. recollects he was tempted before!
Room enough! Ah! why cannot these Sportsmen agree
To take the Earl's tip, and steer clear of each other?
If either try trespass, 'tis easy to see
'Twill spoil sport, and result in no end of a bother.



STERN NECESSITY.

"WHAT A LOT OF SHOOTING YOU HAVE THIS YEAR, OLD FELLOW! MUST COST YOU NO END!"
 "AH! THOSE DOGS, YOU KNOW. I WAS OBLIGED TO TAKE SOMETHING FOR THEM!"

THE PUBLIC WHEEL.

How to preserve it on the Road: being a few simple Rules arranged for the guidance of the accommodating Bicyclist.

LET the proprietor of every "sixty-four inch" machine take care, in the first instance, that his approach shall not be noiseless; and to effect this, let him—

- (1) Attach a large hand dinner-bell to each of his feet; *
- (2) Give a prolonged blast on a full-sized trombone whenever he turns a corner;
- (3) Carry no luggage but a self-winding bird-organ and a loose Chinese gong; and
- (4) Drop fog-signals immediately he sights an approaching omnibus.

This last precaution will probably prepare the horses for the appearance of anything; but should they still show a restive spirit on making out the advancing machine, let the proprietor instantly dismount, and, assisting the conductor and passengers to blindfold the creatures and take them gently, but firmly, out of harness, glide away cautiously, and promise to send a policeman.

The true Bicyclist being, though a pleasure-seeker, above and before all things a gentleman, let him never forget that, when passing through a town, village, or hamlet, he shall—

- (1) Wear a silk-faced frock-coat, light pantaloons, lemon-coloured kid gloves, and a chimney-pot hat;
- (2) Bow with finished *ton* to a costermonger as to a Countess; and
- (3) When run over by a careless tandem or a well-appointed four-in-hand, make some such good-humoured remark as, "Oh, don't mention it!" or, "I really am so very clumsy this morning!"

If badly hurt and put on a stretcher, let him try even to make a joke. An allusion to his being "a ne'er-do-wheel" or to the fact that the "bicyclist's wheel doesn't always follow from the driver's *whoa*," is sure to tell immensely under such circumstances, and give him a character for not being such a bad fellow, after all. This is highly desirable.

Lastly, let him do his best on every possible occasion to disarm

public prejudice; at one moment stopping, to argue politely with a nervous Lady in her brougham, at another patting aggressive little street Arabs fondly on the head, and amusing them with a display of red railway flags. By these and other artifices, and by the exercise of a firm resolution never to be encountered on the high road at all except when carrying his machine in bits in a blue bag in the dark, he may be sure that gradually the temporary objection to his presence will disappear, and that he will be welcomed as an inevitable institution by a genial, generous, and easily satisfied public.

SNIP AND SNOB.

It may be generally true that there is no accounting for tastes, but here, in the shape of a newspaper advertisement, is an instance of taste repellible, obviously, to an excess of avarice, and a deficient sense of decency:—

THE AWFUL THAMES COLLISION adds another dreadful catastrophe to the already long list of fearful accidents that has lately come upon us with startling effect. From such heart-rending scenes it is well we can turn away to a subject that affects the comfort and appearance of every Gentleman. SNOBBINS & Co., — Street, who are always in the forefront with new ideas, have for the Autumn Season a treat in store for their Patrons in a new kind of Cloth, called the "BEAVERSKIN," very light, moderately warm, and perfectly wonderful for wear. Suits, in best style, from Two to Four Guineas.

This utilisation of such a calamity as the late accident on the River for advertising purposes, is almost too cynical to be worthy of even sordid and shameless Tailors of the baser sort. In order not to give them the notoriety which they probably would like, a slight nominal alteration—of which, perhaps, the propriety is visible—has been made in the above example of disgusting puffery.

Domestic Economy.

It has been suggested that the way to reduce the butcher's bill lies in managing to make both ends meet; but for too many poor Curates, and working-men almost equally poor, that meeting is incompatible with any meat at all, and therefore with any butcher's bill whatever.



FEMININE LOGIC.

Business-like Wife. "I'M SURE YOU CHARGE TOO MUCH FOR YOUR PICTURES, MY LOVE, BEAUTIFUL AS THEY ARE. IF YOU WERE TO ASK A QUARTER THE PRICE, YOU WOULD SELL TWICE AS MANY!"

FASHIONABLE FINERY.

AMONG the many wonders of the world at the Paris Exhibition there is on view a wondrous bonnet, of Parisian manufacture, which is valued at the modest sum of seven thousand francs. It is difficult to fancy how a bonnet could be made to cost so much, and its constructor must resemble a Constructor of the Navy, at least in the capacity of making things that cost a lot of money, and may prove of doubtful service when put to actual use. Of similar construction, in point of costliness and inutility, is a dress whereof a portion is thus elegantly pictured in a fashionable newspaper:—

"The train, which is fully two yards in length, is draped in folds by faillie bows, lined with satin, and draperies of fringe silk and beads, in all the colours of the embroidery of the dress, are continued on the train, which ends at the back in coquilles of moss-green faillie over pink satin."

Expede Hercules. One may form some notion of the dress from this description of the train. Satin bows, embroidered fringes, and moss-green faillie coquilles (whatever they may be)—such things are known to Milliners by the generic name of "trimmings," and are what the caper-sauce and turnips were to the boiled leg of mutton, which was served up at the *soirée* Mr. Weller was invited to at Bath. Such trimmings add but little to the beauty of a dress, but they very greatly add to its expense; and when profusely scattered on a train two yards in length, they must increase the length of the bill which must be paid for it. As for their utility, they merely serve to harbour and collect the dust, and excite the wrath of husbands who are privileged to pay for them.

YE CRICKETERS OF ENGLAND.

I.

YE Cricketers of England,
Who guard our native stumps,
It must be owned ye now appear
In somewhat doleful dumps,
Ye have not brought your finest form
To meet a friendly foe,
But stare and despair,
While your Wickets are laid low,
While the Colonists pile up their score,
And your Wickets are laid low.

II.

The spirits of your fathers
Might start to see your "licks,"
For the turf it was their field of fame,
Their pride to guard their "sticks."
Where CLARKE has bowled and WARD
has slogged,
Your manly hearts should glow,
Not chill and stand still
While your Wickets are laid low;
While the Colonists play up like bricks,
And your Wickets are laid low.

III.

BRITANNIA has no fancy
To see their sons to-day
Display bad taste, bad management,
Bad temper, and bad play.
Pluck up, Lads, try your level best,
Less care for lucre show;
Nor huff, and talk stuff,
While your Wickets are laid low;
While a word-war rages loud and long,
And your Wickets are laid low.

IV.

The Cricketers of England!
They yet may have their turn,
When pique, and fuss, and funk depart,
And good pluck and luck return.
Meanwhile, ye smart Australian Lads,
Our parting cup shall flow
To the fame of your name,
Who have laid our Wickets low;
Who have bowled great GRACE, and scored
from SHAW,
And laid all our Wickets low!

SONGS WITHOUT WORDS.

For further particulars apply to the Amateur Tenors in the modern drawing-rooms.

BIRTHDAYS IN STORE.

FROM an announcement in a newspaper, it appears that the Association for the Promotion of the Unity of Christendom has attained its majority. The twenty-first anniversary of its foundation was celebrated on Sunday last, and during the week, at the Church of All Saints, Lambeth. Many happy returns of the day to it! But are they not likely to be too many? Should this excellent Society continue to exist until it shall have accomplished its desirable object, what number of anniversaries do its worthy members expect that those who succeed them will have to commemorate? There are some of them who may perhaps be considered to have distinguished themselves, at times, rather peculiarly by an excess of zeal; but now that the A. P. U. C. has come of age, let us hope it will prove itself to have at the same time arrived at years of discretion.

A Colonial Question.

IN a certain "Money Article" the other day appeared a letter on "the contemplated borrowing of the leading Australian colonies," recommending investment in the Funds to be thereby created. It bore the signature of "AN AUSTRALIAN COLONIST OF FORTY-FOUR YEARS' STANDING." The writer should have described himself more fully. "Colonist" and "Emigrant" are not convertible terms. An Australian Colonist of forty-four years' standing may have gone out to Australia by a mode of conveyance which has been discontinued. How did he get there?



"DARWINIAN."

Our Village Grocer (great Floriculturalist). "MOST EXTRA'INARY THING, SIR. LAST YEAR I HAD SOME BACON IN MY SHOP THAT WENT BAD DUE TO THAT HOT WEATHER, AND I BURIED IT IN MY GARDEN. YOU'LL HARDLY BELIEVE IT, BUT ALL MY ASTERS THIS SEASON COME UP STREAKY!!"

PARIS CONGRESSES.

MEETINGS, Congresses, and Conferences, with many and widely differing objects and of various degrees of importance and self-importance—national, international, and cosmopolitan, literary, scientific, philanthropic, æsthetic, and politico-economic, significant and insignificant, representing different shades of opinion, and represented by different coloured tickets—have been conducted at Paris since the first of May, and their number is by no means yet complete, as will be seen by anyone taking a bird's-eye view of the following list of influential gatherings which are confidently expected to be held in buildings on the banks of the Seine before the end of the year and the close of the French Exhibition.

An International Mothers' Meeting, all in full evening dress, convened by circular, bearing a halfpenny stamp, to discuss (amongst others) such momentous questions as the minimum income on which daughters ought to be allowed to incur the risks, responsibilities, disappointments, and expenses of married life; the measures to be adopted, without a season's delay, to induce young men of property and position to marry, or, if they will not take that precarious step, at least—to dance; and the formation of a body of paid professional lady chaperones with unimpeachable manners and references, inexhaustible patience, and nice smiles and nasty frowns, to relieve the mothers of marriageable daughters of onerous and nightly duties during the fifth or fashionable season of the year.

A Congress of Bachelors, and, if any of them can be induced to join in such a Quixotic enterprise, of Widowers, to concert energetic measures against female extravagance in dress, ornaments, furniture, knick-knacks, amusements, and entertainments; to denounce and discourage the application of cosmetics, hair dyes, pearl powder, paint, rouge, and other "toilet requisites"; to place some restraint on the publication of ladies' photographs; and to protest against the heavy and increasing outlay on presents, gifts, fees, douceurs, bridesmaids' lockets, bouquets, and honeymoon tours, which render the rite of matrimony a ruinous and appalling ceremony, and make

FROM A VALUED CORRESPONDENT.

GLORIOUS APOLLO DI PUNCHO,
I AM just off to my country residence at Colney Hatch, but send you my latest and best. It is a conundrum to be proud of:—

Query. Who was, historically, the king of all the Dumb-waiters?

Answer. LOUIS TRAYS.

Hooray! I'm off! When I return to my senses for the season, I am going to set up in business, for myself, as a "Simile-Maker." Any Author unable to make a simile for himself will send to me. Orders punctually attended to. Conundrums mended on the shortest notice. No objection to a butler where one or more is kept. Would like to be a bird, but am, yours ever

TOPLIGHTS THE FIRST.

P.S.—Make P.O. Order payable to me for not less than £2000, to be drawn at sight, or sketched,—or, stay, instead of a P.O. Order, or cheque, send me a *Lettre de Change*. Aha! Off again! Bang!

Dishing and Dished.

THE *Army and Navy Gazette* relates that a certain Goorkha having been waylaid by six Greeks—

"The Goorkha managed to kill four of his assailants with his kookerie, and was then himself killed."

This statement seems calculated to puzzle the propagandists of spelling reform. How, they may ask, could anyone, even the worst of kooks, kill assailants with his kookerie? And when the Goorkha had killed four of those who fell upon him, did the other two then kill him, or was he himself killed with his own kookerie also?

Good for Trade.

THE Anti-Tobacco Society, having perhaps learned that the Police in some parts of Germany are engaged in preventing boys under the age of sixteen from smoking in the streets, may wish that a like measure of repression were adopted here. So may the Tobaccoists; for lads prevented from smoking openly would smoke all the more on the sly, to the greatly increased consumption of nicotine, with its attendant evils.

the preliminary season of courtship a term of incessant mental disquiet and insupportable pecuniary pressure.

A Congress of Cooks, Epicures, Gourmands, Hotel and Restaurant Proprietors, Waiters, and others interested in the grand culinary art, to discuss and settle, and issue in an authorised volume, a series of recipes, in all languages, and both in prose and verse, for Salads and Mayonnaises.

A Conference to take into consideration, and, if possible, to determine for all time, a question which has at various periods, and in different countries, caused the mind of man great vexation, doubt, discomfort, and expense, not unattended with a considerable amount of personal ridicule, and is to this day, amongst many other, but perhaps not more difficult social problems, awaiting its solution in the jaws of the future—"What is the most suitable, the most becoming, evening dress for the Male Sex?" (N.B.—A Museum will be formed of evening costumes of all nations and periods.)

A Conference of Musicians, Professors of Dancing, and dancers of both sexes, summoned to supply a want and meet a deficiency which have long been felt and lamented both in private and public balls, assemblies, and parties, alike by the higher, middle, and inferior strata of Society—the invention and adoption (by telegraph) of a new set of quadrille figures.

A Congress of Amateur Legislators, busybodies, grumblers, idlers, and writers of grandiose remonstrances (in the heavy season) to the leading journals, grimly bent on effecting gigantic reforms in hotel bills, and accommodation all over the world, Channel steam-boats, Post Office regulations, culinary economy, domestic service, the capacities of wine bottles, and the shape and material of men's hats.

Arrangements for many other Congresses are in active progress and may terminate at any moment. Due notice will be given of their completion, and of the dates of assembling, the time and place of meeting, and of luncheons, dinners, receptions, and excursions, in *Galignani's Messenger*, the *London Gazette*, *Charivari*, and the pages of this periodical.

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE JACK SPRATTS.

A Tale of Modern Art and Fashion.

PART IV.

JACK SPRATT, equally pure and guileless, and glad, as most of us are, to find his own taste justified in his own eyes by the good opinion of the world, began to feel an honest pride in his wife's beauty such as he had never quite felt before; and would not have changed her now for any blessed saint, virgin, or martyr in the whole National Gallery.

The truth is, that he had ceased to reverence those classic types.

For his artistic nature was quick to receive new impressions and to forget old ones; and with that tendency to generalise hastily which is so characteristic of youth, he would now state everywhere, on his own authority as a painter, that there was no beauty out of the English aristocracy, amongst whom he naturally included Mrs. SPRATT and himself.

Moreover, it gratified his unselfish disposition to think that, after all, it was not entirely for *his* sake that Society had given so warm a welcome to *her*.

All of which did equal credit to his head and to his heart.

A more commonplace nature might have felt some jealousy; but JACK SPRATT, who knew that he had within him all the jealous potentialities of an *Othello*, should any real cause for jealousy arise, could scarcely so insult his wife's good sense as to suppose that any of these amiable but mindless triflers who pestered her with their well-meant attentions, could ever be possible rivals for such an one as he.

These were indeed halcyon days!

Mrs. SPRATT, as we have seen, by a burst of laughter so opportune that it might almost be called a stroke of genius, had cleared the house of the trusty, but not very presentable, old friends, and JACK had ceased to miss them.

The only surviving relative of the SPRATTS was JACK's grandfather, who kept an old established emporium for hosiery in St. Mary Axe; a good-natured and affectionate old man, who loved JACK with all a grandfather's partiality, but who had been much disgusted at his taking to such a beggarly and disreputable trade as painting pictures for hire.

If it had only been house painting, he could have understood it!

However, as JACK was in independent circumstances, there was no gainsaying his right to choose his own line of life, and daub away as much as he liked; and the old Gentleman had swallowed

his disgust, and would often drop in of an evening at his grandson's house.

These visits were not so pleasant to Mrs. SPRATT as the old Gentleman believed.

Although circumstances had made him a well-to-do and contented hosiery nature had intended him for a low comedian, or "funny" man; and he was never happy unless he made himself the life and soul of the party wherever he went.

He had never tired of poking fun at the trusty friends, for instance, whose lofty aims he could not sympathise with, and whom he had looked upon as a set of weak-minded, unwholesome, and affected nincompoops, and would mimic to the life under their very noses; especially PETER LEONARDO PYE.

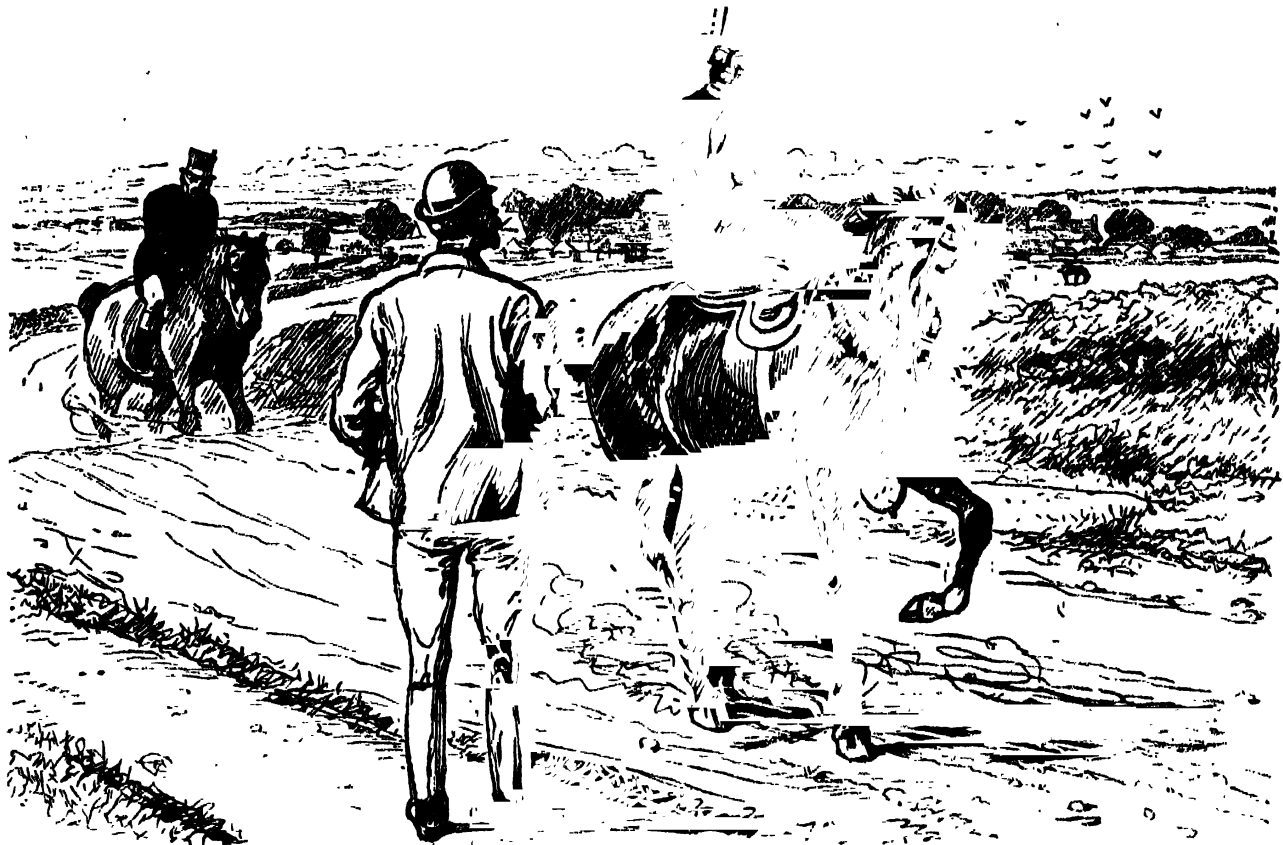
Now Mrs. SPRATT hated fun, and thought it vulgar, as no doubt it very often is; and as for the trusty friends, they had loathed SPRATT Senior with deep though silent intensity, instead of doating on him as he had fondly imagined they did.

When JACK SPRATT had become famous through the "*Phayre Sockquo-darrenère*," SPRATT Senior suddenly viewed picture-painting in quite a new light, and became as proud of his always beloved grandson, as he had hitherto been ashamed of him; and he took to visiting at the JACK SPRATTS' regularly on Wednesday afternoons, Mrs. SPRATT's day "at home;" but his visits were more unwelcome to that lady than ever.

At first the rank and fashion he met there awed him into silence and discreet behaviour; he had never seen a live Lord before, for Sweldom does not usually buy its drawers and socks in St. Mary Axe.

And when he held his tongue and did not play the fool, he was rather ornamental than otherwise, being of truly venerable aspect, and scrupulously neat about his person.

But as soon as he discovered how easy and unconventional really good Society can be, how familiarly the glittering Swells would treat Mrs. SPRATT, and how unceremoniously they would bear themselves towards that great genius, her husband (for they had forgotten by this time that he was a great genius, and looked upon him as a fool, or something worse), the irrepressible old humorist recovered his wonted assurance, and became once more the life and soul of the party.



EARLY DAYS.

Little Wife. "OH, CHARLES DEAR, THERE'S THE PRETTIEST LITTLE FILLY YOU EVER SAW, DOWN AT THE HOME FARM."
Charles (expressively). "I KNOW A PRETTIER."

It must be owned that his behaviour was very trying, and betrayed a great deficiency in social tact.

For instance he would, unasked, insist on favouring the company with long-forgotten comic songs (which had lost all point for the present generation), and imitations of the actors of a hundred years ago; and the less Mrs. SPRATT and her guests would laugh, the more he would laugh himself, and the more he would persevere in trying to merit their applause by further efforts in the same line.

Then he would chaff the page who brought in the tea, and inquire of him if SALLY the Cook were as good-looking as ever, and still reciprocated his fond affection.

Or else he would hand his business cards to Viscounts and Guardsmen, and ask fine Ladies where they bought their hose, and volunteer to serve them with a superior article at Civil Service prices, to be delivered at their own doors, carriage paid, and so forth.

At last a day came when he went just a little too far.

The Duke of PENTONVILLE was at Mrs. SPRATT'S, alone; for so stupendous were his Grace's rank and fashion, so advanced his age, and so respected his character, that it was thought good form for Viscounts and Guardsmen and such like humble Swells to make themselves scarce when he came—nor did they presume to knock at Mrs. SPRATT'S door when the PENTONVILLE liveries were seen to be waiting outside.

JACK'S Grandfather, who was quite wanting in this particular kind of delicacy, knocked at Mrs. SPRATT'S door without the slightest diffidence, and entered the house, and walked straight into the drawing-room after the fashion of LISTON in *Paul Pry*, exclaiming, "I hope I don't intrude!"

The Duke stared at him with cold surprise, and immediately rose to take his leave. As he stooped, with old-fashioned courtesy, to kiss Mrs. SPRATT'S lily-white hand (into which he had just forced a costly trinket), the tail-pockets of his well-fitting green out-away coat were seen to gape, and Mr. SPRATT Senior took the opportunity of dropping into each of those ducal receptacles a printed circular, which stated that, owing to the sudden break-up of a well-known West-End Firm, SPRATT & Co. had been able to effect extensive purchases in underclothing at an extraordinary advantage, which enabled them to supply the Nobility, Gentry, and Public

generally, with first-rate articles at an unprecedented low rate—a handsome discount allowed for cash.

JACK SPRATT appeared on the scene as soon as he heard his Grandfather's voice, but it was too late to interfere; and the unconscious Duke, though much huffed at the untimely interruption, left the room with all the stately ease and high-bred self-control of a great British nobleman of the old school, ignoring alike old SPRATT'S respectful obeisances, and young SPRATT'S friendly and familiar farewell; while the ends of the two printed circulars stuck symmetrically out.

Buttons, who admired old SPRATT more than anybody else in the world, fairly exploded at this piece of practical fun.

But Mrs. SPRATT could contain herself no longer, and gave her Grandfather-in-law such a piece of her mind as at last enlightened him about the estimation in which she and her Swell friends held his powers of entertaining the company; so that he left the house bewildered and aghast, with tears in his poor old eyes, and all the jokes crushed out of his facetious old heart for many a long day to come.

Nor did he ever cross that threshold again, much to the grief of the twins, who, although aesthetically reared, could not help adoring their mirthful and indulgent old Great-Grandpapa, who made them laugh so.

And to JACK'S grief also, for he had a warm heart, and was tenderly attached to the old man, in spite of his "larks."

But in the exciting whirl of his new life, in which the days flew by like hours, a very few hours sufficed to obliterate these fond regrets.

And JACK SPRATT felt no little elation in the thought that all their associates, however frivolous, were at least "Ladies and Gentlemen" a term which was constantly on his lips at this time, and which he only applied to those who were alike well-born, fashionably dressed, highly connected, and "in Society."

And now that Mrs. SPRATT had so effectually disposed of that inconvenient old Grandfather of his, he considered himself as good as any of them; and bore himself accordingly; being politely distant to his inferiors, affable to recognised merit of a high order, free and easy with his equals, the Swells, and acknowledging no superior under Royalty.

WILLOW!

(With Apologies to the Immortal Will.)

"We learn that the 'childlike and bland' dealers of Foochow agreed among themselves, some time ago, to make a further experiment by sending in dried and prepared Willow leaves instead of the real article."—*Daily Telegraph*.



Beshrew them who'd rob a poor Soul of her tea;
And give her, instead of her fragrant Bohea,
Mere Willow, Willow, Willow!

A POOR Soul sat
sighing o'er
her cup o'
green tea,
"Tis all dried
Willow,
Fudged up at
Foochow by that
Heathen Chinee,
Mere Willow,
Willow, Wil-
low!"
The weak wash
before her was
tepid and thin,
Mere cat-lap pre-
pared by that
scoundrel AH
SIN
From Willow,
Willow, Wil-
low!

She scolded her
grocer, but what
said he then?
(Sing, Willow,
Willow!)
"You won't get
good Gunpow-
der at one shil-
ling and ten,
But Willow,
Willow, Wil-
low!"

HOW TO MAKE A FORTUNE IN FIVE MINUTES.

(With Mr. Punch's compliments to those it may concern.)

SCENE—A respectable-looking Office, filled with Serious Young Clerks. In the distance is seen the Partners' Room, in which an Elderly Member of the Firm is discovered leisurely reading the Money Article of the "Times" through a pince-nez. Enter A. WEAK BULL, Esq., bent on a "flatter." He is ushered into the Partners' Room by the most serious of the Serious Young Clerks.

Elderly Member of the Firm (looking up from his paper in a leisurely manner). Yes, Sir?

Mr. Bull. I have called because I think I would like to invest a little money in United Hottentots.

Elderly Member of the Firm (softly). Yes, yes. It is not altogether an investment we as a rule would recommend. The security is entirely composed of the bones that have accumulated for several centuries in the royal tomb. His present Majesty, too, has not altogether behaved with candour. We are told, on very fair authority, that he has surreptitiously hypothecated the remains of his ancestors to other and secret trusts. On the whole, we would rather recommend Consols—they are decidedly safer.

Mr. Bull. Thanks, yes. But, you see, United Hottentots are evidently going up. Yesterday they were at 39½, and to-day they are about 43. Now, if I bought in—

Elderly Member of the Firm (politely). Perhaps we had better see what the Market has been recently before we decide upon anything. (Touches bell, when enter the most serious of all the Serious Young Clerks.) Mr. GRAVESTONE, can you tell us, please, what United Hottentots have been doing during the past few days?

Mr. Gravestone. Certainly, Sir. On Monday they were at 53½; on Tuesday at 18; on Wednesday they touched 45; yesterday they were at 39½; and to-day they are at 53.

Mr. Bull. I beg your pardon. You mean 43.

Mr. Gravestone. They were 43 when you came in, Sir, but they have had a slight rise since you entered the office. For the last forty-eight hours they have been comparatively steady—for them.

[Exit.]

Elderly Member of the Firm. I am afraid they are a little high. I think, perhaps, you had better wait.

Mr. Gravestone (putting his head into the room slowly). I may add, Sir, that since I left, United Hottentots have gone down to 23½ to 4.

Mr. Bull (excitedly). Buy in, buy in at once! I will have five—no, ten of them.

Mr. Gravestone (on the Elderly Member of the Firm bowing his head). Very well, Sir. [Exit.]

Mr. Bull (nervously). I am sure to make over them, oh?

Elderly Member of the Firm. Well, they used certainly once to pay their coupons.

Mr. Bull. Oh, but I shall sell out the moment they go up two.

Elderly Member of the Firm (with grave surprise). Dear me! I had no idea that you intended to speculate in a time bargain. It is not at all the sort of thing we like. In fact we do not undertake the "carrying over" business.

Mr. Gravestone (putting in his head). We have bought Ten Thousand Hottentots, Sir, at 46½. It was the best price we could obtain. There had been a slight rise before we could get over to the house to execute your order.

Mr. Bull (blankly). Ten Thousand!

Mr. Gravestone. You said ten, I think, Sir?

[Exit.]

Mr. Bull. But if they go down one I stand to lose a hundred pounds?

Elderly Member of the Firm (leisurely doing a little sum on a piece of blotting paper). Rather more, with our commission—we charge Half-a-Crown for every £100 of Stock. Time bargains are very dangerous things. We usually recommend our clients to leave them alone. [Takes up the "Times" again and recommences its perusal.]

Mr. Bull. Oh what will my wife say! Pray do send over to see if they have gone up.

Elderly Member of the Firm (politely relinquishing his paper). There is no necessity. We have a little instrument here which records all the business done on the Stock Exchange. You see it marks the various prices on a piece of tape. (Points to an electric self-acting printing machine under a glass case.) Would you like to see the mechanism?

Mr. Bull (eagerly). I would far sooner examine the tape!

Elderly Member of the Firm. Here you see. (Reading.) "12 o'clock. Moon Trams, 26½ to 4." (Tramways are not bad investments.) "Esquimaux Prefs, 103 to 101." (It is their first loan—they have borrowed at sixteen per cent.—new to the business—we can recommend them.) "United Hottentots, 47."

Mr. Bull (excitedly). They have gone up!

Elderly Member of the Firm. So far. (Continues reading.) "12.2. United Hottentots, 49."

Mr. Bull (more excitedly). Hur—

Elderly Member of the Firm (interrupting Mr. BULL's cheer). I beg your pardon. "12.3. United Hottentots, 46½. 12.5. United Hottentots, 45. 12.6. United Hottentots—"

Mr. Bull (interrupting). Stop! stop! Why, I have lost £150 in three minutes!

Elderly Member of the Firm (doing another sum on a piece of blotting-paper). A trifle over, with our commission. Would you like to lose a little more?

Mr. Bull (very excitedly). No, no! What shall I do—buy—sell—or what?

Elderly Member of the Firm (very leisurely). Well, if you wish to conclude the transaction, you will—

Mr. Bull (impatiently). Yes, yes?

Elderly Member of the Firm (playing with his eye-glass). You will sell the stock you have already bought.

Mr. Bull (at his wits' end). Well, what shall I do?

Elderly Member of the Firm (calmly). It is difficult to advise. (Strokes his chin.) Of course, if they go up, you might clear a trifle, and, if they went down, you might lose a trifle. We do not usually recommend our clients to have very much to do with time bargains. You see—

Mr. Bull (in despair). And, while you are talking, they are going down like wildfire.

Elderly Member of the Firm (mildly). Well, I dare say they are fluctuating a little. If you like, I will look at the tape. Ah, here they are again. "12.9. United Hottentots, 37½."

Mr. Bull (jumping up from his chair). Oh dear, I shall be ruined! (Rushing into the outer office.) Here, any one, go and sell five thousand United Hottentots at any price you can—but mind you get rid of them! [Returns to Partners' Room, panting.]

Elderly Member of the Firm (looking at him vaguely, and then recognising him). Ah, to be sure. I think, Sir, you said you wished to buy some United Hottentots. It is not altogether an investment we as a rule would recommend, but—

Mr. Gravestone (putting in his head). I have sold them, Sir. They fluctuated a great deal. They went down as low as 14½, but I caught them on the hop, and got out neatly at 40.

Mr. Bull (wiping his forehead with his handkerchief). Thank you. And I have lost—?

Mr. Gravesend. About £650. Then, of course, there will be our commission, which will bring up the total to a trifle more. Shall I make out your account, Sir?

Mr. Bull. Thank you.

[*Produces cheque-book, and settles. Elderly Member of the Firm (who has been doing, waking up with a start).* I really beg your pardon. You were saying, I think, that you would like to buy some United Hottentots—

Mr. Bull (putting on his hat, and leaving the office). No, thank you. I won't have any more of them to-day!

[*Exit, to explain matters to his Wife. Scene closes in as the tape marks "12'15. United Hottentots, 127½."*]

A SABBATARIAN SUCCESS.



THE *Blackpool and Fleet-wood Gazette* narrates at large the particulars of a munificent act of charity performed at Blackpool by the Managers of the Winter Gardens at that town, with the assistance of the Rev. C. H. WAINWRIGHT, Vicar of Christ Church. The Managers announced that, for the benefit of the distressed survivors of the Thames Collision, they would give a concert of sacred music at the gardens on Sunday afternoon—admission sixpence a head. Mr. WAINWRIGHT threatened that, if they did so, he would prosecute them under the Sabbatarian Statute 21 George III. The Managers therefore concluded, as our American Cousins say, to give their Concert admission gratis; a collection to be made after the performance, or rather, as a good work

done on a Sunday, it may be called, the Service. By this expedient they obtained £157, to be transferred to the Mansion House Fund for the charitable purpose abovementioned.

Now this sum very much exceeds the amount which would have been taken at the doors, and, for the difference—the excess of the money they got over what they expected—they may thank the Reverend Gentleman; for if he had let them alone, and not interfered to prevent them from executing their benevolent intention in their own way, they would have netted so much the less for the relief of their suffering fellow-creatures, and so much the less misery would have been unrelieved.

If he has duly considered this, Mr. WAINWRIGHT must feel highly gratified with his attempt to prevent a performance of a devotional character with a pious object, which he, although a Clergyman of the Church of England, and not a Scotch Presbyterian Minister or old woman, deems a desecration of the "Sabbath."

The Public at large, too, as well as the Blackpool people, have reason for gratitude to the Rev. Mr. WAINWRIGHT. In a letter addressed, in view of the intended Concert, to the Editor of the abovenamed Journal, he explains why he objected to sacred music, designed for the succour of destitution, on a Sunday afternoon. In that beneficent design he beheld only a snake in the grass, otherwise our old introductory acquaintance of the lever kind. "The truth," he says, "is the Directors are trying to introduce the thin end of the wedge, to test how far the Public are prepared to support Sunday entertainments." By causing them to find a legal way of giving a Sunday Concert, he has not only furthered the introduction of the wedge, but helped to drive its thin end in considerably farther. In so far he has promoted the cause of innocent and rational Sunday recreation; and we must not look a gift horse in the mouth, even although religious intolerance may possibly be found under his tongue.

In the Cellar.

Lord Beaconsfield (to his Butler). Let the old Port stand. Don't shake it on any account.

Butler. If you please, my Lord, do you think it will be any the better for keeping? (*Smelling a bottle.*) It's rather gone already.

Lord Beaconsfield. Put it into a cradle. If it isn't worth drinking, we can use it for cooking purposes. I'll try the new Cyprus to-night. [*Exit, to dress for dinner.*]

ADIEU TO THE AUSTRALIANS.

"The Australians have completed their victorious career among our County Clubs. Since their first memorable match at Lord's, in May, when they beat the M.C.C. by ten wickets in a single day, they have played well in every part of England, and their hard work has been rewarded by astonishing success."—*Newspaper Report.*

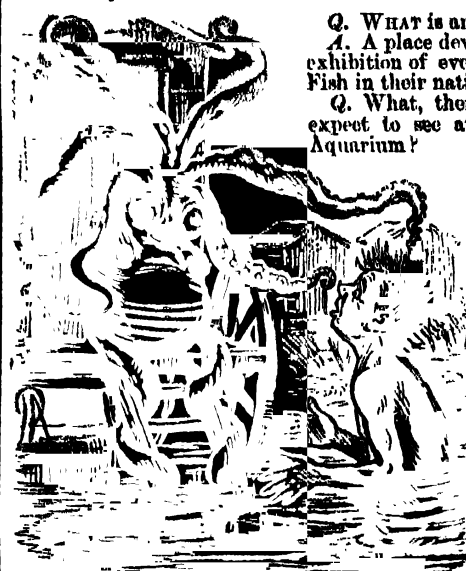
THE Australians came down like a wolf on the fold,
In a trice the M.C.C. were caught, stumped, or bowled;
Not a batsman 'gainst SPORFORTH "the demon" could stay,
And the match, a rare marvel, was won in a day.

They have travelled since then many cricketfields through,
From Swansea to Sheffield, from Cambridge to Crewe;
And though here and there scoring a casual "duck,"
They have everywhere shown us good play and good pluck.

They have given us rare proof that the noblest of games
May be learned near the Murray as well as the Thames:
That courage, good temper, and patience abound
Whether common or "Lord's" be the cricketing ground.

So a hearty Godspeed on their homeward-bound way
To the gallant Eleven whose watchword is "Play!"
With their comrades we'll make ever free of our soil,
Captain GREGORY, BANNERMAN, BLACKHAM, and BOYLE.

QUEER FISH AT WESTMINSTER.



Q. WHAT is an Aquarium?

A. A place devoted entirely to the exhibition of every variety of living Fish in their native element.

Q. What, then, may the Visitor expect to see at the Westminster Aquarium?

A. He may expect to see Fish.

Q. Will he?

A. Yes; if he looks about very carefully.

Q. But if not?

A. Then he will see a Two-Headed Nightingale (which doesn't sound like a fish); a Party of Dwarfs; the valuable and interesting Mr. STOKES on Memory (he's not a fish, and doesn't even come from Stoke's Bay—which might be

his title were he to turn Turk, i.e. STOKES BEY); the Performing Fleas (not fish, certainly); the Articulating Telephone and Microphone (I don't think these are fish); Portraits of Members of the Berlin Congress (fishy, perhaps); then there's *Uncle Tom's Cabin* (this sounds as if it had something to do with the sea, at all events, if not with fish; and it might be a cabin on board a fishing-smack—but it isn't); then there are POOLE, ZANLO, and POOLE (two POOLERS—getting near fish this time); PAULO'S Comic Ballet; the ROLMAZ Trio (haven't an idea what this means, but of course it *might* be fish); the Skating Troupe; WHEELER'S Prismatic Fountains; a Vocal and Instrumental Concert; and—with what joy the announcement is made—"ZAZEL. Free!!"

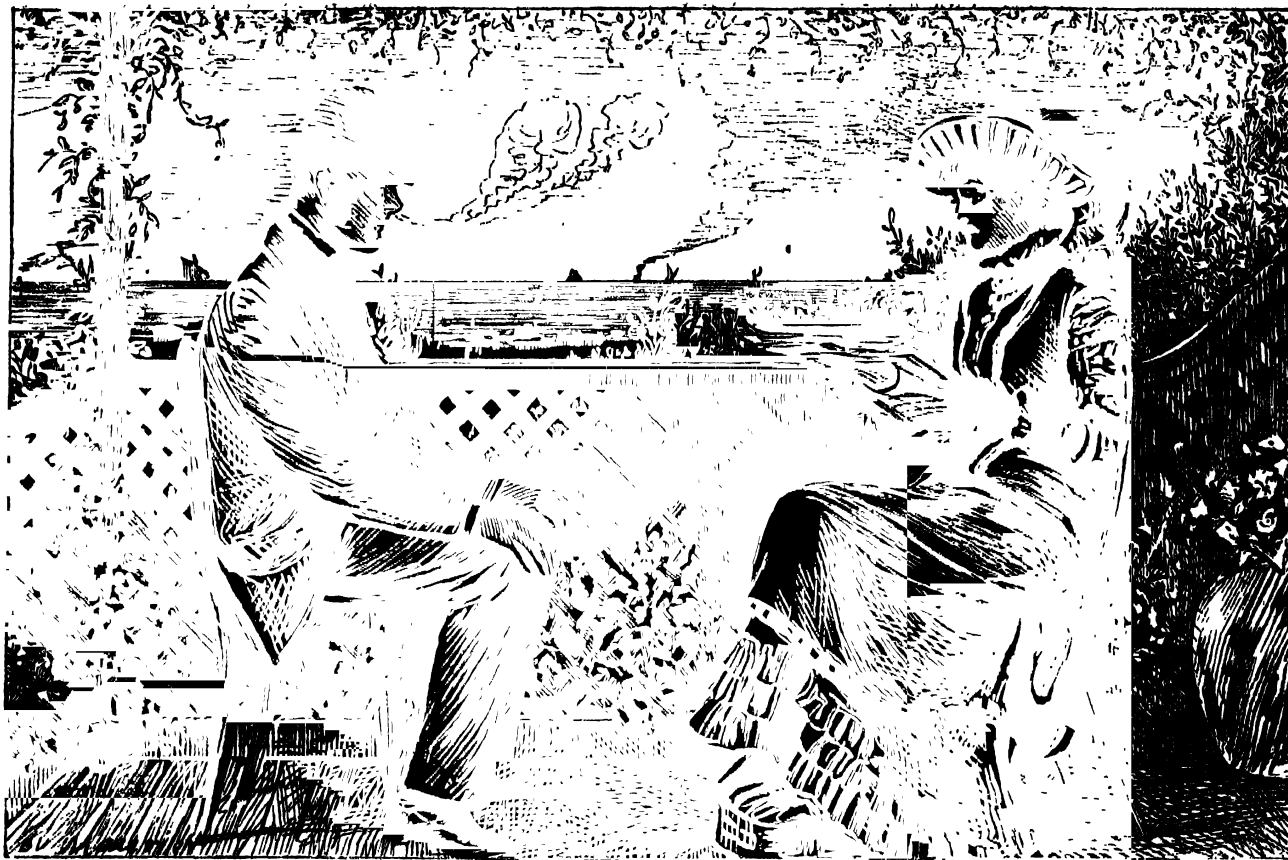
The notes of admiration are thrown in gratis. She is to be congratulated on her freedom. Where's FARINI? In chains? No. Here is a line about him which is a puzzler:—

"FARINI'S ZAZEL TWICE DAILY."

Is he, indeed! He's ZAZEL twice daily. Odd. He is evidently the queerest fish in all this Marvellous Show. Never mind; if it isn't fish, at all events the Manager makes it so; and all's fish that comes just now into the net profits of the Aquarium.

OH! OH!

In most countries the field-labourer is the Happy Peasant. In Kent he is the Hoppy Peasant.



CAUTION AND LOVE.

"OH, EDWIN, LOVE, HERE'S THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF OUR WEDDING. LISTEN!" (*Reads*)—"ON THE 16TH INST., AT ST. GEORGE'S, HANOVER SQUARE, EDWIN GOLDMORE TOMKYN, ESQ., M.P., OF GOLDMORE PARK, SUFFOLK, AND 248, PRINCE'S GATE, TO LADY ANGELINA, TWELFTH DAUGHTER OF THE EARL OF SILVERLACKE."

"READ ON, MY OWN SWEET LOVE. THERE'S ANOTHER PARAGRAPH—IN BRACKETS, I THINK."

"OH YES." (*Reads on.*) "MR. E. G. TOMKYN TAKES THIS OPPORTUNITY TO INTIMATE THAT HE WILL NOT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR ANY DEBTS CONTRACTED BY HIS WIFE, WITHOUT HIS WRITTEN AUTHORITY."

"THE BEST OF FRIENDS MUST PART."

Punch to Lord Dufferin.

Must part! *Punch* protests it seems almost a pity,
And yet such a muster of fairly-won friends
As bade you farewell in Quebec's famous city,
For parting's sharp pang make most pleasant amends.
Young Canada gave you a warm-hearted *valet*,
And tribute of praise seldom better deserved
Than by him who has governed us wisely as gaily,
In tact never failed and from *seize* never swerved.

An Irishman! Yes; and few Sons of Old Erin
Show more of the best of that nimble-brained race;
And rare is the Saxon who'll prove him your peer in
The right Celtic mixture of gumption and grace.
With the flow of warm feeling, the skill at fine fooling,
As native as *nous* to the Sheridan blood,
You're a type of the people whose powers of ruling
You merrily vaunted in whimsical mood.

The man who can *graciously* brag is a master
Of chords dull mook-modesty never may move;
The sprightly-thrasonic binds spirits the faster
In fun-spangled fetters of fancy-fed love.
The fuss of the proser, the whine of the canter,
Are foreign as falsehood and fudge to the tongue,
Which has lent a fine charm e'en to blarney and banter,
And glamour of grace o'er formalities hung.

Yet serious business has found you no fumbler,
Fun's dear at the figure when toil it would shirk;

But who would be such an inveterate grumbler
As chide a good workman who sings at his work?
Small wonder that Canada sorrows at losing
A chief who can rule and not bungle or bore,
Who, working or playing, is ay found suffusing
The wisdom of MONCK with the fancy of MOORE.

Whilst pinchbeck Imperialism is posing
As England's new idol, 'tis pleasant indeed
To find one who contrives, without gammon or glosing,
To bind branch with branch of our old Island breed.
Heart ties, after all, form the only safe tether,
If we and our stout Western scion agree,
In fair or foul weather, to foot it together,
Large thanks will be due to such bricks as Lord D.

Punch swells the full chorus that sounds from Ontario,
He'll welcome him home, from our Colony far,
Who, steadfast as DOUGLAS while gay as LOTHARIO,
Good jest will not mull and tough task will not mar.
Let us hope your successor in brain's not behind you,—
He'll find it no trifle to stand in your shoes,—
But JOHN BULL a fresh berth must right speedily find you,
For in faith, my dear Lord, you are too good to lose!

Self-Coronation.

AT a meeting lately held at Savona, in Italy, to celebrate the anniversary of the Genevan Alabama Award, Signor FILIPANTI, a Deputy, was loudly applauded on declaring that Germany "would cover herself with glory if she allowed Alsace-Lorraine to elect by *plebiscite* between France and Germany." Prince BISMARCK, perhaps, is of opinion that if he permitted Germany to do any such thing, he would be covering himself with a fool's cap.



“THE BEST OF FRIENDS MUST PART.”

CANADA (to EX-GOVERNOR-GENERAL). “GOOD BYE, MY LORD! WE’RE VERY SORRY TO LOSE YOU!”
LORD D-FF-R-N. “AH, YES! MY TIME IS UP! BUT AT LEAST I CAN PROMISE YOU A RIGHT ROYAL SUCCESSOR!!”

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

On the Weather—A Word to the Wise—Geneviève de Brabant at the Alhambra—An Algerian Ballet—A Signature—And a Postscript.



AIR SIR,

THE summer has gone. I announce it. It is so. By NEGRETTI AND ZAMBRA! but it is cold!!

Before proceeding any further I wish to protest. Somebody, no matter who it was, a somebody, and not a nobody, wrote to me, and expressed himself thus:—"I send you this," (i.e., some information) "for your behoof." Now, Sir, what did he mean by my "be-hoof"? Am I a quadruped? Did he intend to imply this? Have many people "be-hoofs"? If so, are they shod on their "be-hoofs"? And are these the Shoddies? Are certain persons fitted up with "be-hoofs," just as carriages are with "C-springs"? Let these questions be answered. I do not pause for a reply, or I shall be all behind—I mean all "behoof"—with my letter to you, respected Sir. Now for the Alhambra.

There is not one of Beauty's daughters in all *Opéra Bouffe* to whom I am more deeply attached than *Geneviève de Brabant*; and, judging from the absolutely crowded state of the Alhambra on the night of my Royal visit, the public seems to join me in singing "So say all of us." Mr. CHARLES MORTON has done well and wisely in producing *Geneviève*, and well and wisely in securing the services of Miss EMILY SOLDENE for *Drogan*, Miss CONSTANCE LOSERY for the heroine, Messrs. FELIX BURY and MARSHAL for the immortal two Gendarmes. "Too many cooks spoil the broth," is a rule with its exception here: for *Drogan* being one cook, and one cook—one AYNSLEY COOK—being *Cocorico Duke of Brabant*, the flavour of the *Opéra Broth* is certain to be improved. With such a JENNY VAYVE (as "our friends in the front" call her), how can we wonder at *Drogan* being

Led by the nose by
Miss CONSTANCE LOSERY?

Miss SOLDENE is the right *artiste* in the right place. She fills the stage with her presence, and, what is still more important, she fills the house with her voice. Her singing voice I mean, not her speaking voice, but the talk is really objectless at the Alhambra, and DUCROW's oft-quoted order to "cut the cackle and come to the 'osses," applies directly here, when the sooner the cackle is cut, and the quicker we get to the music, singing, and dancing, the better the public are pleased, invariably. I should like to hear a violent duet between Miss SOLDENE and Mlle. ROSE BELT, the two Ladies *par excellence* for such a stage as that of the Alhambra. Couldn't they tear passion, and caps to rags, in a sort of Billingsgate quarrelling scene like that in *La Fille de Madame Angot*?

As to the story of JENNY VAYVE. Heavens! I've seen it many a time and oft in Paris and London, and if I can make head or tail of it I'm what—according to the authority of Mr. Weller's legal adviser—the Lord Chancellor said *he* was in confidence—and, of course, in a Pickwickian sense.

But who cares for the details of a story in an *Opéra Bouffe* where all goes briskly, brightly, and merrily, and where all ends happily? Who drilled those young Ladies in Scene 2, Act I.? They're as nearly satisfactory as any I've ever seen on the English *Opéra Bouffe* stage; for somehow, no matter who has them in hand, "Our Girls," like true Britons, never, never, never will be slaves; and the *ensemble* cannot be obtained, which in Paris is the result of tyrannic rehearsal. Mr. H. B. FARNIE, Librettist, and Stage Director, ought to be able to do it, if any one can; but even for him it is a Farniese Herculean Task. Suffice it that at the Alhambra—

"Like DON FERDINANDO,
They do what they can do,"—

which isn't exactly the quotation. But no matter. As for the young Ladies themselves, not even the Alhambra Co. Limited, could expect their *chères* to be doing better. First Act went admirably. The Serenade, sung by Mlle. SOLDENE, and LOSERY winning a double *encore*.

The Second Act. I suppose the words of CHARLES MARTHL's song are not intended to be a secret? If they are, Mr. KELLEHER keeps close to his instructions, as all I could catch, listening with rapt attention, was something about "Madame TUSSAUD" (which I applauded—I always do when I hear anything about Madame TUSSAUD—), and "The Great Crusaders." The business of the song, executed by Our Girls, with rapiers, is very effective.

As the Automaton Hermit—or Jack in a Box-tree—Mr. J. DALLAS was very funny; but *Drogan's* song, however well given, is a trifle tedious; and it must be, when one feels that a sneeze from Miss CONSTANCE LOSERY is quite a relief to the audience, as well as to herself,—bless her!

How many *encores* the two Gendarmes obtained I ceased to count. Messrs. MARSHAL and FELIX BURY are admirable, the only fault being that the latter, Full Private *Piton*, is inclined to overdo the business by just so much of a hair's breadth, as endangers the crispness of the marked time on which the success of the duet greatly depends. Of all his burlesque duetts this is OFFENBACH's masterpiece. But what shall he do who comes after the two Gendarmes? Virtually, the Opera is over; and, feeling this, M. JACOB has brought into the last Scene a very telling Ballet—I don't know what it tells, but as may be literally said of a Ballet, *cela va sans dire*, i.e. it "goes" without saying anything—which, with his inspiring and melodious accompaniment, now graceful, now grotesque, gives a brilliant finish to as bright and as satisfactory an all-round performance as has been seen for many a long night at the Alhambra, and which I have no doubt will be seen for many a long night to come.

By the way, Miss ROSA's spirited dancing, and her leap into the Bohemian Boy's arms, are things to be seen and applauded.

Then followed about 10'45 (too late) a Ballet of Action, the story of which was written, or danced, by Mr. JAMES ALBERY, the Author of *The Two Roses*, which was not a Ballet, though the name sounds like it. I suppose the lateness of the hour prevented my being able to follow the story, which went away on any number of legs, and I did not feel inclined to pursue it.

I gathered from what I saw that an elegant Spanish Princess—who never appeared less at her ease than when seated in a large chair, for her legs, except when used for dancing, seemed to inconvenience her much—was, somehow or other, ill-treated by an elderly and apparently inebriated Turkish Gentleman, whom, at first, I took to be her father. Further consideration caused me to alter my opinion, for how should a Spanish Princess be the daughter of a Turk—whether inebriated or not is no matter? So I concluded he was some relation: uncle perhaps. He was always attracting his niece's attention to one of his fingers. Why? Had he hurt it? Did he want sticking-plaster? For the life of me I cannot make out why that disreputable old Turk bothered the Spanish Princess about such a trifle. Well—then a Gentleman in blue took a spear and a shield from the Princess, and made a great fuss about going to do something, but did nothing. Well—then vague people brought in gilded coal-scuttles for the Princess's inspection, but I fancy she didn't



BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.

Rector's Wife. "OH, MR. DORSET, WE HAVE NOT SEEN YOUR ASSISTANT, WHO HAS SUCH A VERY NICE TENOR VOICE, IN THE CHOIR LATELY."

Country Grocer. "NO, MA'AM; I'VE PARTED WITH HIM OWING TO THE RECTOR AND OTHER GENTLEMEN GETTING THEIR SUPPLIES FROM THE STORES IN LONDON!"

want to furnish, and so they took them all away again. About this time the inebriated Turkish Uncle, who had been looking daggers at everybody and everything, specially the coal-scuttles (he must have been very drunk), suddenly retired, either to take some more drink privately, or to recover from his past excess.

Well—that's the story, so far. It isn't *very* interesting, is it?

After this there appeared a Sea Nymph, and she and the Spanish Princess both fell in love with the man in blue. Then everyone broke into a dance of joy and cymbals, all, that is, except the tall Turkish Guards, who stood gloomily at the wings, their heads wrapped up as though suffering from severe face-aches and mumps, probably caught from standing night after night in the violent draughts of the Palace "wings."

Then the Sea Nymph showed her sea legs, and as the scene changed, I looked at my watch, and finding it was 11.30, and the story no further advanced, I said, Farewell unhappy Princess! *Addio*, Sea Nymph! Good-bye, Man in Blue and Drunken Uncle, I am off to get a cool American lemon squash, and a full-flavoured Havannah, and thanking you much, M. JACOBI, for the capital dance music, I am, Ladies and Gentlemen,

Very truly,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S.—"A New York audience yawned through the play of *Olivia*," writes a correspondent in America to the *Era*. The fact is in this instance, "the play's" not "the thing." The rehearsals and stage management, and the capital cast, made it what it was at the Court Theatre. If the "getting-up" on the American stage is not equal to that at the Court, the getting up in front of the house—and going out—will more than balance it.

To be seen—Mr. BYRON's new piece, *Conscience Money*. His last was *A Fool and his Money*. Still sticking to the *Money*—so they're not so soon parted—but now conscientiously. On the very best authority (except my own) I hear it is a success. *Credo BYRON*. A rule for Critics should be, "Don't judge by *First Appearances*." Of the popularity of sterling melodrama, you can judge by visiting *The*

Two Orphans (Messrs. D'ENNERY and CORMON) at the Olympic, and of the same Two Authors' success you will have at the Adelphi a most convincing *Proof*.

This is the last week of Messrs. GATTI's Concerts at Covent Garden. More's the pity. The other night a young Composer, as gifted as amiable (I dined with him), took me to hear Mr. ARTHUR SULLIVAN's Orchestra perform Mr. WALTER AUSTIN's *Fire King* Overture, first time in London; and after that we heard, with delight, Miss CUMMINGS' rendering of *The Lost Chord*, music by A. SULLIVAN, M.D., or rather by *The SULLIVAN*, M.D. On this occasion the *Lost Chord* was *Ong-chord*. After this *jeu de mot*, I bowed my acknowledgments from my Private Box, and withdrew.

Was it really?

WE object to hearing a Lady's name shouted out at the top of a guard's voice, or at the top of a guard's-van for the matter of that, as is daily done at Herne Hill Station, L. C. & D. line, when the guard and the porters sing out stentorianly, "*Victoria Forward!*" Who is VICTORIA FORWARD? There was a Lady came over here, some time since, Victoria something—American she was—who lectured, rather warmly, on Woman's Rights. Was she VICTORIA FORWARD? But anyhow, why shout out her name at Herne Hill?

A BRAND NEW ONE.

Now then, where will you find the true "poetry of motion"? Give it up? Why, in your *lawn Tennyson*, of course!

N.B.—This joke may be tried with effect on the One Man now left in Rotten Row.

THE MODERN BOA OF WHISTLES (early edition).—A railway junction at three o'clock in the morning.

KEEPING IT DOWN!



WHAT, Bogey-scared, O Man of Blood and Iron?
 You'd try Repression's bad old recipe?
 The Spectres which your strong-reared State environ
 You'd bind and box? An endless task, you'll see!
 Down with the lid! the ugly inmate throttle!
 It will not do—your system will not work:
 You'll find that, like the Geni in the bottle,
 'Twill out at last, in spite of tightest cork.

Jack-in-the-Box is sure to play you tricks, Sir,
 Unless you have the force to *break the spring*.
 Repression ever acts as an elixir
 To human yearnings for a freer wing.

To lay the Social Spectre is your duty,
 You doubtless think; but tyrant will in terror,
 Because its Bogey does not *look a Beauty*,
 O'erlooks its heart of truth—a fatal error!

The incubus of iron Militarism,
 Cramped freedom, stifled thought, and crippled trade,—
 These *will* breed discontent and Social schism,
 Dread forces 'gainst Autocracy arrayed.
 The plan of Mrs. PARTINGTON won't pay, Sir.
 Your Measure, like her mop, you'll fruitless find.
 Box up the Bogey for to-day you may, Sir;
 'Twill out to-morrow. Will can't bag the Wind!



AN APPETITE FOR INFORMATION.

Arthur (who has been listening with breathless interest to one of Grandpapa's Bible Stories).
 "AND WERE YOU IN THE ARK, GRANDPA, ALONG O' NOAH AND ALL THE REST OF 'EM?"
Grandpapa (indignantly). "NO, SIR, CERTAINLY NOT!"
Arthur. "THEN HOW IS IT YOU WASN'T DROWNED?"

THE STEEL HORSE.

THE Iron Horse a good one is, as the saying is, to go
 Behind him whilst he flies full speed as ye travel to and fro.
 Great wonders for mankind 'tis true that Iron Horse has done,
 But you talk about the Iron Horse as though there were but one.

And yet there is another Horse, in kind of iron frame;
 For I bestride a steed of steel whose mettle's full as game;
 My roadster: when I'm on his back, few things we go not by,
 Whether on wheels, or legs, or both, my Bicycle and I.

The Steel Horse ne'er in stable or stall stands eating off his head;
 He neither craves for corn nor hay—nor asks he coal instead.
 Nor doth he more to drink require than he demandeth feed.
 No water he lacks; and I pay no tax on account of my cheap Steel Steed.

My Steel Horse can convey but one, when he takes me up and down;
 He turns no lovely rural wild to close and sultry town.
 No ugly stuccoed settlements uprise upon his track;
 He bears no travellers to the bourne wherofrom they ne'er come back.

Occasion he for gambling none gives Cads of low degree.
 The Betting-men, the Sporting Gents, can't get at him or me.
 No slinking knaves environ him, and dog his ins and outs;
 No jockeys, ostlers, stable-boys, no tipsters, and no touts.

'Tis true that he on level ground alone can hold his pace,
 And the Steel Horse would avail me nought to win a steeplechase,
 Bear me 'cross country, after hounds, o'er hedge and ditch and gate;
 Fling me, and make me leave my friends to mourn my sudden fate.

But O, my Steel Horse never jibs, my Steel
 Horse never shies;
 He ne'er takes fright and bolts with me—at
 the worst can but capsize.
 Through the 'pikes we roll exempt from
 toll, as befits a Centaur free.
 There is nought to pay on the Queen's high-
 way for my Bicycle and me!

RULES IN RHYME.

(To the Editor.)

SIR,
 In the letters that have appeared in
 the *Times* relative to the Rules of Naviga-
 tion, the poetical regulations of the Board
 of Trade have been quoted. As for
 example:—

"When on your starboard red appear,
 It is your duty to keep clear—
 To act as judgment says is proper,
 To port, or starboard, back her, stop her."

The Poet is, of course, kept on the pre-
 mises. Who is the Bard of Trade? Is
 there a Trade Laureate? Is the place open
 to competition? If so, "Here stands a
 post" that I'll go in for. But in what
 direction? Why not for Cab-drivers? or
 for Police? Why not *all* regulations in
 verse, and the verse to music? Here's a
 specimen:—

When you want to reach the Bank,
 Hail a Cabman from the rank.
 If it is a shilling fare
 Do not pay him till you're there.
 And, if you've got any sense,
 Do not give him eighteenpence.

Here's another:—

Give a Cabman just his fare,
 My! how he will cuss and swear!
 Give him half-a-crown too much,
 And his hat, *perhaps*, he'll touch.

Rule for Cabmen, in another measure:—

No matter where you're going, any day,
 Through Covent Garden is the shortest way.
 "Wait for the Wagon" you can sing, *sans doute*,
 You'll wait for lots of waggons on this route.

Rule for Impecunious Passenger:—

Order the Cabman whom you cannot pay
 Without the Burlington Arcade to stay.
 Say, "Wait for me in Piccadilly, friend!"
 Then you'll retire by the other end.

Rule for ordinary driving:—

To the right you want to go,
 You must pull the right, you know;
 For you'd be of sense bereft,
 If, for right, you pulled the left.
 Or you must be very tight,
 When you think the left is right.

Advice to "Crawlers" unoccupied:—

Crawl along until you see
 Some one crossing cautiously.
 Almost knock him down, then cry,
 "Now then, stoopid, mind your eye!"

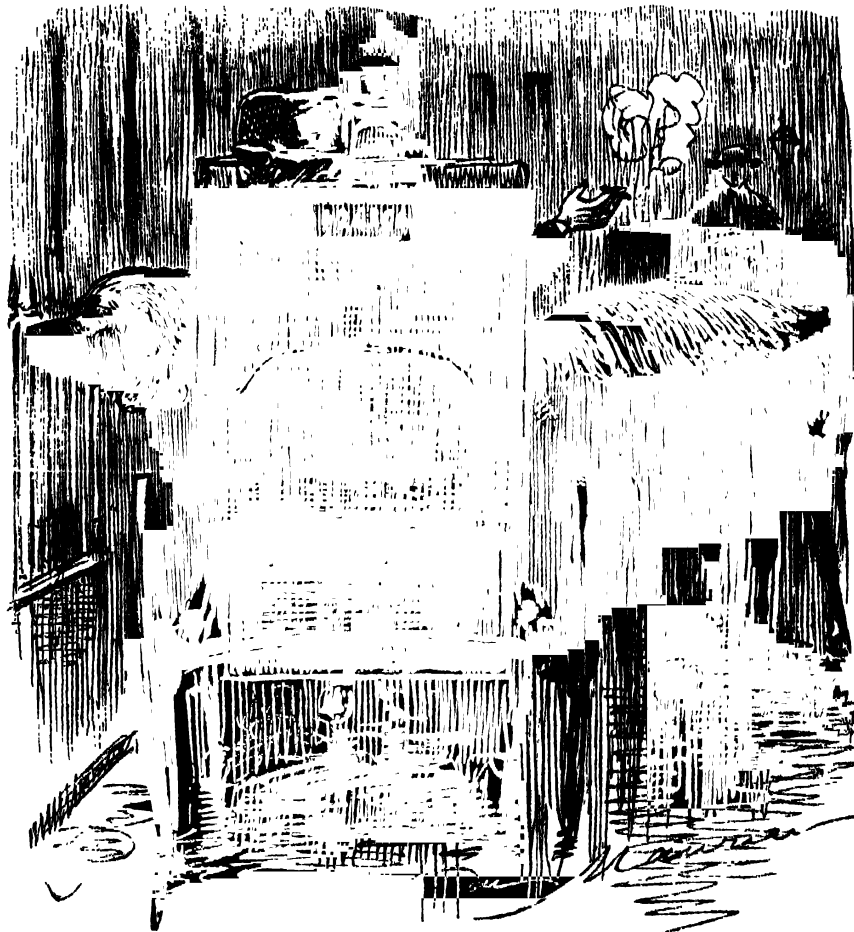
As to Excuses, here's the rule:—

When you have a jibbing horse,
 Say he's rather fresh, of course.
 If he kicks like mad, you'll say,
 "Bless you, Sir, that's only play!"
 If each step's a dangerous trip,
 Say, "He never makes a slip."

These are some few suggestions, which
 may be taken up by your numerous Poetical
 Correspondents, and applied all round. In
 the meantime, please remember,

YOUR POOR POET.

QUESTION.—Is the Native Widow of a
 deceased Nabob an India-vidual?



AN UNWIELDY CAB-FARE.

HOW TO ENJOY A HOLIDAY IN PARIS.

(By a Cynic, who has Attempted it.)

TAKE with you twice as much luggage as you can possibly require, to get lost on the railway, and to cause inconvenience and waste of time at the Custom House.

Depart by a train that entails getting up in the middle of the night, and breakfasting hurriedly in the early morning.

Cross over the sea in a ridiculously small steamer, which, overcrowded with passengers and luggage, rolls at the approach of every wavelet; or select a larger vessel infested with pickpockets.

Still suffering from the effects of a disagreeable voyage, hurry into a stuffy railway carriage, and spend half a dozen hours or so in it on your road to Paris.

Arrived in the gay Capital, select a large and comfortable Hotel, where you will be known as a number and treated as a cypher.

Dine at a bad and expensive *table d'hôte*, where you will be invited to partake of a morsel of four-and-twenty dishes in half as many minutes.

Hurry away to an overcrowded Theatre, and sit out for five hours a play either painfully frivolous, grossly immoral, absurdly sensational, or a combination of all three.

Rise early the next morning, and visit your favourite haunt in search of breakfast. Spend a couple of hours in the midst of a hungry throng, all attempting in vain to attract the notice of a few overworked waiters, vaguely carrying about some under-cooked dishes. Eat what you can secure, pay what you are forced to give, and come out half-starved and grumbling.

Lounge on the Boulevards, and submit to be elbowed off the pavement by the "brazen youth" of Dalston, Brixton, and other equally fashionable suburbs, and a few scores of thousands of personally-converted Tourists.

Look into the shops, and notice that they are filled with English goods.

Leave the streets, and, for the first time for many years, "do"

THE LAMENT OF THE VASE.

(Lately echoed from the Louvre.)

FASHIONED by heroic hands,
Graced I once old PRIAM's table,
Saw the rage of Argive bands,
Watched sweet HELEN fade in fable:
Till fair Athens rose, and I,
'Mid her cherished treasures numbered,
Told her of the times gone by,
Of the dead that with them slumbered.
And as cycles sank away,
Rome, the mighty spoiler, found me
Witness of her splendid sway,
While her triumph rang around me:
Witness—till her sand was run,
And, in whirl of Northern thunder,
Trampling Vandal, Goth, and Hun
Rent her giant strength in sunder!
Yet intact was I, and whole,
Destined for the joy of sages
Thankful for this scanty dole
Wrested from the grasping ages.
And they gently took me hence,
Pondered o'er my mist-veiled story;
Honoured me with throne and fence,
Set me up in single glory.
Yet in vain they marked my grace,
Marshall'd savans round about me—
Where I stood an empty space,
Says the world must live without me!
Yes!—for spite cost, care,—each boon,—
Tenderness that quite abashed me,—
Suddenly, this afternoon,
Came a British Mob—and smashed me!

A Juvenile Attempt.

THE Porto is itself again. A telegram from Constantinople announces that:—
"The Turkish authorities are re-established at Sis."

So they are once more in the Imperative Mood, Present Tense. Or the Potential Mood, Present Tense, Second Person Singular—whichever you please, Sir.

the sights. Discover, when it is too late to retrace your steps, that the "Monuments of Paris" are in the hands of a gigantic crew of plebeian, uncultivated, and unappreciative excursionists.

As a last resource, visit the Exhibition and renew your acquaintance with the wonders of the Rue de Rivoli, Regent Street, Friedrich Strasse, Broadway, and several foreign imitations of the Tottenham Court Road.

Weary of the well-known triumphs of commerce, as displayed in chocolate drops, writing desks, easy chairs, and other equally interesting articles, walk into the Machinery Department, and secure a headache by watching the rather clumsy manufacture of a hat, a pill-box, or a pair of braces.

To regain your habitual calm, visit the Fine Art Galleries, and inspect the tarnished glories (?) of past and forgotten Royal Academy Exhibitions, Salons, and other Annual Collections of Pictures held in different parts of Europe.

Still in search of composure, stroll into the grounds and gaze upon theatrical representations of Asiatic houses and Japanese shopkeepers selling their native manufactures at exorbitant rates.

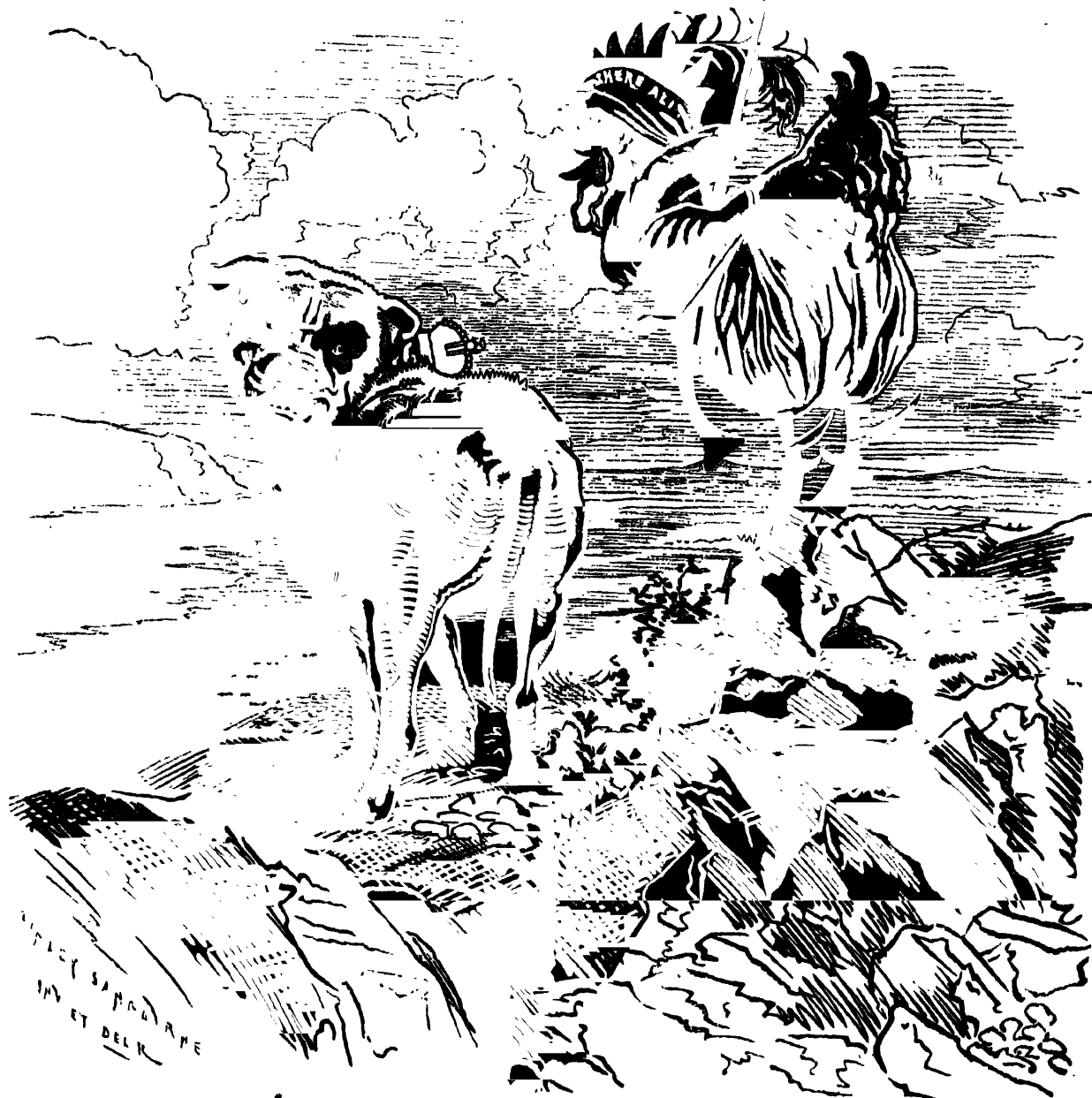
Tired to death of the Exhibition, return to your hotel in a badly-horsed, highly-priced, and broken-down Victoria, and find the place more crowded and more uncomfortable than ever.

Spend a month or six weeks dismally, finding Paris without the Parisians, the Boulevards without the glories of the shops, and the Theatres without the novelties.

Then, when you are quite bored, crush into a crowded train, embark in a thronged boat, and get home as best you can, thanking your lucky stars the while that you are once more housed in London.

"Cum Grano."

OUR Muscular Christian friend, MILO ALLSIDES, hearing Mr. CORNEY GRAIN most justly spoken of as "one out of ten thousand," innocently asked, "Does that mean that ten thousand common men had to be threshed to produce such a sample of Grain?"



"COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO!"

STRONG, BUT PLEASANT.

A REPORT in a Salopian paper presents to the imagination a vivid idea of the sanitary state of the district under the dominion of the Wellington Board of Guardians. At a meeting of those authorities the other day—

"Mr. H. J. TAYLOR, Sanitary Inspector, reported as to the existence of nuisances in various parts of the district, and in most instances orders for abatement were made."

The gravity—and graveolence—of those nuisances can be understood from the statement, immediately succeeding the above, that—

"The Inspector also reported that in one case there were four pigsties within three feet of a cottage, and that the filth from the sties ran down to the base of the house, and caused a great nuisance."

"Mr. JERVIS: A farmhouse is no good unless there is plenty of manure about it. (Laughter.)"

"The CHAIRMAN observed that he did not consider any pigsty a nuisance. —No action was taken in the matter."

If no action was taken in the matter—truly matter in the wrong place—of the four pigsties whose details are described in the forego-

ing quotation—what, as regards cleanliness and odour, must have been the state of things in the various cases in most of which orders for the abatement of it were made? The thought of it is enough to make any gentleman hold his nose; except, of course, the member of the Wellington Board of Guardians who thinks that "a farmhouse is no good," unless it be surrounded with the material which he named; and save also the Chairman, who said that "he did not consider any pigsty a nuisance," and to whose nostrils perhaps all pigsties are nosegays only more or less agreeably odoriferous.

Taste beyond the Tweed.

FALKIRK, Lord ROSEBURY the other day informed a meeting of its inhabitants, is to be provided with a School of Music and a School of Cookery. Was there nobody among his hearers to ask why, and whether it was possible that either Scotch Music or Scotch Cookery could be improved? What three dishes are there comparable to parritch, haggis, and sheep's-head and trotters? What three pieces of music are equal to "Scots, wha ha'e," "Auld Lang Syne," and "Tullochgorum"?



TRAVELLER TOO BONÂ FIDE.

Dusty Pedestrian. "I SHOULD LIKE A GLASS OF BEER, MISSIS, PLEASE——"

Landlady. "HAE YE BEEN TREVELLIN' BY RELL?"

Pedestrian. "NO, I'VE BEEN WALKING—FOURTEEN MILES."

Landlady. "NA, NA, NAE DRINK WILL ONY YIN GET HERE, WHA'S BEEN PLEASURE-
HEEKIN' O' THE SAWBATH DAY!!"

"JUDGE NOT HASTILY."

FROM the *Times'* paragraph subjoined it may appear that an unhappy peasant has had to suffer severely for a slight offence, and that Shropshire Justices make a preposterous account of

"RABBITS.—JOHN LEARY, a labourer, with two children, has, by the County Magistrates at Ludlow, been committed to gaol for twenty-one days, without the option of paying a fine, for taking a rabbit out of a trap in a hedge at Dilbury at night, and also required to give £20 bail not to offend again for twelve months."

But could the prisoner have paid a fine? and would any labourer be able to do that unless he were an habitual poacher? These questions are to be asked before it is assumed that the County Magistrates at Ludlow are Squires who regard rabbits as sacred animals,

insomuch as to punish the petty offence of "boning" one by committing a poor labourer to the House of Correction, and, perhaps, consigning his wife and family to the Workhouse.

CIRCULAR NOTES.

(Contributed by Our Jotter.)

THE Patron Saint for Messrs. Cook should be St. Martin of Tours.

A Gentleman, very particular as to locality, told me he felt a little uncertain of his position in Doubty Street, W.C. I replied that it, was spelt "Doughty." We argued. "'Dough,'" says he, "spells 'Doo'; therefore it's Dooty Street." "But," I replied, "'Plough' spells 'Plow'; therefore 'tis Dowty Street." "'Tough,'" says he, "is pronounced 'Tuff'; so 'tis Duffty Street." "If you come to that," I rejoined, "'Hough,' spells 'Hook,' and therefore 'tis Dockty Street." This *argumentum ad 'hock'* made us thirsty, and we quaffed. There was a great deal to be said on both sides; more than fits into this paragram. Yes, "paragram" is the word. Why not "paragram?" You send me a telegram, not a telegraph. You will telegraph me a telegram, and I will paragram you a paragram. When the Learned Universities discussed the "Telegram" Question, years ago, no one suggested "paragram."

I've thought much of it since then, and this is the result in the Ollendorffian Method:—

Has the man telegraphed a telegram? He has not telegraphed a telegram, but he has photographed a photograph. The children of my neighbour (*i.e.*, my neighbour's children), paragrammed a paragram. What do you photograph? I photograph a photograph, but the sisters of the physician (*i.e.*, the physician's sisters), paragram a paragram, &c., &c.

Where is the man who will write a history of the London Statues, with portraits and original designs? Guide to the Statues of London, by one of themselves, signed *Statue Quo*.

LORD BEACONSFIELD, to Greece, "Sons of freedom, you have a glorious past to look back to, a promising future—and—and—what can you want more for the present?" This is my LORD BEACONSFIELD'S nice present for Greece, if she'll only be a good girl, and not bother. A historical people should never become a hysterical people.

Which is the best quarter of London to live in? I should be delighted to find any part of London where there was "no quarter" given, or taken. But there, it's all owing to the Moon, that we have any quarter-days at all. This "argument from design," in the creation of the Moon, ought to be sufficient to confute and confound any infidel, especially if he be a landlord.

Some illustrated papers produce portraits of distinguished individuals, for which the artists should be drawn first, then quartered on the Editor for a month, and then executed on their own wood blocks on Tower Hill. By the way a good mediæval illustration of a *Tour de force* was the *Tower of London*.

There is a fine plot of land to be let at Birchington, Kent, quite a site for a School. Ground at Birchington is sold by the rod.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

He stoops to "Folly," and rises to the Olympic—A few words on the approach of Winter, and on some Good Old Times that might be revived with Advantage to Everybody.

SIR,

WHEN a theatre styles itself The Varieties, or the Vaudeville, or the Opéra Comique, it ought to act up to its pretensions. The Alhambra's full title is, I believe, The Alhambra Theatre of Varieties, and variety is its charm. There is nothing of the Vaudeville at present about the theatre managed by Messrs. JAMES AND THORNE, but the Opéra Comique sticks strictly to its line of business. The little Charing Cross Theatre, originally intended for such entertainments as those given by Mr. WOODIN, Mr. MACCABE, Lieutenant COLE, or half a dozen Ethiopian Serenaders, was christened some three years or so ago "The Folly."

Folly was to be, there, the order of the night. At the Folly, *Blue Beard*, with Miss LYDIA THOMPSON and Messrs. BROUGH and EDWIN, ran some hundred nights. The music was very catching,



the Heathen Chinese was a novelty, and Mr. BROUGH's "*That's the sort of Man I am*" made a hit.

Robinson Crusoe was a dismal failure on the first night; but, after excision and revision, it had a very long run. It was Folly to have produced such a piece as *Robinson*, it was Folly to stick to it, but Folly won in the end—won, in fact, in the long run.

True to its title, nothing could be greater folly than to produce two such pieces as *La Veuve* and *L'Etoile*, the one under the name of *The Idol*, the other as *Stars and Garters*.

The subject of *The Idol*, unless treated, either from an utterly extravagant, or a most painfully serious point of view, is unpleasant. A widow idolises her departed husband, has his bust stuck up in her drawing-room, addresses it as though it were her husband still living, is gradually disillusioned by his real character being brought to light, after which the bust is smashed, mended, laughed at, and placed in somebody else's room.

That there is humour of a certain sort in this notion has been shown us by Lord LYTTON's *Graves*, in *Money*, who, after perpetually invoking his "Sainted MARIA," and dwelling upon the impossibility of his ever finding anyone to fill her place, proposes to merry *Lady Franklin*. But that was only episodic, and very lightly, very farcically, touched.

In *The Idol*, the worship of the dear defunct is the very essence of the play, and a nasty essence too. The piece, treated eccentrically, might have been vulgarly called *Bust Up*!

Miss EASTLAKE looks well, dresses well, and plays fairly as *Cupid Erle*, and Miss EDITH BLANDE and Miss ROSE CULLEN are bright and lively as *Mrs. Jekyll* and *Bessy Jekyll*.

Mr. J. G. GRAHAME is an honest, hearty, impassioned Captain, in love with the Widow, but his attentions, at first sight, do not appear exactly honourable. Mr. LIONEL BROUGH's is a stupid part. Mr. ALFRED BISHOP extorted from me the one single laugh I indulged in throughout the performance. His make-up is capital, and his

attempt, in the last Act, to address the people who won't listen to him, is immensely funny.

The best bit of acting is Mr. PAULTON's Jeweller. The scene is too long, and, in less clever hands, would be wearisome, but Mr. PAULTON has carefully thought it out point by point, and from first to last it is a very good performance. Mr. PAULTON, like Mr. HARE, takes pains to show us what can be done with a small character-part in a good situation, and his *Mr. Chisel* (a very bad name for such an honest and delicate-minded tradesman) is unquestionably the pearl of price in this very bad oyster.

As for *Stars and Garters*, except a trio, "*Going back to Dixie*," sung by Mr. ALFRED BISHOP, Miss ROSE CULLEN, and Miss ANNIE POOLE, and some verses and choruses divided between Messrs. BROUGH, PAULTON, and a bevy of girls, there is hardly anything to suggest the probability of a long run; yet I cannot forget how *Robinson Crusoe* was denounced as irredeemably bad, how it was knocked over, how it picked itself up, and had a really long run of prosperity. But the Folly is the Folly, be it never so Foolish.

Miss EDITH BLANDE looks magnificent, Miss LYDIA THOMPSON is as sprightly as ever, and the Pages and Maids of Honour are as smiling and smirking as Lord OGLE, the oldest *Habitue* in the Stalls, could wish; but there is a lack of fun, a lack of "go," which in any other theatre would be fatal to success. The Manager can spell "Folly," but "Failure" is not in his dictionary. Yet, as the French Lady remarked on the absence of *ennui* from the English language, "What need of the word when they have the thing itself?"

King Jingo affords no opportunities for Mr. BROUGH's genuine burlesque humour; but I should say the part itself is very different from its original, *Out Premier*, as played by little, fat, fussy DAUBRAY at the Bouffes last year. But in Paris *L'Etoile* owed its non-success rather to the composer, M. CHABRIER, than to the librettists, MM. LETERRIER and VANLOO. Odd name, VANLOO! It looks like a muddled game of cards, something between Van John and Loo. So much, and enough too, for *The Folly*; and now for a visit to the Olympic Orphanage.

Les Deux Orphelines, by Messrs. D'ENNERY and CORMON, at the Olympic. What a clever play! in what masterly style is the plot put together! Yet how needless are the frequent repetitions of the story told over and over again to the different personages who are required as links in the chain. With a little extra care the English adaptation might have had the advantage over the French original in telling the story with equal lucidity and at less length.

Mr. NEVILLE, who has recently been the *Pierre* the Convict in *Proof* at the Adelphi, is now *Pierre*, the Cripple, in *The Two Orphans* at the Olympic. His performance is admirable. When I think of the two different figures, *Pierre Lorance*, the tall, manly, honest soldier, in *Proof*, and *Pierre*, the Cripple, the poor, helpless weakling in *The Two Orphans*, I can scarcely bring myself to believe they are played by one and the same person. Yet, there he is,—the "noody knife-grinder," at the Olympic, whom "a sense of wrongs does rouse to vengeance," who turns like the bruised worm, and, in his final struggle with his big bully of a brother, announces that it is the case of the sons of ADAM reversed, that it is ABEL who is going to kill CAIN, and now he is Abel—to do it! What a scene that last! What a stab! Go it, you Cripple! What breathless interest and what delight when the Big Brother Bill—I beg his pardon, WILLIAM—RIGNOLD, gives his final kick, and expires. But 'tis a melancholy play, sad from beginning to end; no sun-light, no gleam of relief, not even from the Valet, *Picard*, whose hard humour is only aggravating. Nothing can be more pathetic than Miss MARION TERRY's Blind Girl, nothing more earnest than Miss ERNESTINE's *Henriette*, nothing more revolting than Mrs. HUNTLEY's *La Forcharde*, nothing more disgustingly repulsive than Mr. WILLIAM RIGNOLD's *Jacques*.

But it is too long, not being over till past twelve. The first part could be considerably curtailed; a whole handful could come out of Tableau IV., one Scene could be entirely eliminated, and at least three repetitions of the story could be taken for granted. Again, after the grand climax in the garret, the last Act is not required by the audience, who would be quite content to take Mr. NEVILLE's word for everything ending happily, if he would only step out, and pleading the lateness of the hour and the earliness of the closing movement (it is a thirsty piece), assure them that everything would be settled satisfactorily behind the curtain. This may be a hint worth taking. "*Our Girls*" wouldn't have been an inappropriate title for *Les Deux Orphelines*.

The *Winter's Tale* at Drury Lane reminds us that Christmas is coming. More on this head, I mean on this *Winter's Tale*, in my next.

I hear that the Methodistical Melodrama, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, is drawing unprecedentedly big Pits at the Princess's. I don't care for this Moody-and-Sankey-panky on the stage, and very little for it off, and I would rather hear of another *Pink Dominoes* being licensed, than Niggers, in a theatrical performance, being permitted to sing such a verse as this,—I quote from memory, but the lines are very nearly these:—

"The Devil tempted a woman;
A woman tempted a man;
And, if it hadn't been for the mercy of Heaven,
We'd all be dead and dam."

Whether in the third line "God" is used instead of "Heaven" I am not sure, but I think it was when I heard it. And this was received with a shout of laughter and encores! Well, but where stop? The Decalogue, or the Lord's Prayer, might be set and sung in the same way. This verse, certainly, ought to be excised by that sweet little cherub of a Chamberlain who sits up aloft and keeps watch for the morals of our theatre-going public.

I have done my theatres for this week, and now let me sit down in calm seclusion and enjoy the capitally-written

SLAVES OF THE



Records of British Boxers, Legends of Slaves of the Ring, Tales of the P.R., as they are now being re-told, week by week, in a paper that Mrs. Malaprop would have called the *Lion-tious Witters' Gazette*.—I mean the *Licensed Victuallers' Gazette*. To adapt the pet couplet of my favourite advertising poet to the present case—

"They come as a boon and a blessing to men,
These tales as re-told by this Pungilist Pen."

The account of the fight got up for the benefit of the

Grand Duke NICHOLAS of Russia—fancy a Grand Duke having a benefit!—is historically interesting. The P.R., like many other excellent institutions, came to grief through want of inherent ability to reform itself and rectify abuses. But, in the interests of health, I should say that a good spar in England would save many a visit to a Spa abroad, and it would be a good thing for our young Athletes of the Schools and Universities were they to become "hand and glove" with the exercise of the Noble Art. I have heard it said that "it is a first-rate thing for the eye." I have found it so, and also for the nose. However, "The Mill is gone to decay, BEN BOLT," and those who "know the ropes" best, know that the stakes are not forthcoming to support them. *Hæu præca fides!* O Ancient Art of Pluck! Let me tap my own claret, and crack my own nut before the fire, and, at peace with all the world, be now and always

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

"BETTER DAY BETTER DEED."

SCENE—Paris. Wicket at entrance to Concours d'Agriculture, Department of Polled Cattle. TIME—Noon, Sunday. Eminent Scotch Cattle-Breeder emerging briskly from interior, encounters another eminent ditto.

First Eminent Scotch Cattle-Breeder. Hullo, Mac! you here?

Second Eminent Scotch Cattle-Breeder. Ou, ay, man! But I've keepit my bed till noo. Sad wark judging nowt o't Sabbath!

First Eminent Scotch Cattle-Breeder. Sad wark! Ye've little occasion to say that, and you gotten the feck o' the prizes.

Second Eminent Scotch Cattle-Breeder. Eh, man, d' ye say that! But will na the el'ers at hame hear o't?

First Eminent Scotch Cattle-Breeder. Come, noo, Mac—rin your chance for ance. What's the price o' your first prize bull?

Second Eminent Scotch Cattle-Breeder. Ah, weel, man, but we cudna speak aboot that. This is the Sabbath-Day, man. But an' the bullic be to be saul', the price is juist three hunner poun doon—nas a fardin less. (Pause.) Come awa till we see fat kin' o' soda-water they sell here. We never mak' dry bargains at hame.

[The two find their way into the nearest restaurant, where they discover a coterie of like-minded fellow-countrymen, by whom they are hilariously welcomed, and the Sabbath is kept in congenial fashion, the winner of the Prizes supplying the liquida.]

MOTTO FOR KIN BEYOND SEA.—"A little more than Kin, and less than kind."

"HOW I COULDN'T FIND STANLEY."

(An Indignant Protest addressed to the Editor by the Author of "How I went for Stanley.")

SIR,—You hinted—nay more than hinted—that, while I was professing to find STANLEY, I had never left my native shore, in fact, had stopped at Margate, or Ramsgate, or where the bright shrimp disports itself in the modest bay of Pegwell. I passed over those innuendoes with silent contempt.

But you implied that I had undertaken to find STANLEY—nay, that I had actually styled my admirable work on the subject *How I Found Stanley*,—and, in point of fact—the one point which I flatter myself is always my promontory on the Map of Truth—I had not found STANLEY at all.

Now, Sir, permit me to state here what is patent to the world, and no extra charge on the part of the patentee, that I called the first part of my great and immortal work "*How I went for Stanley*," and that some one in the office altered that title. I bowed to your superior judgment—for I am the politest man in the world, and I often bow even without recognising the person to whom I am bowing—and in my laconic and Wellingtonian manner, I exclaimed "*Stet*" and it statted.

So you see, Sir, I had only undertaken to "go for" STANLEY, and for STANLEY I went.

Now observe. Was I the only man after STANLEY? STANLEY first, the rest nowhere. There was another indefatigable explorer who, assisted by means,—which, from no fault of my own, I could not command,—had got on the track, had taken the shortest and most expensive route, and while I was, heaven only knows where, in the Keep-It-Dark Country, risking my life for an idea, and sending you imploring letters for aid, even if it took the form of postage stamps, This Gentleman, of French extraction, I imagine by his name, had got the right STANLEY by the ear.

Why couldn't I find STANLEY? Because Mr. D'O'LY CARTE had got him! He had hidden him away, he had secreted him, and for aught we know, as Mr. D'O'LY CARTE is the Manager of the Opéra Comique, he may be utilising his newly acquired available talent on board *H.M.S. Pinafore*, where it may be that Mr. H. M. STANLEY is disguised as a sailor, and nightly joining in the GILBERT-CUM-SULLIVAN chorus of "*He is an Englishman*."

"For he himself has said it,
And 'tis greatly to his credit,
He is an Englishman!"

And how do I arrive at this? Thus: In the *Era* I find a paragraph which I present to you as my justification:—

"Mr. R. D'O'LY CARTE, with characteristic energy, has arranged with the world-renowned explorer of Africa, Mr. HENRY M. STANLEY, to give a series of one hundred lectures this autumn in the principal towns of Great Britain. The lecture will be called 'Through the Dark Continent,' and will be, in fact, a narrative of Mr. STANLEY's last journey through Africa."

Good. And where shall I be meantime? My panorama will be ready, my speaking likenesses will be in working order, and I've engaged a double-handed brass band, and a double-headed trumpet blower, who will be heard for miles round. I shall be all there when the bell rings. There will be a portrait, in oils, of myself, outside, described as a *D'O'ly Carte de Visite*, and my solicitor informs me that this, in his opinion (up to Six-and-Eightpence), is not a "Colourable Imitation," being already coloured.

I shall take two blacks who will help to "make" one white (myself) with a set of bones and banjones.

Banjones is accusative plural of Banjo. Observe, extract from the Dark Continent Grammar, page 5. Black Letter Copy:—

Singular.

Nom. Banjo.	Acc. Banjonem.
Gen. Banjonis.	Voc. Banj-O!*
Dat. Banjoni.	Abl. Banjone.

* To distinguish from the ancient Celtic, "the O'Banjo."

Plural.

Nom. Banjones.	Acc. Banjones (or Burn-Jones).
Gen. Banjonum.	Voc. (Wanting, or Owing-Jones.)
Dat. Banjonibus.	Abl. Banjonibus.

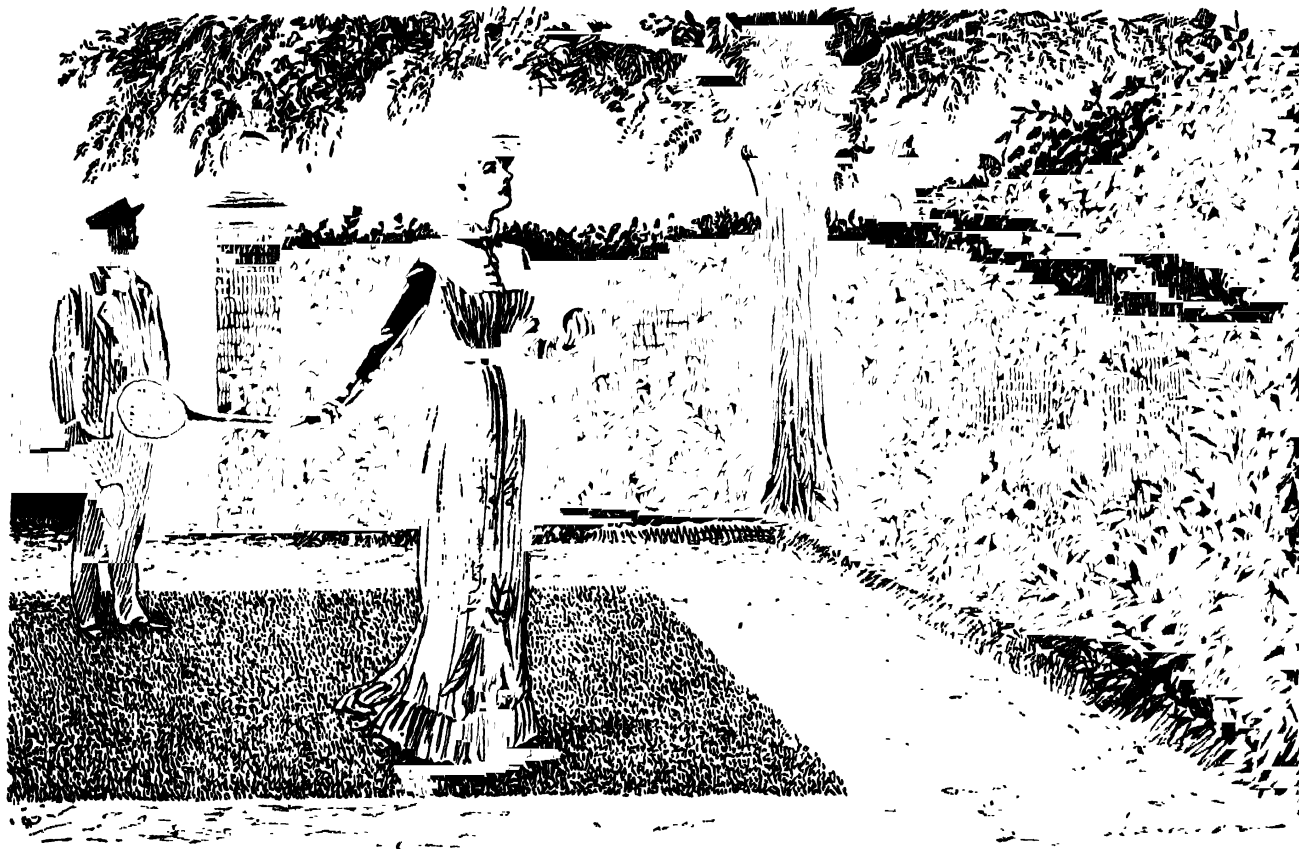
However, I'm not going to give you the result of all my hard work and study gratis, so "if you want any more you may sing it yourself." And I am yours with dignity.

THE EX-EX- (OR DOUBLE EX)-PIORER OF THE
"KEEP-IT-DARK CONTINENT."

P.S.—I have no objection to throw in the information that "once on a time" I did find STANLEY in Paris.

"How did I find him?"
I found him very well, thank you, and how are you?

Yours X. X. P.



LAWN-TENNIS UNDER DIFFICULTIES.—“PLAY!”

IF SPACE IS LIMITED, THERE IS NO REASON WHY ONE SHOULDN'T PLAY WITH ONE'S NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOURS, OVER THE GARDEN WALL. (ONE NEEDN'T VISIT THEM, YOU KNOW!)

THE SHADOW ON THE HILLS.

READY!

So rings the Watchword o'er the Western border.
And India, arms at hand, and well in order,
Stands still, attent, and steady,
Watching—what? Scarcely the Wolf, whose snarl of wrath
Affronts and would arrest her on her path;
Nor the red sun-glare on the glittering snow
That crowns the summits of the Sufeid Koh;
But a dim Shadow, vaguely vast, which creeps
Across the craggy steeps.

Scared at a Shadow? Nay, she is not scared,
Nor menacing; but vigilant, prepared.
She need not fear, nor need she rashly flaunt,
Her hand in reach of the aye-ready steel,

The Lion at her heel,
A tutelary warder none may daunt.
But watch she must, and strike, if need arise.
Empress of realms beneath those Orient skies,
Where rumour shakes allegiance as the wind
Rustles dry reeds, and gossip can unbind
The bonds of generations. She too knows
That Nemesis of Conquest which forbids

The Conqueror at will to close
The circle of his dominating sweep,
Whilst rivals creep and creep,
Like Shadows first, then in more solid guise,
Nearer his holds, as to dispute the prize.

So India wakes, and watches, not again
Amidst those iron hills to stand at check,
Or fall in seeming wreck
Back from the ambushed Afghan's bullet-rain.
Not as inviting strife, but in defence,
Checkmating craft and curbing insolence,

Or overt or occult;
For they who dare insult
The Indian Una, dreaming, it may be,
The Lion sleeps or strays, right soon must see
The dusky Virgin is awake and armed,
Her champion alert and unalarmed.
No time for too close question of the past,
Of too unwary steps too hot retracing:
The Shadow o'er yon western hill-tops cast
May pass like other shades, but India, bracing
Her strength against all chances, firm and steady,
Must pass the Watchword—"Ready!"

CASTS OF "CHARACTERS."

PROFESSOR PUNCH,

ENCOURAGEMENT of Research is certainly not one amongst the duties of the Home Office. The contrary, indeed, appears to be its policy, if not its function, from the conclusion of a letter addressed from that Department to a Gentleman who had complained of not having been permitted to take a cast of the head of a recently executed convict:—

"I am to add that Mr. Cross has thought it advisable to give directions that the practice of allowing casts to be taken of the heads of condemned criminals should be discontinued.—A. J. O. LIDDELL."

Why, *Mr. Punch*, when the casts are not taken till after death? Was there ever any objectionable sale for the casts of criminals' heads, regarded as objects of morbid interest? Or is it possible that Mr. Cross considers the truth of Phrenology so completely demonstrated in every particular that there is no necessity whatever for any more study of the relation between the mental character and the form of the head? Can he be quite satisfied that on that point there is nothing more left to be ascertained by the student of Science through observations conducted on the lines laid down by Lord Bacon? Surely the HOME SECRETARY cannot confound Bacon with GAMMON.



THE SHADOW ON THE HILLS.



A MISTAKE.

Old Lady (emerging wrathfully from Cabmen's Shelter). "I SAY, CONDUCTOR! IF YOU DON'T SEND THIS 'ERE TRAM ON DIRECTLY, I'LL REPORT YOU! AIN'T A HOUR I'VE BEEN SETTIN' A-WAITIN' A'READY. AIN'T YOU ASHAMED OF YOURSELF?"

HIBERNIAN MARVELS.

WONDERS will never cease, *Mr. Punch*.

The *Mayo Examiner* quotes from the *Rosary Magazine* a remarkable illustration, related by an Irish Dominican Father, of the "Efficacy of the Water of Lourdes"—a case of confirmed dipsomania completely cured. The patient was a man of respectable position but intemperate habits: he had been a drunkard for years. The Father invited him to take the pledge. He said he had taken it often before, but had never kept it two days, and was convinced that if he then took it he should break it again. In the meantime, the Father, having "put him on his knees," produced "a small bottle of water from the fountain of Lourdes." The rest is in his Reverence's own words:—

"I gave him the small bottle, and told him while yet on his knees to say a Hail Mary and take one drop of the water. He did so, and upon the instant he said he was convinced that with the protection of the Blessed Virgin he would keep the pledge. He was at the time in a shattered state of constitution from drink. He went home, and in the course of ten days he wrote to me in good spirits, saying he had kept his pledge, and was quite strong. He paid me a visit last week; he was the picture of health and happiness, and said that from the moment he tasted the water he had lost all thirst for stimulants."

Wonderful, if true—isn't it? But if this wonder be a truth indeed, the experiment above-narrated deserves repetition. Might not Cardinal MANNING possibly find Lourdes water a most potent aid to his valuable exertions in the cause of temperance? Could he point to its general and ordinary, not to say invariable, success in the treatment of dipsomania, what a triumph that would be for his own Temperance Society over that of the Church of England and every other—eh, *Mr. Punch*?

Suppose, Sir, that a drop of Lourdes water, taken under prescribed conditions, is really an infallible remedy for the disease of taking a drop too much. If so, one small bottle of that water would suffice to wean multitudes from the bottle—of whiskey or gin. The water of Lourdes would preclude the Permissive Bill, and be worth all the Good Templars, the Band of Hope, the United Kingdom Alliance, with Sir WILFRID LAWSON and his best jokes, into the bargain. The Lourdes water cure, no doubt, would be a perfect preventive as well as cure of drunkenness.

Besides, if Lourdes water is a specific for dipsomania, must it not be an equally certain cure for every other disease or injury, surgical as well as medical? A miracle is a miracle. Are not all miracles equally possible? No panacea can equal a genuine catholicon, which would supersede both pills and ointment too. If Lourdes water were such, the chorus of a popular dithyrambic might be tetotally turned to:—

"Lourdes cures the gout, the colic, and the phthisis;
And it is believed to be the very best of physals."

Lourdes water might also be a general prophylactic. Ought it not to act as a never-failing substitute for vaccine lymph?

Another Irish paper also reports a fact which the Rev. FREDERICK LEE, of All Saints, Lambeth, can, if he pleases, introduce into his next edition of *Glimpses of the Supernatural*. Old AUBREY himself could not have more concisely and coolly chronicled an instance of a revenant than the *Tuam News* clearly has, thus:—

"THE LATE MOST REV. DR. OLIVER KELLY, ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM.—A solemn High Mass *de requiem* was celebrated at the cathedral, Tuam, on Monday last, for the soul of Most Rev. Dr. KELLY. His Grace the Archbishop was present."

Don't you think that the "manifestation" above recorded might be hopefully investigated by the British National Association of Spiritualists? We may be sure that it would engage their attention to as much purpose as any similar inquiry they have as yet pursued has resulted in. Both of the above stories, particularly the latter, are quite in their way, as well, Sir, as in yours, and in that of a philosopher with such a capacity of swallow as GORGAS.

THE NEW POLICY.

(Or, what ought to have come of it,—if there hadn't been a hitch somewhere.)

SCENE—The Reception-Hall in the Royal Palace at Cabul. The Ameer discovered on his throne, surrounded by high State functionaries, the Ladies of his Harem, his Body Guard, Court Jugglers, Slaves, and a private Brass Band. Enter Sir NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN on a richly-caparisoned White Elephant, escorted by one Thousand British Hussars, and the whole population of Afghanistan wild with enthusiasm.

The Ameer (descending from his throne, and crawling forward on his knees with marked civility). Welcome to the Great Stranger—a thousand times welcome! See, the old Ameer is proud to make his acquaintance. There is peace between us!

Sir Neville (through an interpreter). Ditto to you, old boy!

The Ameer. Allah be praised for that! Allah be praised for that! (Is assisted on to his feet.) And now tell me—has the Great Stranger brought the poor, easily-satisfied old Ameer any presents?

Sir Neville. Certainly. There you are! (Motions to his Suite, who empty the contents of several chests of carving-knives, Birmingham ware, teapots, moderators, opera-hats, and bicycles in a heap before him.) There! All that's from your great Feudal Sovereign, you know—the Kaiser-i-Hind, the mighty Empress. And here—here's a letter for you! [Hands him a despatch.]

The Ameer (bewildered). A letter to the poor, humble, easily-satisfied old Ameer! Oh, this is too gracious—too kind! But read it to him, my son; for he has never learned reading, writing—nor, indeed, he may add, arithmetic! His education has been sadly neglected—sadly. But Allah be praised for that! Allah be praised for that!

Sir Neville. Quite so. Well, this is about it. (Opens a despatch.) You see, LYTTON's latest idea is to make things hot, and get up a row all round—somehow. He's stirring up the feudatories down South fairly now, and we calculate that that move will be tolerably ripe in a month or two. Meantime, as it is always pleasant to have more than one tough job on hand, we have thought it as well, hearing that you are a dangerous old savage, to drag you in—neck and heels. You see you are cut off from us completely by an almost impassable mountain range, and, with your four hundred and fifty miles of badly-watered territory to traverse, you could positively keep our natural enemies the Russians quite at arm's-length. But you don't. Now, this won't do, you know—it doesn't hit off the new policy. So, all you've got to manage is this. Send ANBRAMOFF and his set flying back to St. Petersburg; and if that doesn't bring a Cossack horde over your borders,—well, take a dip over them North yourself, and see if you can't stir up a row that way. Meanwhile, all we want to do is to ride rough-shod over the place, depose you, you know, if necessary, and, in short, arrange everything with a view to a brisk universal Asiatic blow-up before—let's say, next spring.

The Ameer. And is that all, my son? Is that all?

Sir Neville. That's all, old boy!

The Ameer. Allah be praised for that! Allah be praised!

[Weeps tears of gratitude, and is left embracing all the members of the Mission, in turns, as the Curtain falls.]

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE JACK SPRATTS.

A Tale of Modern Art and Fashion.

PART V.

BUT, in spite of the honour and glory, JACK SPRATT found out, after a while, that he did not relish fashionable society with quite so keen a zest as at first.

He could neither dance, nor flirt, nor play cards. Of sport, the turf, and politics he knew nothing whatever, and cared as little for such topics as the gorgeous gilded glittering Swells cared for old music, old poets, and old pictures, which were his favourite themes, and on which he would descant most eloquently, and at great length, if anybody gave him a chance. The G. G. G. Swells never gave him a chance if they could help it, good-natured as they generally are. And it was borne upon him, in due time, that the illustrious representatives of Science, Literature, and Art did not come into the hollow world to talk or listen to the likes of him, nor even to each other, for the matter of that, but to practise repartee with noble Lords, and to instruct and amuse fine Ladies, which is capital good fun.

JACK SPRATT had no repartee, and loathed fun; and although he could talk to fine Ladies with eager fluency, his talk was all instruction and no amusement, as the fine Ladies very soon found out; and for Ladies that were not fine he did not profess to care.

In addition to which, the more he saw of fashionable society the less he thought of it; for he not only met there Artists like himself, but caricaturists, and comic singers, and play-actors, and such-like folk, for whom he had an almost unbounded contempt; and these people seemed to get on better with the fine Ladies than he did.

So he got into a habit of hanging about, and standing in people's way, and being jostled out of it, and would listlessly lean against walls and doors, and gaze by the hour at the mother of his twins (who used to think dancing so immodest), as she floated languidly by to the enervating measures of the Manolo Valse, rocked in the close embrace of some well-seasoned hero, of martial or diplomatic air, who never seemed to tire of his lovely burden; while her supple form, in its close-fitting sheeny sheath, would lend itself, as if by instinct, to all the witching undulations of the passionate "Lurch" of Liverpool, or Boston's suggestive "dip."

Then rousing herself, as the strain would change, she would plunge headlong, supported by a fresh partner, into the stormy vortex of the polka, with a dishevelled recklessness even more seductive than her former dreamy and voluptuous abandon.

Or else in scented conservatories (discreetly dim), continental Princes with ardent exotic eyes, or foreign Ambassadors with tropical turns of speech, or polygamous Eastern potentates, with pearls and diamonds loose in their waistcoat pockets, would sit at her feet and ply her with the charm of their insidious conversation, while she fanned herself languidly, and drooped her sable lashes.

Or in the glare of crowded supper-rooms, bold, facetious Conservative Statesmen, or nice but naughty old Dukes, ribboned and starred and gartered so that there could be no mistake about them (which was always very pleasing to Mrs. SPRATT—and small blame to her), would lounge over her alabaster shoulders, and whisper into her pretty little pink ear; they did not pour State secrets into that shell-like organ, but very straightforward compliments, or racy jokes, or risky little personal anecdotes about exalted houses, to the washing

of whose family linen very few female Spratts are admitted in this nice, flattering, confidential way.

Fortunately, perhaps, absorbed as she now always was in the contemplation of her own peerless charms, she had contracted a habit of never listening to anecdotes of any kind, or jokes either; but she would reply to jokes, compliments, and risky little anecdotes alike with the same enchanting laugh, that had more music than meaning in its ring; and this got the poor dear a reputation for being the reverse of prudish, which made her more popular than ever with the more elderly of her admirers; so that really clever, but rather plain women of the world, who made up for their want of beauty by their complete freedom from prudishness, were literally nowhere.

Mrs. SPRATT's powers of conversation, never very brilliant, had

been quite extinguished by her rise in the social scale. She was evidently made to be looked at—not to talk or listen. And yet, although there were many ladies of high rank, quite as good to look at as she, and even more so, and who wore their dresses as low in the back, and as tight round the legs, and who, moreover, could both talk and listen delightfully to young or old, however frivolous, when it was worth their while; those were one and all deserted for Mrs. SPRATT, and left to waste their fragrance on the desert air, and talk and listen to each other. (Not to mention fresh, blooming, beautiful young girls, only just out, and about whom Mr. Punch will not trust himself to write, he being so very susceptible.)

For not to be seen familiarly talking and listening to Mrs. SPRATT, or rather pretending to do so, was to be "out of it."

And of all the men in that fashionable world, not one appeared more hopelessly "out of it" than JACK SPRATT; and in all society there was nobody left for him to listen and talk to but himself.

Even he grew to perceive this in time!

He also grew to perceive that late hours interfere with work, and Mrs. SPRATT had to go into the hollow world alone. Saddle-horses were brought round for her in the morning, broughams or victorias (according to the weather) in the afternoon, and in the evening there were dinners and dances, and bright little suppers in the small hours

of the night, to which she could very well go without him.

For there was always at hand some smart unprejudiced woman of fashion, only too proud to *chaperone* the famous Mrs. SPRATT, and who could keep always in sight, and out of hearing, and all that, just as well as the most innocently complacent of husbands.

He was not missed, and there was plenty for him to do at home, besides painting. There were the little red books of the butcher and baker to look after, and the lists to make out for the Civil Service Supply Association, and so forth; and then there were the twins. He had occasionally to take them out into the flowery meads himself—perambulator and all—and even sometimes to bath them at night, and teach them to say their prayers, and put them to bye-bye. For the nurse, a warmhearted, but vain and extremely pretty woman in her humble way, was almost as fond of late hours and congenial society as her mistress, and much as she loved the pretty little darlings, who doated on her in return, she would sometimes yield to temptation, and leave them for gayer scenes.

They also doated, but in a distant and awe-struck manner, on their mother, whom they very seldom saw, and then always in some new splendour of attire.



With unwashed faces and hands, in grimy little cotton frocks, and rice-milky bibs (everybody knows that the bib should be removed immediately after meals, and the pinafore resume its sway), they would patiently wait at the street-door, till they were rewarded by the sight of her, sweeping down the stairs and through the hall in her silks and muslins and laces; and before they could have said "Jack Spratt!" she was whisked away, telling them to be good, and kissing her daintily-gloved finger-tips to them, and showing her beautiful white teeth; and they would stare after her through the dust with wistful adoration.



Sometimes an organ would be playing a popular melody, such as "Tommy, make room," or "Don't make a noise" (which are not so bad when you don't know the words), and, excited by the pretty tune, they would pretend that the dust was a golden cloud, and the brougham or victoria a fiery chariot, and their mother a being made up of a fairy, a queen, an angel, a saint, and a goddess, going straight off to heaven in a mist of glory; till the nurse would come and box their ears for standing in the draught, for her love was tempered with a wise severity.

At other times Viscounts and Guardsmen would call, and smoke their cigarettes in the pretty front parlour (Mrs. SPRATT had never allowed the trusty friends to smoke when she was by, even in the open air); and the twins had to be kept out of sight, because they had holes in their socks, may be, and were not fit to be seen. And when the Guardsmen and Viscounts had taken their departure, and the little darlings hurried down-stairs to get a glimpse of their "lovely Mamma," she would tell them they were a perfect disgrace, and pack them off, crying, to bed; and quench the longings of her maternal heart by nursing a pair of Pugs, the gift of His Grace the Duke of PENTONVILLE.

Female finery is very costly nowadays, and has to be paid for. Think of JACK SPRATT, in the intervals of his domestic duties, painting against time, and wasting all that eagle-winged genius of his on pot-boilers, to pay for his wife's gorgeous apparel!

All his pictures represent pretty sock-darners, for it was the sock-darning and the pretty face, and nothing else, that had so touched the great heart of the British public in his first exhibited work; so he turns them out by the dozen in every variety of size, costume, attitude, and complexion. But the hired models he has to employ, and the lay-figure he has to fall back upon when these cannot be got, have not the face and form of Mrs. SPRATT; and all his sock-darners are inferior to that first one, and each sock-darner inferior to the last; so that a time must inevitably come when the great dealers will give him good advice instead of commissions, and finally cease to darken his doors, and he will have to darken theirs instead.

"A weary chase, a wasted hour!"

Be warned in time, ye rising young geniuses! Let no consideration tempt you into painting for filthy lucre, till you have realised a handsome independence by patient and steady devotion to Art for its own sweet sake!

ADDENDA TO YANKEE DOODLE.

THERE is a Man of master-mind,
A Sage of ken far-sighted,
One Seer alone amidst the blind
Of Britain's isle benighted.
A genuine for a bogus jewel,
The good stone for the bad stone,
They chucked away, and acted cruel
To WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.
Yankee doodle, &c.

When they their Greatest and their Best
Disowned for 'tother critter,
'Twas nateral for a noble breast
To feel that usage bitter;
A slight enough a Saint to rile,
And rise a good man's dander;
How like a long-cared animile
They spurned their late Commander!
Yankee doodle, &c.

But his ungrateful Country's kick
No'er moved his mind gigantic;
He only turned and looked, right alick,
Away athwart the Atlantic;
And saw that we a People air
By sitch a long chalk greater,
As, big with little to compare,
A pumpkin to a 'tator.
Yankee doodle, &c.

And what he sees he truly says
In large and liberal sperrit,
Of Uncle SAM he sings the praise,
And owns JOHN BULL's demerit.
Down, with a Woodman's artist-hand,
The British Oak he whittles,
And cracks up our splendacious land,
His own while he belittles.
Yankee doodle, &c.

He knows the Old World and the New,
And likes our world the better.
We spells queen with a little q,
Instead of a big letter;
But gives great P to President
With a differentiation,
Which noways don't his praise prevent,
Or check his admiration.
Yankee doodle, &c.

His *Kin beyond Sea*'s a 'tarnal sting
To trickster and to Tory,
'Bove them he soars on eagle wing,
In splendour and in glory.
An overlastin' cus is he
To knave as well as noodle,
'Cause why, he jines along o' we,
A singin', "Yankee doodle."
Yankee doodle, &c.

Highly Reasonable Honour.

THE subjoined scrap of newspaper information conveys obviously but a partial idea of the total amount of payments describable as—

"FEES OF HONOUR."—Under the head of the 'Queen's Household,' in a recently published return, the sum of £110 17s. 2d. appears as 'Fees of Honour.'"

Only £110 17s. 2d. for Honour! How cheap would be the honour with which peace has been purchased by LORDS BEACONSFIELD and SALISBURY, if it were to cost no more money than that per annum!

LESS SHARP THAN SHEARS.

MR. PUNCH has received innumerable communications relative to *SHEER ALL*. They all agree in the common property of being sheer nonsense.



UNEXPECTED GRATUITY.

Waiter. "BEG PARDON, SIR, BUT I THINK YOU'VE MADE A MISTAKE. THIS IS A HALFPENNY!"

Old Gent (grandly). "OH DEAR NO—NOT AT ALL, NOT AT ALL! I NEVER GIVE LESS!"

ANGELINA ON HER TRAVELS.

MY OWN DEAREST BLANCHE,

In spite of my promise to write to you twice a day from the moment of my leaving London for the Continent, in company with EDWIN, to the hour of my return, I have really found it utterly impossible to send you a single line, although we have been away now very nearly six weeks. The fact is, we have been so busy that we have had time for nothing. As it is now raining heavily, and EDWIN is fast asleep, I will devote my unusual leisure to telling you where we have been, what we have seen, and what we have been doing. As you have never been out of England, my love, I am sure you will be amused, and I think I may really add, instructed by my descriptions.

We had a most fortunate passage over. You know EDWIN is a barrister, and has to defend all sorts of dreadful people at the Old Bailey. He says that the thieves on board evidently recognised him as a "friend in need," and consequently allowed our boxes and impedimenta (EDWIN gave me that word) to escape molestation. Be this as it may, we certainly lost nothing—not even a watch. Were we not lucky?

Nothing of importance occurred on our road to Paris until we reached Amiens. The train stopped for ten minutes there, and we got such very nice mashed potatoes at the Buffet. I shall never forget them.

I am sure you would like Paris. Such a beautiful place! Such shops! There is one establishment on the other side of the water just like that large place in Westbourne Grove. I got some very nice mittens there, which you shall see on our return. We went to the Exhibition, too. It was rather amusing, but we came across such a number of badly-dressed people that it was quite a relief to get away from it.

Having now described Paris, I will tell you what we did next. We went to Switzerland. I was just the least bit disappointed with it. The country is very hilly, and rather damp. I found some trouble in walking (you know I am fond of high heels), and my feathers came wofully out of curl. Leaving these drawbacks out of the question, the place was rather nice. We got a very good *table-d'hôte* at Lucerne, and there was a capital band at Olten. EDWIN talked about staying a couple of nights at a hotel on the top of the Righi. At the last moment he found that the place was bankrupt, and said that, on the

whole, the company of a man in possession of a cloud-capped mountain might possibly produce a feeling of dulness. I was so glad when he gave up the scheme. I hate climbing. Not that there is much climbing on the Righi. You go up in a railway. But a railway is not as comfortable as a lift.

Having now told you all about Switzerland, I pass on to Italy. We thought it rather pleasant, although we could not find any respectable wine but Marsala. At Florence we came across an excellent English chemist's shop, where we found we could get the best Bond Street perfumes. There were some pretty pictures, too, at one of the Fine Art Galleries. Of course we went to Rome, and saw everything. EDWIN was very pleased with the place, as he ascertained that he could buy the *Times* and the other English newspapers at a library just opposite our hotel. We went to Milan, too, and saw the Cathedral. It was very nice, and reminded me rather of St. Andrew's, Wells Street. Of course we "did" Venice. It is rather difficult to describe. However, imagine what the effect would be were they to build stone houses on either side of the Regent's Canal, and you will get some notion of the sort of thing. We got some good ices at FLORIAN'S. The *table-d'hôte* at the Europa was certainly above the average.

Having now told you all about Italy, I will finish my letter by giving you a few rough notes from my Diary of other places we visited. As you one day may also take a tour, you may really find them very useful:—

Antwerp.—The place where REUBEN invented his hat. Patterns are to be found in the picture galleries.

Brussels.—The capital of Belgium, and a good place for buying boots.

Cologne.—You can get genuine *Eau de Cologne* here, but you will find it a bore to carry home.

Dieppe.—A place where they dress three times a day. There is some sea in the neighbourhood, which is used in fine weather for the display of bathing costumes.

Geneva.—On a fine morning you can see Mont Blanc from the window of your hotel. Rather pretty watches.

Heidelberg.—Mind you don't go up to the Castle—it's awfully fatiguing.

Madrid.—Really much better hotels than might be expected.

Naples.—Rather nice. Vesuvius pretty.

Padua.—Interesting, if you are fond of that sort of thing.

Pompeii.—Sweet.

Kiesbaden.—Rather dull since they have put a stop to the gambling.

There! I think I have written you quite enough; and as EDWIN is awake, and it has ceased raining, I must bring my letter to a conclusion. However, my own darling, I am sure you will readily own that there is nothing like foreign travel for improving the mind. Good-bye, and write soon. That's a dear, tell me all the news—I mean what you are all wearing. Ah! there's EDWIN calling for me! Once more, good-bye.

Your ever affectionate friend,
ANGELINA.

Tuesday.

P.S.—I don't send any address, as we are always on the move. Don't forget to write.

To His Grace the Duke of Bedford.

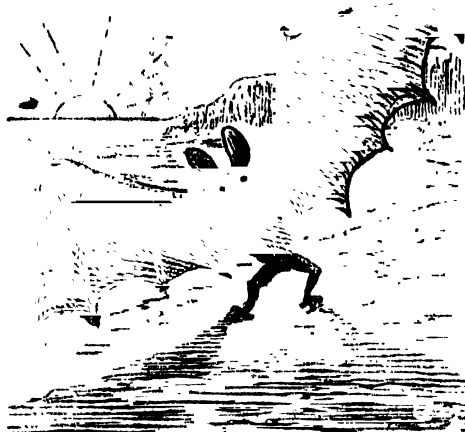
(Addressed by respectable Covent Gardeners and thereabouts.)

We beg your pardon, but grant, your Grace, One favour. Do alter this filthy place Called Covent Garden—our neighbourhood's curse; We assure you 'tis getting worse and worse. 'Tis loathsome by day, and noisome by night, And a word from your Grace would set it right. It might be such a magnificent place! But now 'tis to London a thorough disgrace. Surely, the nuisance to remove, Your Grace's property 'twould improve.

AN AWKWARD NAME.

'ARRY, on a marine excursion, hearing mention made of the two sea-birds, the Great Auk and the Little Auk, inquired if the Little Auk was a Sparrow-'Awk.

SABBATARIAN SIMILITUDE.



VENERABLE MR. PUNCH,

ONE of the late sittings of the Church Congress at Sheffield was devoted to a subject on which you, Sir, had the assembly been honoured with your presence, might have instructed it by your remarks.

Their Reverences discussed, on that occasion, "The attitude of the Church towards Popular Literature and Recreations."

That, as regards

most literature, and most recreations, of a popular character, appears to be the same as the relative position in which a Ritualist Clergyman, whilst officiating, stands before the People to whose admiration he presents his embroidered shoulders. On those recreations and that literature, for the greater part, the Church turns its back.

You, Sir, would perhaps have had something new to say concerning topics upon which you are so highly qualified to speak. As it was, nobody added much, if anything, to the stock of existing information.

But one speaker, the Rev. C. BULLOCK, is reported to have distinguished himself by a metaphor more original than correct:—

"Passing on to the question of popular recreation in connection with Sunday observance, Mr. BULLOCK said that no one could be more alive than he was to the evil which was wrought morally as well as religiously, by the open public-house on the Lord's Day. But to meet that evil, as was proposed by some, by what was termed the counter-attraction of the museum, the picture gallery, the aquarium, or the theatre, would, as far as he could see, be to adopt a very bad form of homœopathic treatment."

Of course, Mr. Punch, the Reverend Gentleman knew the principle on which homœopathy is founded to be *similia similibus curantur*. Picture galleries, therefore, museums, aquariums, and theatres, he must regard as things of a like nature with public-houses. Perhaps, then, he further considers paintings, sculptures, objects of natural history, and dramatic entertainments similar, in moral, if not in physical effect, to intoxicating liquors.

It has not, perhaps, been as generally remarked as it might have been that, when the Rev. Mr. BULLOCK likened, by implication, things so very different from one another as intellectual amusements and animal indulgence—*Bos locutus est. Bos*, let us say *atque Sacerdos*—omitting, of course, the examples in the Latin Grammar which stand between *Bos* and *Sacerdos*. Not that I take *Bos* to be specifically a sacerdotalist; but, as an expositor of the common clerical mind, he decidedly speaks very much more like a Priest than

A LAYMAN.

P.S.—Is it not remarkable that in the animadversions on the Stag delivered by several of the assembled divines, there was no reference whatever made to performances like those going on at St. Alban's, Holborn?

JOHN MALONEY AND PRINCESS ALEXANDRINA.

(Vide Letters in Daily Telegraph.)

Who saved Queen Vic?

I, spry and quick,

Says JOHN MALONEY.

She was a babby then.

Why behave shabby, then?

Send me some money.

Britons! your Queen was saved by this hand!

Now—British Public!—what'll you stand?

J. M.

Reply from Balmoral.

PENSION to JOHN MALONEY, I allot one.

Although, my honey,

You now have money,

You own you've saved a Sovereign, and you've got one!

V. R.

PREPARING THE INDIAN PICKLE.

(Too many Cooks.)

THE following letters have been sent to 85, Fleet Street. Mr. Punch cannot help thinking that they all (with the exception of the last) must have been intended for the columns of his contemporaries:—

Sword and Fire Club, Pall Mall.

SIR,—Why hasn't Lord LYTTON been hanged? Were good Queen Bess still amongst us, the Viceroy would have been drawn and quartered long before this. What, Sir! Allow a miserable Blackamoor to insult us! Permit a cowardly nigger to snap his fingers in the face of the British Lion! Sir, it is shameful! Sir, it is scandalous! I can hardly write for indignation!

I tell you what we should have done, Sir. The moment our Envoy was sent back, we ought to have marched a hundred thousand men into the heart of Afghanistan. You want to know how we should have done this? Stuff, Sir, stuff! You don't know what you are talking about! The British Soldier can do anything—anything, Sir! I tell you what, Sir, our Indian Empire is a thing of the past!

Yours indignantly,

(Signed)

HERCULES BOMBHELL,
Lieut.-General (Retired List).

Noodles' Club, St. James's Street.

SIR,—I do not wish to use strong language, but I cannot help asking why hasn't Lord LYTTON been hanged? In the days of Queen ELIZABETH the question would have been unnecessary. Her Majesty knew how to deal with blundering Statesmen.

Sir, I fear the harm done by the Viceroy is past remedy. A friendly and enlightened chieftain has been needlessly outraged. The British Lion has snubbed one of his best and firmest allies. It is really too bad—a great deal too bad!

Of course this unfortunate Mission ought never to have been despatched. There is no doubt about that. And when SHER ALI expressed his just indignation, instead of sending soldiers to the front, the Viceroy should have telegraphed apologies. Sir, from the first to the last our relations with Afghanistan have been a profound mistake. I do not wish to take too melancholy a view of the matter, but I cannot help feeling that our Indian Empire is a thing of the past.

Yours sorrowfully,

(Signed)

CODDEN PEECE,
(Late Bengal Civil Service).

Junior Sword and Fire Club, Pall Mall.

SIR,—The Viceroy deserves the thanks of every true Englishman for his very spirited conduct in this matter of Afghanistan. The question is, what should be done next? I know the country very well. I have read all the military books dealing with the subject for the last twenty years, although I have never strayed beyond Gibraltar. You will see that I am an excellent authority upon the subject.

Well, Sir, after due deliberation I am convinced that we should finish the war long before the snows of winter begin to accumulate. It will be easy enough, Sir, to manage a peace before Christmas. All we have to do is to march immediately to the frontier.

Yours confidently,

(Signed)

CHARLES SHAKO,
Sub-Lieut. 142nd Regt. Line.

Woolwich.

SIR,—We ought to be very much obliged to Lord LYTTON for having brought this unpleasant matter in Afghanistan to so satisfactory a conclusion. We have now to consider what should be done next. From my childhood I have made the geography of Asia a favourite study. From this you will see that I can really speak with some authority upon the subject.

I have thought the matter carefully out, and I am convinced that masterly inactivity should be the order of the day. It really would be sheer insanity to force our troops into a country simply impassable in the bitter cold of winter. Prepare as much as you please, but do not move a step until April, May, or June. Were it asked, such would be my advice to Lord LYTTON.

Yours confidently,

(Signed)

CHARLES BUSHY,
Sub-Lieut. Royal Artillery.

85, Fleet Street.

MASTER,—Don't you think the request "not to speak to the man at the wheel" might be extended to the men at the wheel of State? The Afghans have a proverb which we have annexed without appropriating. I mean the proverb which has the English equivalent, "Speech is silver, but silence is golden."

Yours thoughtfully,

(Signed)

TOBY.



FROM MANXLAND, HO!

STARVATION AND SOCIAL SCIENCE.

ALTHOUGH no famine exists in these dominions, there are, apparently, certain parts of them in which, as a contemporary testifies, poor people are dying of

"STARVATION.—The Sedgeley Correspondent of the Press Association telegraphs that the Medical Officers of Health in the coal and iron districts of Colesley, in making their reports on the state of mortality in September, allege that the number of deaths is unusually large among adults, and attribute the fact in a great measure to want of sufficient nourishment, arising from inability to obtain food through the serious depression of trade."

The hungry, says Mr. BUMBLE, might obtain food enough to support life in the Workhouse, if they would enter it, but they prefer to starve. This effect of the Poor-law our Beadle considers not alto-

gether so satisfactory as could be wished. Persons starved to death are, indeed, provided for with a shovel, at the cheapest possible rate, but it does not therefore follow that rates are saved, since many destitute parents die and leave families of children behind them, for whom there is no choice between starvation and in-door relief. Such is the Law, remarks Mr. BUMBLE; but then we all know what the Law is. The Law, however, being such, precludes a suggestion which he would otherwise submit to the Social Science Congress; namely, that, in conformity with the principles of Parochial Economy, the Legislature should, in cases of extreme distress, legalise suicide.

PUNS IN PROPORTION.—As SHEER ALI is to sheer nonsense, so is Ameor of AFGHANISTAN to mere stuff.

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE JACK SPRATTS.

A Tale of Modern Art and Fashion.

PART VI.

MRS. SPRATT's bed was not all roses neither. Smart people have at times a very provoking way with them. One day they are quite playful and familiar. The next, when we would be playful and familiar in our turn, with all the world looking on, they will publicly ignore us through a double eyeglass, to our great discomfiture, as we would naturally like to pass before the world for being their bosom friends.

That is, if we are SPRATTS.

And then they keep us in such tortures of suspense! either forgetting to bid us to the feast our Spratty souls are hungering for, or else inviting us, as by an afterthought, at the eleventh hour, when we feel puzzled as to whether we had better be Sprattishly dignified, and decline with thanks, or put our prides in our pockets and go; and if we go, it is ten to one they will look as if they wondered what the deuce we are doing there; and if we don't, they never perceive our absence, and we are none the better in their eyes for the self-respect that has cost us so much self-denial. O we Spratts!

Also, it must be owned that Mrs. SPRATT's beauty, and the very ample justice that was done to it both by herself and by the gorgeous Swells, did not greatly recommend that lady to the glittering Swellnesses; so that she often met with cruel snubs and haunting slights from Ladies less beautiful, but of infinitely greater social importance than herself.

And she had not yet learnt how to dissemble when thus aggrieved, and swallow it all, and pretend she had not perceived it; nor could she yet toady the great of her own sex, and kiss the cruel hands that scratched her, and disarm such social tyranny by penitent, humble ways, without which arts no too pretty woman of her degree can appear to hold her own in the hollow world of fashion; nor had she, on the other hand, that mixture of thick-skinned impudence with ready mother-wit, which sometimes makes the merest *parvenue* a match for all the dowagers in England, and a thorn in their noble sides for ever; so that they give her a wide berth, and revenge themselves by telling each other that she is not a lady, and asking each other what they can expect.

Poor Mrs. SPRATT! She couldn't very well put out her tongue, and say "Yah!"

In after-moments of heartburning that came of such treatment,

Mrs. SPRATT would fold her children to her wounded bosom, and rail at the hollow world, and rave of love and peace and the homely domestic hearth, and the good old days of "Catsradle" and "Puss in the Corner," and the long-lost trusty friends, and the good old great-grandpapa; and, wildly calling for socks, she would darn them with any worsted that came to hand, the salt tears in her lovely eyes, a twin on each knee, and her clever JACK's protecting arm around her; and suddenly the postman would knock, and the Duchess's belated post-card arrive, just in time; and then, with jumps of joy, and trills of triumph, and a general scattering of socks, twins, worsted, and everything else to the four winds, up-stairs to dress, and away, away to the hollow world again!

And there, such snubs as she met with, she would try to pass on to others; for even in the most exclusive saloons she would occasionally have to encounter people whose presence there was an offence to her. For instance, wives and daughters of Science, Literature, and Art; actresses of high repute; eminent female physicians; great female philanthropists; poetesses, paintresses, authoresses, sculptresses, and what not: worse than all, ladies whose only claim to distinction lay in their good looks and pretty manners.

Against all such upstart intruders of her own sex she would level her double eyeglass with happily copied impertinence. For just as those who rise from the ranks learn how to command by having first learnt how to obey, Mrs. SPRATT had learnt how to snub by having been well and frequently snubbed herself. Fortunately for her victims, and unfortunately for her, she did not bear the Queen's commission, so to speak, and had no rank as yet beyond that which is conferred by the possession of a pretty face; so that her snubbings were of no account, and, consequently, recoiled on herself; for a premeditated snub which nobody feels, is almost as bad for its perpetrator as a premeditated joke that nobody laughs at.

Indeed, these harmless little airs and graces of Mrs. SPRATT's were all set down to the fact that her late papa had been in the oil and Italian trade; which was very uncharitable and unjust, for they were only imitations of such airs and graces as she had seen many a real fine lady give herself any day; and very good imitations, too.

But one person may steal a horse, as we all know, while another must not even look at the stable-door.

And thus, snubbing and being snubbed, dressing and dancing and feasting and flirting, did she soar higher and higher in her butterfly

career, and, in spite of the disadvantage of her oily origin, she achieved a social success which even transcended in its glory that of the better-born beauties, her predecessors on the throne of Fashion, whose features are so familiar to us all, and about whose doings, and careerings, and dressings, and so forth, we hear so much through the fashionable prints.

Indeed, all Mrs. SPRATT's movements, where she went, what she wore, and how she looked in it, were duly chronicled for us week by week, and our mouths would water as we read how "Mrs. SPRATT honoured a small-and-early at Marlborough House with her presence," or "was graciously pleased to attend the State Ball at Buckingham Palace," &c., &c., &c.

Her portraits appeared in all the illustrated papers down to the *Police News*, and was printed on pocket-handkerchiefs, and stamped on fusee-boxes and cigar-cases, and cut out in gingerbread at country fairs; and her photographs, in every size, in every attitude, in every variety of dress and want of dress, were exhibited in the shop-windows, along with those of rival beauties of the world which has no English name. They were at all prices—from a shilling upwards; a reduction made on taking a quantity. So that even 'ARRY, who is as partial to lovely woman as his betters, could afford to hang her up, framed and glazed, in his humble abode, and recreate his soul by the contemplation of her peerless charms through a magnifying glass, and descant thereon with his pals, and make comparisons, in his knowing way, between her and other beauties of his collection, and have a real good time.

And, much as he dislikes 'ARRY, Mr. Punch is bound to admit that in this particular instance poor 'ARRY showed rather to advantage, and was really more chivalrous, delicate, and romantic in his imaginary delations than were the gorgeous, gilded, glittering Swells—possibly because he gazed on those peerless charms from below, as on some bright particular star.

But we will leave the erotic 'ARRY, and return to Mrs. SPRATT, who, wherever she went, was so mobbed that you might have taken her for an accident, or a row, or a fit, or a pickpocket caught in the act, instead of a pretty woman! She was even mobbed by titled crowds at royal and ducal garden-parties, where a couple of policemen were always retained to make a way for her to the strawberries-and-cream; and at State balls, dowager-pecesses would almost climb on to the backs of good-looking young actors to catch a glimpse of the beautiful Mrs. SPRATT dancing with Royalty.

In vain she sought a refuge from this fashionable persecution in the solitudes of Rosherville, or the groves of Hampstead Heath on a Bank holiday. Even there she was recognised (by our friend 'ARRY, no doubt), and knock'omdowns, nigger minstrels and all, even the good old game of "kiss-in-the-ring," were deserted to stare at her, (just as at Chiswick and Campden Hill; for human nature is the same everywhere.)

When she appeared at the Opera, PATTI sang in vain. In vain did our most fashionable preachers preach when Mrs. SPRATT made one of the congregation; in vain did Messrs. HUXLEY or TYNDALL lecture in Albemarle Street, or Professor MAX MÜLLER at Westminster Abbey, if Mrs. SPRATT were among the lectured. Even the whales at the Aquarium would look small by Mrs. SPRATT's side, and Cleopatra's Needle would lose its point if Mrs. SPRATT drove on the Embankment. At the Crystal Palace people forgot to listen to the big organ; the cattle at the Cattle Show were left in peace; Irish Members obstructed Home Rulers; Mr. GLADSTONE lost the thread of his impeachment; Captain SHAW lost all control over his men; North London trains ran into Metropolitan; pleasure-vans drove, hoarding, into MARSHALL and SNELGOVE'S; steam-rollers rolled bang into GUNTER'S or GRANGE'S; Old Bailey juries forgot to listen, Old Bailey Judges to sum up, Old Bailey barristers were condemned to death, Old Bailey solicitors removed in the van, while murderers left the Court without a stain on their character; and Heaven knows what all besides! and all through Mrs. SPRATT being there. Indeed, the only people who in that magic presence seemed to retain some self-possession, and keep an eye to business as well as an eye to beauty, were the pickpockets, who voted Mrs. SPRATT a public benefactor; and the photographers, who blessed her very name!

Even abroad her influence was felt; for it was whispered in high political circles that at the Cabul Conference Lord B— cunningly distracted old Prince G—'s attention from the matter in hand by flowery descriptions of Mrs. SPRATT's charms, and so demoralised that venerable statesman, that Count S— had repeatedly to call him to order; but — was nearly lost to the C— for all that.

And the best of it is, that everybody wondered how everybody else could be such a fool! especially the intelligent foreigner, who could not make out why, in this land of pretty women, there should be so much commotion about one pretty woman the more. And not such a very pretty woman either, he thought; for prettiness is a matter of taste, and not a mathematical certainty; and he would shrug his shoulders, and exclaim, "*Sont-ils drôles, ces Anglais, sont-ils drôles!*"

FORE-WHEEL AND WOE.

A WAIL.



I'm not a woman-hater,
Yet 'tis but human natur'
To roundly execrate her
Who, to her sex a traitor,
Becomes participator
In fiendish deeds. I rate her
A kind of female Satyr,
And would exterminate her,
Together with her pater,
Her mater, and her frater!
I would assimilate her
With grisly Alligator—
I'd blow her up—inflate her

With gas, and elevate her,
And drop her in a crater.
If this would not abate her,
I'd take and saturate her
With tar and feathers. Later,
I would execrate her!
And if there's torment greater
Why, let it still await her,
And let me be spectator—
I so abominate her,
And all who imitate her
In wheeling on my gaiter
The vile PERAMBULATOR!

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

SIR,—I went to see Her Majesty's Servants perform WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE'S Romantic Play of *The Winter's Tale*. I wonder if it was the great "situation" in the Statue Scene that first struck WILLIAM, and set him to work on this drama? It certainly is worth waiting for. I don't think WILLIAM took much pains over some portion of the play, specially with regard to *Antigonus*, and his inebriance in "*A Desert Country near the Sea*,"—a very awkward spot for an elderly Gentleman, unaccustomed to children, to be left alone in with a Baby.

WILLIAM knew as well as any one that a Baby on the stage was a safe laugh; and how he has got over the difficulty is a study in itself. In Scene 3 of Act I., where the Baby, in a cradle, makes its first appearance, he distracts our attention from the Infant; and it is *Paulina*, the scold, and *Antigonus*, the henpecked, who excite our laughter. In "*A Desert Country*," the old Shepherd who finds the Babe, is brought on as soon as possible; and he and his son introduce the low comedy. But the Baby is a difficulty.

Again, what is the real use of *Antolycus* as an aid to the plot? None whatever. In the present day the story would have been told to an English audience in four Acts, and as many Scenes; and in Paris it would have taken three Authors to write the piece; and they, having to share the evening's per-centage on receipts among them, would have been very careful to have eked out the plot in as many Acts, *Tableaux*, and Parts as possible, which, with the long *Entr'actes*, would infallibly prevent any other piece being performed with it to the injury of their fees. It is this desire to go in for the entire per-centage that gives rise to the long-windedness of the French Melodramatists, and the interminable talkiness of SARDOU, who, until he positively feels that he has tried even the endurance of a Parisian audience to its limits, is a sort of Wandering Jew of dramatic dialogue. *The Winter's Tale*, in the hands of French Authors, would have been told over and over again, *ad nauseam*, in the course of the piece.

It seemed to me that even the innate British reverence for the text of the Divine WILLIAMS was scarcely strong enough to prevent the densely-packed audience in Drury Lane from expressing their distaste for the repulsive exhibition of jealousy displayed by *Leontes* in the First Act.

The Divine WILLIAMS made no ado about calling a spade a spade, and in Mr. CHARLES DILLON's reading of the part, the lines lose nothing of their revolting coarseness. That the King's jealousy is

indeed a "brief madness" does not occur to the uncritical spectator until the dramatist makes *Paulina* allude, in Act II. Sc. 2, to

"These dangerous unsafe lures i' the King!"

And, in Act III. Sc. 2, when upbraiding him to his face for his previous conduct, she says,

"O think what they have done,
And then run mad indeed; stark mad! for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it."

But the explanation, for the sake of the audience, comes too late.

Then what an awkward contrivance is the sudden appearance of *Time* as Chorus, informing us that "Sixteen years are supposed to have elapsed" between the last scene of Act III. and the first of Act IV.

How came this lumbering *Time* scene to be written in? I think I see the true answer. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD once suggested that SHAKESPEARE played the *Ghost* in *Hamlet*, because, being Manager, and having an eye to business, he could run round, in the intervals between his appearances on the stage, and "count the house;" and our own SHIRLEY BROOKS always insisted on the Divine WILLIAMS being regarded not as a poet crowned with laurel, but as a hard-working "Actor, Manager, and Author too," going in for rehearsal, really "meaning business" and inventing it. "By this light," then, I see how this *Time* episode was brought in.

How came it about? Did Mr. CHATTERTON-BURBAGE tell Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE that they had a man in the company who could speak a few lines, and who, having nothing to do in the piece, was being paid a salary for doing it? Or, was there a difficulty about the stage-arrangements, and the Manager wanting to gain time, asked WILLIAM if he couldn't shove in something "just to fill up, eh?" And did WILLIAM, with ready wit, immediately reply, "What? want to get time between the Acts? Beshrew me, you shall have *Time*;" and forthwith going to the prompt-table, did he seize pen and paper, and write the stage-direction, and the lines, and saying, "There's plenty of *Time* for you!" hand the scrawl to the Theatre copyist?

MISS FOWLER is a graceful, pretty *Perdita*, and Mr. EDWARD COMPTON as noble a young *Florizel* as the ingenuous Milkmaid herself could wish. Mr. JOHN RYDER as *Antigonus* was excellent in his great comic scene with the Baby (*Musie*, "Don't make a noise, or else you'll wake the Baby!"—a suggestion for Mr. KARL MEYDER in the orchestra), and I was really sorry when the *Clown* (Mr. S. CALHAEM) came on, and told us that Pantaloon had been eaten by a Bear behind the scenes. What an opportunity was here lost of a genuine Pantomimic scene between the *Clown* (Mr. S. CALHAEM), Pantaloon-*Antigonus* (Mr. JOHN RYDER), the Bear (one of the LAURI family), and the Baby! More music for Mr. KARL MEYDER—"Oh, what a day we are having!" and several political hits about the Bear. But Mr. CHATTERTON rightly felt that he must go no further in anticipating Christmas than was warranted by the Inspired Dramatist's "Dance of Twelve Rustics habited as Satyrs."

This, again, looks uncommonly like the pump and tubs of Mr. CRUMMLES in SHAKESPEARE's time. "I say," said Mr. CRUMMLES-BURBAGE to Mr. SHAKESPEARE, "I bought all the dresses and properties for that last Masque, and we've only used 'em once; couldn't you bring 'em in again somehow?" And Mr. WILLIAM, the easiest-going Author in the world, as long as his pet lines were well delivered, looked over the manuscript, saw exactly the place for the dance, wrote in a few introductory speeches, and the thing was done—and done well.

Antigonus hasn't much to say, as no doubt the Mr. JOHN RYDER of SHAKESPEARE's time pointed out rather forcibly to the dramatist, who, admitting the justice of the objection, waited till he saw an opportunity in Act II. Sc. 3, where *Antigonus* is, for the most part, standing mumchance before his scolding wife, and then made *Leontes* turn on him with—

"And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hanged
That wilt not stay her tongue."

And gave *Antigonus* the telling retort—

"Hang all the husbands
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject."

Which, of course, coming from the Mr. JOHN RYDER of SHAKESPEARE's time, brought down the house, as it does every night at Drury Lane. The Divine WILLIAMS knew how to sweeten the draught, and induce his best men to play small parts.

The performance throughout at Drury Lane is generally good. Mrs. HERMANN VEZIN's *Paulina* is admirable, and thoroughly deserved the generally hearty applause that recalled her before the curtain after the Third Scene of the Second Act. She is never once indistinct—a fault common now-a-days to most Actors, whether in large or small theatres. If my friends in front will take my advice, and closely watch the manner, bearing, and remarkable "get up" of two distinguished, but untitled, Noblemen, mentioned mysteriously in the playbill as "Two other Sicilian Lords," they will not have

visited the "Lane" in vain. A classic slave, with the whiskers of *James* of Berkeley Square, will also be an interesting study for the antiquarian. A better choice for *Hermione* than Miss WALLIS could not be made for Drury Lane. Mr. BEVERLY's scenery is, of course, a strong feature in the revival.

Mr. PHELPS is announced for November, to appear as *Cardinal Wolsey*; and there are to be morning performances of Operas in English, under the direction of Mr. KARL MEYDER, and the Pantomime, with the Vokeses in it, is to be *Cinderella*, written by an entirely new hand—one Mr. E. L. BLANCHARD—of whom report says great things, and who, I am informed, has not written more than a hundred capital Christmas Annuals for the delight of old and young children at this very theatre. *Prosit*. Here's to you, Mr. E. L. B., and of course he'll be as successful as ever, which is the sentiment of

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S.—At the foot of the bill I read, as a sort of extra character omitted in the cast of *The Winter's Tale*, or as a star by himself,

Refreshment Contractor . . . Mr. T. G. CLARK.

But why contract refreshments? Why not expand them, and develop the resources of the establishment? *A propos* of Clarks—when may Clergymen go to a theatre? *Answer*.—When none of the audience pay, and *wholly orders* are admitted. This was the prize Catechism riddle at the Church Congress. It was asked by Bishop STORTFORD (of the Eastern Counties Diocese), who was much annoyed at not having been invited to the Pan-Anglican Synod.

COMFORT FOR CATTLE.



THE want advertised as below in the *Glasgow News* appears, on the face of it, to indicate peculiar and remarkable tenderness towards dumb animals, or, at any rate, extreme kindness to cattle:—

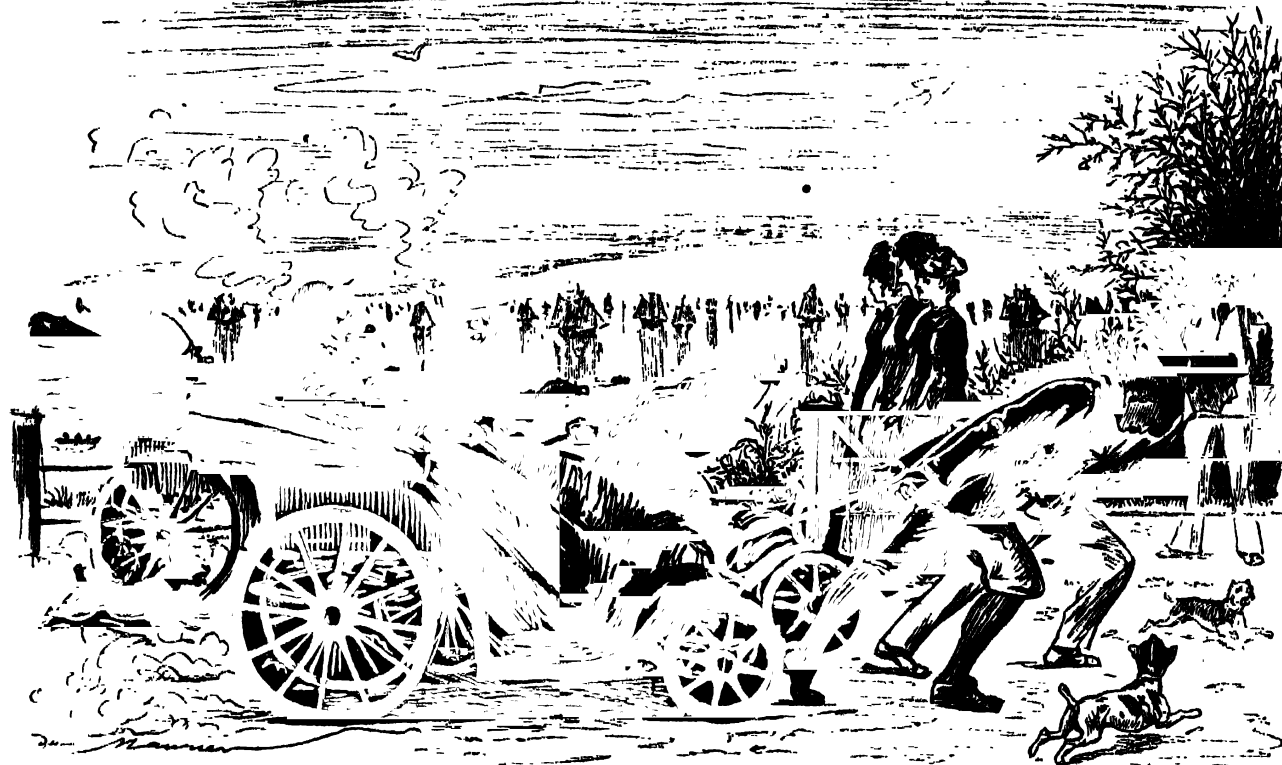
COOK. — Respectable middle-aged Country Woman WANTED—able to wash, dress, and milk a Cow. Good wage.—Address, &c.

Inquiry for a Cook and Milkmaid, whose office it will be not only to milk, but also

to wash and dress a Cow, apparently bespeaks a more than Brahminical consideration for cows. Of old, "dawtit, twal-pint Hawkie" was a phrase in Scotland denoting affection for a cow; but that feeling has hitherto never been imagined to amount to the fondness implied in tending that creature as though it were a baby. Was the original good man who kissed his cow, and said, "Everyone to his liking!" a canny Scot?

PARADOXICAL PLANETS.

THE Sun gives Venus very much less light Than Mercury, yet she shines as much more bright. Why does the darker Planet look the lighter; The less illumined shine by far the brighter? The reason is, Astronomers declare, Her atmosphere is dense, and his is rare. He hath no clouds, and probably no water. Both has the bright Orb named from Ocean's Daughter. Vapour, indeed, the face of Venus shrouds; But there's a silver lining to her clouds, The side of them that's turned towards the Sun. Of course as silver shines, so shines that one. To Womankind it is an old objection That they are Man's inferiors in reflection. But Venus a superior power displays To Mercury's, of reflecting solar rays. There's reason—din it into Men's dull ears In proof of Woman's wit, Strong-Minded Dears.



HOW TO KILL TIME AT THE SEA-SIDE.

HIRE BATH-CHAIRS, PUT THE BATH-CHAIRMEN INSIDE, AND DRAG THEM AS FAST AS YOU CAN UP AND DOWN THE PARADE.

THE OPPRESSED IN EXCELSIS; OR, ALMOST ENOUGH OF IT?

THE Executive Committee of the Very Green Island Chained, Gagged, Stified, and Strangled Patriots' Society met again yesterday for the further discussion of public business.

After a little preliminary window-breaking, and a free fight or two in the body of the hall as the best method of opening the proceedings, the Chairman, who took his seat amid a shower of oaths and inkstands, said—they had been summoned together on the present occasion for the purpose of taking into immediate consideration the attitude that their great, glorious, and giant-strengthened Society ought to assume in the face of the yawning gulf that he was happy to think was now opening visibly under the feet of the surly and cowardly British beast—(cheers)—who for eight-and-twenty centuries had been growling at them from the other side of St. George's Channel. (Tremendous cheering.) It was an important moment. Though so stifled, as all the generous and civilised world knew it to be, was the whispering voice of liberty in the mouth of the very green islander that he could now only shout out what the brutal and bloodthirsty oppressor called "treason" in the miserable and ineffective shape of as much newspaper fine writing as he could possibly turn out;—though his limbs were so chafed with the iron shackles of a grim and despotic executive that he had not yet been able even to blow the Tower of London bodily into the Thames, or to tear the Crown and Constitution into shreds on St. Stephen's Green;—though the sweet lady-like spirit of the beauteous nation was so utterly collapsed in a perfect heap over her battered, mangled, and stringless harp that it had become impossible to raise to the memory of the glorious martyrs of '71, '74, '83, '85, '93, '2, '10, '15, '37, '39, '47, '56, '62, '65, '70, '72, and '78 more than a couple of colossal monuments all round every six months;—though, in a word, the brightest, the liveliest, the most intellectual, and, on the whole, the cleanest people in the world, had been so outraged, downtrodden, neglected, choked, that they now scarcely knew what it was they really wanted—(loud and prolonged cheering)—yes, though things had come to this pitiable and awful pass, still, a golden, gleaming, and streaming blaze of breaking sunrise was already gilding with

glittering jewels the riven roots of the green sea and gem-washed island! (A voice—"More power to you!") Yes; for when the dastard ensign that was dragged by fraud and fear up the easy slopes of the Alma and through the pleasant shades of Inkerman,—the hated flag is about at last to be trampled low under the august and holy feet of the very green Islanders' personal and admirable friend, the enlightened potentate who, from St. Petersburg, directs the progress of European liberty—

But here the speech of the Chairman was suddenly brought to an abrupt conclusion by the quite unexpected appearance of Mr. Punch who, at the head of a large following of "real Irish boys," ready and eager for the welcome work, cleared the hall of what they called "all thim foreign varmin," and put an end to the proceedings without even the formal sham of an "adjournment sine die."

FROM THE GAZETTE.

Most Extraordinary—Paris Edition.

LORD GLADSTONE to take the title of Duke REECHMON-ILL, and be invested with the grand cordon of the Order of le "Star-Garter."

Sir BRIGHT to be summoned to the Ouse-of-Peers as le Baron CROMWELL-ROAD, and accept the Coloncle of Her Majesty's Gentlemen-Riders at Arms.

Le General O'GORMAN to be Prince de CHYPRE, and be nominated honorary lieutenant of Les Cents Chilternes.

COUNT DERBY to resume his ancient title of Le Grand Duc HEP-SOMME, and accept the Postmastership of the Windsor Stag-Ounds.

Mr. Secretary LICK-BRACK to be raised to the Knighthood with the title of Sir-MICHAEL, and be appointed hereditary LOR MAIRE-Elect; and

LORD BEACONSFIELD to take the further appellation of Viscount GARMOZLE and Earl TAIRNS.

INDIAN RELISH.—ONE among the Condiments for which India is famous was named after the King of OUDE. But the King of OUDE's Sauce is nothing to the Ameer of AFGHANISTAN's.



INDIAN CURRY.

LORD B. "RATHER HOT, SIR!"

JOHN BULL. "WELL, YES, I THINK I'D BETTER WAIT, AND SEE WHAT'S COMING!"

VERY MUCH ABROAD!



MY DEAR FATHER, In compliance with your request, I have been "improving my mind by travelling" for the last week, and I seize a leisure moment to tell you where I have been—so far, of course, as I have been able to make out. I am not at all sure of my facts or my names, as our movements have been very rapid. We have certainly got over a wonderful amount of ground, and, if my mind could be improved when I started, I am sure by this time it *must* have reached perfection. However, thanks to your kindness and a Grammar School, my wits have always been tolerably bright. My only regret, as I write these lines, is the feeling that you possibly may not be able to read them. Ah! my dear Father, if my Grand-

father had only treated you as you have treated me! Education is indeed a blessing! If you only knew as much about reading, writing, and arithmetic (the three I's as you rather inaccurately call them), as you do about farming, what a clever man you would be! But we can't have everything. A thought which affords me infinite consolation when I consider that I myself know far more about Greek roots than English turnips. To return to my trip. As it was my first visit to foreign parts, you thought it better that I should travel with a party rather than trust to my own inexperienced guidance. Doubtless you were right, but certainly a great number of my companions were a little uncultivated. Many of them saw the sea for the first time as we left Newhaven, and not a few asked me if they could find a quiet public-house where they could get a "hunch of bread and cheese and a glass of beer" at Paris. From this you may take it that their ideas of the Continent were, to say the least, a little vague. But what right have I to speak of vagueness, when my own notions are so decidedly confused? I can assure you, my dear Father, I have been doing my very best to take in where we have been and what we have seen, but with the feeblest results. If you doubt me, read the following transcript of my Diary, which I have kept from day to day at odd times in odd corners:—

Monday.—We have arrived in Paris. Of this I am quite certain, because we have been hurried through a large sort of bazaar which *must* have been the Exhibition. So far as I could see (as we ran about), there seemed to be a good deal to look at. We passed the pictures so rapidly that they appeared to be a kind of unconnected panorama. After we had done the Exhibition, I think we went to the Louvre, or it may have been the Luxembourg, or perhaps it was the Maison Dieu. At any rate, wherever we went, we saw one picture which cost (so we were told) the French Government no less than two hundred thousand francs. I forget what the picture was about and who painted it, but I am tolerably sure that I have got the figures right.

Tuesday.—From what I can make out, we seem to be in Switzerland. All this morning we have been looking at hills, and I hear that some of them are very high, with snow at the top. You have honey at breakfast in Switzerland. I think we have been to Bâle. We may have been to Interlaken, and I rather fancy we have, for I know we were to go there, and we keep to our route most religiously. If we *did* go to Interlaken, I forget what it was like. Our Conductor is full of information. All I can remember, however, of his lecture is that the Municipal Government of Berne pays for the keep of some bears.

Wednesday.—I rather think we must be in Germany. As we were flying past a station this morning, I think I saw a Prussian helmet. We have certainly seen a good deal to-day. Lots of statues and lots of places. I should not be surprised to find, on referring to my programme, that I have gazed upon the celebrated Castle of Heidelberg, and perhaps even seen Cologne Cathedral. Unluckily, one has so little time for consideration, that before you are quite sure that you are looking at a mountain, you find yourself facing a waterfall. The lecture to-day was more than usually interesting. I remember distinctly that our guide informed us that a large quantity of Eau-de-Cologne is really made in Cologne.

Thursday.—We have been in a steamboat all day, looking at lots of castles and hills. We have been listening to such a number of legends that I forget what they are all about. A great deal of wine is made upon this river for exportation abroad. Our guide gave us some interesting statistics about the various vineyards. I did not like to interrupt him to ask him the name of the river. It appears to be rather pretty, and in some places reminds me of our Thames above Richmond.

Friday.—It now appears that yesterday we were doing the Rhine. To-day we are, I think, somewhere in Italy. I know we have been through a big tunnel. The people, too, seem to be talking a different sort of language. I have not had time to think much about anything, as we have been galloping through some score of picture-galleries. The guide's lecture was again most interesting. Sir PETER RUMBLE received the honour of knighthood. We were all pleased to hear this.

Saturday.—I really don't know where we are, but we are going to see a cathedral, four picture-galleries, a couple of glaciers, and an amphitheatre or two, after breakfast.

And at this point my Diary stops, as it is my last entry. For obvious reasons I have put no address to this letter. Firstly, I don't know in the least where we are; and, secondly, if I did it would be of no earthly use to tell you, because, before you can receive this note I shall be thousands of miles away from the reading-room of this very fourth-rate hotel.

I began by saying that my mind is perfect. So it is—it is a perfect blank. Before I left Old England, I had some sort of notion of foreign lands, but since I have taken this trip my knowledge, such as it was, has entirely disappeared. The Continent now seems to me a jumble of second-class carriages, vague castles, indistinct water-courses, undigested picture-galleries, indifferent tables-d'hôte, disappointing beauties of Nature, incomprehensible statues, confused town-halls, and unappreciated cathedrals. Nevertheless, my dear Father, many thanks; for whatever may be the result of my tour, you certainly meant well.

In great haste (as we are again *en route*),

Your affectionate Son,

GILES CLODROPPER, JUN.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

HERE is a bit of news, which to some people may prove of paramount importance:—

"For a rich dinner toilette mahogany is now a colour likely to be popular. Ruby and bright rose will also be in vogue this autumn."

For a dinner dress mahogany may seem a fitting hue, and there is something quite convivial in rose-colour and ruby. They remind us of the songs which *Mr. Swivel* was so fond of, wherein "the rosy" and "the ruby" were so copiously poured forth. Such colours seem less suitable for ladies than for men, and there is something still more masculine in the fashion next recorded:—

"A semi-fitting jacket with faille collar and revers opens over a waistcoat of bronze faille made precisely like those worn by gentlemen."

Jackets and waistcoats may be worn by ladies without question, but there are certain other manly garments which we fondly hope will never be in fashion with the fair sex. Moreover, we will trust that wearing male attire may not lead to manly habits on the part of those adopting it. A man might stare if a cigar-case were to drop from his aunt's jacket as he helped her to her carriage; and if a husband were to borrow a white waistcoat of his wife, he might feel a little annoyed to find a latch-key in the pocket.

More Sites and Sounds.

THE Alcazar! The Alcazar!

Will soon appear in Leicester Squarr.

I only hope the Alcazar Directors

Have Leicester-squared the circle of objectors.

If so, the Company has shown some *non*

In taking such a site as Savill House.

But shocked Alhambra cried, as well she might,

"'Tis very rude near me to take a site!"

Darwinism for Doctors.

At King's College the subject of the introductory Lecture delivered on Saint Phœasant's Day, by Professor GAMMON, is described to have been "The Evolution of the Medical Profession, and the Survival of the Fittest to Practise and Struggle for a Professional Existence." It is generally a struggle for existence, indeed; and if anybody thinks of engaging in it, and living by his practice alone, he is known to him that he cannot reasonably expect to exist very long.



NEW FORM OF RIVALRY.

Janet. "MAMMA DEAR, WHAT TIME IN THE DAY WAS I BORN?"

Mamma. "AT TWO O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING."

Jack. "AND WHAT TIME WAS I BORN?"

Mamma. "NOT UNTIL EIGHT O'CLOCK."

Janet. "AH, MY BIRTHDAY IS LONGER THAN YOURS, JACK!"

Jack. "WHAT'S THE USE OF BEING BORN BEFORE IT'S TIME TO GET UP?"

KINDNESS AND CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

THE following passage in a Report of the introductory Lecture delivered, on the 1st instant, by Professor RAY LANKESTER at University College, is commended to the serious consideration of the Society for the Total and Entire Abolition of Vivisection:—

"It was grossly unfair of Englishmen to legislate against the study of physiology, to refuse to Medicine all means of research, all endowments, and yet to profit by Vivisection carried on in Germany. Every man and woman who consulted an English physician or surgeon was an accomplice of physiology, and connived at Vivisection; for the English medical man had now to gain his knowledge from Germany and France."

What effect, then, will be likely to result from an Act of Parliament to prohibit altogether the practice of Vivisection in this country? Simply, that of still more necessarily and generally driving British medical students, in order to acquire the necessary physiological knowledge, abroad. The mere stoppage of Vivisection in our medical schools will only tend to promote its practice in those of other countries; and that under no limitations imposed by humanity. Perhaps, therefore, the Anti-Vivisectionists will perceive it to be advisable that any enactment for the suppression of experiments on living animals in the United Kingdom should, in order that it may not operate to the increase instead of the diminution of animal suffering, be accompanied by a rider subjecting every student of Medicine and Surgery to an interdict equivalent to the writ *Ne exeat regno*.

Archæologists at Work.

THE Rev. Canon GREENWELL, F.R.S., and the Rev. WALTER MONEY, F.S.A., of Newbury, are reported to have been exploring certain of the numerous Celtic grave-mounds in North Wiltshire, one of which they opened last week, and discovered in it human skeletons, animals' bones, a pot, a bone pin, a flake of flint, some beads, and a kind of scraper. Success to the interesting researches in which the reverend and learned Gentlemen are still engaged. Their labours deserve every encouragement; and although they are Antiquaries, and not Costermongers, it may not be improper to say to those assiduous examiners of ancient British tumuli, "Go on with your Barrow!"

A DREAM OF QUEER WOMEN.

(With Apologies to the Poet-Laureate.)

I READ, before mine eyelids dropt their shade,
The last romance from MUDIE'S, lately writ
By one who is considered—in the trade—
The flower of female wit.

Miss BLANK, the famous writer, whose wild way
Of fiction-weaving was the first to fill
The startled times of good VICTORIA
With ghosts which haunt them still.

And for awhile I tumbled on my bed,
Her Art from slumber hold me, as strong gales
Hold driven birds from lighting, and my head,
Chock-full of her strange tales,

Charged both mine eyes with horror. Her black
band

Haunted my thoughts, and everywhere I saw
Beauty and Murder walking hand-in-hand,
Dogged by smart limbs of law.

At last methought that I had wandered far
Into some limbo, wild, insane, obscure,
Where all things seemed to jostle, grumble, jar,
And nought seemed straight or sure.

There was no freshness in the heavy air,
Nor any natural sound of speech or song,
The smell of patchouli reigned everywhere,
An odour stale yet strong.

And from within me something seemed to say,
"Be careful! This is an unhealthy clime.
Pass quickly through; you will not wish to stay
For any length of time."

At last I saw a Lady within call,
Stiffer than stiffest marble, standing there;
A daughter of the giants, strangely tall,
And sulphurously fair.

Her hideousness with horror and surprise
Tied up my tongue. She, turning on my face
The lamp-like lustre of her goggle-eyes,
Spoke hoarsely in her place:—

"I'm an Art-Beauty! Do not ask my name,
I have so many!" (Here she heaved a sigh.)
"The supersensuous critics sound my fame,
I'm sure I can't tell why."

"I marvel, too, the fact I won't conceal,
Your face appears pea-green, your looks look
dyed,"

I answered free, and, turning, made appeal
To one who stood beside.

But she, with sour and spleenful looks averse,
To her lank height her bony body draws.

"My sex," she said, "is blighted by the curse
Of harsh man-fashioned laws.

"I am cut off from hope of that fair place
St. Stephen's hight, where men our shackles
frame,

With issues that involve our deep disgrace
And their eternal shame.

"Yet I can speak—I do so now and then—
For of the shrieking sisterhood am I,
And still the bearded monsters, ruthless men,
The franchise dare deny."

Whereto that other with a scornful brow:—

"I'd put my dagger-edge to mine own throat
Could I not fool and rule fond man somehow,
Without a stupid Vote!"

Her bitter words flashed through the silence
dear;

Methought "Can an Art-Beauty be a shrew?"
Sudden I heard a voice that cried, "Come here!
I want to look at you."

I, turning, saw, curled in an easy chair,
One sitting well wrapped up, as if from cold,
Her cheeks were peachy, and her fluffy hair
Was of the tawny gold.

She, flashing forth a Circe-smile, began :—

"I murdered men for fun—it was my trade;
But oh, 'tis long since I have slain a man.
Once, panther-like, I played

"With many husbands, and then shed their blood,
But life in this dim place is vastly slow;
I have no men to murder in my mood—
That makes my only woe!"

"The men, my lovers, how they bowed their necks
'Neath the neat boots wherewith my feet were shod!
I witched them, and the sturdiest of the sex
Were vassals to my nod.

"At last the sly detective tracked me down;
I tried to coax him, but the brute was cold.
They found the last poor fool I tried to drown,
And for the rest—behold!"

With that she tore her robe apart, and half
The polished ivory of her shoulders grand
Laid bare. Thereto she pointed with a laugh,
Showing the convict's brand.

Losing her laughter, I stood drowsily
As doth a slavey with fatigue half dead
When lodgers' bells are ringing low and high,
Though it is time for bed.

"Alas! alas!" a low voice full of care
Grumbled beside me; "turn and look on me!
I'm the enamoured girl, as fast as fair,
If what I was I be.

"Would I had been some dowdy dull and cold
O me! that I should ever see the light
Of those male optics burning, black, and bold,
Which haunt me day and night!

"I frisked and flirted, said most *risqué* things,
Mixed the salacious with the smart-profane,
Knew all about the kiss that burns and stings,
The clasp that fires the brain.

"Then came an ugly brute, all brawn and beard,
Witching me with insolence I fancied grand,
And, knowing not if most I loved or feared,
I gave the wretch my hand.

"He made me his mere slave. My fate was just!"
To whom the Panther, "Oh, you tangy fell!
You should have chloroformed the clown, and thrust
His carcase down a well."

With that smart speech, sheer horror's creeping thrill,
Cold at my heart, dissolved the agony
Of nightmare sleep. I woke, extremely chill,
And cramped, and much awry.

Morn breached the sombre ramparts of the dark,
Ere I saw her of the *agayant* glance,
With mien like some Anonyma of the Park,
And morals fresh from France.

Or her who, flouting love as very trash,
And holding life's first aim the wedding-ring,
Deems not mere soft affection, but hard cash
The all-important thing.

No Miner labours harder from the deep
Dark mines of coal to hew the sooty seams,
When market-rates rule high, than I from sleep
To gather more such dreams.

Not that the visions pleased; they gave me pain.
Yet might it profit men could I but strike
Into that startling track of dreams again;
But no two dreams are like.

For me, I loathe, as an unholy pest,
The Women worshipped in these latter years,
With loathing that can hardly be exprest,
By shudders, groans, or tears.

Because these Creatures of Sensation-Art,
Failing in all that's natural, wholesome, sweet,
Sicken the fancy and oppress the heart
With weariness complete.



"HAPPY GO LUCKY!"

Timorous Passenger. "THAT WHEEL SOUNDED CRACKED TO ME, PORTER!"

Porter. "IT IS, SORR. BUT FAIX, OI THINK SHE'LL GET AS FAR AS DUBLIN!"

TRAVELLERS' PHRASES.

(TO BE TRANSLATED FROM THE ENGLISH.)

On Landing on Foreign Soil.

WHICH is the way to the most English hotel?
Why must I pay duty on my tea, my coffee, my cigars, and my other hundred
comforts of English manufacture?
Do you not know that an Englishman cannot travel without them?
In spite of my excellent accent, my camp-stool, my bundle of rugs, sticks,
and umbrellas, and my *Murray*, have you not guessed that I am an Englishman?

On reaching a Hotel.

Can I have tea, eggs, bacon, toast, and a rumpsteak?
Which is the way to the English Church, the English Library, and the English
Doctor?
No, I will not take any of the wine of the country. I prefer *Bass's*
Pale Ale.
Will you get me some soap, and a large tub?
Soap is a sort of hard lard for cleansing the face and hands.
I am not at all surprised to find that you have never seen it. You will be
able to get some at the English chemist's.

When Sight-Seeing.

This cathedral cannot be compared for a moment to Westminster Abbey.
This lake is far inferior to the Serpentine.
This collection must not be mentioned in the same week with the glories of
the British Museum.
I do not think much of this theatre.
It appears to me that the music of this Opera is very fourth-rate.
These people in size and character are vastly inferior to the lowest stratum of
our population.
How very absurd! There is nothing we can see here to compare with what
we have left at home.

On reaching one's Destination.

At last! And now, that we have got to our journey's end, let us make haste
and get home again!

CIRCULAR NOTES.

(By Our Jotter.)



"MR. ADAM and his Constituents" was the heading of a paragraph in the *Daily Telegraph*. I don't suppose that DARWIN would be reckoned among the constituents of our Mr. ADAM.

The *Whitehall Review* has published two lists—unnecessary, and professedly most incomplete—of "Rome's Converts." I am at least glad to see the word "Converts" used. "Pervert" is designedly malicious and illiteral: "vert" is vulgar. There are some who object to all three. For the benefit of this class of kindly-disposed persons, I would propose the use of the word "Revert." Protestants of the nineteenth century, in the free exercise of their private judgment, conscientiously renouncing the religion of their fathers, only revert to that of their great-great-greatest grandfathers in the sixteenth century.

And, in most cases, the Reverts have suffered serious reverses in consequence of their Reversion.

Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM, of the Criterion Theatre, as a grateful tribute to the success of the well-known piece still running, will henceforth date everything from *Anno Dominos*.

SHAKESPEARE evidently imagined steam locomotion as existing between Sicilia and Bohemia in most remote times:—*ride Winter's Tale* (as Mr. CHATTERTON would say just now), Act V. Sc. 1, where, when a Gentleman of the Court—not Mr. JOHN HARE, though that's a neat designation for the Manager in Sloane Square—announces the arrival of *Florizel* and *Perdita*, the King observes—

"Tis not a visitation"—

meaning that *Florizel* was not an Archbishop—

"Tis not a visitation framed, but forced
By need and accident."

The word "accident" suggests the anxious question that immediately follows—

"What train?"

But to this the Gentleman of the Court does not make a fitting reply. He does not refer His Majesty to *Bradshaw*, or a local timetable. But, after all, it was only one of WILLIAM'S flashes of inspiration—just like him.

The Reverend Mr. EVERARD, of Wolverhampton, who, at the Church Congress last week, as the Bishop of MANCHESTER observed, "Quite took his breath away by his fierce denunciation of the Stage," must be written down as a Neddy—a conscientious Neddy probably, but none the less a Neddy "for a' that." Mr. EVERARD—or Mr. EVER-SOFT, as he might more correctly be called, if judged by the quality of so much brain as he may happen to possess—has many opportunities at Wolverhampton for seeing some excellent acting; for the Wolverhampton Theatre is rather a favourite with some of our London Stars—*Fallen Stars*, eh, Mr. EVER-SOFT, like Mr. J. L. TOOLE, for example?—and some of our London Stars are great favourites at Wolverhampton, greater, perhaps, than even Mr. EVERARD himself. Mr. EVERARD, however, knows no more of a Theatrical Star than the child in Dr. WATTS'S hymn:—

Twinkle, twinkle, Mister Star,
How I wonder what you are!

The tip-top swells of the Dramatic Profession are a considerable cut above Mr. EVERARD, who is, probably, a *very* Low Churchman, and only in the rank and file of "Soupers." The Bishop of MANCHESTER spoke fairly well on the subject, but what a gushing goody-goody story that was of his about the Manchester T. R. Stage Manager, who clasped the Bishop's hands, and thanked him for "speaking kindly to the poor Players." Didn't that Professional Gent

go round the corner immediately after the performance, and have a liquor up with a brother "Pro.," and didn't they wink at one another over their glasses as they drank his Lordship's jolly good health?

But, Mr. EVERARD (by the way, don't I know how clever Miss EVERARD is as "poor *Little Buttercup*" at the Opéra Comique—any relation?), but, Sir, while you and t'others of the Cloth—not Broad Cloth, but narrow, I mean—enjoy freedom of speech and liberty for all sorts of opinions, the Stage has a strict *Censor Morum*,

A High Cockalorum,
Chief *Censor Morum*,

—(not a "censer" as used by Ritualists, whom you very likely confound, and worse than confound, with Theatrical people generally)—who won't allow anything wrong or rude, and who has just refused his licence to a very risky French piece called *Niniche*, for whom one of the Brothers ROWE had provided an English dress with the very properest skirts.

So that's a finish
For poor little *Niniche*.

Yes, Anglicised, *Niniche* does rhyme with finish; ask Mr. ROWE. By the way, I don't know which ROWE it was, whether Hard ROWE or Soft ROWE, or First ROWE, or Second ROWE; but, anyhow, in answer to his touching appeal, the Licensor only waved his hand, and said, with senatorial dignity, "Back, ROWE!" Back ROWE smiled sadly and replied, that he would adapt himself—to the peculiar circumstances. The deputation of One then withdrew. "Rebellion's dead!" exclaimed the Licensor with *King Arthur* in *Tom Thumb*, "and now we'll go to breakfast!" For the motto of the Theatrical Licensing Department in the Lord Chamberlain's Office must ever be "Piece with honour."

A propos of mottoes, in a shop-window in Hanway Street there is this announcement:—"Blind Unions in all Colours." I do not profess to elucidate its technical meaning, but what a motto it would be for a combination of essentially opposite parties in a political crisis!

What will the Gaiety Christmas Extravaganza be? Probably, *Aladdin and the Electrician*; or, *New Lamps for Old Ones*. The cast to be supplied by J. HOLLINGSHEAD'S Laughing-Gas Company.

Mr. GLADSTONE has recently been telling the Manxmen that he is going to retire into private life. He has said something like this before. If "Men of Manx" is synonymous with Manxmen, then W. E. G., here is a couplet "to be said or sung":—

Henceforth I beg to state, good men of Manx,
All invitations I decline with thanks.

FAVOURITE FLOWERS, ETC.

NOT long ago it was revealed to the world that ROUSSEAU'S favourite flower was the Periwinkle. It may be valuable to the contemporary observer, and precious to the future historian, to possess a record of some other flowers, and in one or two instances—where the information could be obtained without trespassing too far on domestic privacy—of fruits and vegetables also, understood to be favourites with distinguished persons of our own time and country:—

Prince of WALES—Prince's Feather.
Princess of Wales—Eyebright and None-so-Pretty.
Duke of CAMBRIDGE—Bugle.
BROWN AND POLSON—Cornflower.
The LORD MAYOR—London Pride.
The PRIMATE—Canterbury Bells.
Mr. MACKONCHIE—Monkshood.
Earl of BEACONSFIELD—Laurels and Cypress.
CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER—Thrift.
FIRST LORD of the ADMIRALTY—Sea kale and Docks.
Mr. GLADSTONE—Sweet William.
Sir A. H. LAYARD—Turk's Cap.
Sir GARNET WOLSELEY—Speedwell.
Earl of ROSEBERRY—Marigold.
Baroness BURDETT GOUTTS—Angelica.
Mrs. LANGTRY—Nonsuch.
GOVERNOR of the BANK of ENGLAND—Stocks.
Mr. CARLYLE—Sage.
Mr. JOHN RUSKIN—Jonquil.
Mr. THOMES—Cent(a)ury.
Mr. H. M. STANLEY—Traveller's Joy.
Messrs. BIGGAR and PARNELL—No authentic information has reached us as to the favourite flowers of these two prominent Members of Parliament, but it deserves to be recorded, if only as a singular coincidence, that both of them like nothing so well as a Medlar.
The Royal Marines—Water Soldiers.
The Genuine Briton—Lords and Ladies.
Mr. PUNCH—Everlasting.



DEGENERATE TIMES.

First Dragon. "AWFULLY FINE GIRL, THAT!"

Second Dragon. "YA'AS—BUT HASN'T GOT A WORD TO SAY FOR HERSELF. ASKED HER IF SHE WASN'T AWFULLY FOND OF HUNTING? SAID SHE'D NEVER BEEN ON A HORSE IN HER LIFE! NOW, WHAT'S A FELLER TO SAY AFTER THAT? CAN'T MAKE OUT WHAT GIRLS DO TALK ABOUT IN THESE DAYS!"

THE PLEASURES OF FOREIGN TRAVEL.

The pleasure of feeling that you have left all the bores of your Club behind for an indefinite time.

The pleasure of knowing that you need not attend to "little accounts" when they follow you to France, Switzerland, or Italy.

The pleasure of escaping the fogs of London, the winds of Brighton, and the drainage of Ramsgate.

The pleasure of knowing that all news of an exciting character will reach you some days late; and if the Funds have gone down, that they may have gone up again by the time you receive the unwelcome intelligence.

The pleasure of finding it unnecessary to condole with JONES upon the failure of his last comedy, or to congratulate SMITH upon the success of his latest novel.

The pleasure of not having to wear a tail-coat and white necktie more than once a week on the average.

The pleasure of having one's French understood by a well-fed and, consequently, obsequious foreign waiter.

The pleasure of travelling in comfort, and lunching *en route* on something more palatable than sawdust sandwiches and turpentine-flavoured sherry.

The pleasure of buying and reading all the best novels and works of travel at about one shilling and sixpence a volume.

The pleasure of comparing the works of Art of foreign countries with those of your native land, to the great glorification of the latter.

The pleasure of meeting an Englishman on the summit of an out-of-the-way mountain, and then and there discussing with him the rates of house-rent in Brompton, and other interesting matters of a domestic character.

MERCY BY THE MERSEY.

[MANCHESTER.—Mr. RAYNER WOOD, a Magistrate, residing at Singleton Lodge, Singleton Brook, prosecuted two Sisters of Mercy for begging. These Sisters support a large number of aged and infirm poor at Plymouth Grove and Cheetham Hill. The case was at once dismissed, the Bench regretting that Mr. Wood should have acted in this manner.—*Daily Telegraph*, Oct. 7.]

THERE is a Mr. RAYNER WOOD,
A Magistrate, be it understood,
Of Singleton Lodge, near Singleton Brook,
Who on himself as Magistrate took

To arrest two Sisters of Mercy—
Two Little Sisters of the Poor,
Who beg about from door to door,
And with their pensioners try to live
On scraps of food that the rich may give,

These genuine Sisters of Mercy.
But Mister Wood, with his heart of stone,
Would not give them so much as a bone;
But had the Sisters looked up all night
As Beggars! Fancy their wretched plight,
These Angels of Mercy! Was Mister Wood right?

No! Very much *vice versa*.
And so, next morning, he was told
By a brother Magistrate, honest and bold,
Who, indignantly, the case dismissed,
When I hope Mr. Wood was loudly hissed—

Be he tall, or short, or purry,
This Wood's not British Oak, I guess,
"Laying hands on females in distress!"
The worst I wish him—when near his end—
To ease his anguish, and to attend
On his couch of pain, may his Good Angel send
These very two Sisters of Mercy!

Pleasantries of a Primus.

PUNCH often finds competitors where he did not expect them. But of all unlikely places to look for a rival he would have named the meeting of the Representative Church Council of the Episcopal Church of Scotland. It was held in the Kinnaird Hall on the 9th inst. Judge his surprise when he found the venerable Primus of that highly decorous Church thus disporting himself:—

"The Primus proposed that the next annual meeting be held at Inverness, and he undertook to say that they would receive a right Highland welcome. Perhaps the laity might feel themselves disposed to come in Highland costume—(laughter)—and if so they might rely upon it there would be no visible breaches amongst them. (Great laughter.)"

The delight, after an abstinence of some weeks, of a pint of draught porter from the pewter, and a cut off a roast sirloin.

The pleasure of knowing that you are packing up your portmanteau for the last time, and paying your last hotel bill.

And, lastly—greatest pleasure of all—the intense delight and relief of turning your back on foreign parts, and coming home again!

The Saddle on the Right Horse.

AN old and true saw tells us that "Spectators see most of the game." *Punch's* sharp and respected contemporary, the *Spectator*, seems to him to have a clear insight into the game which the Glasgow Bank has been playing. That game, if play to the Bank's Directors, is likely to prove death to the Shareholders. But surely the *Spectator* has got the right sow by the ear, in his concluding paragraph:—

"Many a murder is stopped by fear of the coroner's inquest, many a ship is saved by dread of the Board of Trade inquiry, and many a bank would be safe if its Directors knew that failure would be the immediate signal for a pitiless investigation."

To be followed, *Punch* would add, by condign punishment in cases where rascality and recklessness are brought home to the peccant parties who have abused their opportunities as Directors to the ruin of their Shareholders. At all events, the change would be one from the wrong to the right direction.

QUITE UNINTENTIONAL.

A PASSENGER between Wyeh Street and Holywell Street, inquiring his way, asked Which is Wyeh?



DARWINIAN MOMENT—SELECTION OF THE FITTEST!

ON THE LINE.

(With Mr. Punch's best wishes to the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants.)

MR. PUNCH was dozing on the banks of a river, enjoying the welcome warmth of the latter-summer. As he gazed upon the running water, it seemed to change to a railway-track, and he saw a pair of iron rails appearing from a double row of sand-covered sleepers. Near the track stood a well-fed, rosy-cheeked labourer cheerfully employed upon his toil of plate-laying. Mr. Punch was surprised to notice his perfect contentment. Until now plate-laying had always been accompanied by apprehension.

"You have no fear of any passing train, my friend?" said Mr. Punch.

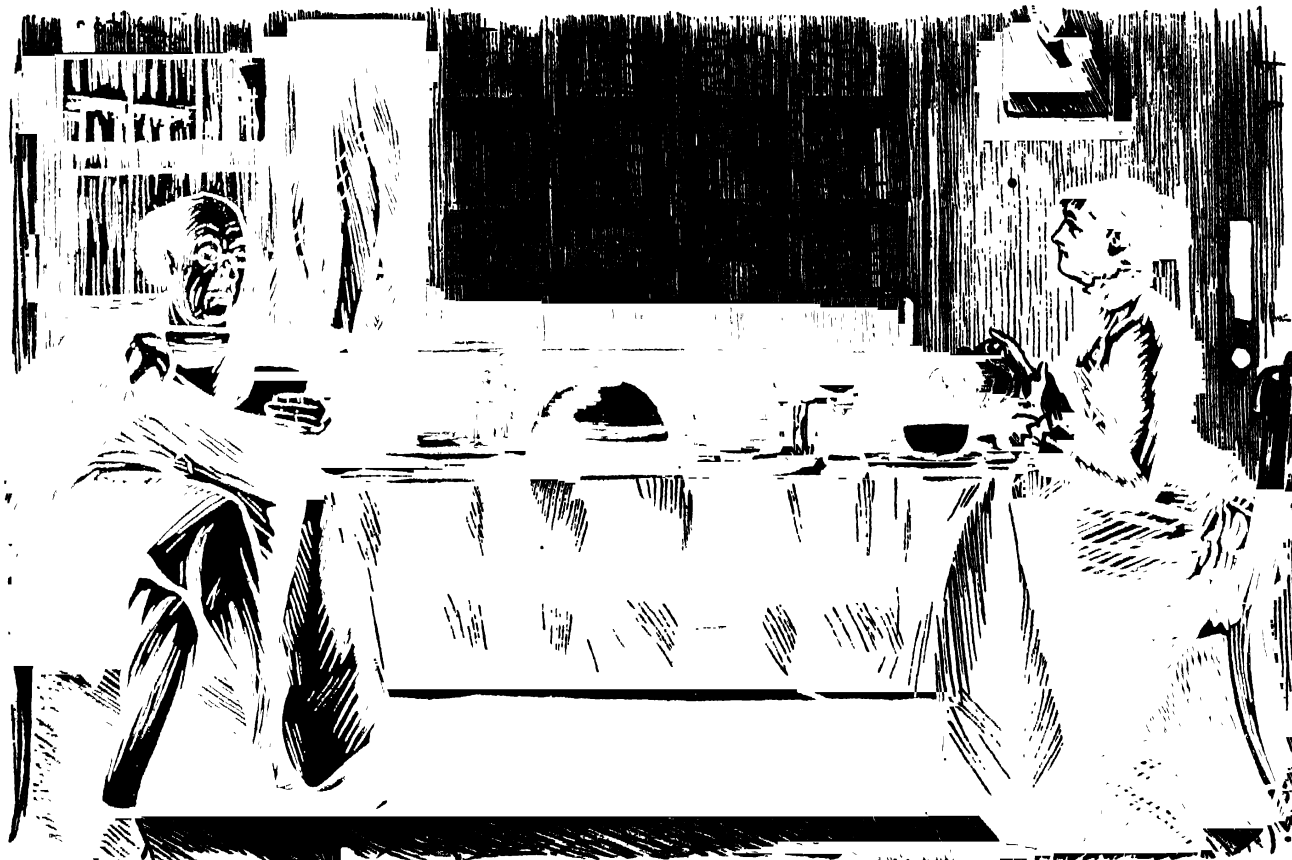
"Not I, master," returned the workman, with a careless whistle. "You see, since the new law came in, the Engine-drivers daren't run over me. If they did, they would have to answer for it."

Leaving the Plate-layer, Mr. Punch walked on until he came to the train stopping in a siding. The Engine-driver was calmly smoking a pipe.

"All right?" questioned Mr. Punch.

"Quite right, Sir," replied the Engine-driver. "If anything goes wrong, so long as I obey the Guard, I am on the safe side of the road. If anything happens to me, and my mate through his carelessness, why our widows can proceed (as the lawyers call it) against him for damages."

"How do you like that?" asked Mr. Punch, as the Guard approached him.



MEDICAL REMUNERATION.

Doctor. "UM! MOST INSOLENT!" (To his Wife.) "LISTEN TO THIS, MY DEAR." (Reads Letter aloud.) "'SIR,—I ENCLOSE A P. O. ORDER FOR THIRTEEN SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE, HOPING IT WILL DO YOU AS LITTLE GOOD AS YOUR TWO VERY SMALL BOTTLES OF 'PHYSIC' DID ME.'"

"Very well, Sir," replied the man with the belt. "Personal responsibility won't hurt any of us so long as we do our duty. I feel much more comfortable now that I know I have a remedy against the Signalman if I come to grief through his culpable carelessness."

And Mr. Punch walked on until he reached a box full of telegraph-discs. A lively, bright-eyed official was in charge.

"I suppose you have just come on duty?" hinted Mr. Punch.

"Just going off, you mean, Sir," replied the Signalman, cheerily. "Yes, Sir; since the new Act's become law, we have a fair amount of sleep and work."

"Dear me! Why?"

"Because the Station-master is directly responsible to us, Sir. If we make any mistake through over-work, we can look to him. But pardon me, Sir, I have to attend to my discs. A train is just due, and here it comes, exact to a minute."

"You keep punctual time?"

"We are obliged, Sir, since we are all directly responsible."

Mr. Punch, well pleased with what he had seen and heard, walked on to the Station. He found its Master smiling.

"Everything right?"

"Everything, thank you, Sir. Now that we have direct personal responsibility, it's perfectly wonderful how smoothly everything goes."

"No accidents, eh?"

"Accidents, Sir! Why, we have almost forgotten what they are! How can we have accidents, when the Traffic-manager is responsible to the Station-master for the proper timing of all the trains? With punctuality, we know where we are, Sir. Working a line now is as easy as A B C."

Suddenly Mr. Punch found himself transported to a comfortably furnished office, in which an Elderly Gentleman was busily engaged in the direction of a numerous staff of employes.

"Glad to see you, Sir," said the Elderly Gentleman, who immediately recognised his august visitor; "but I am sure you will pardon me if I give my undivided attention to the work before me. A very heavy responsibility sits upon me, Mr. Punch—a very heavy responsibility indeed."

"And you are not over-worked, Mr. Traffic-manager?"

"Certainly not, Mr. Punch. The Directors are personally responsible to me. If I were over-worked, they would be the sufferers. Since the new Act, no one can shirk his duties. And now good-bye."

Mr. Punch took the hint, and withdrew. Again suddenly he found himself in another room, in which a number of excited and portly persons were engaged in a most animated conversation. They rushed up to Mr. Punch as he entered, and overpowered him with questions.

"Is the Traffic-manager looking after the trains?" asked one.

"Are the Station-masters telegraphing to the Signalmen?" said another.

"Are the Guards obeying the signals?" cried a third.

"Are the Engine-drivers looking after the Plate-layers?" shouted a fourth.

"Stop, stop!" exclaimed Mr. Punch. "Pray tell me why are you so interested in these matters?"

"Because," they cried in angry unison, "we are responsible to everybody—not only to our employes, but to the Public, and the Law as well. It is shameful, scandalous, disgraceful!"

"I suppose you are—"

"Directors!" they shouted. "Fancy making Directors responsible!"

"I suppose the new Act—"

But here Mr. Punch was interrupted by an absolute shriek of rage. The noise (which turned out to be the braying of some donkeys) woke him, and he found, as he looked once more at the running river, that the visions he had seen were merely the shadows of a pleasant dream. May those shadows have coming events to follow them!

"LE SPECTRE ROUGE."

HERR FRANKENSTEIN, in the German Parliament, as spokesman for the Centre, proclaims opposition to the Anti-Socialist Bill. Naturally, FRANKENSTEIN has had enough of making monsters.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

At Covent Garden Promenade Concerts—The Italian Night—Observations for any other Night—The real Attraction—A Hit—A Hint.



SIR.—The motion that Mr. ARTHUR SULLIVAN do now leave the Chair being carried, and that eminent Composer having personally, and most successfully, conducted the Concert party so far into the middle of the Season, Mr. RIVIÈRE—the shining RIVIÈRE—has taken the vacant seat, and is giving us English Nights (this sounds like our old friends the men in armour of the Ninth of November), French Nights (or Bayards), Scottish Nights (Quentin Durwards), Classical Nights (Agamemnon, Achilles, Ulysses, & Co.) and many more very pleasant nights, judging by the appearance of the sitting and promenading audience on the night of my visit, i.e. “the Italian Night.” I selected the Italian Night because what can be more beautiful than an Italian night? At this time of year I believe the Italian nights are at their best. And then what a real treat in mid-October, in mid-London, in our very un-Italian climate, to be able to enjoy a genuine Italian night!

“*Como gentil!*” I hummed to myself. I always hum to myself, first, because I like an appreciative audience; and, secondly, because I have heard myself called a “hummerist,” and, of course, one likes to keep up the character. These reflections are appropriate in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden as I pass the old “Hummins,” celebrated for its Humming Ale.

But to return—*Au Rivièrre*. A change has come over the arrangements. The position of the Chair has been altered. Mr. SULLIVAN used to sit with his back to the audience. Everyone understood why. Isn't he the composer of “*Looking Back*”? And his taking up that position must have sent up the sale of that popular song some millions.

But Mons. RIVIÈRE—who is both a *Mons* and a *Rivièrre*—takes another view of the situation—a front view. He faces the audience. Occasionally he descends from his throne, to conduct the Orchestra from a place near the piano; then he remounts—the *Mons* remounted—to his seat in the midst of his army of performers, so as to keep an eye on the Military and the Ladies of the Chorus in the back rows: the Ladies being a new feature—and some very pretty features, too—in the programme.

First there was the Overture to “*Nabucodonosor*”—generally abbreviated, by his personal friends, to “*Nubuco*.” I know the Overture, but not the Opera. I suppose the Second Act, if it follows the story, is entirely pastoral. I don't think you can gather much of the plot—the grass-plot in the case of poor *Nabuco*—from the Overture. I suppose, by the way, that *Nabucodonosor* is the *Nabuchadnezzar* with whom “every schoolboy” is well acquainted at a very early age.

The next item of importance was a Violoncello Solo by M. VAN BIENE, who came on first, as the “Van,” while Mr. LINDSAY SLOPER brought up the rear, and accompanied the Fiddling Dutchman on the piano. The audience were immensely pleased with M. VAN BIENE, the Double Dutchman, or the Double-Bass Dutchman.

I do like Mr. LINDSAY SLOPER as an accompanist. He seems so pleased at being asked. He comes on to the platform with an air of surprise, as if he had only just arrived to make a friendly call on Mons. RIVIÈRE, who had suddenly jumped up, and said, “My dear SLOPER, now you are here, do play us an accompaniment.” And the amiable Mr. SLOPER, unable to refuse, had there and then consented, and had been at once introduced to Mr. VAN BIENE, or Signo URIO, or whoever the soloist might be, had said some pleasant and polite things to him, asked how all the little Vans were at home—VAN JOHN, VAN TRUMP, VAN-ESSA, &c.—and, on Mons. RIVIÈRE looking at his watch, had courteously bowed to the Musical Hollander, and had accompanied him—on the platform, and on the piano.

Madame LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON's rendering of “*By the Margin of fair Zurich's Waters*” awoke the echoes of applause, and an encore

could not be denied. They would have it—but they didn't—because when Madame LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON did return, she in effect said, “I cannot sing the old Song,” and sang, instead, “*Love was once a little Boy*,” with which the audience were equally pleased.

They were highly delighted, too, with Madame JENNY PRATT's “*The Love who sailed away*”; and this lady too, being encored, sang something else.

I retired after the *Petit Duc* had been performed, with which—the music itself, not its execution—I confess I was disappointed. All the Petites Ducks of the Ladies' Chorus joined in, and the music lesson was the best thing of this selection.

The first time these young Ladies rose from their seats was to join, with much devotion, in the prayer from *Mosé in Egitto*. A profane person, without appreciation of anything above the level of a Music-Hall ditty, wanted to know if the present popular lyric, “Where was Moses when the light went out?” was taken from this Opera. He was at once, and properly, rebuked and instructed, by being informed that the very title of the Opera was an answer to this question, “Where was Moses when the light went out?” Where? “*In Egitto*.”

What chiefly interested me during the Concert, from the time of the arrival of the Military Band, was the conduct of one of its members, who had been hampered with such a gigantic wind instrument as contained sufficient brass to have made twenty brazen serpents for MOSES AND SONS of Israel, when they got into the Desert.

What an instrument! It went round and round the unhappy warrior just as you'd twist a Scotch plaid, and as you might suppose would be the apparent result, if, in cold weather, a doctor had ordered a patient, with the smallest circulation in the world, to be fitted up with hot water pipes outside. I asked an intelligent-looking person what he thought was the name of this instrument of torture? He replied that “he thought it was a ‘Bombardon,’ and was generally played by a Bombardier.” I fancy my informant was not quite right in his mind. “Bombardon” is a big name, but not big enough. “Rhom-bom-bom-bardon” would be nearer.

I waited nervously, anxiously, for the effect of the first blow. Had I been at one of the old P.R. matches, with money on it, I could not have been more excited. I regarded it as a contest between the Bombardier and the Bombardon. The Bombardier I knew would give the first blow to the Bombardon—but with what result? What would the Bombardon do to him, in return? I anticipated a thunderous blast, a hurricane, a gale which would send poor Bombardier head over heels, twirling in the air over the back rail, and down among the refreshment-tables.

Dare he give that Bombardon a blow? that was the question. I watched him closely during the selection from *La Traviata*. There were plenty of openings for a blow, but he didn't come up to the scratch. Several times I saw him prepare: once to make ready, twice to prepare—then he licked his lips, as though he relished the idea in theory, but just as he was putting his mouth to the instrument he thought better of it practically, shook his head, and didn't.

Presently I heard a deep bass note; very deep, very basso, *molto profondo*. I turned, expecting to see the Bombardier doing it gently. No: he was doing it gently—but he was doing nothing at all, nothing whatever. He was looking about admiringly, and utterly ignoring the presence of the Bombardon which was coiled round his body.

The *basso profondo* note came from a quiet-looking gentleman in the centre of the orchestra, provided with an instrument that hadn't got a quarter of the Bombardon's advantages.

Whether the Bombardon was annoyed at this it is impossible to say, but I fancy the wily Brazen Serpent must have given the Bombardier a squeeze round the ribs, as the next minute I saw him struggling with it, trying to untwist it, wriggling to get his head out of its clutches, and so to emancipate himself from its fatal embrace.

It was the Laocoon with the Serpent, without the two young people; but, a less unhappy coon than Laocoon, he showed himself a Hercules, for presently the Bombardon lay helpless by his side, and the Bombardier breathed again freely, victoriously.

But play it he never did—I mean not when I was looking. Was it a Dummy? If so, it was a Double-Dummy. And let Mons. RIVIÈRE take my advice, and not lose the opportunity for advertising such a trump card as this in his pack:—

“Solo on the Great Double-Dummy every evening by the Bombardier in full uniform. Exciting Struggle! ‘Blow for Blow’! Victory of the British Arms!!!”

Then a song, composed expressly to the air “*Row on, thou Gondolier!*” commencing

“Blow on, thou Bombardier!”

Which, needless to say, after this publicity, would draw all London and all the Country. O RIVIÈRE, there is a current in the affairs of Concerts, which, if taken advantage of, leads on to fortune. Go on and prosper, but don't forget the Bombardier.

On rising and leaving, I was glad to see the energetic and polite Mr. HAYES in the foyer of Covent Garden. Such a bouquet in his

button-hole! You don't gather such flowers as those on all *haies*. Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD should send round his electric light to Covent Garden: they would want something extra brilliant when there's a Haze in front, were it not that there is nothing foggy, but just the reverse, about this Mister, not misty, HAZE.

I, as Your Representative, have very fair ground for complaint about a certain misleading advertisement; and, after this warning, I do hope that the Gentleman, who, having taken his degree of M.A. (Advertisement Manager) on the D. T., has erred this once, may be D. T.-erred (oh!) from repeating the mistake. There may be twenty other papers doing the same, but I select the Largest Circulation, as one Representative should instinctively pick out another Representative. What's the indictment? *Le voici!* ("Here it is!")—I translate, in respectful imitation of Mr. GEORGE A. SALA—now style—who has lately taken to giving us in brackets "the English of it" in his capital letters—and they are Capital Letters—headed "*Paris after the Peace.*" At the end of the string of London theatrical advertisements in the D. T., the Provincial Theatres are beginning to *afficher* ("advertise") themselves; and so the first after the Victoria Theatre is the Theatre Royal, Brighton. There is no objection to this; Brighton is a suburb of the Metropolis in the S. C., i. e., South Coast District; and then come the announcements made by the travelling Stars: Mr. IRVING with his *Bells* at Manchester; Miss BATEMAN and *Mary Warner* at Swansea; Mr. J. L. TOOLS as *A Fool and his Money*, at Liverpool; or, as he might put it in rhyme—no extra charge—

"Mr. TOOLS
Plays 'The Fool
And his Money' at Liverpool."

Then Mr. BARRY SULLIVAN at "all the principal cities of the Empire to follow"—which advertisement must have been written by a waiter at a grill-room, who couldn't get "to follow" out of his head; then Mr. ARTHUR GARNER's Company at Bristol, with the Play of *Stolen Kisses*, or the *Reward of Merit*; then Mrs. BITTER BEERE (I beg her pardon, I mean Mrs. BERNARD BEERE) at Bradford, who gives us a very full advertisement, to "chronicle small Beere"; and then Miss GAINSBOROUGH at Bolton (is this a real Gainsborough?); and then I come upon three consecutive advertisements of the Canterbury Theatre of Varieties, setting forth how Miss NELLY POWER and Mlle. BARTOLETTI "excite tumultuous applause"; how the Snow-ball Ballet is supported by a *corps de Snowballers*; and how NAPOLEON, WELLINGTON, STANLEY (the Dean, or the African Explorer?), Sir GARNET WOLSELEY, BEACONSFIELD (why not "Lord" BEACONSFIELD, if Sir GARNET has his title?) are impersonated by Messrs. RUSSELL, GROVER, and OTTLEY in a musical sketch. Now, Sir, what did I say, and naturally, at once? Why, let me have a London, Chatham and Dover return; let me be there (at Canterbury) to-day, and here *chez moi* ("at home") to-morrow, and I can see the Cathedral, hear the Anthem in the afternoon, dine at the "Old Canterbury Pilgrims' Inn," and enjoy the show at the Canterbury Theatre of Varieties, which till now I had thought was only opened to "Old Stagers" in the "Canterbury Week." Did I not at once make up a party to do this? Wasn't everything ready for a pilgrimage to the Canterbury Theatre? And wouldn't we all have gone there express, and been most fearfully and wonderfully sold, but for the happy thought of someone who suggested, "*Telegraph to the Manager for tickets.*" What was the reply? "Theatre closed."

Suddenly one of the party, quite an inspired person, lifted up his voice, and observed, that the Canterbury Theatre of Varieties must be the place with the Sliding Roof, where *Pléna* used to be performed. Then we all exclaimed, in chorus, "Why place that London advertisement so as to make it part and parcel of the Provincial Theatrical Advertisements, and thus mislead guileless youth?"

We paused for a reply. None came, and we separated. We did not go and sit under the Sliding Roof; but what we *did* do you will probably hear anon from

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

"The Fiasco of Cyprus."

(See Archibald Forbes's Article in the "Nineteenth Century.")

WHEN FORBES, stout Special, his recital
Of blunder thus baptises,
As to the meaning of the title
Perhaps, some doubt arises.

Fiasco's Italian for "bottle,"
But "mull" means metaphorically;
Why?—it would puzzle ARISTOTLE
To answer categorically.

But Cyprus wine, or Cyprus mull,
Cost, fever, and the rest of it,
There's only one course for JOHN BULL,—
To gulp, and make the best of it.

CIRCULAR NOTES.

(By our Jotter.)



SOME papers are giving puzzles in French Grammar. Excellent practice. At a "French Bee," the other evening, I asked what was the French for the flower called "Sweet William." A distinguished Professor, whose articles in the *Athenaeum* have attracted the attention of most of the European *savants* (someone translated this "soaps," but didn't get a prize), hold up his hand, and demanded the *parole*, which was instantly accorded.

"The French for 'Sweet William,'" said that learned Professor, "is undoubtedly '*Billy douz*.'"

He was knighted on the spot. If any would-be-knighted inquirer asks, "On what spot?" I shall only reply that this must remain a mystery, for, as

any billiard-player will inform you, the spot can never be plain.

ARE these correct? If not, why not?

He lived in the Isle of Wight. — *Il a vécu dans l'huile blanche.*

He drove a ball many miles with his bat. — *Avec son bâtiment il faisait se conduire un bat pour menus milles.*

The dog wagged his tail. — *Le chien vagua sa taille.*

Is the following a good translation of the French? —

Il alla deux journées presque à tâtons. — He allayed (his hunger) for two days almost (entirely) by eating 'taters.

Given: to express "The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress."

How's this? — *Le Maire et La Mère.*

Is this all regular: — *J'ai une boîte particulière à l'Opéra ce soir?*

Oh yes, you're quite correct;

Say it to someone, and try the effect.

MISS KATE SANTLEY has done her very best to get a licence for *Niche*. Personally, I wish she may get it, and, perhaps, she; yet may. Here's a song arranged as a duet for the LORD CHAMBERLAIN and the Licensor:—

(AIR—"Sweet Kitty (lover).")

SWEET KITTY SANTLEY she bothers me so,

Oh, oh, oh, oh,

Oh, oh, oh, oh!

She asks for a licence—Ah! must we say "No"?

Oh, oh, oh, oh!

Oho!

Solo—LICENSOR.

She comes in the morning as certain as fate,

She tries to induce me to talk *tête-à-tête*;

But, no—I am not to be caught—*pas si bête*—

No, no, no,

No, no!

BOTH (*together dancing*).

SWEET KITTY SANTLEY she bothers us so,

Oh, oh, oh, oh,

Oh, oh, oh, oh!

To such pretty pleading how can we say "No"?

No, no, no, no,

No, no!

[*Exeunt licensing.*]

Epitaph on the Argyll Rooms.

[On Friday last the Magistrates refused Mr. BIGNELL his licence for the Argyll Rooms.]

DING, Dong, Bell!

What do you tell?

The Argyll is dead!

The Beaks have said.

So over its grave let us ring a Big Knell.



A TRUE ARTIST.

Mamma (to Tommy, who has been allowed for a few minutes to wait at table). "NOW, TOMMY, KISS ME, AND GO TO BED."

Tommy (to Footman). "DO YOU EVER KISS THE MISSUS, CHARLES?"

Footman. "No, Sir!"

Tommy. "THEN I WON'T!"

INELEGANT EXTRACTS.

Mr. Bull (irritably pushing aside a pile of papers). Well, Mr. Punch, if I don't see myself as others see me, it is not for want of opportunity. The process is anything but pleasant; but, as the poet intimates, I suppose it is profitable.

Mr. Punch. That depends.

Mr. Bull. What do you mean?

Mr. Punch. The utility of a mirror depends upon the accuracy of its reflections. "Others" may not always see us as we are. Hate, jealousy, prejudice, are media as distorting as self-love and personal vanity.

Mr. Bull. Well, certainly, regarding myself as painted in the foreign papers, I am equally disgusted and perplexed. Whether the portraits all resemble me, I can't say; they certainly do not resemble each other, and only agree in being extremely unflattering. I appear to be a sort of perfidious Proteus; but my presentations, though various, are all very objectionable.

Mr. Punch. I presume you have been reading some of the extracts from foreign prints, with which certain of our own papers have lately so liberally provided you.

Mr. Bull. Precisely.

Mr. Punch. Piquant reading, no doubt. But, of course, you do not allow these carefully calculated pungencies to poke you up?

Mr. Bull. Well—I—ahem!—they are deucedly unpleasant, you know.

Mr. Punch. Do you think, that adroitly selected excerpts from the less judicious tirades of certain of our Jingo journalists, would make the pleasantest reading for a Russian, or even an Austrian, or German.

Mr. Bull. Well, perhaps not. But who sets any store by such examples of "unauthorised outrecuidance"—to use one of the Jingo Journalist's own phrases.

Mr. Punch. Neatly translated, and suggestively commended to the notice of, say a foreign personage of ardent patriotism, but less

calmly judicial, enlightened, and cosmopolitan, than Mr. BULL. Is it not just possible that they might be taken as representative of British opinion, and indicative of British purpose?

Mr. Bull. Humph! I twig, Sir. *De te fabula*, eh? You would imply, that when the *Golos* vapours, or the *Gazette* blusters, it is all Muscovite Jingoism, and doesn't count?

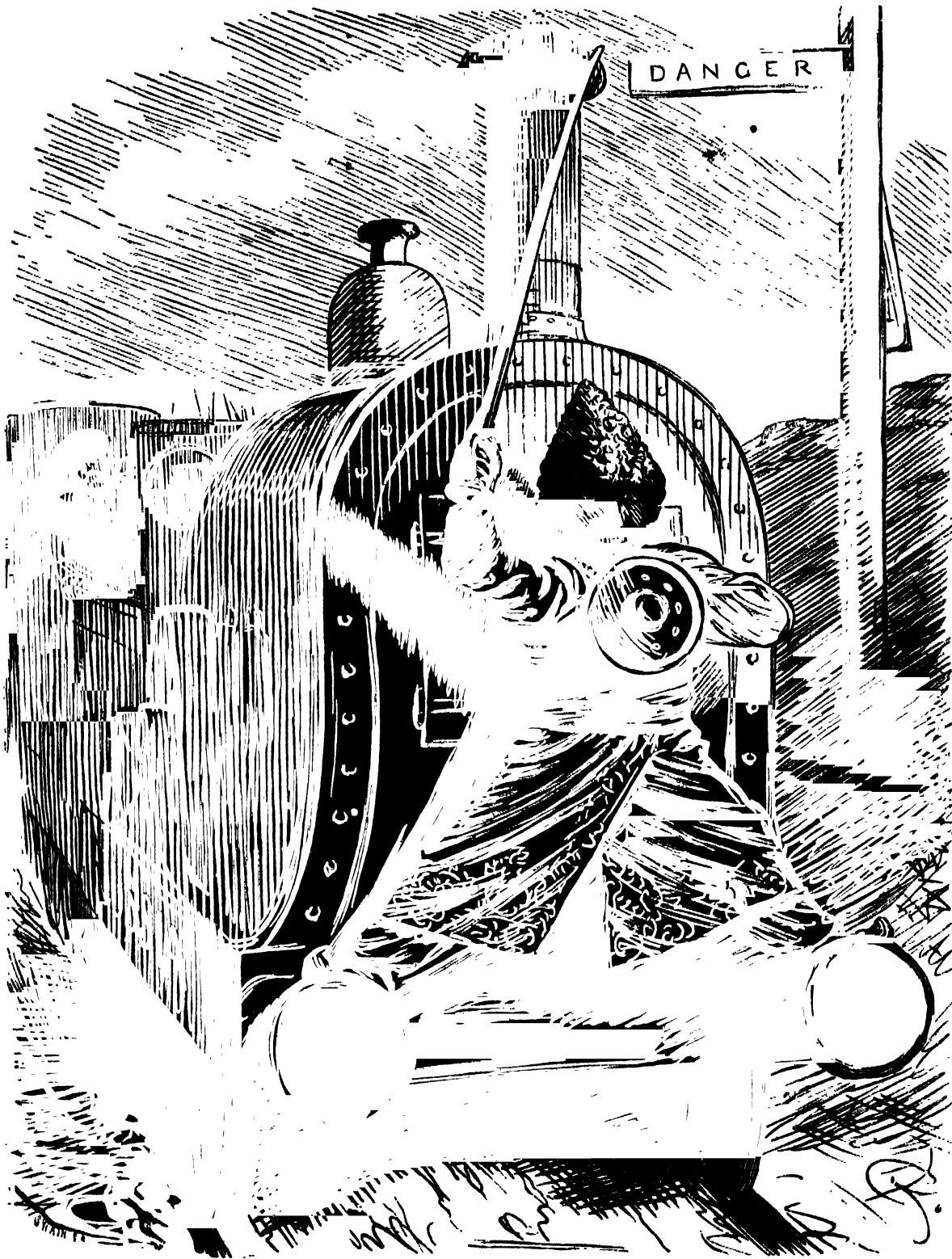
Mr. Punch. Not too absolute, Mr. BULL! What I mean, is, that the *ex pede Herculem* principle is not always a safe one, and that selected extracts from the hot philippics of irresponsible journalists may not always give the accurate measure of national opinion and policy.

Mr. Bull. But straws show which way the wind blows, you know.

Mr. Punch. Sometimes. But, on the whole, they are perhaps better indices of eddies and gusts than of set drifts and determined currents. Keep your eyes open, Mr. BULL, by all means, but look at the facts all round, and do not pay too much attention to the paper pellets of angry or interested scribblers. Specimens of foreign impertinence are continually dished up to you with the *sauce piquante* of partisan comment—for a purpose. The British Lion should not be stirred up by squibs. A policy guided by newspaper cuttings, or swayed by Inelegant Extracts, might prove but a very purblind one, Mr. BULL. National Prejudice has as many tongues as Rumour. Do not let their confused babble bewilder your judgment or thwart your steady purpose. Let the political gnats buzz noisily against each other; it is for you with a calm and judicial glance to look beyond and above their ephemeral charivari.

Comfort to Canada.

DRY those tears, freely flowing—
List trumpet and drumming!—
If DUFFERIN's going,
"The CAMPBELLS are coming."



“POOR BUFFER!”

(DANGER SIGNALS UP. PROSPECT OF COLLISION AT THE AFGHAN JUNCTION.)

“’Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Between the pass and fell incensèd points
Of mighty opposites.”—*Hamlet*, Act V. Sc. ii.

"WHICHEVER YOU LIKE, MY LITTLE DEARS."

(A Choice of Programmes.)



SCENE—A Council-Chamber in Whitehall. Members of the Cabinet discovered brushing their hats, and chatting cheerily in the act of departure.

The Prime Minister (summing up a long string of pros and cons). Well, then, Gentlemen, it's settled that we settle nothing. Eh? Give LYTON plenty of time, and let him wire if it's inconveniently hot? [All laugh heartily.]

The Lord Chancellor. Capital! Well, I'm off to Kingussie. Good-bye, everybody! [Exit.]

The Chancellor of the Exchequer. Lucky man! But I'm due at Balmoral, and shall have a shave for the Express as it is. So, ta, ta! [Follows him.]

The First Lord of the Admiralty. Well, I'm off. But I wish this blowy weather would stop. If it doesn't, we shall have to bring the Calais-Douvres round to Portsmouth to do our Official tripping in. Oh! I'm in earnest. Ha! ha! ha! [Exit merrily.]

The Secretary of State for War. The sea air doesn't seem to hurt SMITH, does it? I wonder how he would look after six months in the salubrious W. O.? Only hope I shan't see the inside of that for a month. By-bye! I'm off.

[Picks up his hat and skips out, whistling.]

The Rest of the Cabinet (volubly). Well, good-bye everybody—we

SCENE—A Council-Chamber in Whitehall. Members of the Cabinet discovered separating and shaking hands in solemn silence.

The Prime Minister (concluding a stirring peroration). I need scarcely say, Gentlemen, that by this resolute stroke of Imperial action we shall preserve unimpaired for remotest posterity that priceless heirloom of honour which peace may cherish, but patriotism alone can preserve.

[They cheer long and loudly.]

The Lord Chancellor. Amen to that! [Is overcome in a corner.]

The Chancellor of the Exchequer. Amen! Fear not that our beloved country will lack resources. Trust to me to provide the needful millions.

The First Lord of the Admiralty. And I will undertake most solemnly to spend them! The traditions of the Armada are not forgotten in Whitehall, and while the spirit of NELSON lives here (he strikes his breast), it is not the sea that shall wreck the mighty vessel of the State!

[He grasps the hand of the Secretary of State for War firmly.]

The Secretary of State for War. Thank you for that noble sentiment. You give us courage. I too am about to proceed to my post in Pall Mall. Europe shall ring with the feats of the great Service I represent. It is indeed something at such a moment, to be, not only a soldier, but the organiser of soldiers.

[Strikes an heroic attitude.]

The Rest of the Cabinet (in solemn unison). Glorious! Most

must be off, or we shall miss our trains!

[Exeunt with a rush taking the wrong umbrellas.]

The Prime Minister (calling after them). Mind—November (flings himself into a chair). Well, that's over! Bother Afghanistan.

[Pulls the Times Supplement over his face, and falls asleep as Scene closes.]

Glorious! But as our beloved country enters on this momentous action under our guidance, let us at once to our respective posts, prepared to give her our best service, and to stand, or fall along with her!

[They depart pale and agitated.]

The Prime Minister (falling on one knee). Beautiful! Oh England, my country, I have given you peace with honour already, and now—open your mouth and shut your eyes, and see what I'm going to give you—

[Raises his hand majestically in the direction of his nose, or the ceiling, as the Curtain falls.]

ODE TO THE COMING LIGHT.

A Domestic Dithyrambic. By Mrs. Gingham.

OURAY!

I'm glad as I have lived to see the day
When them there Gas Directors gets a staggerer.

Which a more stuck-up swaggerer
Than your Gas-man—'cept p'raps your Water-Rater—
Ain't to be found in Natur.

But this Electric Light 'll check their capers.
Lor' bless yer, they're a writing to the papers,
Protesting, and pooh-poohing, and explaining,
Trying to show as losing ground means gaining,
And with per-centages theirselves confusing,
All which I must say 's mightily amusing

To me.

But 'tain't no good; the Coming Light will come,
You'll see;

And gas 'll have to go, like ilo and taller,
And soon we shall consider it quite rum
That we could do so long with light so yaller,
So guv to flickering spirts and smoky flares,

So dismal, dim, and dingy,
As with this bright Electric Light compares
Like dowdy homespuns agin' shawls from Ingy.
I don't purfess to understand the process—
Which Coils and Carbon-points to me is riddles—

But all I knows is,

I ain't no patience with the indiwiddles,
Greedy monopolists or timorous fogies,
As looks on now inventions as on bogies;
Sich is the parties as would sneer and scoff
At EDISON and that there JARLOCHKOFF
(I 'ope his name 's spelt right—those forren Mist'ers
Goes in for reg'lar twist'ers!);

But them as knows says there 's no call for fright;
That this Electric Light

Is bright,

And white,

Don't give no heat, nor yet no smoke,
Nor nasty sooty fumes as soil and choke.

(Which going now-a-days to a theayter
Is bad as swelterin' in Etny's crater.)

And then the gilt and whitewash, paint and pieters!
Well, I do 'ope them nagging contrydictors

As deals in sneers and strieters,
Swearin' the Light 's too brilliant, deathly-blue,
Orkurd, expensive, and Old Nick knows what,
Will be proved wrong; drat the cantankerous crew!

I'd shet up the 'ole lot

Four hours in that there Gallery at the "Folly,"
The gas full on; I 'ope they'd find it jolly.

No; Gas may 'ave its uses still, no doubt;
But them as makes it ain't bin so perlit
That we should fret ourselves for their look-out—
Not quite!

If JARLOCHKOFF, or EDISON, or others,
Can give us better light and fewer bothers,
More wital airs and not no noxious vapors,
In spite of all the croakers in the papers,
I beg to say, emphatical, So be it!

And may I live to see it!

the wife, it would hardly do to ask the wife without the husband: only, JACK had never quite seen it in this light.)

But this year, strange to say, not a single invitation for the SPRATTS from any house really worth going to, was delivered either by hand or by post; and Mrs. SPRATT would read aloud the fashionable arrangements for the week, and the week after, and the week after that; and not a card for any arrangement whatever, even at the eleventh hour! And even as she read, they groaned in the spirit together, and dropt the briny tear.

O ye SPRATTS! did you think it would go on for ever? Know ye not that all those wallowing sea-monsters of whom you small British fry are so doatingly fond, can be almost as fickle as yourselves—as ready to drop new friends for newer, as you are to drop old friends for *them*? Alas! pretty faces must not fade, pretty pictures never fail, and money be always forthcoming, for the likes of you to swim alongside of these giants of the main! And even if your power to amuse them *gratis* were perennial, and you were suffered to live among them to that end for ever and a day, you would still be only SPRATTS! And the porpoises would only roll over you, and the sharks tell you to get out of the way, for you are not worth eating up. Even the great good-natured Whales, whose eye and smile you live to catch, would hold out a fin one day, only to pass you by the next! And lord! how your fellow-SPRATTS would laugh when they heard of it all!

Had you but been a little less high and mighty, you might have commingled with another kind of fish, and not a low-class fish either; and you might have grown in stature thereby, and even have acquired some of their flavour, and lost some of your own, a little of which goes a very long way! Are there not the herrings and the mackerel? the flounders, the plaice, and the soles? the expensive smelt, scarcely bigger than yourselves, but oh! how much nicer! the mullets, red and white, but especially red! the codfish, the turbot, the brill, and the salmon? And last, but not least, the delicate, nutritious, and easily-digested Punch? all of which live to useful ends, that they may feed and benefit mankind; and are the very salt of the sea!

O SPRATTS, be wise in your generation, an ye would be happy, and live out your little lives in undisturbed self-complacency and mutual admiration among just a few carefully-selected SPRATTS of your own size!

Indeed, for most of us work-a-day folk, whether we be of the Spratt, Sole, or Salmon tribe, what is there in all the Hollow World of Fashion really worth our stooping to pick it up, beyond the mere honour and glory of stooping in the midst of our would-be betters? Truly and well sang the Augustan bard (we quote from memory):

"Oh! quite too fortunate, did they but know
Their own good luck, those Toilers, unto whom,
Far from the madding crowd, kind Fate allots
A red-brick house, well-stocked with china blue,
And trusty friends, and twins; and, crowning all,
A lovely wife, whose beauty doth concern
But one man only, and that man alone!"

(The Italics are ours.)

But we have not yet quite done with the SPRATTS, for whom poetical justice is duly waiting in our next.

TO MAKE THE BEST TOOTH-POWDER.—Grind your Teeth.

THE STATE V. SCIENCE.

MR. PUNCH lately questioned the meaning of an order from the Home Office for the discontinuance of the practice of taking plaster casts of the heads of condemned criminals as heretofore after death. Nevertheless, he has received no explanation of that mandate, which has also puzzled a professional contemporary. The *Medical Press and Circular* observes:—

"The object of this decision it is difficult to even guess at. It surely cannot be to arrest the study of comparative phrenology or craniology. We are fast drifting into a sentimental cycle in which a false humanity plays too important a part. It would not surprise us to hear that a Society was established to suppress the practice of dissection, so that our schools of medicine would then be rendered virtually useless."

The Anti-Vivisectionists, the Anti-Vaccinationists, and the Peculiar People are doubtless inspired with earnest joy and hope by the

anti-scientific action taken by the HOME SECRETARY as to the heads of malefactors. They, in concert with a congenial class of Clergymen, will perhaps shortly assemble and meet together, to vote Mr. Cross a testimonial, or get up a deputation to present him with an address of thanks for his official demonstration of his hostility to physiological research. Their numbers will probably include some of the Anti-Phrenologists; those namely, who do not care whether Phrenology is true or false. Because if it is false, though further comparison of cerebral conformation with character would only prove the falsehood of Phrenology, it might also prove the truth of some other account of the relation between the brain and the mental functions; and they wish for no proof of any such thing.

Medicinal Mirth.

DR. DAWSON TURNER, the other day announced, in a letter to the *Times*, that a previous letter, requesting the benevolent to send amusing books to London Hospitals, had brought him already "200 or 250 charming readable books for the sick folk, and at least 400 magazines and serials." Thus physic for the body is supplemented by medicine for the mind, for

which nothing can be more sanatory than amusing books, magazines, and serials—especially serials. A generous Public will know how to adopt a purely benevolent suggestion. The next step will be due provision by the Hospital Staff for the distribution of this stimulating mental diet among the patients. The books when given must not be allowed to moulder unused, still less must they be surreptitiously got rid of, as waste paper at twopence a pound, as *Punch* has heard of their being, by a bitterly pious chaplain and a lot of like-minded visiting ladies, when the hospital was under repair, and the eyes of its wiser directors, for a moment, turned away.

"Wonders will never Cease."

OF all life-saving inventions who ever before thought of the one introduced in this advertisement from the *Daily News*:—

SYNDICATE.—WANTED, a number of Gentlemen to complete a SYNDICATE for WORKING PATENTS, whereby every life would be saved by collisions on the Thames.—Address, &c.





NECESSITY HAS NO LAW.

Parson (sternly). "HOW COULD YOU COME TO CHURCH TO BE MARRIED TO A MAN IN SUCH A STATE AS THAT!"

Bride (sweeping). "IT WASN'T MY FAULT, SIR. I NEVER CAN GET HIM TO COME WHEN HE'S SOBER!"

GREECE'S LOANS AND GREECE'S LOVERS.

PUNCH, in 1863, printed the following:—

"CON. BY A GREEK BONDHOLDER.

Spell, in five letters, 'Bully, Bilk, and Sneak,
Repudiator, Trickster'—read it, 'Greek.'"

The writer, no doubt, wrote out of the bitterness of his bondage, and *Punch* published according to his lights.

But now he feels he owes HELLAS an *amende honorable*, and it is with the utmost satisfaction that he pays it. She has offered a composition to her creditors, and considering the treatment she met with from her English friends and lovers some half century ago, quite as handsome a composition as her bondholders have any right to expect.

Complete knowledge of the facts and figures connected with the Greek loans of 1824 and 1825—such as may be gathered from the Press utterances of that time, reprinted without comment,* no doubt in explanation of the terms now offered—should satisfy everyone that the compendious character given in the bondholder's couplet of 1863 might more fairly be applied to the so-called Philhellenes who "financed" the Greek loans of half a century ago, than to poor Greece, who incurred the debt but did not receive the money.

The upshot of the Philhellene financing then was that out of nearly three millions of money nominally subscribed for her, Greece received little more than £300,000, and that the balance did not go into Greek pockets. That dark tale of roguery is a mass of dirt which *Punch* does not feel called upon to stir up. Suffice it to say that it is not Greece that comes worst out of it. Some of the loudest of her so-called English friends treated her as scurvily then as the English Government treats her now. Can *Punch* say more? He

* *The Greek Loans of 1824 and 1825. How they were handled, and what the World thought of it. Opinions of the day without comment.* London: R. S. KING, Canada Building, King Street, Westminster.

A ROUND OF RHYMES.

(Contributed by returned Tourists of a certain familiar type.)

WHAT'S your mood, while fresh from Autumn outing?

Dismal, all misdoubting!

Physical status, with a mind thus sceptic?

Deucedly dyspeptic!

"Surveyed mankind from China to Peru"?

Doesn't pay—a "do"!

Widens the mind this survey wide, extensive?

Preciously expensive!

Paris. The Exhibition was delightful?

Wearisome—fine art frightful!

Galleries vastly fine in Rome and Florence?

Pictures my abhorrence!

Picturesque, poetic, the Italians?

Lazy, rude rascallions!

Antwerp quaint. Perhaps you liked that best?

PETER PAUL's a pest!

Love the country of the hardy Switzer?

Not a blessed bit, Sir!

Eh! Mont Blanc, the glaciers, pines, crevasses?

Chaps who climb are asses!

Well, Cologne, and other towns Germanic?

Stinks perfectly Satanic!

Oh! The Rhine—the blue, romantic! What of it?

Fair, but such a lot of it!

Visited, I hear, the Isle of Venus?

Pestilent hole, between us!

And the Golden Horn, the beauteous Bosphorus?

Shirked 'em—no great loss for us!

Humph! How feel you, having widely travelled?

Gloomy, gritty, gravelled!

Net result of Annual Vacation?

Peerishness, prostration!

An intending tourist you might frighten?

Ramsgate's best—or Brighton!

Nobs and Snobs.

THERE is a book advertised entitled *Love your Lords*. It is a snobbish title. It sounds like a collection of anecdotes of the Upper House, published in order to foster the respectful attachment of the lower orders for that ancient institution where our hereditary rulers are seated. How W. M. THACKERAY would have relished this title!

is sorry to find that the score of HELLAS against BRITANNIA is so heavy, and begs to take his hat off to the ill-used little Lady, with an apology for having printed hard things of her which were not deserved.

She now offers terms for redemption of her debt, which, under the circumstances of the case—and of Greece—*Punch* feels to be fair, if they should not even be called liberal. If the Greek bondholders are wise they will take them, and be thankful. May Crete, Thessaly, and Epirus be soon as well out of Turkish bonds, as HELLAS, if her present offer be accepted, will be out of English ones.

REAL COULEUR DE ROSE.

No' need to cry "On, STANLEY, on!" Our War Secretary needs no stirring up. Thus gallantly, in his Blackpool oration, does he confront facts (see ALEXANDER FORBES's article in the *Nineteenth Century*) and fever (see Sir ANTHONY HOME's reports):—

"He believed there was no reason, despite all the desponding views which were taken of the position, that that part of the Anglo-Turkish Convention by which this country administered the island of Cyprus would prove otherwise than satisfactory. He did not wish to go into the military part of the question, but he thought the step they had taken was advisable, and that it had been proved to be prudent. A great deal had been said about the illness and suffering of the troops there; but although there had been illness in the island, which all must deplore, the authorities who were best qualified to speak continued to assure him there was no permanent likelihood of this remaining."

Certainly not. Any more than there is of the troops remaining. *Punch* quite agrees with Colonel STANLEY. If one STANLEY has traversed the darkness of a Continent, here is another who, with no less courage, "traverses"—in the legal sense—the darkness of an island—Cyprus, once the chosen abode of the Goddess of Love, now the head-quarters of the Fiend of Fever. The Colonel's "*couleur de rose*" must be the fastest colour known to the Trade. It defies all the bitterest water in the well of Truth to wash it out.



MODERN GALLANTRY.

"LET'S SEE! WHICH SHALL I DO?—CALL ON THE GROOMER BROWNS, OR LOOK OVER OLD TURTLE'S STABLES? SAY THE STABLES—IT'S FINE WEATHER, AND THE LADIES WILL KEEP!"

THE COOKS AND THE BROTH.

(Or, What Will It Taste Like?)

It having been now settled in principle that satisfaction is to be given to the European susceptibilities and jealousies legitimately aroused by the appointment of an Englishman to the control of Egyptian Finance, the following scheme for the KHEIVIE'S Government has already been forwarded by *Mr. Punch* direct to Cairo.

The Egyptian Cabinet shall consist of as many Ministers as there are states capable of experiencing legitimate "susceptibilities" at the bare idea of being shut out of it. Should the number of these exceed the posts to be filled, it shall be the duty of the KHEIVIE not only to create new departments for the benefit of such surplus Ministers, but also to provide the necessary funds for the binding of their respective portfolios, their official uniforms, dress boots, political education, dinners, travelling expenses, sea-bathing, and opera stalls—besides their official salaries.

The language used at all meetings of the Cabinet shall be the old Upper Nile Coptic, and an Ollendorff's Method of acquiring the same, together with a Dictionary of the language, so soon as one can be compiled, shall lie on the Council Table for the benefit of beginners. At the same time, with a view to facilitate the dispatch of business, it shall not be considered out of order to have recourse to Spanish, Syriac, Irish, Chinese, Patagonian, Esquimaux, Basque, Welsh, Dongola, the Deaf and Dumb Alphabet, or any other known dialect.

As the object of every individual member of the Cabinet will be not so much to advance the interests of the Egyptian State as to steal a march on his European and other *confreres*, he undertakes, with a view to the more effective carrying out this object

- (1) To collect all the offensive stories he can about his colleagues, and retail them, with a wink, to every Pasha he comes across;

IN THE MULTITUDE OF COUNCILLORS.

"How came we into the mess?"
Well, we ARE in, not a doubt of it.
And just now the practical point
Is, which is the best way out of it?

"Hold hard!" says Lord LAWRENCE;
"Go along!" says STEPHEN;
"Hang backward, or push forward,"
Says FREER, "the danger's even."

"Forge ahead!" says RAWLINSON;
"Turn astern!" says ADYE;—
Among her many councillors,
Pity a poor Lady!

Puzzled stands BRITANNIA,
All in the dark—
From Cabinet or Durbar
Of light not a spark!

A Good Idea.

TURKEY has been accusing Austria of "atrocities," as she has, in turn, accused Servia, Montenegro, Roumania, Greece, Russia, and every power she has come into collision with since her "flurry" began.

The *Spectator* suggests that the Pashas seeing how their own "atrocities" had alienated England, fancied that a charge of atrocities was a new weapon invented in Europe, and very effectual, and which, therefore, it behoved them to use. This is really the most rational explanation of the matter we have met with.

The Bundle of Sticks.

IF Peterborough's lost her WHALLEY,
Her present hitch denotes
He has left behind a seed of folly,
To grow, and split her votes:
Four Liberal Candidates—so jolly!—
Cutting each other's throats.

A TRUTH FOR BROCK OR BEACONSFIELD. — Fireworks must be paid for.

- (2) From time to time to offer the KHEIVIE "a few millions, for three months," or more, on his note of hand, from "a friend in the City"; and
- (3) To contribute regularly, in the character of "Our Own Correspondent," all the secrets of the Cabinet to a British provincial paper.

That the KHEIVIE, on his part, may avoid any sort of approach to a show of favouritism, he shall—

- (1) Deliver his speech on the opening of the Chambers in not less than twelve modern languages, reserving to himself the privilege of throwing in an Egyptian oath here and there, as emphasis may require, or irritation suggest;
- (2) Never see less than fifteen of his Ministers at a time, and then only at a *bal masqué*; and
- (3) Borrow money in turns, to a handsome figure, from all the Powers represented in his Cabinet, without invidious preference.

To indemnify himself for any extra expense that may be entailed on him by supplying stamped paper and providing for the interest on such loans, the KHEIVIE shall have the right, from the commencement of March to the end of October (New and Old Style), inclusive, to select from his Ministers as many Elevens as he can get together, and despatch them all over Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Australia, arranging cricket-matches, of the gate-money whereof he is to be entitled to two-fifths, together with a bonus of ten per cent. on the gross receipts.

Should the financial results of such an enterprise prove disappointing, he shall have the power of negotiating with Messrs. MASKELYNE AND COOK, for his own appearance with the whole of his Ministry in a new series of Cabinet Tricks at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.

Should the above scheme fail to satisfy the "susceptibilities" of Europe, the KHEIVIE can always fall back upon *Mr. Punch*, who will be most happy to suggest some other plan to help him out of his difficulty.



"CHECK!"

BUT HOW LONG WILL THE GAME LAST?

CRIMSON SCALPS!

Don't be afraid—it is not a Cheyenne tale of horror that *Punch* is about to write. It is no new thing to have a lady's head running on caps and bonnets, feathers, flowers, and fal-lals. But it is a new thing to hear of a lady's caps and bonnets, flowers, feathers, and fal-lals running on her head, with the ugly result of "covering the scalp with bright crimson or magenta blotches."

Such, it seems, has been the disagreeable consequence of wearing caps and bonnets decorated with the artificial grasses dyed black and bronze, now so fashionable. "Some of the most brilliant aniline colours," we are told by Mr. BERNARD DYER (appropriate name!), Member of the Society of Public Analysts (in a letter to the *Times* of Friday, Oct. 18th), "may be obtained by merely rubbing some of these sombre-looking dyed grasses on a slightly moistened surface; and the stains of the dye are difficult to remove from the skin, or elsewhere."

"Serves anybody right," some cynic may say, "who has the bad taste to wear grasses dyed black and bronze." The crimson colour, *Punch* may add, was communicated to the finger-tips and nails of this luckless lady, who, in the night, had scratched her irritated scalp. No wonder her head and hands blushed for her!

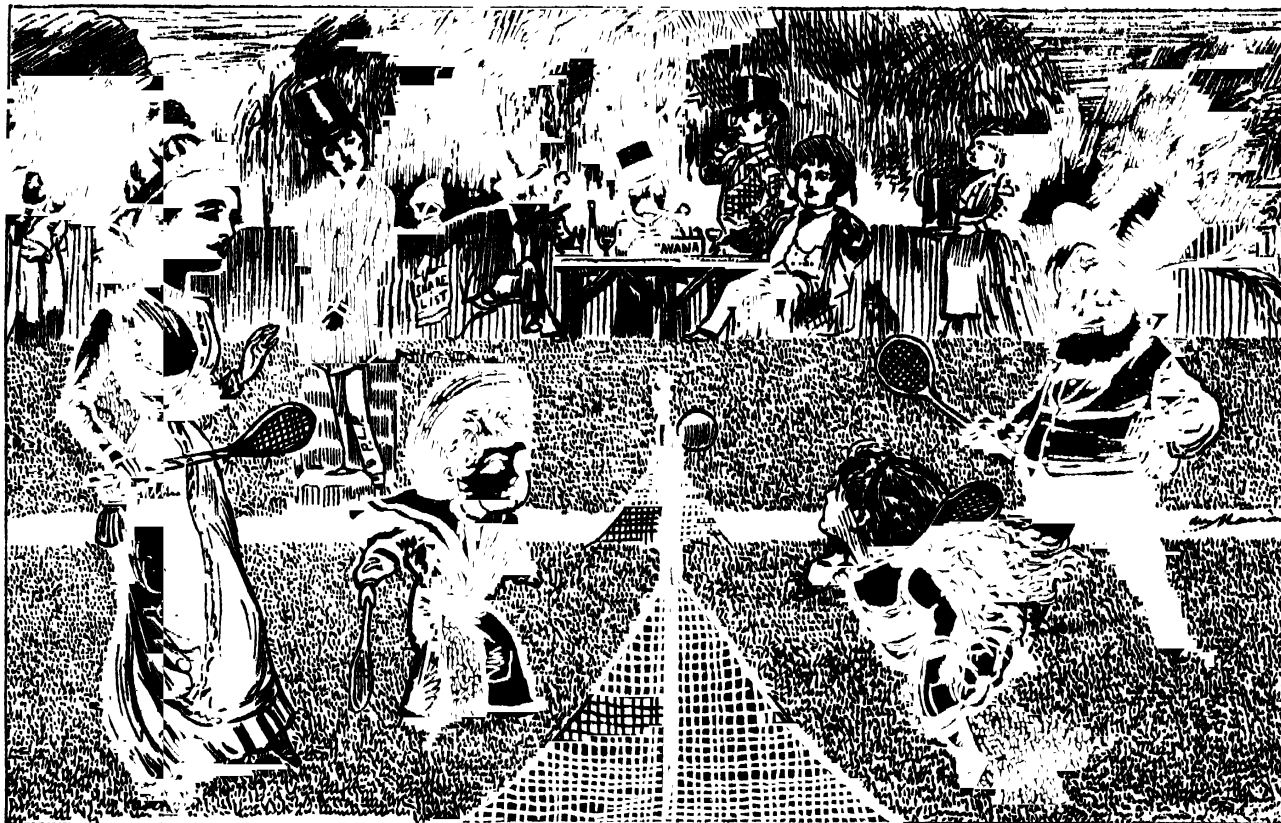
All the same, *Punch* may save some of his fair and foolish correspondents from a disagreeable experience by giving wider publicity to this new danger hanging over their heads, if they insist on trying "the hazard of the dye"—unless, indeed, crimson scalp-looks become the fashion, when, no doubt, they will be voted awfully becoming.

Curious Optical Phenomenon.

(See the Home Secretary's Southport Oration.)

THE Look of Things in General.—By Direct Light, black as thunder; by Cross Light, couleur de rose.

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE JACK SPRATTS.

A Tale of Modern Art and Fashion.

PART VIII.

WE will not follow Mrs. SPRATT through all the steps of her downward social career, nor describe how she, who had seen Dukes, Ambassadors, and Princes at her feet, had for a time to condescend to grovelling Honourables, and fall back on Baronets again, and even put up with Knights from the City; how she rouged, and blushed, and violet-powdered, and blackened her under-lids, and auricoma'd and soda'd her beautiful black hair till half of it turned red, and the rest fell off; how she dressed more extravagantly than ever, and became extremely High Church, and sat in *tableaux vivants*, held stalls at fashionable bazaars, sang OFFENBACH and LECOCQ at private theatricals, with short skirts on, &c., &c.

Even the Knights and Baronets failed her at last, and their dames ignored.

For some little while longer the *would-be* fashionable people—the hangers-on at the tail-end of Society, who had not yet received the straight tip about the sculptor's wife, or couldn't get her—would still ask Mrs. SPRATT, in spite of the snubs she had showered on them the preceding year. And much as she sickened at the contact of their vulgarity—for what can be more vulgar than second or third-rate people of fashion?—she was glad of their countenance as long as it lasted. But even this was withdrawn in time, and she fell out of the hollow world of fashion altogether. The hollow world had grown sick of the SPRATTS, and dropped them—beauty, genius, sock-darning, and all!

And you may be sure that, warned by Mr. Punch, Poetical Justice was at hand, with scales inexorably poised, and sword on high! And heavily did she smite them as they fell; and thus ran her decrees:—

Firstly,—That JOHN SPRATT should become a bankrupt—which he did. And straightway that beautiful old red-brick dwelling, where they had lived since they were first married, and might have lived happily ever after, was placarded all over with unsightly bills, and defiled from garret to basement by the muddy hoof of the ubiquitous Hebrew broker; and all their household gods were bared to the vulgar gaze; and every stick of their quaint old furniture was sold under the hammer, without reserve; and not a wrack was left behind to tell the wretched tale of ruin, except eight huge, frameless, staring Sock-darners, which nobody could be in-

duced to buy, nor even take away for the sake of the canvass on which they were painted.

Secondly,—That the said JOHN SPRATT be written down a FOOL, so that his fame as such should reach the uttermost ends of the earth, and endure thereon so long as the English tongue be spoken.

And, straightway, Mr. Punch took up his pencil and his pen, and wrote the story of the said JOHN SPRATT, and stamped the likeness of the same in ink that cannot fade.

"And think thyself lucky, thou miserable SPRATT," exclaimed P. J. in her sternest accents, "that thy name should go down to endless posterity uncoupled with a still more disgraceful epithet!"

"Hear! hear!" shouted Mr. P.

"Silence!!" vociferated P. J.

Thirdly, and lastly,—(and here P. J. frowned ominously through the bandage that veils her impartial eyes)—That Mrs. JOHN SPRATT, wife of the above, and mother of his children—But what is this?

Oh! Woman, lovely Woman! ever since Troy became a heap of ashes (and even before!) what evil hast thou left unwrought, what wild and wicked things have not been done for thy sweet beauty's sake? And yet oh! to what base weakness hast thou brought the hearts of the sons of men, that even at the bare thought of thee crouching in shame and terror, and bathed in tears, the righteously indignant, but alas! too susceptible Punch should falter in his just intent, and be foiled of his own set purpose at the eleventh hour!

For lo! he sinks him on his bended knee, and respectfully ventures to intercede on behalf of his most unhappy young friend, Mrs. JOHN SPRATT; he pleads her youth, her inexperience, the blindness of a silly, fatuous husband, the glittering baits and lures of a heartless, hollow world. He furthermore points out that the natural consequences of such a career as hers, if duly set forth, would quite too awfully harrow his gentle readers' feelings, and might very possibly, moreover, prove unfit for publication in his light and innocent page!

And behold! the generous plea prevails, and Poetical Justice, that greatest of all the Great Unpaid, tempers herself with mercy, and "sheathes her flaming brand!"

The SPRATTS are now comfortably settled at Acacia Lodge, a trim, well-built modern suburban residence, semi-detached, with gas and water laid on, TOBIN'S ventilators, MORRIS'S papers, bath-room, scullery, lawn, summer-house, and all the latest improvements!

Truly, our heaviest troubles are often our best friends, and we ought to make a good deal more of them than we generally do. At all events, JACK's failure proved a very good friend to JACK; for it not only brought home to him, before it was too late, the fact that he was no genius, and that his early success had been a fluke, and that his twopenny-halfpenny Art was but "the milder echo of an echo mild;" but it also brought his grandfather to his side again, and the fatted calf was killed, and the reconciliation complete.

Now, this facetious old Philistine, who was over ninety, had taken it into his head that his was a critical time of life, and that he required, for a few years at least, some rest from the cares of his trade; and it was arranged that the emporium in St. Mary Axe (a very genteel and snug little business) should be managed by JACK, whose property it would eventually become; and that SPRATT Senior should spend the remainder of his days in peace under the same roof as his grand- and great-grandchildren, and be the object of their loving care as long as it should please Heaven to spare him.

Mrs. SPRATT, a wiser, if not a sadder woman, is once more the brightest ornament of her home; her looks have grown again in all their sable splendour, the roses and lilies are blooming once more in her cheeks, and she is as plump and hearty as when she used to darn the family socks, ever so many months ago. It is once more to darn the family socks (she says) that she has given up the hollow world; but this must be taken figuratively, for there is always an unlimited supply of those useful articles from St. Mary Axe.

She has exchanged her spinning-wheel for a sewing-machine, and her skipping-rope for a lawn-tennis racket, which she plies with unerring grace and precision. And if she still reads the old tales of chivalry aloud, it is only for the benefit of the twins, who are just rising five, and therefore of an age most keenly to appreciate those beautiful legends.

She dresses just like any of her neighbours, only better, and her stately beauty is much admired. Indeed, when she walks (no longer mobbed) with her ruddy children (no longer quaint and old-fashioned) in the Zoological Gardens, and SPRATT Senior, that nice, clean, respectable old gentleman, leaning on her arm, they form a picture of English middle-class domestic felicity which it does the intelligent foreigner good to see.

She never alludes to the hollow world but to speak of the folly of its men and the vanity of its women in terms of scorn and detestation, untinged, let us hope, with either envy or regret; and if she does take in the fashionable prints, it is only for the sake of their political opinions, and the graces of their literary style.

And she has always a bright smile for JACK when he comes home from business; and he is never without some elegant little article in the way of underclothing, bright-coloured and of delicate texture, either for the twins or herself.

Finally, she has returned to the simple faith of her forefathers, and worships at Eyre Chapel, near the Ebenezer Arms.

And the trusty friends?

Well, they have come back to the arms of SPRATT, as true and as trusty as ever, but in different guise.

Disgusted at never finding a publisher, and to revenge himself on the world for its neglect, PETER LEONARDO PYE has forsworn the Muse, and is now travelling for his father's firm. He has hardly as yet acquired that ready smartness so useful in such an occupation, but is much improved in health and appearance, dresses better, and, though somewhat reserved and dreamy, is not unpopular "on the road;" and Mr. Punch more than suspects that his facility for writing verse has been turned to account in certain widely-circulated punegyrics of PYE AND SON's masculine head-gear, unequalled for taste, cheapness, and durability; as Mr. Punch can gratefully testify, having dealt there himself.

And so with the rest of these trusty friends; for they can get no churches to build, no editors to take their æsthetic essays, no publishers to print their poems. And, by some strange fatality, the doors of the Royal Academy, and of the Grosvenor Gallery, and, indeed, of all the Galleries, British or foreign (especially foreign), seem inexorably closed to their productions. And having been led thereby, and also by the persistent gnawing of their empty stomachs, to the conviction that it is ever the fate of genius to starve, while mediocrity battens on the fat of the land, they have very sensibly out the Fine Arts, and taken to commercial pursuits instead; and they are doing uncommonly well.

They have also clipped their hair and beards, and they get their boots and clothes at first-rate West-End establishments, and their gloves and scarves at SPRATT's (cost price), and their hats at PYE's—like Mr. Punch.

And they can smoke their pipes and cigars, the rogues, and toss off their brandies and sodas, and their claret cups, and their pale dry sherries; and even roar at the endless buffooneries of SPRATT Senior (whom they have learnt to love), in spite of the death of the grand Old Masters. And they are always welcome at "Acacia Lodge" as flowers in May, for whatever we may think of their genius, their unsophisticated hearts are fond and faithful, warm and true.

And who so fit to appreciate these qualities, and hold them dear

and sacred, as those storm-tossed victims of the hollow world's caprice, Mr. and Mrs. JACK SPRATT?

And now, virtuous Reader, having relieved thy anxiety as to the fate of that worthy but once misguided pair, and steered them safe and sound into such a haven of respectability as, surely, was never reached by such perilous straits before (and probably never will be again), he will leave this tale to work its own moral in thy thoughtful bosom, and bid thee farewell for the present; for he has other business on hand, seeing that the sculptor's wife is giving the sculptor, and Mr. Punch, and the Duke of PENTONVILLE, and eke the Duchess thereof, and a good many more people besides, a great deal of unnecessary trouble!

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

A Word about Licensing—a Visit to the Oxford—a look in at the Royalty, Strand, and Folly—and a look out for the future.



—THE GIBBY OF THE ANTILLES—
IN COAST COSTUME.

ERE has been some talk lately about what sort of plays the LORD CHAMBERLAIN ought, or ought not, to license. Knowing that the line must be drawn somewhere, let him draw it tightly, boldly, fearlessly, and absolutely refuse to give his reasons for so doing. Let him be thorough, and not earn the title of Lord Half-and-Half-ford. As the Office exists, let the Officer do his duty. Whether there is any necessity for the Office itself, is a question which would probably be answered, in the affirmative, by a considerable majority.

The eminent adapter of *Les Lionnes Pares* in his calmer moments, when alone in his conservatory watching his "growing dramatic reputation," will probably be grateful to the Licensor for having exercised a wise discretion in his behalf.

I can imagine, as a fancy sketch, the Licensor out early in the morning "exercising his discretion," and just nodding over the wall, as he trots

by Mr. MATHISON's house, and asking him in a friendly way, "how his growing dramatic reputation is getting on?" All a-blowing, all a-growing? Wasn't there a nigger tune some years ago called "O Billy Pattison!" Its rhythm and tune are appropriate:—

Why such a play to adapt did you choose?

O ARTHUR MATHISON!

Which Mr. ORATOR was bound to refuse?

O ARTHUR MATHISON!

But does this line, drawn by the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, extend to the Tight and Slack Rope, to the perilous acrobatic performances that are so often the great attraction at the Music-Halls?

For example, as Your Representative, Sir—as the Representative of Lord Chamberlain *Punch*—than whom no better *Censor Morum* exists—I visited the Oxford Music-Hall. It was crowded. The Stalls are more uncomfortable than at any other place of amusement I can just now call to mind. The stall-audience was much the same as all such audiences usually are, and—what invariably astonishes me at these places—the proportion of thoroughly respectable-looking women, with the comfortable air of well-to-do lodging-house keepers of the Bloomsbury Division, was really remarkable, reminding me much of a German audience, where a whole family take a table, in some festive entertainment of singing and music, and remain at it for hours, with the accompaniment of mild beer in long glasses, cigars at five for twopenny, a hunk of bread, and some slices of milk-white veal. The very swell fast element does not seem to enter into the composition of an Oxford Music-Hall, to any appreciable extent.

I insist upon the respectability of the audience, as showing

what such an audience will enjoy in the way of—Heaven save the mark!—amusement. I pass over the *Japonorecelrie*, with its untidy-looking boys, shrill-voiced singing infant phenomenon, and over-rouged dancers, who skipped neatly—this being the best part of the performance, though a trifle stale by now; and of what preceded this wearisome stuff I am ignorant, but it was followed by some comic songs from the Oxford favourite, Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS—I beg his pardon, there is no "Mister" on the bills—he is familiarly known as "ARTHUR ROBERTS"—who is undoubtedly clever in his line, but who, at this moment, except a topical song (words by a namesake of the Archbishop of York), with the refrain "More or less," has little much worth hearing; and then, after the Brothers HULING had tried to amuse us by gymnastic fiddling not at all new, and had really surprised us by their marvellous adroitness in hat-catching, the feature of the evening was announced, namely, "LEONA-DARE, QUEEN OF THE ANTILLES."

I do not know what "The Antilles" are doing in the absence of their Queen, or whether Her Majesty, having been deposed from that high position—(she could, I fancy, be deposed from any high position, and bet three to one on her coming down safely—like a cat)—is now reduced to earning an honest livelihood by showing what an Ex-Sovereign can do, when she is not fettered by the strict ceremonial and rigidly formal etiquette of a Court. The "Queen of the Antilles" has evidently discarded her regal robes, unless the acrobatic costume in which she appears is the Court-dress of the Mantilles. She enters, first of all, in a sort of thin wrapper, strikes an attitude—perhaps as "Queen of the Antilles" receiving the Antillesian nobility—and then dashes aside the flimsy robe, as though it were a bathing-dress, and she were going to take a plunge.

How do the nobility and courtiers of the Antilles act on such a trying occasion? Do they put their hands up to their faces and turn away? or do they at once hand her the trapèze, or the rope, or the bar, or whatever it may be? I fancy so, as Her Majesty is accompanied by a small wiry man, attired similarly to herself, who seems to know what Her Majesty likes, and what she wants. And what is this poor man's reward? Why, after he has served her faithfully for over a quarter of an hour, throwing her ropes, tightening

ing cords, seeing that everything is right, and finally devoting himself, recklessly, to her service, by loyally flinging himself from a giddy height, and joining her on a trapèze-bar, where they sit together,—she dignified as a Queen of the Antilles should be, he proud as a subject might well be at being raised to such an eminence by his own merits and by the command of his loyal mistress, and willing to obey her lightest word—he is suddenly deposed—poor favourite, and with a ring in his waistband that is linked to a ring which Her Majesty, now in a down-flying attitude, holds in her mouth, between her teeth—and thus this poor unhappy Prime Minister (or whatever he is) is suspended from his office by the Queen of the Antilles.

Then she slaps him, slaps him hard and frequently, and he being thus suspended, is sent round spinning like a whipping-top, until so fast and furious are his gyrations, that I could not tell what he had

become—a man or a crab, a human being or a shapeless dummy.

At last that merciless, capricious Queen of the Antilles releases her victim, and once more allows him to resume his seat on the bar, where he appears dazed, bewildered, while she looks cruelly and maliciously *riante*. (By the way, this was good acting on the part of both performers, and looked uncommonly real.)

What was this man—her courtier, her slave, her servant?

From his connection with the bar, perhaps a Q.C.—a Queen's Counsel—of the Antilles. Not a Judge, surely?

But suppose he were found to be the Lord Chamberlain at the Court of the Antilles, on a tour through Europe with the Queen? On a tour, and taking several "turns" nightly.

If so, would it not be well if, out of mere fraternal feeling, our LORD CHAMBERLAIN, or his Representative, were just to drop in to the Oxford, and see this performance? There is nothing to save this man from coming crash smash on to the Oxford stage. No net. The net is there at an earlier part of the show, but is withdrawn before the Queen takes it into her head to give her Prime Minister (or whatever he may be) an extra turn.

And what attraction has this entertainment for the respectable stall-audience I have already mentioned? Why, I honestly believe, simply, its peril, nothing else.

Why not have a strong swinging net beneath, during the whole performance; so that, come what come may, nothing more serious than a shaking can occur?

The Queen of the Antilles is a fine, handsome, graceful Lady, and her subjects would be really grieved if anything were to happen to her. But what can she expect, when she herself patronises her Prime Minister, or favourite Courtier, and makes him a helpless Revolutionist?

After this I left. Perhaps, not being an Oxford man myself, I have no great sympathy with their special amusements. But is this really the way they go on in the Sheldonian? I trust not. If so, they manage these things better at Cambridge. I should recommend Our Censor to pay a visit to the American Bar at the tavern dedicated to the Horse Shoe (from the custom here of paying "on the nail"), and getting someone to treat him to an "Eye Opener."

The other evening I went to see *La Jolie Parfumeuse*. For a piece got up in a hurry, because there was that disappointment about *Niniche*, it was very creditably put on the stage. Mr. H. J. BYRON did a version some time ago for the Alhambra, and I fancy I recognised some of his fun in the Third Act of this version, which is announced as by CHARLES LAMB KENNY. Perhaps in the hurry the two versions have got mixed. Miss SANTILEY sings the song of the Second Act (I forgot its name) capitably, and wins the *encore*! But, beyond this, there is not much in it. There was a good deal in it at the *Bouffes*, where I first saw it, and DAUBRAY and THÉO were very funny. But it is peculiarly Parisian, and wants both the Parisian acting and the Parisian audience. There is little for anyone to do except the Low Comedian.

By the way, what a pretty little house the Royalty is now. What a difference from the old uncomfortable dingy theatre, when all the brightness was on the stage. Oddly enough, as long as that theatre was dingy and uncomfortable, it was generally crowded, and certainly during that time of grubbiness it made its biggest successes. Miss Pretty Scousan-OLIVER will pardon me if I remind her that it was grubby.

But directly it was "done up"—it was done up, with a vengeance, and took a long time to recover itself, and get accustomed to its new dress. It's as pretty and pleasant a little house for a light entertainment as any in London, and, with careful management, ought to have "the old times revived." *Soit!* How about the Electric Light here? Just to show the way?

At the Strand, *Our Club*, which begins at seven and ends at nine, is capitably played all round, and the author may say this much and be thankful, and Mr. FARNIE'S *Nemesis*, which begins at 9.15, and plays till eleven, is, with Messrs. MARIUS AND COX, clever Miss LOTTIE VENN, and the new attraction, Miss VIOLET CAMERON, as amusing as ever it was in the principal situations, though Mr. LOREDAN is scarcely an equivalent for Mr. EDWARD TERRY, being too much of the regular tenor, and too little of the low comedian.

The piece has yet to be seen by a new set of playgoers, who are at least four years older than when it was first produced, and four years do make a considerable difference to some very young folks.

Tantalus, at the Folly, is a new version of a farcical French piece (*Une Boîte à Bibi*) produced at this theatre last Christmas. The present cast is an improvement on the previous one; and Miss LYDIA THOMPSON has a part in it, with which she can do something more than it was even in her power to do with her rôle in *Stars and Garters*.

So much for the "Looks in." We are to "look out" for Mr. IRVING at the Lyceum, with Miss ELLEN TERRY for *Ophelia*; for Mr. PHELPS, as *Cardinal Wolsey*, at Drury Lane; for the reopening of the St. James's, for the revivification of Sadler's Wells by Manageress Mrs. BATEMAN, who despises the old proverb about "Leaving Wells alone"—and unless Mr. J. L. TOOLE is made President of the Royal Academy, or Mr. CHATTERTON Archbishop of CANTERBURY, *vive* Dr. TAIT, resigned, I am not aware that there is anything else for you to hear from

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

NASTY PARTICULAR.—One of the Liverpool Music-Halls displays this notice at the Box entrance:—"Young Ladies without shoes and stockings are not allowed into the Boxes."





LA VENDETTA.

(A Scene on Saffron Hill. Fact.)

Infuriated Foreigner (armed with hatchet). "AH, CANAGLIA! TAM YOU! YOU SHALL NEVER PLAY TAT TAM 'NANCY LEE' NO MORR!" [Bangs away with his hatchet.]

The Crowd. "HOORAY! HOORAY!"

Old Gentleman. "WHAT'S THE ROW, POLICEMAN?"

Policeman. "ITALIAN ORGAN-GRINDER, SIR. JUST BEEN LEFT A LEGACY! AND THE VERY FIRST THING AS EVER HE DOES WITH HIS MONEY HE BUYS HIS ORGAN ON PURPOSE TO SMASH IT ALL TO BITS!"

Old Gentleman. "YOU DON'T SAY SO! HOORAY! HOORAY!! HOORAY!!!"

THE EDISON LIGHT, AND THE SILLY BIRDS.

LIGHT *versus* Darkness? Why no—not quite,
'Tis rather a question of Light *versus* Light.
Yet these fluttered creatures—a foolish flight,—
Are blind and noisy as birds of night,
Owls, gulls, and noddies, who, scared at the sight
Of the kindly glare from the lighthouse height,
Dash themselves dead in reason's despite.
Mr. Punch would gladly some words indite
To allay the fluster and bletherumskite
Too often aroused by occasion slight;
To sober counsels would fain invite
Each prematurely despondent wight,
Who sees but ruin about to alight
On Gas Share, and Profit, and Company-right;
Who woful wails to the papers indite,
About empty coffers, and markets tight;
To prove quite clear that foresight is fright,
That Gas Shares must come down like a stove-in kite,
That light is darkness, and black is white.
Cease, fools, your brainless heads to smite
Against an improvement of too much might
To be stayed by fear of your hopeless fight.
There's room for all; and this Edison Light,
With its lightning flash bringing day into night,
Will prove a blessing, and not a blight.
The shoe may pinch, as shoes will, when tight,
But Panic is madness,—'tis true, as trite;
A Hundred Millions is a sight
Too much to be gulped in a Stock-Exchange bite:

'Then cease bemoaning your piteous plight,
Hold to your Gas Shares tough and tight,
And you'll find that things will work themselves right,
Nor knock out your brains on the Edison Light.

ALMIGHTIES AT ODDS.

LORD DUFFERIN proposes that the Canadian and United States Governments should join to rid Niagara of all its shabby and shabby appendages, and to set it apart for the world's enjoyment of its grandeur, as an International Park, free, gratis, for nothing, and thus get rid of the present perpetual reminder in the neighbourhood of the mighty Fall, of a motive power greater than its own—that of the Almighty Dollar.

At the same moment we read of a Company being formed to utilise this "almighty water-power" for the compression of air to be transmitted by pipes to Buffalo, in unlimited quantities and at merely nominal cost. We are about to see a match, in fact, between the Almighty Cataract and the Almighty Dollar. Who will back the Cataract?

Keep Your Heads.

A HUNDRED Millions, it is said, is invested in Gas Shares. No wonder their holders are beginning to ask, if the Electric Light takes the shine out of Gas, where will their money go to? The more reason they should not throw away their shares in a panic, as they are doing, sacrificing their money, as the wretched Colosseum audience at Liverpool sacrificed their lives, in the "rush to get out."



THE EDISON LIGHT.

(AND THE SILLY BIRDS.)

ANGELINA AT THE EXHIBITION.

Grand Hôtel de Confiancepourjour, Paris.

MY DEAREST BRANCH, WHEN I wrote to you a few weeks ago, you may remember I told you all about France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy. I asked you to answer my letter, and you (naughty girl!) have done nothing of the sort. You may say that I gave you no address. But, my dear child, be sensible. How could I? EDWIN and I have been here, there, and everywhere, and it would have been useless to have told you to write to one place when the chances were that we should have been "over the hills and far away" long before your letter could have reached us. However, I bear no malice; and to show you I can return good for evil, I send you another letter describing the Paris Exhibition.

In the course of our travels we found ourselves at Dinan (you know, the town near Dinard, not the place in Belgium), and as the direct way home was by a dreadful long sea-passage from St. Malo to Southampton, we decided upon going to Paris once more, to get within reach of the *Calais-Douvres*. And so we came here about a week ago, and here we have been ever since. EDWIN says that the prices are simply enormous. I should not mind this so much if there were any new bonnets in the shop-windows. But, my dear, I can assure you that they have only got last year's shapes. You remember that *toque* I bought last October at Boulogne, and wouldn't have trimmed because I did not care for it. Well, my dear, I saw one just like it, ticketed a novelty, in the Rue de la Paix! Only think of that! EDWIN said he never enjoyed shopping so much before. Stingy fellow! It was because I could find no excuse for buying anything!

And now, darling, let me tell you all about the Exhibition. I know you like to have your mind improved, and, without conceit, I think I may say that you will find this letter instructive. Poor dear! Fancy, not being able to get away from home! I do so pity you!

Well, dear, we got up early on the morning after our arrival, and took a *course* to the Champs de Mars. EDWIN bought two tickets at one place, had them clipped at another, and gave them up at a third, and then we were allowed to pass in. Dear fellow! he insisted upon my taking a seat in a sort of thing that looked like something between a skeleton Bath-chair and an overgrown perambulator. This conveyance was pushed along by a man dressed in a uniform which seemed to be made of the same stuff that they use here to cover pillows and mattresses. I selected the man out of a crowd—such a nice fatherly person, with white hair and moustaches, and blue spectacles. He had such a beautiful smile, too, which EDWIN said was "childlike and bland," when he came to settle with him. EDWIN said that the chairman's watch was "out and away" the most wonderful thing in the Exhibition. It gained at least twenty minutes in every hour; and as you pay for a chair by the hour, I have no doubt that this watch was very useful to the poor man. Although I liked being drawn about very much, I am sorry to say that the conveyance, as a way of seeing the show, was rather a failure. EDWIN, in his impulsive manner, told the man to take us to see the best things. Upon this, the chairman, with his beautiful smile, leisurely carried us off to look at a large piece of stone, a summer-house, a windmill which seemed to be working a pump, and a flag-staff. As the careful examination of these objects recommended by our guide consumed a very considerable time, EDWIN dismissed the chairman, and we passed the rest of the day on foot. I did not regret this so very much, when I found that the chairs were not admitted to the Fine Art Galleries, and were voted a decided nuisance by pedestrians everywhere else. I was quite pleased that EDWIN could not speak French when I heard what he said when he felt the chair-wheels passing over his feet. His remarks were really too dreadful.

And now, love, let me tell you all about the Exhibition. The moment we got in I said, "Oh! isn't it like the Crystal Palace

Bazaar in Oxford Street!" And so it is, dear, only, of course, very much bigger. We went first to look at the Prince of WALES's Indian Presents, which you remember you and I saw at the South Kensington Museum last year. We were so pleased to see them again. Then we "did" the British Department, and it was so nice. It was just like being back again in Bond Street or Piccadilly. We were so delighted at seeing the dear old London names and addresses. Then we strolled into the Fine Arts Gallery, and saw some of the paintings we had noticed for ever so many exhibitions of the Royal Academy. So nice. Mr. Corn and several other eminent R.A.'s have large and beautiful pictures on the line. Only I did not see anything of Mr. SOLOMON HART'S. Then we went to an English Restaurant, and had a mutton chop and a bottle of Bass's Pale Ale. So interesting! We were so delighted with everything.

After lunch, EDWIN met an old friend of his who lives in Paris, who told him that the British Department was the best thing in the Exhibition, and that when he had seen that he had seen everything. I quite agree with him. In duty bound we "did" the rest of the place, but it was rather stupid. The Trocadero contains a sort of weak imitation of the South Kensington Museum; and the Foreign Courts, and the Machinery, and all those sorts of things, of course we had seen years ago in London, Vienna, and in former Expositions at Paris. But the Prince of WALES's apartments were too lovely! We got a ticket of admission, and were delighted with them. So aesthetic and so English! We saw a funny piano, too, that sounded (EDWIN said) like "a lot of poodles with a cold." What comical effects clever Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH, Junior (you remember we met him last season at Lady CACKLETON'S) could get out of one!

And now, darling, having told you all about the Exhibition, I must bring my letter to a conclusion, the more especially as we are going to dine at a place with a thoroughly English name—I mean the Restaurant du High Life, in the Avenue de l'Opéra.

Ever, dearest, yours most affectionately,

ANGELINA.

P.S.—I have forgotten to say that really the best things in the Exhibition are some boot-heels in the Hungarian Court. They are quite too awfully lovely!

PUNCH STANDS CORRECTED.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

YOUR sentiments on Railway work and responsibility are entirely right, but the way you illustrate them is altogether wrong. For instance, Station-Masters *don't* telegraph to Signalmen. When a man is just under or over your nose—as the case may be—that is unnecessary. Perhaps once or twice a day a Station-Master may have to shout to a Signaller, or, at a big Station, send a boy to him with a message, but Signalmen are telegraphing to one another all day and night long.

Then, again, if Railway working depended on Guards obeying signals, we *should* be in a muddle. Why, I've known a Guard sleep for five mortal hours on end, from Garngabber to Whitrope Tunnel, and nobody a whit the worse. If we can get them to hear the Driver's whistle (you know what a faint sound it is!) and put the brake on, we consider ourselves lucky. No; it is the Drivers that obey the signals, under a code more severe, and infinitely more summary, than that of DRAGO.

Then you talk of Drivers looking after Plate-layers! Why, if that were the rule, traffic in day-time would have to be nearly suspended. No; the navvies have to make ready the way for the engine, and, in spite of all unpunctuality, "Don't delay the traffic," is the cardinal maxim of all classes and conditions of railway servants.

There can be no doubt, that when Directors so pull the purse-strings that the permanent way is starved, and trains run off metals resembling crooked rams' horns and cows' tails mixed and laid in rows, a winter or two at Dartmoor would be found beneficial, if not to their constitutions, to that of their line, iron as it may be. The same remedy might be usefully tried on Traffic-Managers who appoint raw bumpkins as signalmen at complex and "unlocked" junctions.

And now, if you please, I'll shut off steam, for "Drivers must approach this junction cautiously, and have their trains thoroughly under command." (Quotation from the Anywhere and Everywhere Railway Rule Book). Hullo—wonder if that Guard will hear my whistle? No!

Yours,

AN OLD DRIVER.

A Gregarious Fowl.

It appears that German Socialism has a Right and a Left Wing. What shall we call the bird thus typified? Socialism has been put forth by some of its apostles as an Eagle, by others as a Swan, but in so far as it has been tried it seems to have occasionally turned out a Vulture, but has often, and indeed as a rule, approved itself a Goose.



A DISAGREEABLE PARTY.

Cheerful Passenger (who had made several unsuccessful attempts at Conversation with his opposite Neighbour). "WHAT NOBLE INSTITUTIONS"—(they were passing Colney Hatch Asylum)—"ARE THESE, SIR, THAT DRAW A LINE—INTERPOSE A BARRIER, AS IT WERE—BETWEEN—YOU AND ME, FOR INSTANCE—AND THESE UNFORTUNATE PEOPLE—"

Taciturn Passenger (grumpily). "THAT MAY BE YOUR OPINION, SIR. I BEG YOU'LL BREAK FOR YOURSELF, AND NOT FOR ME!"
[He got out at the Station, where some friends met him, to the great relief of No. 1.]

DITTO TO DUFFERIN.

"Lord DUFFERIN's parting suggestion to his friends in Ontario, with respect to the Falls of Niagara, deserves the attention of the two great Communities between whom the Cataract thunders. . . . The land about the Falls has been parcelled out, and a price is set on the privilege of admission to every favoured spot. . . . Half dollars and quarter dollars are demanded on every side. . . . Lord DUFFERIN's proposal is to make an International Park about Niagara."—*The Times*.

How does the Water come down at Niagara?
 The answer one gets is a regular staggerer.
 (The words are not antiphonetic precisely,
 But humour them kindly, and then they'll do nicely.)
 Here it comes watched o'er, and there it comes warded,
 Railed in, and paled in, and hoarded, and boarded;
 Its points of view parcelled by touters and wardens,
 As though it were Shanklin or Rosherville Gardens.
 On each bank, hill, or isle is an ogre who collars,
 As showman or tollman, the traveller's dollars.

Where loud it comes tumbling,
 The Visitor's fumbling
 In pocket or purse for the lucre, and grumbling;
 Where swift it comes rolling,
 He pays, scarce controlling
 His angry disgust at such tithing and tolling.
 His choler at each fresh extortion still waxing,
 He swears that the beauties of Nature thus taxing
 Is Cockneyish greed that esteems it a duty
 The Sublime to sack-dollar'ge, and Barnumise Beauty.

And *Punch* cannot wonder,
 If when the Fall's thunder,
 And the glories around, and above it, and under,
 Are made a mere pretext for impudent plunder,
 And a man, be he English, Canadian, or Yankee,

Is told by vile hucksters, unblushing and frank, he
 Must pay for each peep, he should answer, "No, thankee!"

It puts wholly to flight
 One's most subtle delight

In splendours of Nature most mighty and rare, if
 They're rented for peepshows and ruled by a tariff.
 It concerns the reputes of two spirited Nations
 To stop these impertinent appropriations.

Punch seconds Lord DUFFERIN's parting suggestion.
 'Buy out the riparian Goths without question!
 And let the Great Cataract tumble untolled,
 One of Nature's free sights for all men to behold.
 Away with each Showman, each fec-grabbing Shark!
 And for the proposed International Park,

If there's no other way
 To give Nature fair play,
 Why, it's better than low Showman-tricks, any day,
 That Yank and Canadian should both in this matter act,
 And rescue from BARNUM their glorious Cataract!

Most Satisfactory.

SIR PATRICK O'BRIEN, at Philipstown, the other day, informed his constituents that he believed in Lord BEACONSFIELD, "because Lord BEACONSFIELD, like himself, was a Bohemian; and, like himself, Lord BEACONSFIELD was not what is called 'respectable.'"

On the "Birds of a Feather" principle, nothing can be more natural or more satisfactory. Will Sir PATRICK allow *Punch* to parody a verse of "*Brian O'Lynn*" in his honour?—

PADDY O'BRIEN 'd no character to wear,
 So he went to Bohemia, and got him one there;
 With the inner side seamy, the outer side fine—
 "'Tis Lord B.'s to a moral!" quoth PADDY O'BRIEN.



A COMPREHENSIVE PRONOUN.

Hairdresser (affably). "It's 'ARD UPON *HUS*, SIR, TO BE IN TOWN AT THIS TIME OF THE YEAR."

The Colonel. "Ah, I SUPPOSE YOU WOULD LIKE TO TAKE YOUR FAMILY DOWN TO THE SEA-SIDE?"

Hairdresser. "I HAVE NO FAMILY, SIR. I MEANT IT WAS 'ARD UPON ME AND YOU!"

DE JURE ET DE FACTO.

SUPPOSE the law, which makes all ratepayers, of a certain standing, and with certain defined exceptions, liable to serve on Juries, were brought to bear—not *de jure*, as at present—but *de facto*? What would be like to come of it? Well-to-do Big-wigs, who now escape the burden of Common Juries altogether, would not like it. But—

Firstly. There would be some chance that the comfort and accommodation of Common Juries, now cavalierly and completely disregarded, would be attended to.

Secondly. Verdicts would be all the better for the leaven of better trained brains, and wider experiences.

Thirdly. Council would address Juries under the wholesome and much-needed check of increased respect for those they were talking to.

Fourthly. A burden, borne for the public good, which, as now imposed, lies heavy, would, when lightened, be next to nothing by fair distribution.

Fifthly, the Big-wigs, in their turn, would learn a good deal from a fair turn of duty in the common jury box.

Sixthly, and to conclude, the design of the British Constitution—to get into a box twelve good men and true—would be helped forward as it ought to be, by the upper, as well as the lower strata of the middle class. In short, without any Gambettising, even this best of all possible Englands would be all the better for the introduction of a *nouvelle couche sociale* into the jury box—all the more, as we would take *our* new *couche* from above, instead of below, the waist of the body politic.

AN AWFUL PROSPECT.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,
There are troublous, and troubled times, with muddle and mystery enthroned in the Cabinet, Parliament given the go-by, depression in trade, failures of banks and firms, War and increased Income-tax looming nearer and nearer. Such things, however, are bearable; but I was knocked over this morning when I read in the newspaper placards—"The Electric Light in Chancery!"

We lawyers have never been afraid of the clamour for Law Reform. It is a safe cry, and a "far cry," as the Highlander would say. In fact, we don't care how much JOHN BULL's eye is turned on the Law and its practices. It is not so likely to guide as to dazzle those who try to follow its lead. But once got the Electric Light in Chancery, and we ARE ruined.

Yours, in despair,

A LAWYER.

A LAST WORD TO WHALLEY.

GOOD-BYE, honest WHALLEY,
For years *you* be-chaffed!
There was worth 'neath the folly
At which folks so laughed.

Of mind you were single,
You never bore malice;
None of bitter could mingle
Less spice in life's chalice.

To your lights you were leal,
Though false lights prone to follow;
Your kindness was real,
Your hates, only, hollow.

Simla Similibus.

THE Maharajah of Alwar—a potentate at Simla, who ought to be encountered by the Maharajah of Nowar—has volunteered to equip and maintain, at his own expense, a corps of camels and camel-drivers for service on the frontier. Very useful for the English forces. Bravo, Maharajah of Alwar! May we meet with many Simla characters.

BALLAD FOR JOHN BULL.

AIR—"Sally in our Alley."

Of all the folks in purse that smart
I best know money's valley;
My pocket lies so near my heart—
I do hate that SHERE ALI!

I ne'er enjoy a mind serene
On any blessed one day;
Not e'en on that which comes between
The Saturday and Monday.

Those telegraphs, they break my rest;
From one ere I can rally,
Another comes about that pest
Of pests, AMEER SHERE ALI!

But, for a hundred million pounds,
I must not shilly-shally;
With Russia close behind his bounds,
'Twon't do to stand SHERE ALI.

A "POOH-POOH" FROM SIR CRESUS PAUNCHFORD.

MAKE me a Common Juryman, Sir?—I defy you.
Do what you will, I must be an Uncommon Juryman; for here I am at sixty-five, and never was on a Common Jury in my life.

BRIGANDAGE AT HOME.

Tag-Rag and Bobtail Club, S. W.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH, Will you grant me a little of your space to enter my strong protest against the system of brigandage which, in spite of all that has been done to remedy it by some courageous and much-to-be-commended Managers, still survives at most of our theatres? Last night I visited one of these dens of thieves, and what with fees here and fees there, I paid nearly double for my ticket. The worst of it is, that the

way in which this black mail is levied, makes it almost impossible to avoid payment. At any rate, it is so with every man who, like myself, would rather fork out his shilling than be scowled at. I am afraid there are a good many just as weak-kneed in this respect as I am. Again, why when I take my dear old mother to the theatre, must the poor old lady be made to take off her venerable bonnet, and sit in her still more venerable cap, in a place full of abominable draughts called the Dress Circle, or the Balcony Stalls—a fee being levied into the bargain for taking care of her said bonnet, while I may sit beside her in a dressing-gown, if I choose? Then why should a couple of strong-smelling programmes be thrust into my hand, and a fee of a shilling charged for them? I wonder how many customers would go back to a restaurant where, on paying your first bill, you found yourself debited with sixpence for the bill of fare? People talk of the decline of the Drama, and Managers wail about empty houses, but I am only surprised that they are not emptier, considering the system of robbery by saucy attendants which they openly countenance. Wherever a better system is worked, I am glad to see it worked by neat and attentive young women. Box-keeping and Box-opening is eminently woman's work. Wherever I have seen young women at it, they do it most pleasantly and attentively.

I am, Mr. Punch, your obedient servant,
Oct. 19, 1878. JOHN STRONG.

"LIGHT, MORE LIGHT!"

REVERTING to a paragraph in our last number on the urgent need that JOHN BULL should bring all the light of his Bull's-eye to bear on defaulting Directorates, we are glad to extract from the *Times*' City Article (Oct. 18) timely warning of the efforts now being made to keep that salutary and much-needed light away from the collapsed City of Glasgow Bank:—

"The deputation of directors and shareholders of the City of Glasgow Bank which came up to London yesterday, has had numerous interviews with bank managers and bill-brokers here to-day. The object of the deputation was mainly to obtain the sanction of the London creditors to the voluntary winding-up of the affairs of the bank, and naturally this proposition was favourably received. This method of winding-up is thought well of, because it is said to lessen expenses, and it probably does so. But there is another cause which makes creditors and debtors alike view it with favour, and that is the facility which it affords for hiding things away. Not only are malpractices apt to be concealed, but inconvenient facts about debts, liabilities, and the position generally of customers and creditors of the bankrupt institution. Now, this concealment is a thing which the mercantile community ought not to tolerate for a moment in a case like the present. Wind-up the bank's affairs by all means in the cheapest possible way, but let there be thorough and complete publicity—nay, more, let there be condign punishment of those whose malpractices, and fraudulent misstatements or concealments of facts, have wrecked the bank and caused the ruin of thousands of innocent people."

Saying this, the *Times* only says "Ditto to Mr. Punch," last week. And Mr. Punch has great pleasure, in this very sad and serious affair, in saying "Ditto to the *Times*," and in expressing his hope that all attempts to huddle up the discreditable truth, and keep the dirt dark, in the case of the collapsed Glasgow Bank, will be utterly defeated.

CIRCULAR NOTES.

(Jottings by Our Town Traveller.)

WHAT Mr. BIGNELL in vain attempted to prove before the Magistrates was that the Argyll Rooms are *guile-less*. "What will he do with it?" is the question; or, what is more important to the Proprietor at least, What will he do *without* it? After a recent decision, he won't be able to turn it into a "Progressive Club," on the pattern of the "Lady Burrel," which was shut up by the Magistrates' order ten days ago. Make it a theatre, and call it the Big-Nell Gwynn.

Sir JOHN LUBBOCK is on the Calendar as the City Saint, "St. Lubbock's Day" being dedicated to him as a genuine holyday. But there was one who had a prior right to the title, and who should certainly be the Patron Saint of "The House," and that is "St. Simon Stock."

"Light, more light!" is "the Gaiety not the Goethe version" of the Poet's last words—as Mr. H. J. BYRON describes his *Little Dr. Faust* Burlesque,—applied, of course, to the Electric Illumination outside.

As any stick will serve to beat a dog, so some people appear to think that any place in your nicely-furnished and polished-up room is good enough for striking a match on. Very annoying.

This isn't bad, from the Agony Column of the *Times*, Oct. 11th:—

A well-born and accomplished ENGLISHWOMAN, living in society, is desirous of corresponding with a Lady purposing to WINTER IN MALTA, Gibraltar, India, or the Continent, and who would consider the companionship of a young Lady as an equivalent for her travelling expenses.—Address, &c.

This is a charming notion of "personally conducting" oneself. Young, well-born, accomplished, and an ENGLISHWOMAN!

For she herself has said it,
And 'tis greatly to her credit

That she is an Englishwoman! Is there any other sort of woman who would have put such an advertisement as this in the *Times*? Malta, Gibraltar, India, or the Continent! There's a choice!

There is, I believe, great joy in the Aquarium, Westminster, over the repentance of the Middlesex Magistrates in refusing the Windmill Street Licence. How grieved Mr. WYBROW ROBERTSON must now be that the shortsightedness of the Bench prevented his getting that innocent music and dancing licence "merely for the recreation of our children at Christmas time," as he expressed himself on the occasion in question, in words to that effect. It was so hard on the pretty little dears, wasn't it?

Here's another French puzzle:—

Translate "the Archbishop of Canterbury."

Answer. He can't be translated. The other Archbishop can.

In that case, render into French "The Archbishop of CANTERBURY in the pulpit."

Answer. *Tête montée*.

Here's another:—

Avec le Curé j'ai vu La Curée.

Is this the correct translation?—

With the Curate I saw the Curate's wife.

If this isn't right, the boy who got the prize for it will please send it back at once.

"Mr. IRA D. SANKEY," it is stated, "contemplates making a religious tour through England." Are we to have many *Dies Ira*? Heaven preserve us!!

The Kilkenny Cats.

(A Prayer for Ireland.)

As Ireland feels the hollowness of the big BUTT she has got, She's going to try a BIGGAR, and set-to of Kettle and Pot! Whether Confederation smash League, or League chaw up Confederation, 'Twill be equally a blessing to the humbugged Irish nation. Let us hope that of one good result the encounter will not fail—That they'll fight till on neither side's left so much as the tip of a tail.

THE RUSSIAN MARCH.

To whose music did the Russian Army return to the Tchataldja lines?—Off-and-back's.

THE ROAD TO THE NIAGARA FALLS,—*Via Dollarosa*.



JUDGING BY APPEARANCES.

Under-sized Youth. "NOW THEN, FIRST RETURN, SURBITON, AND LOOK SHARP! HOW MUCH?"

Clerk. "THREE SHILLINGS. HALF-PRICE UNDER TWELVE!"

LES PARTIS HOSTILES TO LA RÉPUBLIQUE.

G-R-R-R! You presume to cock your nasty red cap in the air, And with your horrid *tricolor* cockade your betters scare! You dare to call yourself *La France*—foul scum of Eighty-Nine! *Socialiste, Communiste, Pétroleuse*—for all your phrases fine!

After your flaring, flaunting, catch-penny twelve-sou fair, In the Champ de Mars!—such impudence! What business had it there?

After doubling Paris prices with your mobs—as fools make fools—*Mon Dieu!* That foreign Princes should have deigned to be your tools!

After getting the poor Marshal, though, Heaven knows, against the grain, To hang the cross round those fools' necks, the badge who'd stoop to gain, Not satisfied with blowing your Exposition brass, You must fly higher, and attempt to give a Ball.—Alas!—

You give a ball!—a business that asks tact and *politesse*, *Usage du monde*, and breeding, and the Art to move and dress:— And at Versailles! the palace reared by *Le Grand Monarque*, With his glorious memory springing with each *jet d'eau* in the Park!

No wonder 'twas a *fiasco*—such a *fiasco*!—*Dieu de Dieu!* Tag-rag and bobtail thousands pent for hours in shivering *queue*, Struggling, outside, through a mud sea, swelt'ring, inside, in a mob Of *canaille* in all shades of red—knave, *imbécile*, and snob!

THE POWER OF SPEECH.

(As lately exemplified in the Midland Counties.)

SCENE—The interior of a Birmingham beer-shop after the break-up of a political meeting. Two highly intelligent Operatives discovered, rapt in thought over a pot of four ale.

First Operative (rousing himself). Yes, it must be so! Our most worthy CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER is unquestionably right! Never was the outlook brighter. Our beloved country has at last "taken its place in the great Council of Nations."

Second Operative. As highly intelligent Operatives, let us hail the change. To quote Sir STAFFORD's own apt and beautiful words, now that we are there—"We will not shrink back, and let our Empire collapse, as if it were an air-bladder which had been pricked with a pin."

First Operative. No; for, as our admirable guide adds: "Nobility implies obligations on those who are noble." And to think that for the priceless privilege of nobility, purchased for us by such noble sentiments, we pay but a paltry fourpence extra on our tobacco! The thought unmans me! (He is overcome.)

Second Operative (handing him the pot). Nay, cheer up! Our good Sir STAFFORD never meant to depress us with a sense of our blessings. Think of his lighter touches—Don Quixote's pasteboard helmet, Baron Munchausen's tiger jumping down the crocodile's throat, and—ha! ha! that capital story about SHERIDAN and the letter! Why, it was all killing! What a blessing that we, the intelligent Operatives of Birmingham, are no longer in "leading strings," but able to understand and relish epigram like this! Ha! I thought so;—you cheer up as you recall it.

First Operative. I do. For by the light of such brilliant flashes, the thought of the Berlin Convention, the Afghan difficulty, the expanding expenditure—even fever in Cyprus—become, not only tolerable, but delightful. Here's to "Imperialism!" (Finishes the ale.)

Second Operative (looking thoughtfully at the empty pot). A noble toast—worthy the oration that inspired it! And to think that when I rose this morning I would, like you, in honour of CHAMBERLAIN and the Caucus, cheerfully have thrown a couple of brickbats at the head of our eloquent, our patriotic, our profound, our excruciatingly funny, Sir STAFFORD!

First Operative. Yes. But that was before we had listened to his irresistible oratory.

Second Operative. True! Ah, may such long be the effect of the right man on the right stump!

(Curtain falls.)

WHAT THE CITY OF GLASGOW BANK DIRECTORS HAD, AS WELL AS THE SHAREHOLDERS.—Unlimited Lie-ability.

Non pas, Madame La République! Such pride deserved a fall! You might give an Exposition, but you couldn't give a Ball—That is reserved for us, *le Monde*, which you, low hag, despise! The next Ball you aspire to give, ask us to organise!

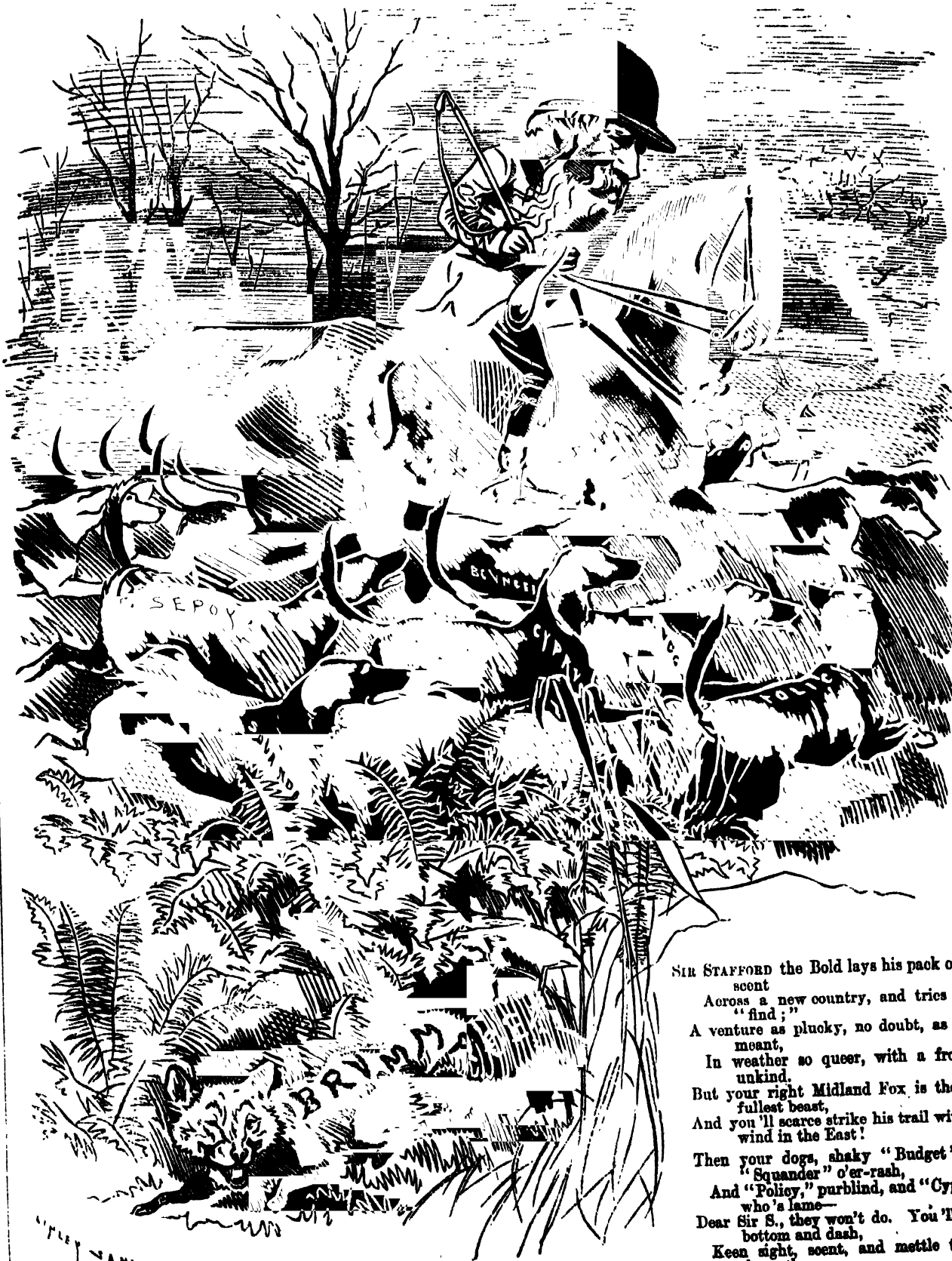
DR. CROSS'S DEGREE.

ON Thursday last the University of Cambridge, in compliance with a vote of the Senate, "conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws upon the Right Hon. RICHARD ASSHETON CROSS, of Trinity College, one of Her Majesty's principal Secretaries of State." Doubtless the HOME SECRETARY has done something considerable to earn the degree of Doctor of Laws. But both as a Legislator and an Administrator, he is much more expressly distinguished by the services he has rendered to *Physic*. The Medical Profession, and all people interested in its scientific researches, owe Mr. Cross the Vivisection Bill; and Physiologists are still further indebted to him for having put a stop to the practice of taking casts of the head of condemned criminals after their execution. It was all very well to make him a Doctor of Laws, but, considering the special and peculiar encouragement he has afforded to the Science of the Healing Art, Mr. Cross's *Alma Mater* would have done better, perhaps, if she had dubbed him Doctor of Medicine.

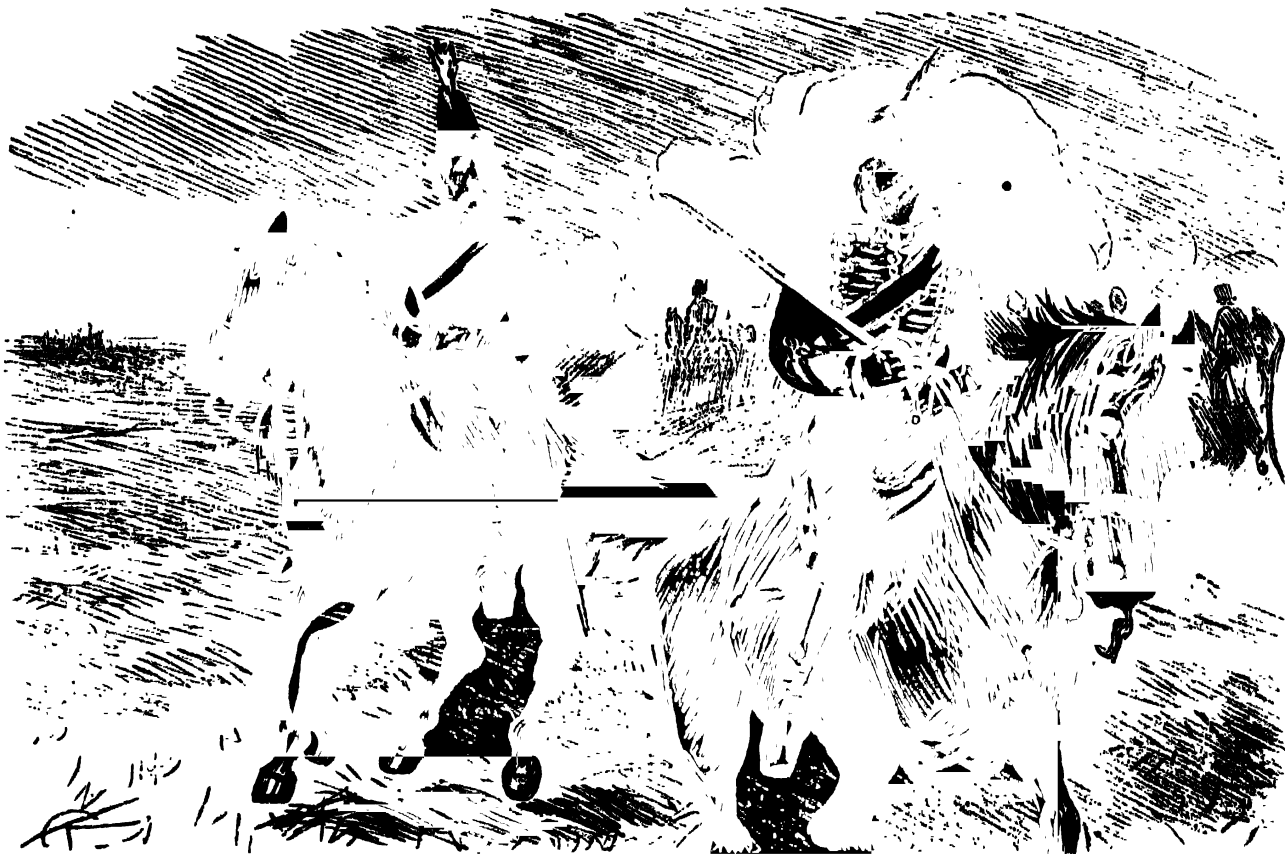
Naval Nomenclature.

SOME stupid person has been complaining of our christening some late additions to the Navy by such names as *Bouncer* and *Insolent*. Why should not ship's names, as well as ship's keels, be laid down by the Jingo spirit-level?

A RUN THROUGH THE MIDLANDS.



SIR STAFFORD the Bold lays his pack on the
 scent
 Across a new country, and tries for a
 "find;"
 A venture as plucky, no doubt, as well-
 meant,
 In weather so queer, with a frost so
 unkind.
 But your right Midland Fox is the art-
 fullest beast,
 And you'll scarce strike his trail with the
 wind in the East!
 Then your dogs, shaky "Budget" and
 "Squander" o'er-rash,
 And "Policy," purblind, and "Cyprus,"
 who's lame—
 Dear Sir S., they won't do. You'll want
 bottom and dash,
 Keen sight, scent, and mettle to run
 down the game.



ARMS OF PRECISION.

SCENE—Sham Fight, Aldershot.

Brigade Major (to Officer of Artillery). "IF YOU FIRE BY THE COMPASS DUE SOUTH, AT A RANGE OF TWO MILES, THE ENEMY MUST RETIRE!"

Across country they know they may make a fair run;
But you'll find, in the Midlands, they're not "in the fun."

The Radical Reynard is speedy and 'cute,
And is equally good at a double or rush.
You may lay all your dogs on the scent of the brute,
But it's twenty to one you'll not bear off the brush.
So, my bold M.F.H., you had better hark back,
For you'll scarce bag the Birmingham Fox with *that* pack!

SIX DAYS OF A SUBALTERN'S DIARY—CYPRUS.

Monday.—Walked over Limestone Hills in search of trees; couldn't find any; so turned down Valley of Midgeria in hopes of discovering vegetation; again disappointed; stumbled along bed of river in search of water; search unsuccessful. Thorns and thistles beastly; awfully pricked about legs. Returned camp. Read newspaper article on "Beauties of Cyprus; its Flora and Fauna."

Tuesday.—Down with fever. Thermometer in tent, 120°. After making this meteorological observation, try to sleep. Can't. Query which is worst—fever or flies? Make more observations.

Wednesday.—Fever subsiding. Glad to hear Government is going to grant colonial allowance for Cyprus. Fever quite disappeared. Invitation to quinine party. Accept.

Thursday.—Dust storm, lasting all morning. Helmet carried away in a whirlwind; likewise paper with glowing article on Cyprus. Don't seem to care about paper, but sorry for hat. Write out claim on Government for damage done during storm and sojourn in Cyprus. Claim appended.

Friday.—Attend quinine party. Ration beef very tough. Fruit forbidden. After luncheon, play tit-tat-to; make ingenious fly-traps, also calculation to ascertain day of month. Party breaks up. Forward compensation claim to authorities. Fever and ague. Bed.

Saturday.—Heavy dew last night. Pole went through tent; tent came down; let it stop till servant came in morning. Issue return invitation for Monday. Send to Pay Office to find out if Government allowance is granted. Reply: "Government has sanctioned an allowance of lime juice, 4oz. per diem per man." More fever; more dew; more observations.

Claim.

Due from Her Majesty's Government for damage incurred to person and property of Lieutenant DUMPS during his sojourn in Her Majesty's newly acquired dependency:

To Damage to Constitution during sojourn, £4.

To One Year's Pay due to fact of looking one year older than I am in reality, £92 5s. 8½d. (N.B. Change in appearance entirely due to climatic influences.)

To One Hat carried away in sandstorm, £1 11s. N.B. The hat was a helmet.

To One Packet of Needles purchased to extract thistle thorns from shins and knees, 12s. (N.B. Needles very scarce, thistles very plentiful, in Her Majesty's newly acquired dependency.)

To One Box of Cigars destroyed and devoured by ants, an insect unpleasantly abundant in Her Majesty's newly acquired dependency, £3 10s. (N.B. The cigars were No. 1 Manila.)

To Hire of One Camel on which to hunt for heroinbefore mentioned hat, 1 Rupee. (N.B. Two Shillings was the real fare—but Drugoman didn't know the difference.)

I have the honour, &c.,

JEREMIAH DUMPS.

"AN AGRARIAN OUTRAGE" SUPERSEDED.

THANKS to the promptly and very generally expressed opinion as to the exhibition of the Ober-Ammergau Play, Mr. ROBERTSON has wisely abandoned the idea of what would probably have been paraphrased as An Aquarium Outrage.

'ARRY AT THE PLAY.



HARRY CHARLEY,
I SENDS yer the
programa I promised.
I've bin on the gay,
And you'll find that
this dose is a dollup.
I'm gettin' dead nuts
on the play.
I've bin going the
rounds rare and
rorty, along of a spif-
fical gal,
And as you're still out
of the swim like, I'll
tip yer my notions,
old pal.

The Music 'All once
was my mark, and I
thought the theayter
cold muffin,

Which SHAKESPEAR
and BROWN and them
on the 'ole is de-
cidedly duffin;

But now the Stage looks
art the 'Alle, mate,
for side-splitters,
spice, and bare pink.
O it isn't art dusty I tell
yer; and so POLLY
JANE seems to think.

What I 'old is plays should be plays, and not hist'ry, or preachin,
or spout,
You go in for a laugh and a lush (don't P. J. lap the lemon and
stout!)

I'm aware there is softs as prefers to see Virtue wop Vice at the
Vic.,

But we've rose above all that old rot, and go in for what Frenchmen
calls "Chick!"

"Chick's"—well, tain't so easy to say, but it's doosid like what we
calls "cheek";

Sly sarce, don't yer know, 'ot and sweet, with a dash of the blue, but
mixed weak.

The "blend" ain't a bad 'un, I'll tell yer; the toffs put us up to the
fake,

And our taste and theirs in sech things is as like as two peas,—no
mistake!

In course they can't go the 'ole 'og; my LORD CHAMBERLING's down
if they does;

The bloomin' old Mivvey must raise, now and then, jest a bit of a
buzz;

But, bless yer, there's lots as he passes, O. K. and accordin' to
Cocker,

As—well, soap-board crawlers might 'owl, but it suits me right up
to the knocker.

"Chick" does it, yer see; oh a neat bit of *parley-vo* covers a lot,
And as most of our plays are now cribbed from the French, wy
they're all pooty 'ot.

Legs? Bless you, my boy, they ain't in it with ogles and anties and
'inta,

As sets POLLY JANE on the snigger, and fetches the ochre in mints.

It's lummy to see the Swells larking at capers as tickles *hoo* too—
The Swells used to sit stiff as hicc when the Gallery raised a bohoo;

Now one twigs out-an-outers a-bolitin' wote too spicey 'most for
the Pit,

And if they don't clap like the "gods," wy, yer see, kids is given to
split.

Ain't they down on the treachly domestic?—a lay as I always did
'ate.

You know the old flapdoodle muick, tea for two and no stoppin' out
late;

Connocbial yum-yum for ever! no larks on the slyest Q. T.,
P'ramb'lators and properness—lord! it 'ud jest about collyfog me!

We men o' the world, mate, knows better. *Pink Dominos*, hay?—
that's yer style.

Lor', 'ow I did larf! and P. J. had a struggle to smooth out a smile.
Then *The Idol* that widdler's warm-waterworks—quickly turned off
at the main—

And the no-never-mention-'em larks as they play in that sweet
Marjerlaine!

It's life, my dear boy, and no kid. 'Ow I wish you could see it, old
flick!

Can't you run up to town for a week, and go in for a buster of
"Chick"?

I know it's a lush as you'd like, most as 'ot as they mix it in Parry,
I'm off for a nip of it now, so O river!

Yours rortily,
'ARRY.

LOVE IN THE MIST.

A Romantic Réverie. By Miss LACKADAY.

"Such stuff as dreams are made of."

I AM sitting by the fire—I seem to be always sitting by the fire
now that the day's twilight and the twilight of my life are setting
in together, like the sobbing reflux of an ebbing tide; my toes are
snugly perched upon the tender—the kettle is boiling over—it is
time to make tea. But I am too absorbed—too happy, somehow,
in unravelling strange sweet memories that meander on the Turkey
hearthrug on which my feet rest comfortably—too happy, too sor-
rowful—how shall I say which (are we not oftenest both at once—
happiest when it is so)?—and I let the water bubble over till the
fire is out, while the children laugh and blow the sparks about the
room, and trample them out with their innocent feet. The room is
full of children—full of sparks. I think it is always so in the
twilight.

Children! . . . Are we not all children? Do we not all blow about
the sparks of life, and laugh as we trample them out—then wonder
at the sting and the darkness that remain as we sit down in the cold
silent lamplight, and piece together the dim flickerings of our past—
listening, with wiser hearts, to echoes from the far-off shores?

"Echoes"! How many sermons there are in that word! I feel
that I could write them—that my life has written them. . . . I think
it is better to write sermons than to read them.

But what was it that I was going to write about to-night? I
think I have forgotten. . . . The children's voices, busy with the present,
have drowned the memories of the old dead time. . . . How strange it
is this way in which the present revives the past, and makes us live
in it with a confused clearness!!!!

That little tea-table, with its rows of willow-patterned plates and
piles of hot-buttered muffins, recalls another tea-table to me—a kind
tea-table that was always spread in a bow-window looking out upon
the sea, with red roses clinging to its sashes, and a dazzle of hoar-
frost coming up from the daisied turf beyond. . . .

I cannot remember the name of the place, but it seems to me that
it was in the heart of one of our midland counties—somewhere in
Northamptonshire, I think—or it may have been Warwickshire. . . .
I remember a deep green valley, a lake, and endless avenues of
trees. . . . I don't think I regret having forgotten the name of the
place—there is a charm about the Indefinite which names dispel.
The Indefinite—the Immaterial—the Infinite—and Unmeasurable—
Was not that the old-world idea of Heaven?—is it not still the
dream of Science? A friend of mine, who is a great philosopher,
said to me the other day, "I mean to believe in Spiritualism: it
is a rest from clear ideas."

At one time of my life I was always having tea in that bow-
window—It is long ago—so long ago that, as I think of it, I seem
to be another person; and yet I can still hear the crack of the china
as it broke in my host's hands—Dear, kind old friend!—How clumsy
he was, and how we all loved him!—Nobody seemed to mind how
many cups he broke—except his wife, who must have been fond of
china, I think.—So am I now—but I did not care for it then, and I
had a sort of pleasure in seeing the Sévres cups smashed and the
cream running in rivers about the table-cloth, while the kind old
hands fumbled after napkins, and only made the damage worse. . . .
Broken china has had a poetry for me ever since.

Yes, she was fond of china, and of all pretty things—She was
herself the prettiest thing in the house, with those soft rich silks
that made a noiseless rustle as she walked—She had the kindest
smile and most beautiful manners.—There was a great peace about
her.—Nothing ruffled her for a moment.—She would smile just as
sweetly when the cups fell, and it did not make her angry if I used
to start at the crash—They say it was just the same when her son
died. . . . I think one thing was like another to her—joy and sorrow,
sunshine and rain—She translated it all into a music of her own.
She poured out tea with the grace of a countess of the *ancien
régime*.—What a pity it is that women have not such manners now!
I think philanthropy and machinery are spoiling everything.—Some-
body told me, long afterwards, that she was deaf. How beautiful
it is—this calm poetry of silence—to come and go smiling and mis-
understanding—never to know that hearts are breaking about you,
lives twisting. . . . I think if I could live my life over again, I
would choose to be deaf. . . .

Then that other figure in the mourning robes, that came and went

like a dream,—who was she? I never could quite make out. She might have been a daughter-in-law—or a daughter, perhaps. They called her ROSE or MYRTLE, or some such pretty name with a scent of summer flowers in it. She was younger, sadder, more spiritual, I think, than the other. A mystery hung about her—a revelation, as it were, of sorrow and crime. Done, or suffered? That was the question that fascinated me. . . .

I felt that she did not belong to our world, but to some dim universes of old fables and fluttering tapestries, where heroes agonise and wives stab their husbands in the dark. I loved her—she was to me the incarnation of a dream—The faded crowns that she was always working into the hems and linings of our gowns were the threads of PENELope's web; the shadows that hung at her chateaus were the shivering shades of Faust. She lives in my mind side by side with the Wolf that ate *Red Riding Hood*.

II.

DID he belong to that strange world also? I have sometimes thought he did. He had a sleepy look, and a way of calling her "Sister," that somehow linked them together in my mind. But I never knew what was the exact relationship between them. . . .

He wore a brown velvet coat, and looked in. I remember a cup falling and a little start. R. played on—her cadences fell with the broken china—the melody floated up among the roses—so did the steam—it seemed one music, one love, one intensity. . . . Is not this life? . . . And she sat calm and sweet, with the smile that somehow made one feel a vague security. . . . He asked me to put sugar in his tea, and I forgot to do it. . . .

We neither of us spoke—it was enough to be together, and to feel our youth and the immense beauty pulsating in sunset clouds around us. There was a glory in every pool—little boys bathed far out upon the sands—brown cattle came lowing across the common.—I stooped down and picked a buttercup—its yellow calyx seemed to mirror our happiness. . . . A bell rang, and I saw my queen coming towards us, with the evening glory on her hair. . . .

"Is she not sweet and beautiful?" I said, holding the buttercup over my head, and turning to note its beauty against the quiver of the sultry summer noon. "Is she not sweet and beautiful?" I said again, for he too was dreaming, and in his sleepy way he had missed my words.

He yawned slowly, and patted the brown cows, saying, with a gentle sing-song, "MYRTLE is very sweet and beautiful, and she is my sister.—We are all beautiful here, and we think of nothing else.—You will get used to it as you see more of us and come to understand our ways. Will you come to luncheon?"

"Do come!" cooed my queen. And I followed her in, wondering how long it would take me to get used to it. At any rate I was sure that I liked it. . . . At home it was all bustle and confusion, children tumbling down stairs, and a red-faced maid-of-all-work. . . . I already felt the poetry of having a butler and two footmen—I thought it would be easier to be good here—it was like Sunday. I told him so.—He smiled kindly, and said the butler would take care of me. How well I remember those days of cakes and ale in the pretty house where it was always summer!!! Do you not agree with me, reader, that there are some places where it is always summer, just as there are some people with whom it is always love? I know it was so at X—; always summer and love and beauty; and the tide coming up to make strange little adventures for us among the creeks and landlips, and the sun setting with crimson throbs, and shooting farewell floods upon the snow. . . .

How those voices used to come up to the window where I sat dreaming and dallying! They walked up and down so late one night that I grew nervous. At last she left him, and he stood there alone.—I could not tear myself away—some vague instinct made me forbode evil—I leaned out—Suddenly a sound broke the silence—My heart stood still, but only for a second—in time I knew that there was no danger. It was the bicycle with its wheels gliding noiselessly across the terrace. . . .

How did he know that I was standing at MYRTLE's window? . . . I had no right to be there; it was only my feverish curiosity that had brought me—only their voices that made it impossible for me to go.—How did he know it? . . . The more I think of it, the more puzzled I get.—It was hardly five minutes since I had left her brother in the paddock—I had made an excuse to get away from him, and he had said good-bye—sadly—I felt it was cruel of me, but to this day I cannot see how I could help it—Some vague instinct told me the other was on the terrace. It was an opportunity not to be missed.

He stopped under the window—the bicycle fell. I was afraid he was hurt, but I did not scream, for fear of bringing MYRTLE. For a wonder I kept cool; and when, a few minutes later, he whispered, "All right!" I was able to answer, "Yes." Then he looked "Dearest!" I waved my hand—he was gone.—But how did he know that I should be there? . . .

Next day I had a scene with MYRTLE. . . . She had met him in the morning, and I think he must have thoughtlessly told her about it,

for she seemed upset. She looked more than usually anxious, my poor queen! She had the expression in her eyes, that made me think of CLYTEMNESTRA—the expression that I liked so much! At those times I never could refuse her anything. There was some meaning in her face, that compelled me to be open. I told her just what had passed. She made me promise to tell it to no one else. As she was leaving the room, she turned round, and said, with a pretty laugh, "There, be a good girl! Keep my secret, and I will keep yours." You know if I were to tell him about it, he would be angry." I had not thought of that myself—but I was grateful to her for thinking of it. She was always considerate for others. . . .

(To be concluded in our next.)

MASCULINE AND FEMININE FASHIONS.



LADIES and Gentlemen,—The Chesterfield Coat has been revived for Ladies' wear. It is made with or without a skirt of the same material as its own.

It has pockets in the style of a gentleman's coat.

The producers of the Chesterfield Coat have happily adapted both the Coat and the Waistcoat of the Louis the Fourteenth style to their Tweed Coats in two methods. One of these is the shape of a gentleman's ordinary short jacket; the other that of the regular morning coat with side body seams.

But, Gentlemen and Ladies, these are not the only novelties in the way of attire provided for you at a certain eminent Clothing Establishment in a fashionable quarter of London.

There is also a Costume for the Moors.

The Paletot is long and close-fitting, with leather buttons. There are Leggings to match. There is a hat, too, of the same cloth as the Leggings and the Paletot. You can thus be equipped for the Moors, if you wish to visit them, from head to foot. But though grouse-shooting is over, which your Clothiers seem to have forgotten, no doubt the Costume designed for the Moors would be equally suitable to the Turnips or the Cover.

But even this, Gentlemen and Ladies, is not all that you are offered by that extensive Clothing Firm.

Their new Hat for Costumes is the Jockey Cap. It is, they say, a most stylish head-dress in cloth, and has the true jockey characteristic; the addition of a ribbon run in round the edge finishing with a bow in front to draw the cap tightly round the head. Of course Gentlemen might have the cap made for them so as to dispense with this addition, which they might probably consider less becoming for them than for Ladies.

"Now that Corduroys are so fashionable," the same Firm recommend Ladies and Gentlemen to patronise their Corduroys, of which they have a stock on view.

From the foregoing particulars, announced the other day in the *Morning Post*, it would seem, Ladies—especially from the article Corduroys—that the Rights of Women are progressing amongst the Higher Orders.

Cause and Effect.

THE policy of BEACONSFIELD—apart from party glowing—May most fitly be described in a single word—Imposing! On England he imposes the cry the Jingo mass adore, As upon Afghanistan he imposes an Ambassador. But of either imposition JOHN BULL may look for close sure, That which all impositions is wont to dog—exposure.

LA CROSSE RE-CHRISTENED.

WILL the Indian Game be known in the Dominion in future as Lorne-Tennis?



THE MAIN CHANCE.

Wishful Materfamilias (reading Evening Paper). "HERE'S ANOTHER OF THOSE ALLINGTON GIRLS MARRIED!—AND TO THAT YOUNG CAREW, OF THE GRANGE, OF ALL PEOPLE! HOW WELL THOSE GIRLS GO OFF, TO BE SURE!"

Paterfamilias. "AH, AWFULLY GOOD-LOOKING GIRLS, THOSE ALLINGTONS."

Materfamilias (severely). "IT'S NOT THE GOOD LOOKS. IT'S BECAUSE THEY'RE SO WELL BROUGHT UP!"

Chorus of Daughters. "OH, DO BRING US UP WELL, MAMMA DEAR!"

SOLDIER'S SONG.

(Adapted from the "Lady of the Lake," and respectfully dedicated to Captain and Colonel Burnaby, by Mr. Punch.)

LET GLADSTONE in public still wash, like an owl,
BRITANNIA'S linen, when he thinks it foul;
Yankee fashions and folks up sky-high let him crack,
On his own mother-country come down with a whack,—
But, whoop, BURNABY, keep up your pecker!
By St. Jingo still swear, and a fig for th' Exchequer!

The fool! He can't see every Russian's a rip,
With his tongue in his cheek and a lie on his lip;
But on Turkish Atrocities still keeps his eye,
And won't give a poor Pasha's least slip the go-by,—
But, whoop, BURNABY!—like a three-decker,
Blaze into him, do—and a fig for th' Exchequer!

Our GLADSTONE thus preaches, and why should he not,
Now his party is dished and his chance gone to pot?—
Since BEACONSFIELD's left him and his in the lurch,—
The right hand of the State, the right hand of the Church—
Then whoop, BURNABY, Hughenden's Mecca,
And, with Dizzy for Prophet, a fig for th' Exchequer!

Who says the gilt wears off the gingerbread fast?
That of B.'s Peace with Honour we've nigh heard the last?
That the peace turned to war too soon England will see,
By which time, who knows where the honour will be?
But, whoop, BURNABY, keep up your pecker,
The war-trumpet blew—and a fig for th' Exchequer!

ALARMING FIT OF THE VAPOURS.—Among Gas Shareholders.

"LORD SEND US A GUDE CONCEIT O' OURSELS."

AMONG all the unexpected powers revealed by Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE'S recent stumping tour in the Midlands, the power of getting comfort from strange sources is perhaps the most striking.

After the revelation of utter unpreparedness in every step taken, or rather, not taken, by the War Office in connection with the late occupation of Cyprus, who would have expected to read this in our buoyant CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER'S Dudley oration:—

"No doubt while the lessons of the Crimean War were at once melancholy and salutary . . . nothing could be more cruel or more unjustifiable than to expose gallant men to loss of life, and to great privations and sufferings for want of preparations and supplies. (Cheers.) And if now it should be our ill fortune at any time to be compelled to call upon that army to vindicate the honour of the country, we feel that we may do so without any feeling of remorse and self-reproach which must have been felt by the Ministers of the time when they were sending men to hard service and the risk of life without preparation."

This is pretty cool in the face of the sufferings of the fever-stricken garrison of Cyprus, alternately shivering or sweltering in bell-tents, without anything to show that the least foresight has been exercised by the War Office for the preservation of their health, or the smallest provision made for their comfort or convenience.

Cooking and Dishing.

THE French do not altogether excel us in Cookery. British Directors of Joint-Stock Companies beat the best of Frenchmen in cooking accounts. Yet one often hears of a Bank Parleur, but never of a Bank Kitchen. Every Bank has its Parlour, of course. Let us hope and trust that Banks containing Kitchens in which any other things than articles of food are cooked are rare and rascally exceptions to the general rule.



AT THE HEAD OF THE PROFESSION.

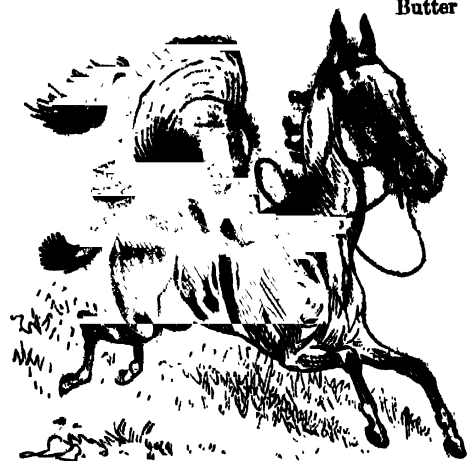
SCENE—Prisoners' Waiting-Room adjoining Police Court. (Eminently respectable Director awaiting Examination.)

ARTFUL DODGER (to CHARLEY BATES). "YOU'VE BEEN COPPED FOR A TILL—AND ME FOR A CLY. BUT 'E'S BEEN COPPED FOR A BANK—SHARED SOMETHIN' LIKE SIX MILLION SWAG AMONG THE LOT!"

CHARLEY BATES (in a tone of respectful admiration). "LOR!"

ON THE WRONG HORSE.

(Hints to a distinguished Captain and Gentleman-Rider entered for a Military Steeple-Chase.)



INSTANTLY get on your high horse whenever a chance offers.

Butter the Government—no matter how thick. The more you lay on, the more is likely to stick.

Talk offhand about "imperial policy," "National policy," and "insular policy," but don't put your foot in it by attempting to define them. If hard-up for matter, try a bit of clap-trap; and if that don't answer, take to slanging. Here you will probably find your-

self at your ease. Remember the story of the Greek fellow, with a long name, who set fire to the Temple of Ephesus. If you want to score, fly at high game.

Carry this out by presenting the most illustrious opponent you can select in some ludicrous and contemptible character—say, as a "washerwoman." Follow this up with an attack on his moral character, and fling the mud about freely till you have raised an uproar. Do all this, and a good deal more in the same style, whenever you open your mouth—that is, of course, if your object be not to get into Parliament. Should you, however, change your mind, and wish to get in, take counsel of Mr. Punch. He likes to watch the running of spirited young fellows of talent, and his advice to you is—try another mount.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

How I found Stanley—St. James's Hall—All in the Dark—Some Moore-Travellers' Next Step—On to the Globe—Les Cloches de Cornerville.

I WENT to hear Mr. H. STANLEY give an account of himself, and what he did in the Dark Continent—not the Keep-it-Dark Continent—on Wednesday last.

His reading,—that is, as much as I could hear of it in three quarters of an hour, and I don't know for how long it lasted, but I suppose he has finished by this time,—forcibly recalled to my mind an anecdote about W. M. THACKERAY. After the great novelist had given his first lecture on *The Four Georges*, he asked a friend, experienced in entertainments, what he thought of it, and if he had any advice to give him. The friend, who was not gifted with the bump of reverence, and who certainly preferred ALBERT SMITH'S *Mont Blanc* to anything merely instructive, replied: "Well, THACK, my boy, it's very good! Oh, yes, it's very good! But, look here, if you want to make it go, you must have a pianner!"

And this is exactly what I say to Mr. STANLEY. "Highly interesting, no doubt, only you ought to have a pianner,—and pictures: and, what's more, you should leave out all the sentimental, serious, religious twaddle which was years ago associated with STIGGINS' tea-lights and Exeter-Hallites, and give us something that we haven't read in your two illustrated volumes."

The answer now to "How I found STANLEY?" is, of course, "By taking tickets for St. James's Hall." How I liked STANLEY when I'd found him, is quite another question, to which I can only answer, "Pretty well, thank you." And I dare say he'll improve on acquaintance (for I see he is going on lecturing), if he'll take the advice above given of a sincere well-wisher, who repeats emphatically, "Let's have pianner and pictures; let there be no Methody in your madness, but send all that cant to the Princess's, where they'll put it into *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and sing 'Hallelujah! Jordan's a wide river, boys!'"

Those who went to see STANLEY must have been considerably disappointed, as they could only catch a glimpse of a third of him, sectionally,—the remainder, from the first button of his shirt-front to his toes, being hidden by a table and a reading-desk, which looked

for all the world as if it had once formed part of an old-fashioned pulpit. Of course all who were in punctually, saw the entire STANLEY from head to heel, but unless they stopped to the end, they never saw so much of him again as they got in that one brief glance when he first walked on to the platform.

The arrangement of the platform and the back-ground is highly exciting to the imaginative mind, and those accustomed to such entertainments as are nowadays given in Music-Halls and at the Aquarium, were expecting great things. The chairs, placed in three semi-circular rows behind the Lecturer, were eminently suggestive of an increased band of Minstrels to join in, at some portion of the reading, with melodies of their own native land; while a scaffolding above, reaching right up to the dome, high in the air, struck the initiated in such matters as being put there for Mr. STANLEY to take a header off into a net below, which would be presently brought forward by the servants on the establishment, while the nigger in evening dress, who was at first supposed to be a Christy Minstrel escaped from a lower room in the Hall, would throw the Lecturer a *trap*, when the organ would strike up, "*We Fly by Night*," and the Daring Traveller, who had gone through the Black Continent and come out safely the other side, would fly through the air, and amid the gasping cheers of his admirers, would land on the front railing of the opposite gallery. The Daring Traveller, however, did nothing of the sort, and those who had expected as much as this, must have been woefully disappointed.

He might have done it after I had left. I am not prepared with evidence on this subject; but all I can say is, as he himself says of his French traveller who tells tales out of school rather at variance with Mr. STANLEY'S, "If anyone saw him do it, then he saw what I did not." (Cheers after this. Why cheers? It was evidently a point. But why?)

Another practical joke—for the above-mentioned arrangement of chairs and scaffolding up to roof partook of the nature of a practical joke, or intentional sell,—another practical joke was the Pantomime Map suspended behind the Daring Traveller. Poor ARTEMUS WARD! What fun he would have got out of this Map. There were *Sahara* and *Madagascar* on it very large, reminding one of the adventures of the three sailors who took a boat and went to sea, and perhaps it was originally intended to say something about—

"I've gone wrong for the sake of *Sahara*."

But the idea was given up at the last moment on account of there being no pianner. As the Lecturer had told us how he gave *Daily Telegraphic* and *New-York-Heraldic* names to the lakes and mountains—e.g., Gordon Bennett to a very tall mountain, Lake Lawson to the largest double sheet of water with the largest circulation in the world—I at first thought that SAHARA was a misprint for SALA, and that, presently, the Intrepid Traveller would point out one spot where he had erected a finger-post, for the information of future travellers with "Here Stands a Post" written on it, which central district he had called the Clement Scotland. But no. *On ne badine pas avec STANLEY*.

There was a twinkle of great humour, though, in the eye of the Coloured Gentleman (when the Coloured Gentleman was awake, which did not appear to be very often) as he sat huddled up helplessly on the platform. When he opened his bright eye, he looked first at the Lecturer, as though to say, "Hallo, Massa GINGEN, still at it?" and then at the Audience, as much as to add, "He's got you now, and golly! he won't let you go—I know him;" and then he gave a silent chuckle, and dozed off again, meditating perhaps on whether he had really "bettered" himself by leaving that jolly old humbug, 'MTESA, the Star of Africa,' and taking service with the Lecturer. What are the odds against the "Star of Africa" appearing within the next year at the Aquarium?

His master informed the audience that Massa SAMBO didn't understand English; but I fancy I saw SAMBO grinning to himself, as if saying, quietly, "That's all you know about it, Massa STANLEY." On the whole, I think this nigger had the best of it, and enjoyed the whole thing as a big practical joke from beginning to end.

Personally I am grateful to Mr. STANLEY for having selected St. James's Hall for his lecture; as when I did not care about hearing more up-stairs, I went to hear MOORE below.

The Dark Continent, as represented by the Christys, is good enough for me. I can read Mr. STANLEY'S book in my own room, and enjoy it, but it's hard work to be sermonised at from a pulpit about 'Mtesa, Uguse, and Uganda, in whom, as at present constituted, I have no interest, except when they are exhibited in the Moore and Burgess state of civilisation, with white frills, large watch-chains, diamond studs, ruffles, and wearing decorations given to them by various potentates.

What a chance Mr. STANLEY has lost in not dressing like *Robinson Crusoe* and bringing on the real Friday! A few good songs, some first-rate dances between *Robinson* (STANLEY) and *Friday* (the nigger), and all London would have rushed to him, specially at Christmas time. Let him take the hint. "It's never too late to mend," as Mr. CHARLES READE says. *Friday* on the bones, *Robinson* on the banjo. "*Finding the Footstep*," a pas seul. Arrival



ON THE MEND.

Master Tom (who has been from home). "WELL, SIMMONS, HOW ARE YOU GETTING ON? ALL RIGHT?"

Simmonds. "YES, SIR. BUT THIS FOX-HOUND PUPPY HAS BEEN AND KILLED A LOT O' CHICKENS."

Master Tom. "I AM GLAD TO HEAR THAT. I THOUGHT HE WAS GOING TO DIE OF DISTEMPER."

of the Black Mail (Friday). Ending with a *pas de deux*. Pianner, Pictura, and comic duologue.

I hadn't seen the MOORE AND BURGESS Minstrels for years. The place was crammed, and the peculiar singing peculiarly good. Mr. MOORE was very funny. But what delights me is the serious interest taken by the gentlemanly nigger, in the centre, in the adventures of Messrs. Tambourine and Bones, the corner men, as related by themselves. It is delightful! The Bones (Mr. MOORE) has not the slightest respect for any sentiment, or for any singer. Whenever it occurs to him that a note is too long, or that a song is beginning to be a trifle monotonous, he at once relieves the dulness with some utter absurdity done in the quietest possible manner.

The first part of the entertainment, the genuine Christy Glee part, is the best; and this is really unique of its kind, and well worth a visit. But oh! what execrably bad taste on the part of Your Representative, Sir, to prefer the London Blacks to the genuine Central African produce, quietly resting on STANLEY's platform. Well, I can't help it. Exclaim, if you will, "*O tempora! O Mores!*" and I will reply, "*O tempora! O Burgess and Moore's!*"

And now, to finish up geographically, let us study the Globe and what is going on there.

It speaks well for the future of Light Operatic Entertainment that such excellent houses should still be the rule at the Globe, where the *Cloches de Cornerille* is given, and at the Opéra Comique, where *H.M.S. Pinafore* is still at the height of its thoroughly well-deserved popularity.

Les Cloches is put on the stage far and away better than it was in Paris, and the acting of the Chorus-girls, all pretty and attractive, is superior to that of their Parisian originals at the Folies Dramatiques.

Mr. PAULTON as the *Baillie* is capital. The business of the letter-reading, in Act II., is the funniest thing I've seen for a long while; and in this portion of the dialogue the Authors, Messrs. FARNIE AND REECE, are at their best.

Mr. SHIEL BARRY was excellently made up, except in hands, which did not correspond with his sickly face and decrepit state; his acting is very good in the First Act; but, in the Second, where the original *Gaspard*, MILNER, was strongest, Mr. SHIEL BARRY is disappointing. This may be partly owing to the stage arrangement, which cramps his action. But for all that, I still think that, out of

Opera, he could fairly represent ROBSON's great part of *Daddy Hardacre*.

Miss CORA STUART is an acquisition, but must beware of monotony of action. She has been, it seems, trained in the One Action School.

The performance altogether thoroughly deserves the support it has obtained and is obtaining, and what it lacks in brilliancy of tone in the vocal part, is made up by the brilliancy of the *mise-en-scène*, costumes, and the pretty bright faces. We have not yet got the executants, among the men at least, for French Comic Opera of this lighter sort, but in *Pinafore* the right men are in the right place; at least so ventures to say
YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

A VERY NATURAL INFERENCE.

It is impossible not to feel the force of the Commander-in-Chief's pathetic deprecation in his speech on Army Administration at the Haberdashers' Company:—

"I assure you, Gentlemen, that in these matters there are a variety of considerations on both sides, and these considerations are not lost sight of by those who are intrusted with the administration of the Army. We may not be quite as wise as other people, but I submit to you that it may be a mistake to put down all officials as fools."

Not all officials, your Royal Highness—only all Army officials. Remembering Crimean and Cyprus blundering, and the usual fate of military undertakings, in their first stages at least, till those responsible for them have had the benefit of that experience which as the old saw says "makes fools wise," is the popular inference to be wondered at?

TURNING NIGHT INTO DAY.

THEY have been playing foot-ball by the electric light at Sheffield. They will be playing cricket next. Night, not twilight, will soon be the time for the bat.

THE ASIAN REFORM SYLLOGISM.

Minor premise—Sultan's promise. Major premise—Pasha's performance. Conclusion—Remains to be seen.



INTUITION.

Puzzled Cookist. "WELL, I CAN'T QUITE MAKE IT OUT, 'ARRY; BUT I THINK IT MEANS AN WE AIN'T TO PASS ALONG 'ERE."

JUST IN TIME.

MR. WYBROW ROBERTSON, having roused British passion in earnest by his unwary announcement of selected Tableaux from the Ober-Ammergau Passion-Play at the Aquarium, has had the good sense to acknowledge his mistake, and back out of his blunder.

Not a day too soon. For on the heels of his letter announcing his withdrawal of these Tableaux comes a pithy telegram to the *Times*, which turned into literal English, runs:—

"Representation of the Ober-Ammergau Passion-Play at the Aquarium Theatre—humbug. No native of Ober-Ammergau has anything to do with it. Legal steps in progress. Please make public. LANG, Burgermaster's Office."

So it seems that Mr. WYBROW ROBERTSON has not only roused the British Lion, but has done so under, let us say, a mistake. His Passion-players would have been impostors—violating propriety and outraging respect for sacred things in borrowed plumes. Of course Mr. WYBROW ROBERTSON did not know this. But how very unfortunate he has been in the whole business.

It is a comfort that one set of people come well out of the mess—the worthy, simple, and pious peasants of the Ober-Ammergau, for whom the performance of their Passion-Play is a religious solemnity, in performance of a vow made in 1633, when their village was ravaged by a pestilence. When the performance of Passion-Plays was interdicted in Bavaria in 1779, this one was specially excepted, as being under the superintendence of the monks of Ettal, hard-by, and, besides, in fulfilment of a vow.

But if the institution of the play stayed the pestilence in 1633 (as these simple Ober-Ammergauers believe), its continuance may introduce a new pestilence in 1880, should it bring on Ober-Ammergau, as yet pure and simple, the plague of speculating Managers to tempt the village Actors, as well as of Cook's tourists and cosmopolitan audiences, to poison the village life with greed of gain, and take

"TOUT VA BIEN!"

"Before leaving the platform, the Marshal, taking both hands of M. GRÉVY, said, '*Une belle journée. Tout va bien!*'"—*Account of Ceremony at Distribution of Awards, French Exhibition.*

BRAVO, *mon brave!* A better phrase
Than that which set all France a-fuming,
When, touched with the Imperial craze,
You stood the despot's *poss* assuming.
Through faith, the path that France finds best
If you will tread in fashion loyal,
You yet may say "*J'y suis, j'y reste,*"
In tones triumphant, if less royal.

And bravo France! *Punch* lifts his voice
In cordial congratulation,
And tells her English hearts rejoice
In the success of the Grand Nation,
Whose seven years of patient toil
Have set her fairer far in story
Than long pursuit of power and spoil,
And that blood-spotted phantom—Glory.

Peace has its victories. Worst of late
In War, and schooled by black disaster,
France shows herself supremely great
In might that can misfortune master.
Self-ruled, strong, rich, she firmly stands,
Midst general poverty and pother.
The best "revenge" is in her hands;
They're foes who'd urge her to another.

Yes, *Tout va bien!* May good increase,
And your *belle journée*, my dear Marshal,
Be harbinger of progress, peace,
And liberty, and law impartial.
Façons de parler change, you see,
Like other fashions,—this fits better.
Punch trusts your vows and hopes may be
Right soon fulfilled, ay, to the letter!

Venus's Oven.

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY, in answer to a memorial from the Church of England Temperance Society, assures the Society of "the warm interest that he takes in all measures calculated to encourage sobriety." In Cyprus Sir GARNET must find it difficult to take anything but a "warm interest" in anything.

the sanctity of simple faith from this Passion-Play, so turning it—as there is already fear it has begun to be turned—into a show which, in becoming popular, must become profane.

CAMBRIDGE COLOURS.

FROM the subjoined announcement there appears to be a good time coming for our Cambridge Crews:—

"THE RIVER CAM.—At the Cambridge Improvement Board yesterday it was resolved that immediate steps be taken for diverting the sewage of the town from the river Cam, and that Sir JOSEPH BAZALGETTE be requested to advise the Board as to the best mode of doing so."

The Cam's colour will probably also be the better for purification, so as to be no longer in such flagrant contradiction to the tint wherewith it is associated in boating circles—"light blue."

Jockeys and Judges.

It is announced that Sir HENRY HAWKINS has been elected an honorary member of the Jockey Club, as also was his learned Brother, Sir SAMUEL MARTIN, three years ago. The Jockey Club has done wisely in calling to its counsels two good Judges, in the ordinary sense, as well as the special one in which a man is spoken of as a "good judge" in the horsey world—that is, a good judge of a horse. Unfortunately, as assessors at the Jockey Club's assize-courts, Brothers HAWKINS and MARTIN have no power to commit rogues and swindlers convicted of tricks, whether of ownership or jockeyship.

LAST NEWS FROM BERLIN.—*Freie Presse* put down.

WHAT IT MAY COME TO.

(By Mr. Punch's Prophetic Telegraph.)

ALEXANDRIA, Saturday.



The Minister of Finance (Mr. RIVERS WILSON) opened the proceedings by explaining that the time had arrived for the payment of the Autumn Coupons, secured on the revenue of the Egyptian Railways. He was happy to say that the money in hand was amply sufficient to meet all demands in full.

The Minister of Public Works (France) protested. The Railways belonged to his department, and he would not allow his English colleague to interfere with them. Great Britain was a grasping power. In France the aims of perfidious Albion were thoroughly understood, and appreciated—he would not say, seen through.

The Minister for War (Russia) agreed with his French colleague. The funds of the Egyptian Railway Department could not be better spent than on military preparations of a secret character. At any rate, in this matter his (the Minister for War's) hands had not been tied by the Treaty of Berlin.

Mr. RIVERS WILSON urged that the money belonged to the creditors of the State. It would go to pay the bondholders of England and France. Surely he could rely upon the support of his French colleague?

The Minister of Public Works begged to repeat that in France England had always been known in the best informed political circles as "perfidious Albion." He had nothing more to say.

The Minister of Marine (Italy) said that the money might be far more usefully spent upon the Navy. He had privately informed his Highness the KHEDIVE that, unless an alliance offensive and defensive were immediately concluded between Egypt and Italy, he (the Minister of Marine) should consider it his duty to retire from the Cabinet. The interests of Italy and Egypt were identical on the shores of the Mediterranean.

The Minister of Agriculture (Austria) protested in the warmest manner. His Italian colleague was evidently aiming at Trieste. The Egyptians were not the only semi-independent subjects of the SULTAN in the world. He (the Minister of Agriculture) claimed that the money should be handed over to him to be expended in much-needed improvements in Bosnia and Herzegovina.

The Minister of Public Instruction (Germany) could not consent to this. He demanded that the money should be used in suppressing Socialism everywhere. The Egyptian Finances would never be in a satisfactory condition until the smouldering fires of Social Democracy had been stamped out in every quarter of the universe.

The Minister for War (Russia), speaking also on behalf of his colleagues, the Ministers for Foreign Affairs (Bulgaria) and the Interior (Greece), who had both of them requested him to represent them, again urged that the money should be used for military preparations of a secret character.

Mr. RIVERS WILSON implored his colleagues to consider only the interests of Egypt and the Egyptian bondholders.

The other Ministers, in chorus, explained that they were greatly grieved and surprised at this observation. They added that it must be obvious to everyone that the prosperity of Egypt and the security of the Egyptian Bondholders were the two objects nearest to their hearts.

The KHEDIVE expressed himself thoroughly satisfied with this explanation, and requested the Cabinet to come to some decision. After a pause His Highness was informed that the Cabinet could not comply with his request.

The KHEDIVE then said it was his pleasant duty to dissolve the Meeting. He was more than contented with his present advisers, and begged to offer them his sincerest acknowledgments. He quite agreed with them that there was great difficulty in disposing of the funds paid into the Treasury from the Egyptian Railways in a manner that would not wound international susceptibilities. He thoroughly appreciated those susceptibilities. Under these circumstances he considered it advisable to keep the money in dispute in his own pocket—till his Cabinet could come to an agreement.

The proceedings then terminated.

CANNIBALISM V. VIVISECTION.

THE late Mr. SAMUEL ROGERS, poet and banker, once, called monkeys "our poor relations." Mr. DARWIN, in scientific earnest, has contended for—if not exactly proved—their consanguinity with ourselves. A Bishop, and a Bishop's son, have not only echoed ROGERS, but even endorsed DARWIN. Fact. At an Anti-Vivisection Meeting, held at Southampton the other day, the Bishop of WINCHESTER presided, in the absence of Lord SHAFTESBURY. He said, in holding forth, there were certain parties he would call his friends, and—

"First the brute creatures, many of whom were among the warmest friends of mankind—their dumb, and, as people called them sometimes, their 'poor relations,' although he did not see that, with freedom given them, they were poorer than mankind—indeed they were oftentimes far richer."

Referring to these words, the Rev. Canon WILBERFORCE, in a subsequent speech, observed that:—

"He was not going to enter to-night into the question of whether animals were possessed of immortality—not but it would be a far harder task to disprove than to prove this ('Hear! hear!'), but when they looked at the wonderful development of what he could only call intellect in some of those creatures, and saw in them sometimes what looked marvellously like an exhibition of the Christian virtues, he thought they were justified in calling them, as the Bishop did just now, their relations, and not always their poor relations. ('Hear! hear!')"

A most excellent argument against Vivisection, undoubtedly. But clearly an argument equally good against Butchers. If animals are really and truly our relations, poor or rich, what is killing them but murder, and eating them but cannibalism? The Rev. Canon WILBERFORCE (the son of SAMUEL) should be a Vegetarian, as well as a Teetotaler.

Among the other speakers was Miss CORBE, who read an address, in which, though womanly feeling was of course combined with masculine vigour, the former perhaps a little preponderated. Miss CORBE observed that—

"For her part, though she had no sympathy with sporting, she indignantly repudiated comparing the sportsmen of the field to the sportsmen of the laboratory, and asked did our sportsmen tie down a fox to a table, and slowly dissect its quivering nerves for two hours at a time, as PAUL BERT tormented a dog, or bake rabbits, as CLAUDE BERNARD baked one in his stove."

Certainly the sportsmen of the field are not to be compared with the sportsmen of the laboratory. In the first place, there are no sportsmen of the laboratory, such as Miss CORBE means. Vivisectioners pursue not Sport, but Science. Then the pursuit of Science, even by vivisection, differs materially, both as to end and means, from fox-hunting. Vivisection is practised for the acquisition of medical and surgical knowledge; fox-hunting as a mere amusement. Which would Miss CORBE prefer, if she were forced to choose—to be vivisectioned, and forthwith killed, under chloroform, or to be chivied over the country miles and miles as hard as ever she could go, till she could go no further, and then to be torn alive in pieces by dogs? And all for fun! And that too when a red-herring trailed in and out and round about the requisite distance would serve just the same purpose as that particular poor relation, the fox!

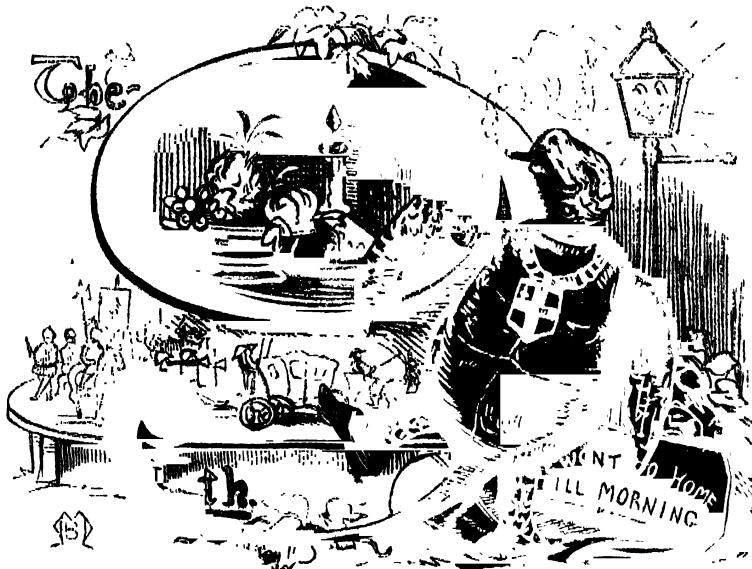
We may expect that the *Hampshire Independent* will shortly announce that the Bishop of WINCHESTER, the Rev. Canon WILBERFORCE, and Miss CORBE have all sworn no longer to devour their relations, the ox, the sheep, and the pig.

LYTTON'S LAST.—How to keep the Frontier out of hot water.—Get rid of all the Khans.

TWO BILLS AND TRUE BILLS.

Peace with Honour v. War with Dishonour.

To W. E. G. and Sir W. H.



REMEMBER, remember,
The Ninth of November,
When to take Civic luck of the pot,
My Lord BRACONSFIELD goes—
Then down on *your* toes
Won't he come—just—and give it you hot!

A REVEREND ROCK OF DEFENCE.

To the Rev. Jabez Whitewash, M.A., Vicar of All Saints and Sinners.

REVEREND SIR,

I AM a thief. There is no doubt about it. I have been examined before the Magistrates, and all the awkward particulars have come out. I have read in the papers that you give testimonials of "high character" to gentlemen in my position. Do please, Sir, give one to me. There is not a redeeming feature in my case. I admit it. But that cannot be helped now, and I hope it won't make any difference to you. Do you know of any other Clergyman who gives testimonials of this kind? Because I think that, if I could only get a few more, I might come off easy at the Assizes on the ground of character. I am told that your last testimonial made a great impression on the Court. Please address, in the first instance, C. BATES, Esq., care of the Governor, York Castle.

N.B.—I need not tell you that I am not a dirty pick-pocket or anything of that kind. I embezzled £10,000.

What the New City Peal Says.

You must pay up your "calls"—
Say the bells of St. Paul's!

Stock rises and falls—
Say the bells of St. Paul's!

City Companies' hauls—
Say the bells of St. Paul's!

Snug prebends and stalls—
Say the bells of St. Paul's!

Blessings on these old walls!
Say the bells of St. Paul's!

THE LAST NEW DEFINITION OF HOME-RULE.—Obstruction.

A MODEL LEADER.

THE country will hear with satisfaction that the Government, after mature consideration of the aspect of affairs in Afghanistan, has decided upon doing something. What that something is precisely, has not yet officially transpired. Whether it is the resolve of the Government to invade Afghanistan at once, or to postpone action against the recalcitrant Ameer *sine die*, we are not yet in a position to say. Earl GAY, in a long and able letter, which we publish elsewhere, leaves little to be said against the first proposal; Sir BARTER FAIR and Sir STEPHEN JAMES, whose communications we also print in another column, leave as little to be said against the second one. There is much to be said on both sides; and we must admit that our correspondents have not spared our space in saying it. The country must read these various communications—if it can spare the time—and decide for itself upon the rival policies.

Lord GAY's arguments would be more conclusive if they did not end with an inconclusive conclusion. On the other hand, Sir STEPHEN JAMES's statement would settle the question completely, did not some question occur as to the completeness of the settlement. There is no doubt that our dealings with the Ameer for some time past have been all wrong, but we do not see what that has to do with it from a practical point of view. The argument from abstract right is only of antiquarian interest. The question is not moral, but military. We have said so before. We may probably have occasion to say so again. The statement is concise and alliterative, if not exactly conclusive or enlightening. The country is in no mood to argue nice points of morality, especially in regard to its dealings with a half-barbarous country. The earthly Providence of a vast Asiatic dependency cannot afford to be more ethically punctilious than other Providences—the Providence usually invoked by armed despotism, for example, or that which is authoritatively asserted to be ever on the side of the biggest battalions. We are of more value than many Afghanistans, and have, consequently, the right to make self-preservation our first—and last—law. Whether it is expedient to exercise that right, is another question; but it is a question for us only. This is a nice mild, musty way of putting it, which must commend itself to the common sense of the country. The country is in no mood for selfish dogmatism or arrogant bluster.

Earl GAY says that a Russian invasion of India is a big Bogey. We need hardly say that we entirely agree with him. It is what we have systematically urged all along. The idea may be dismissed as a wild Chimera. But to the more thoughtful alarmists the banished Bogey and the dismissed Chimera have somehow come back in another

guise—really an unpleasant one. It is just on the cards, they say, that Russia may unwarrantably take upon herself to imitate our own conduct in India by setting up on its own account as the earthly Providence of a vast Asiatic dependency adjoining our own; and that would be awkward. Two earthly Providences in Central Asia might not agree in their dispensations, especially at close quarters. Of course this would take time. Earl GAY says it is often as foolish to look too far forward, as to watch only the things immediately before our eyes. This is quite true. It is equally foolish to look too far backward. If, for example, we were to look over our own leaders for the last twelve months; but no matter. Sufficient for the day are the statesmanship and the journalism thereof. We should entirely agree with our noble correspondent, but for the fact that on many points we entirely differ from him. He overlooks the grievances we have against the Ameer. That the Ameer has also grievances against us is true, indeed, but scarcely to the purpose. Our conduct has been entirely indefensible; but then what we have to defend is not our conduct, but our dominions; and if we cannot conveniently do that without attacking him, so much the worse for him.

We must again insist that it is *not* a moral question. It is a question for Soldiers, if only they would agree upon the answer! But who shall decide when BURNABY, ADYE, and HAVELOCK disagree? Of course, if the Ameer *cannot* hurt us, we need not hurt him. We can in that case afford to be just, magnanimous, or, at worst, indifferent. The difficulty is to find out whether or no he *can* hurt us. The country must make up its mind on that point, which, with the aid of our luminous leaders, it will doubtless have little difficulty in doing. And then we shall agree with the country. We wish the country would make haste about it, for this prolonged uncertainty is trying to trimming journalists. Our eminent correspondents rather add to the difficulty, for they differ diametrically in their views; and to agree with them all round, as we earnestly endeavour to do, though agreeable to the feelings, is distracting to the intellect.

Earl GAY and Lord FLORENCE think we had better stop as we are. The country would be very happy to think that they are right. So should we. Indeed, we *do* think so—almost. A contest could bring us little good, and might bring us much harm. And if this reasoning is sound, then the preparations of the Viceroy for war are a flagrant iniquity. But then we have gone too far to draw back, and *must* do—what we have the pleasure of informing our readers the Government is about to do—Something! The country, however, is in no mood for embarking in a vague and boundless adventure of annexation. To-morrow we shall doubtless have more correspondence from eminent hands to deal with, and then—we shall see.

PIG-STICKERS, BEWARE!



Oh, a capital sport is Pig-sticking, no doubt,
 If your seat is assured and your muscles are stout;
 With a tough-shafted spear, keen of point, and held
 straight,
 And the pluck for a charge *plus* the nerve for a wait,
 You may find in the Boar the best sport of the jungle:
 But still 'tis a sport where to falter or huncle
 Is like to prove fatal. "Pig-stickers, beware!"—
 A discouraging notice to post in his lair!
 When the jungle is beaten, the boar-spear in hand,
 And the hog, bristles up and, tusks bared, makes his
 stand,

To slip in one's seat, give a dubious glance
 (Like a carver unskilled) at the point of one's lance,
 Is not Pig-sticking form by a very long shot.
 Forewarned is forearmed; but blow cold and blow hot
 Is a game that will bring one to grief in the chase,
 And if in the jungle the Sportaman should trace
 Bigger tracks than the Boar's, hesitation may prove
 From circumspect caution the farthest remove.
 If the sport you misdoubt, if the game you can't face,
 The best thing, of course, is to give up the chase.
 But if you mean business, its risks you must dare,
 Nor be funk'd by the notice, "Pig-stickers, beware!"



A FELLOW-FEELING.

Old Lady (to young Curate who has obtained preferment, and is about to leave). "WE'RE MAIN SORRY TO LOSE YOU, SIR. YOU'VE BEEN VERY GOOD TO US OLD PEOPLE. YOU MIGHT 'A' BEEN A OLD WOMAN YOURSELF, SIR!"

ECHOES OF THE BACKSTAIRS.

(From Our Man at the Key-hole.)

HERE is a capital anecdote about the VICEROY which has a special value at the present moment. As BEACONSFIELD was having his hair arranged one day last week, and was chatting, as is his wont, familiarly with his dresser, on the growing complication in Asia, the possibility of seizing Afghanistan by a *coup de main* at the *Khyber* came in its turn on to the field of discussion. "Then you think, my Lord," said the *perruquier*, taking his cue from the tone of the preceding conversation, "that the VICEROY is up to a trick or two with the cards?"

"Yes," was the prompt reply, "but he can't manage 'the Pass.'"

I think this is quite one of the best things BEACONSFIELD ever said.

It seems that when HAWES was trying the tone of the new *carillon* at St. Paul's the other day, the Canons, nervous lest he should crack or chip any of the bells, came up in a body into the belfry to see what he was at. They found him, as might have been expected, laying about him freely with a powerful sledge-hammer and taking notes. Seeing that their presence in no way disturbed him, LIDDON, who is never at a loss on an occasion of the kind, stepped forward in his bluff genial way, and said, "Well, Mr. HAWES, if you were to strike us like that, I fancy we should sing out in a different fashion!"

"I'll be bound you would," retorted HAWES, quickly, making the tower reel again, as, with a thundering blow, he extracted a diminished fifth from the Major Tenor; "but Canons are generally made up of gun metal; and the sooner you all go off the better!"

There was a short, awkward pause, till the shaft slowly went home. In a few minutes the Canons withdrew, and HAWES completed his work for his interesting letter to the *Times*.

A SEASONABLE FRENCH EXERCISE.

(Set by Our Own Ollendorffian Professor—for November.)

I HAVE the nice Cold and you have the Pockethandkerchief.—I have the wet Feet and you have the thick Boots.—I have the wet Feet and the thick Boots.—You have the Neighbour's Umbrella (or the Umbrella of the Neighbour).—I have the new Hat and the old Shoes.—Do you wish to take a Cab?—I wish to take several.—I have time, but no mind (*pas envie*) to walk in the Rain.—He has a mind to take the Umbrella which you have, that which your Son has, and that which my Neighbour's Mother (or the Mother of my Neighbour) has.—He has the dirty Boots on my Carpet.—I have the bad Cold, the Rheumatism, the Lumbago, while the Peasant has neither this, nor that, nor the other.—Are you going to the Theatre to-night?—No; I intend (*compter*) to put my Feet in hot Water, to fallow my Nose, and to take some Gruel, while my Wife and my Neighbour's Wife will go to the Theatre (*spectacle*).—The pretty Women are at the Theatre, but I am at Home.—I have the red Nose.—The Washerwoman has not sent home my Linen (*linge*).—I have no Pockethandkerchiefs.—I have a cold Fit.—Since you are happy, why do you complain?—The Stocks have fallen (*Le Change a baisse*), therefore I complain.—I am sitting in a Draught.—My Wife's Mother holds her Tongue because she has a Cold.—I am not at home to anybody.—I have gone to Bed, but the Organ is playing opposite my Window.—Last Night I ate the thick Soup, the stale Fish, the underdone Joint, the bad Potatoes, the hard Cauliflower, the preserved jam Tart and Cream, the new Filberts, the roasted Chestnuts, the old Walnuts, and drank the cheap Sherry, the strong Stout, the sweet Champagne, and the bad Port.—To-day I have the bad Head-ache, the Rheumatism, the Gout, and the Doctor.

A Ritualistic Confession.

THE other morning, as I glanced
Adown the daily sheet,
I saw that Priests of views advanced
Were holding a Retreat.

Strange words are these, and yet one sees
Fit reason to endorse 'em—
Vestigia, if these held away,
Would *cuncta* be *retrosum*.

I heard a good thing of SALISBURY's about the "Decoration" score. It appears that when BESSEMER went down to the Foreign Office on the subject, words, as usual, ran high, and things seemed likely to come to an unpleasant pitch, when the great Inventor abruptly remarked, "Well, *orders* are not unassociated with SALISBURY, though the order of the day seems to be not 'Salisbury Coloured,' but 'Salisbury plain.'"

"Yes," replied the facile Foreign Secretary, nothing taken aback by the involved ingenuity of the satire, "and, talking of *Salisbury plain*, the spire is not 'decorated.'"

When this was translated to MACMAHON, he laughed heartily.

Sir GEORGE BOWYER, who is too keen a humorist to let the music question pass without turning it to account, observed the other day to ARTHUR SULLIVAN, "What! a hundred thousand a year for singing! Why, they'll teach the children next with *five-pound notes*!"

LESLIE, in repeating this, added: "Mark my words. If that gets to the PREMIER's ears, Sir GEORGE will have his Committee."

A Chinese Tribute.

"A telegram from Hong Kong states that Mr. POPE HENNESSY, the Governor of the Colony, has received from Mr. BRILLION, a Director of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank, the sum of £1000 for the erection of a statue to the Earl of BEACONSFIELD at Hong Kong."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

THEY gave me a Garter in June,
And now they declare they were wrong;
But though Britain alter her tune,
There is justice at least in Hong Kong.

With worship I still must be fed,
Though Imperial policy fail;
I have had it for years from Pig-head,
I will turn for it now to Pig-tail.

ALL IN A CARTE.

SCENE—The Waiting Room of a Publishing Photographer's. Popular Celebrities discovered in readiness for their sittings. Enter Mrs. PEACOCK, who is received by Polite Employé at the door.



Mrs. Peacock. My Man has, I believe, the larger part of my wardrobe in boxes in the hall.

Polite Employé. A thousand thanks, Madam! Mr. KAMMERER will have the honour to attend upon you immediately.

Aristocratic Bride (in white satin and orange blossoms). I trust that Mr. KAMMERER will see me as soon as possible. I have been waiting here for some time.

Polite Employé. Certainly, my Lady, certainly. But you see there will be a greater demand for Mrs. PEACOCK's carte than for yours for the moment. Mr. KAMMERER thinks it better to keep your Ladyship's picture back until after your Ladyship's marriage. It will be published simultaneously with the account of your Ladyship's nuptials and wedding presents in the morning papers.

Aristocratic Bride (with an unpleasant look at Mrs. PEACOCK). I can't help feeling that Mr. KAMMERER is neglecting me for others.

Polite Employé. On the contrary, my Lady, Mr. KAMMERER is most anxious to take a really popular portrait of your Ladyship. He has ordered a special back-ground, representing the Castle in which your Ladyship purposes spending your honeymoon.

Mrs. Peacock (with a scornful glance at Aristocratic Bride). I must have a castle in the back-ground, too. If Mr. KAMMERER does not provide one, I shall go off at once to Messrs. STRUTT AND STARELIGH. They have been boring me for weeks to give them a sitting.

Polite Employé. Certainly, Madam. You shall have any back-ground you please; although Mr. KAMMERER thought that perhaps the sea-shore would be appropriate to one of your cartes—with, perhaps, a bathing-machine in the middle distance.

Clerical Dignitary. I hope that Mr. KAMMERER will not keep me waiting much longer. I have a Missionary Meeting to attend, and—

Polite Employé. Certainly, my Lord. I think you wish to be taken in your vestments. (Clerical Dignitary looks displeased.) I beg pardon. I was mixing up your Lordship with the Ritualists. I should have said lawn-sleeves.

Miss Sallie Plantagenet, née Sarah Snooks (entering briskly). Now, then, young man, look sharp! I have got a rehearsal on at the Revelry Theatre at eleven, and I shall only just have fifteen minutes to slip on my togs, give the guv'nor a sitting, pop into my brougham, and get to the stage-door in time to save a fine.

Aristocratic Bride. } Surely, Mr. KAMMERER will not
Mrs. Peacock. } presume to give this young per-
Clerical Dignitary. } son a sitting before any of us!

Miss Sallie Plantagenet. Come, I say, who are you calling "a young person"? As young as you please—but person, indeed! I am sure my cartes sell just as well as Mrs. PEACOCK's, or any of the swell beauty-women; and as to the Bishop's, why he's just nowhere. But there, don't let's quarrel. I daresay this young man will settle it for us somehow. Won't you, my dear?

Polite Employé. Certainly, Madam, I hope your Ladyship will excuse the delay. (To Mrs. PEACOCK and Aristocratic Bride.) Oh, pray don't think of going, Ladies. Mr. KAMMERER will be so

distressed, and the Public will be so disappointed. Oh, do think of Mr. KAMMERER and the Public!

Miss Sallie Plantagenet (good-naturedly). Don't get the poor young man into trouble. I say—what rot our nagging like this, when we shall all be next-door neighbours in the shop windows for the next two years! (To Aristocratic Bride.) Look here, you are toggled already, and she (pointing to Mrs. PEACOCK) is readier than me, as I have to make up my face and get into my never-mention-ems, so you two shall be taken first; and, by the time you are done, the Reverend gent and me will be in our war-paint. There, that's real jam! Don't you see—while KAMMERER is knocking off your two be-oo-tiful nobb, the Bishop can be putting on his lawn sleeves, and I can be getting into my tights.

(Scene closes in upon the arrangement.)

LOVE IN THE MIST.

A Romantic Rêverie. By MISS LACKADAY.

"Such stuff as dreams are made of."

III.

HE always was angry when other men were kind to me. Now that I am older, and see things more clearly, I think he must have been jealous; but it did not occur to me then that he could have a fault.

I wish I could put him clearly before the reader; but to be clear is always my difficulty. . . . There was nothing salient about him—no trick, no mannerisms—no fault, as I thought then, unless this were a fault in itself. I sometimes wondered whether it was so. It was certainly that that made it so difficult for me to distinguish him from the other. And the other was so vivid. He had all sorts of ways about him that compelled you to recognise his presence—He would stumble over the coal-scuttle as he came into the room, and make us all start up to welcome him—Then he was irritable—and when he was contradicted, he used to flap his coat-tails—or sometimes he would suddenly untie his neck-tie, and then MYRTLE would go up to him in her gentle, cat-like manner, and tie it again, and that always seemed to soothe him somehow. Then there was his bicycle.—Altogether, he was a man you could not mistake.—It was a magnetism. But the other—my man I mean—I think I must call him A., for I have forgotten his real name, and people tell me that my style gets confused when I call them both "the other." A. had no tricks, and no faults. If he had not always worn brown velvet, I should not have known him from the butler. What a mysterious thing identity is! We all say, "I am I." But is that all?—Am not I you also? Are not you me? Does not a common emotion make us one? Surely it must have been something of this kind that SHAKESPEARE was thinking of, when he said, "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." I used to talk of this to A. sometimes, but never could get him to understand me. There was some dear kind sort of stupidity about him that was a barrier to full sympathy.—I think that was what I loved him for.—I have always felt that there is a pathos in the stupidity of kind-hearted men—something that softens us towards them, and makes us feel about them as we do about big dogs and cart-horses, and all the rough, uncouth creatures that fetch and carry for us in this weary, toiling world.

Poor stupid A.! You need not have been so jealous. In my heart I always loved you better than clever B. But B. had a way of coming on his bicycle that I could not resist; and besides there was a likeness between you. It was not in figure, for he was tall (you never were); and I don't think it was in features. But there was a look about you both—an intensity, a hidden flash, a word, a way! How shall I describe it? How make people know the fascination those two men had for me, and the impossibility it was to me to tell one from the other, till they were both gone, and I was left alone to think it over, and over, and over. . . . Sometimes, as I think of it, I seem to be a child in a fairy story, that has gone out alone, and got lost.—A crowd hustles and jostles,—rough voices swear, big feet trample, the little one begins to cry. A kind hand stretches out, and it feels saved.—But its eyes are full of tears; and before it can wipe them away, the hand is gone, and another is in its place.—It cannot see this one more than the other. What does that matter? Both are kind hands.—It loves both.—Either will take it home. . . . Only with me both hands went at once, and I had to come home alone.

IV.

AN, that dreary coming home! I remember the chilliness in the air when I opened my window before breakfast.—It was like the first autumn frost, and yet it was June as usual and the roses were in their glory. We had sat up late the night before—quarrelling and forgiving, and quarrelling again. He said I was false—that I had talked to B. from the window—that I had broken

MYRTLE'S heart. He called B. a blackguard. It was at that that I flared up. I could not stand hearing B. abused—dear B., who was so clever, and whom we were always so glad to see when he came on his bicycle.—I took his part fiercely, and A. only grew angrier.—But I did not mind.—I was young enough to enjoy a scene.—I think I must have said some things that went home, for A. gave up answering at last, and when he went out of the room he did not say "good night." Poor fellow, I am afraid I wounded him—but he should not have abused B. to me when he knew I was fond of him. . . . I never understood what was the beginning of it all. As to my talking to B. from the window, I did not hesitate to deny that altogether. I had promised my queen to tell no one, and it was a duty to keep my promise. Besides, I knew that she had kept hers to me.—I would not have broken our covenant for the world.—I think if I had, those beautiful eyes would have haunted me for ever. The crime and the mystery would have poisoned my dreams.

We all cried at breakfast.—The children asked for A., and cried when I said he would not come.—I felt hysterical. I was impatient for the carriage to come, and take me away. A little three-cornered note tumbled out of the toast-rack. The butler handed it to me with one of his kind looks—that made me cry outright. I crumpled up the note in my hand, and ran out of the room. I lost it somehow, and have never known what was in it. Perhaps if I had, my life might have been different!—On such slight chances do our destinies hang! A few scratches on a scrap of paper, and two hearts are made happy—or miserable. A post fails, and Heaven is missed. We tremble to think of it.

MYRTLE met me in the doorway.—She was in great disorder. Her eyes had large red rims round them; her hands were clasped over her head; she looked splendid, and asked me to forgive her. I kissed her, and sobbed "Yes." Thinking over it afterwards, I wondered what I was to forgive her for.—It seemed to me that I had only to thank her.—However, it does not matter.—It is always sweet to forgive and forget. . . .

The house at home seemed more bustling than ever.—The children had all outgrown their clothes.—There were more of them than usual. I asked R. to keep them out of my way.—I could not bear their presence.—I was always thinking of A., and wondering what had become of B.—This state of things lasted a whole day.—I think I should have died if it had gone on longer. But a change came, and we were all glad of it. The WATSONS asked us to work for a Fancy Fair. We set to work busily. R. was a genius with her fingers—it was a happiness to watch her. She knew how to make something out of everything—out of nothing! The tiniest scraps were of use to her—the most hopeless rubbish grew hopeful in her hands. I used to bring her all the odds and ends I could find—old lucifer-matches, broken bottles, corks, cigar-ends, and dead leaves from the garden. She transmuted them all—infusing into each something of her own bright being. . . .

It was while we were busy in this way that I had a second note from A. Poor fellow, it was a very tender little note, just like himself. He said he was afraid he had been hasty, and had not given me time to explain. Would I write to him? or might he come and see me? He called me his "dearest," and signed himself my "devoted and penitent A." I cried as I read the note, and felt that I loved him better than ever. I meant to answer by the first post; but somehow I grew absorbed in watching R. at her work. She was making a cockchafer out of a champagne-cork—it was so soothing to see her dainty fingers twisting the wires into antennae, and poking holes for the eyes. In watching her, I forgot everything—suddenly the clock struck six. It was too late to write that day. I thought of *Cinderella*, and how her clock struck. . . . I meant to write next day—but again I was busy, and again I let the post go, without a word for A. Then the whole thing went out of my head—I was getting so happy over the bazaar, that I could think of nothing else till it was finished.—Then I remembered again, and looked for the note, but it was gone.—Unfortunately, I could not recall his address, and so I have never been able to write.—Poor A.! That is how the Prince vanished out of my Fairy tale, and I had to come home alone.

The children are tired of waiting for their tea.—I rouse myself from my dreams.—They crowd round my chair—they have broken all the willow-pattern plates, and eaten the butter from the muffins—they tell me so laughing, and I laugh with them. The Landlady comes in with dusters.—It is bed-time.—The children are asleep already.—I shall be soon.—Good night, my friends!

SHORT NOT SWEET.

PUT into two words the Bulgarian Question, the Asia-Minor Question, the Greek Question, the Afghan Question, and all the other "Imperial" Questions in *pelleo*—BENJAMIN'S Mess.

SOCIAL SCIENCE AND SUNDAY.



QUERRY—By what means can good examples of Art be brought within the reach of the population of small towns and villages? **Answer**—In a measure, by providing Sunday and other parish schools, and Workmen's Clubs, with models, fittings, furniture, and pottery, of good shapes. Respondent, Mr. T. C. HORSFALL, of Manchester, in a paper read in the Art Section of the Social Science Congress at Cheltenham, thus ending:—

"But, above all, if English people are to live with pictures, and learn to think of pictures, they must be enabled to give part of Sunday to the study of pictures and the lessons taught by them. ('Hear, hear!') Picture Galleries and Museums should be opened on Sunday, and, to make them more attractive, music should be introduced."

Mr. HAYWOOD, also of Manchester, recommended the Art Gallery of Birmingham, open on Sundays, as an example to other towns, especially because such institutions were "counteracting influences to the attraction of the dram-shop." And—

"The Rev. Mr. ROBERTS thought the English observance of the Sabbath was rather Jewish than Christian. The spirit and example of our Saviour himself was of a more cheerful character. ('Hear, hear!') He himself walked in the fields on the Sabbath, and taught his disciples that the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath. ('Hear, hear!') If the exhibition of Art of a refining and elevating kind would keep people from the public-houses, they ought not to frown upon or discourage such exhibitions. ('Hear, hear!')"

Hear an onlightened divine. Only take his divinity with just half a grain of salt. English Sabbatarian observance of Sunday is, in fact, neither altogether Christian nor exactly Jewish. Our Sabbatarian brethren observe the first instead of the seventh day of the week; and that with breaches for which, had they so broken the Jewish Sabbath, the Jews of old would have stoned them. Nevertheless their manner of observing their Sabbath so-called is so nearly Judaic as quite to justify the statement that it is rather Jewish than Christian. If this were all, it would be of no consequence to anybody but themselves; but they are not content, for their own part, with regarding Sunday as the Sabbath, and considering man made for the Sabbath, and not the Sabbath for man. They endeavour with all their ability to enforce such an observance of what they call their Sabbath, that in all of our towns with but few exceptions—amongst which honour to Birmingham—there exist on that holiday no counteracting influences whatever to the attractions of the dram-shop. "Bravo, Bigotry!" cries Mr. BUNA. "Gin and true Religion; Sabbatarianism and Swizzle for ever!"

Hope for the New Egyptian Loan.

"Among the documents upon which the loan has been negotiated, we believe, is a letter from Mr. MONEY, C.B., the English Controller of the Daira Estates, who was requested to make a special examination of the property given up by the KHEDIVÉ and his family. His account is that in the last two years the net revenue has exceeded £700,000 per annum. That though the past administration of the estates has been wasteful and extravagant to the last degree, with proper management they will yield even more than the actual revenue for the last two years."

THEN there is "Money" in it.

A HINT TO THE DETECTIVES.

WE observed the following in LLOYD'S List of Thursday:—

"Jas. Nicol Fleming (of Glasgow) steering W., Oct. 14, in lat. 41 N. long. 14 W."

A PROPOS OF ST. PAUL'S PEAL.

Busy City Man (who doesn't like the disturbance). Bless the Bells! Confound them!



WHAT WE MAY COME TO IN TIME.

Mrs. Brabazon Vavazon (reading extract from *Journal of Anthropological Institute*, May, 1878, pp. 480-1). "THE BODIES OF THE MOTU GIRLS IN NEW GUINEA ARE COVERED WITH TATTOO MARKS RESEMBLING FINE LACE GARMENTS. . . IT HAS THE APPEARANCE OF A TIGHT-FITTING SUIT OF CLOTHES."

Ethel and Clara. "HOW QUITE TOO LOVELY!"

Sir George and the Colonel. "AW—YES! AWF'LLY JOLLY!"

A "PAS DE TROIS!"

"At present, however, France gets on well with the Republic, and discerns no change to her advantage. One Prince alone enjoys a sufficient popularity among all parties to form one of those attractive personages from whom a Republic might apprehend competition for popular favour. He is young, and has a look of vigour, is muscular, has ready wit, is able to listen seriously and reply affably, on the sea like a sailor, and in the forest like an Arkansas hunter, pursuing with equal ardour work and pleasure, and surpassing in both those who follow him. The Prince to whom I refer is at the present moment one of the most popular figures in this country. He is affable with his equals and smiling with those below him; he is peremptory in his orders after having been docile as regards the advice he asked. He expresses himself with equal ease in the languages of most who come in contact with him; he loves the arts, hunting, arms, beauty under all its forms; he is neither unbending nor compliant; he will endure no stain in those who surround him, nor does he enforce any hypocrisy on those who serve him. He has a communicative gaiety, a vigour enhanced by elegance; he is natural in his princely bearing; he amuses himself when he wishes to do so; he can be sumptuous without being prodigal; he remembers men and thinks; he is firm and liberal; he detests all that is exclusive, likes a straightforward policy, is a staunch friend and frank adversary. He is cast, in short, in the mould whence great popular figures in France have issued—the Henry the Fourths, the Francis the Firsts—a seductive mixture of excellences and foibles, against whose candidatures Republicans and Royalists collapse, and who are borne on the wave of popular movements. Happily for the Republic, and also I hope for England, this Prince is not a Frenchman, and is not a candidate."—*Times Paris Correspondent*.

La République loquitur.

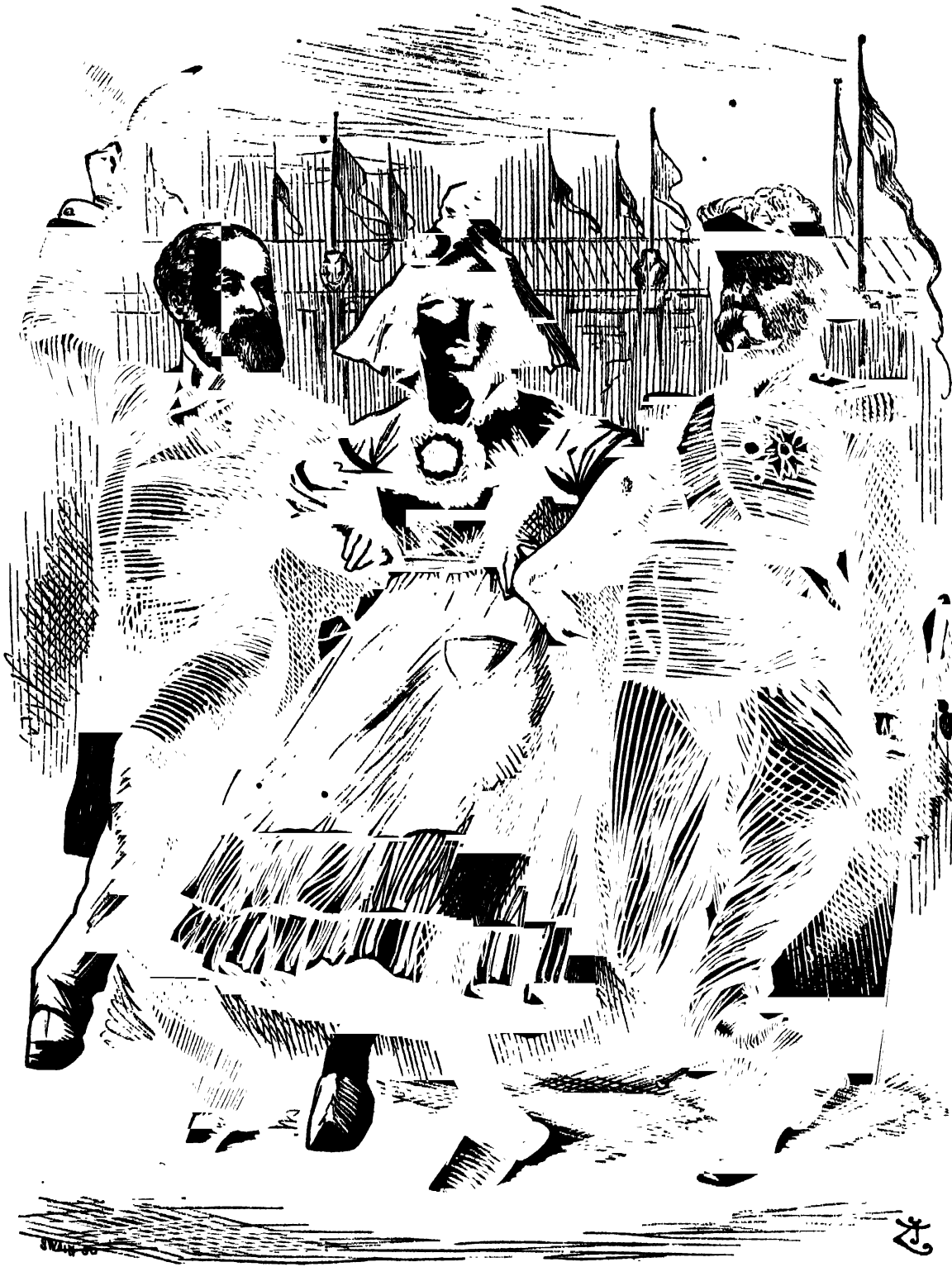
AN yes, this is better. *Quelle journée! Ma foi!*
Such partners are pleasant; my step they have caught.
This is really a very superb *pas de trois*,
And should furnish my enemies matter for thought.
They think—*quelle idée!*—that the fierce *Carmagnole*
Or low *can-can* are all I am fitted to dance.
But a Prince and a Marshal for partners! *Quel rôle!*
They'll allow that this figure is worthy of France.

Houp, Maréchal! Bravo! A little bit stiff—
Ménuel de la cour might be more in his line.
But he goes, and, considering our late little tiff,
Has fairly adjusted his footing to mine.
He cries "*Tout va bien!*" and steps briskly—though this
Is not quite the *pas* he expected, perchance.
Mon vieux! you've behaved, I'll admit, not amiss,
And fall in, *faute de mieux*, with the fashion of France.

Mon Prince! No, not mine, though I almost could say—
Halte-là! *La République* must not take that tone,
But a partner more pleasant, more active, and gay
No Lady could wish. His step's light as my own,
At not even *pas-ricqué* nor *can-can* he'll wince,
Chassez, croisez,—how gaily he follows the dance!
Ma foi! if one could be *épris* of a Prince,
This brave *Prince de Galles* were the fancy of France.

Our Own Correspondent! Could flunkeyish soul
Up-pile panegyric in style more profuse?
To such sugar as *that*, I should think, on the whole,
The frank Prince would prefer the most acid abuse.
HENRI QUATRE! *Le vert galant!* Faith—he had need,
With *ces dames* pulling caps for his hand in the dance;
Brisk in work as in play. He's the man to succeed
In winning, though Prince, the affection of France.

May this gay *pas de trois* prove an augury fair
Of union at home, as of peace with his land,
Who, Prince though he be, with such grace *débonair*
So frankly could give the Republic his hand.
And, Marshal, my dear, you may cast aside fear,
Now Royalty shares the Republican dance,
We may foot it together for many a year,
If you'll just leave the choice of the figure to France.



A "PAS DE TROIS!"

AMAZING!



"AGAINST folly," SCHILLER says, "the gods themselves fight in vain!" Why, then, should *Punch* hope to contend successfully with this irresistible adversary? At what desperate odds he dares the contest will be apparent, he hopes, to some, at least, of his readers, when he tells them that his last week's Cartoon, branding the villany of the Directors of the City of Glasgow Bank, has been con-

strued by an indignant correspondent—a Scotchman, he is sorry to say—into an outrageous and unfeeling attack on the unhappy sufferers by that gigantic swindle—the very objects, *Punch* need scarcely point out, of his deepest sympathy as helpless and innocent victims of these thieves on a colossal scale, whom his Cartoon presents in their true character as heads of the plundering profession.

FRIENDS AT A DISTANCE.

Being the brief record of a few Winter-seasonable Visits to certain Country Houses.

CHAPTER I.

The accidental meeting—Spontaneous invitation—Hesitation—Decision—Explanation—Instruction—Suggestions—Insulting a tried companion—The bag—The address—More next time.

ABOUT this time I manage to give a few friends the benefit of my presence. I did it last year. I have begun again.

My friend, JOSSLYN DYKE, is jealous of my other old friend, BOODELS of Boodels. JOSSLYN DYKE complains that, whenever I do go anywhere, I always visit BOODELS of Boodels at Boodels. The repartee is evident, "Then ask me, my dear JOSSLYN. Whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,"—which last quotation, by the way, is inscribed on a Cab-cull presented to me on my birthday. The instrument in question is pretty on a watch-chain, and amusing as a puzzle, but its practical working is a failure. It is, "Blow your whistle! I won't come to you, my lad!" This is merely *avis aux siffleurs*.

JOSSLYN DYKE replies, warmly, "Come the day after to-morrow." This is sudden: but it is "now or never" with JOSSLYN. I am all for "now," and I accept.

"Capital!" says JOSSLYN, as heartily as before; "that's first rate."

Then he pauses, and puts his head on one side, as if considering a difficulty. I make a pretence of being uninterested, but I own to a misgiving about his invitation. It was given readily, it was as readily accepted. It was offered carelessly; it was received with caution.

"Hum!" he says, dubiously, as if turning it over in his mind, "let me see—I'm going to the THOMPSON BONHAMS on—ah—"

This sounds as though he were going to the THOMPSON BONHAMS on the very day of my arrival. But I've accepted. Ergo: Put off the THOMPSON BONHAMS. I make no observation, thinking it better for him to arrange his own affairs with himself, and leave mine to myself. My affair is that I am going down to stay with him, and, however he may treat the THOMPSON BONHAMS, I am not going to be put off.

He goes on soliloquising—"Yes, let me see—if I don't go to them then—I can write and say that—yes—if you come down on Monday, —I brighten up at this—I foresee a pleasant week—"Yes, if you come down on Monday—then I can go to the THOMPSON BONHAMS on Thursday—that will suit you, eh?"

"Oh, yes," I reply, considerably damped by the sudden curtailment of my projected visit.

It seems as though he were calculating my cost per diem, or that

it had suddenly occurred to him how tired he might possibly become of me in two days' time, and what a loophole was at once offered him by the THOMPSON BONHAMS' engagement.

JOSSLYN DYKE, having concluded his soliloquy, and very nearly made his fixtures for the next few days, continues, as we walk along: "The fact is," he says, confidentially, "the country's charming, delightful in the summer," he emphasises "summer" strongly, when my house is full—lots of pretty people and pretty dresses, you know—and the birds are singing, and all the flowers are at their brightest and sweetest"—(quite a poet is JOSSLYN! only I cannot avoid the thought that flashes across me, "If it were such a Paradise in summer, why the deuce didn't he ask me there when there were; as he says, lots of pretty people and pretty dresses?" However, I'll keep this—I'll brood over it—till we have a cosy *tête-à-tête* in his snugnest of snug smoking-rooms), "but now," he goes on, "when all the leaves are falling, when the fogs rise and steal up the garden-walks like chilled ghosts of the past—"

"My dear fellow!" I remonstrate, "you're romancing. It can't be so bad as that." How about my bargain, and my pleasant time at his country house, if he's going to have foggy ghosts stealing up the garden walks?

"O yes, it is," he insists. "You see, at four o'clock, one is only too glad to close the shutters, draw the curtains, put on the logs, light gas and candles everywhere we can, and keep out the shadows of the night and the sort of churchyard damp that will stream in through the cracks and crannies of the old house in spite of every-thing."

"Ah!" I say, endeavouring to divert him from his present gloomy line of thought. What's the matter with him? He is tall, rather a chubby-faced, or cherub-faced, man, guiltless of moustache and whisker except for a little bit that seems to have slipped down from under his hair on each side, and been fastened on flat with gum, and broad shoulders with just the slightest stoop. I have always heard of him as being, or as having been (and quite recently, too), dauntless as a lion in the cricket-field (a lion in the cricket-field would be the only dauntless one there, if the other dauntless ones had any sense—so it is a good simile after all), and a hero at lawn-tennis.

"Ah!" I explain, cheerily. "Yes, yours is an old house, a very old house, isn't it?"

"Yes," he begins. But I am afraid of his harking back to his former theme, and I cut him short with—

"I love an old house, whether in England or abroad!" I've not seen very many anywhere, except when in process of demolition for 'Metropolitan Improvements;' but inference, and not accuracy, is the point when conversation has to be made. In fact, an originator of conversation should drop vague hints, calculating on the probable inferences to be drawn from them by his auditors, who will then keep up the interest for themselves. This process might be called the Inferential Calculus. This is a note by the way.

"I love old houses!" I go on enthusiastically. I feel I must be enthusiastically joyous with a man so depressed as JOSSLYN. Odd that he should be taken like this immediately after giving me my invitation. Is it repentance? Regret?

"An old house is so cheerful in winter," I say; and here it occurs to me that I will give him a hint, and oppose ghosts with real flesh and blood—"I mean it is so lively, when there are about half-a-dozen pleasant people"—is half-a-dozen enough? I ought to have asked more, and then he would have come down to that—I retrace my steps carefully—"half-a-dozen, or a dozen; according, of course," I am careful to add, "to the size of the house. A few ladies to brighten up the scene. Then the chat round the fire"—somehow I can't get away from the fire. Whenever I begin with my ideal of the cheeriness of a country house in winter, the fire is the centre, as it were, of my system, and I invariably picture everybody sitting round it all day long, as though really afraid for their very lives to move away, lest they should be frozen to death, I leave this inference, however, for him; only, as far as I've gone, my sketch does not present that idea of hearty joviality with which it had been my object to impress him. Sitting round a fire the whole day is more suggestive of a purring, sleepy, stupid state, than of rollicking country-house amusement. I determine to throw more spirit into my description, just to encourage him to ask some pleasant people; for if he doesn't, and if he is going to be as gloomy as he is just now, I shall begin to regret I accepted JOSSLYN's invitation.

"Yes," I continue, "some lively people, all bright and cheery round the breakfast-table in the morning—the freshest, merriest meal of the day!"

"Ah!" he interrupts, "I hate breakfast in the morning!"

When would he have it then? In the evening?

No; he meant it seriously. He wouldn't, he says, have it at all. Personally, he doesn't have it for himself, only for his guests.

I am compelled, out of deference to my future host, to tone down this brilliant colouring at the commencement of the day, and go on to the next step.

"Well," I admit, as if convinced by his manner, more than his



BURNING QUESTIONS.

Mistress. "ANYTHING THE MATTER, COOK?"

Cook (*hysterically*). "I'VE BEEN UPSET, MUM! THAT BILL"—(*the Gardener*)—"HAS BEEN A-GOIN' ON ABOUT THE HEASTERN CRISIS, MUM, THAT I DON'T HARDLY FEEL AS I CAN RETAIN MY SITIATION! HE'S THAT VIOLENT 'JINGO,' MUM, AND WE WAS ALWAYS HULTRA-LIBERAL IN MY FAM'LY!"

arguments, and in a general way deferring to his better sense and greater experience (always in view of him as my future host), "Well, there is something in what you say. A row and a noise in the morning is not good; it's exhausting. But then afterwards—the first pipe, for example, after breakfast—ah—ah!" and I try to represent, in action, what rapture is mine when smoking my first pipe in the morning.

"Ah!" says JOSSLYN, most seriously, "I detest smoking early in the morning; I only smoke at night: last thing."

"Indeed!" I exclaim; and for a few seconds I haven't anything further to say. I am a trifle shaken in my notions of the jollity of JOSSLYN as a companion; but I think it best to "go with him," so to speak, as far as I can, and (still in view of being my future host) by an effort I recover this blow—for it is a blow, when a man who is to be your host and companion, differs from you on such an essential point as the first pipe in the morning—and say—

"Well, possibly you're right—it suits *me*—but one can't legislate for others"—(I wish I could)—"but then that's not the only pleasure"—(and I quite pick up again as I begin to picture to myself a brilliant society at JOSSLYN's house)—"there are the Ladies!"

"Never look well in winter," he says, shaking his head, then adds—"and so difficult to get the right ones. Hate girls."

What age is JOSSLYN? I'll go and talk him over with a friend. At present my object is to show I'm the "Cornerless Man," who will fit in everywhere and anywhere.

[*Happy Thought*.—Capital name for a story, *The Cornerless Man*. Also, good idea for an Advertisement:—

WANTED, by a CORNERLESS MAN, several pleasant COUNTRY-HOUSES to stop at during the Winter Months. Hunting and Shooting quarters not so much an object as agreeable Society, and all found. No objection to travel in perfectly fine weather, and the sea like a lake.—Address C. M., Somebody Else's Chambers, No. 1 (which number he is at present engaged in taking care of.)

"Yes," I own to JOSSLYN, "you are right. It is difficult to select exactly the people. But you have always plenty ready and willing

to come down to *you*. Then"—(I go on with my ideal country-house and its joys)—"there's riding, or perhaps hunting, or a walk out and a drive back!"

"And *walk back*," he corrects me quickly, so that there should be no misunderstanding, no accepting on false expectations. "I don't keep any horses or carriages."

"No—but"—(I suggest, as possible)—"a pony-trap!"

"No trap at all," says JOSSLYN, decisively.

I am about to recover myself with greater difficulty this time, as I foresee *not* being met at the Station, which is an omission I detest, and am trying to pump up some fatuous remark about walking being better for the health, and so forth, when he takes up the conversation, and says—

"No; out of the summer, it's a very dull place, and I'm only too glad of anyone coming down to talk to me."

The deuce!

"But I shan't have any one else there, because if two fellows come, they talk to one another, and not to *me*; and they go out together, and leave me at home, because I don't walk much now. No;" he goes on becoming more contented with the prospects of my being down there alone, and, so to speak, in his power; "we will have the place to ourselves. It's an enormous old house. I shut up most of the rooms when there's nobody there, and occupy one; that'll be quite enough for us." "Oh, quite!" I say; but my heart fails me, and my mind misgives.

"You'll see what a strange, queer old ghostly place it is: some terrible legend to every room in the house. That's what's you'll enjoy."

He is now quite lively again, as he bids me good-bye, and tells me he shall certainly expect me the day after to-morrow. In answer to my question about the line and station, he informs me that I start from Fenchurch Street Station. Fenchurch Street! Oh! I almost exclaim. Couldn't he make it anywhere else? If there is a station I detest—but, no matter, it is too late now—I have accepted—and it mayn't be so far, after all,—only to begin with Fenchurch Street Station on a foggy, mizzly, dull, damp November afternoon—



A PUBLIC NUISANCE.

FANCY PORTRAIT OF THE PARTY WHO WILL DEFACE THE BOOKS FROM THE CIRCULATING LIBRARY, BY SCORING UNDER THE PASSAGES HE APPROVES OF WITH A LEAD PENCIL, AND WRITING THE WORD "BOSH" ON THE MARGIN WHEN HE DISAPPROVES.

as a place to start from (better, in that aspect, thank Heaven! than as a place where we might be forced to stop!!) is not an encouraging prospect.

"From Fenchurch Street," he explains (and he thinks it a charming station; far better, he says, than Paddington, or St. Pancras, or Liverpool Street—oh! far better!—so much more convenient; yes, for where he wants to go) "you take the train"—or, more correctly speaking, the train takes me; for I couldn't take a train anywhere without making a dreadful mess of it—"the train takes you," continues JOSSLYN, "to Burstall Mills. There you get out."

"Yes; and take a fly for your place," I say, with ready intelligence. I am wrong, JOSSLYN explains. I do not take a fly. Does a fly take me? "No," JOSSLYN replies, with such gravity, that I at once become seriously attentive. Another train comes up on a loop-line, and that takes me to Clogsole and Clayboro'; and this last is his, JOSSLYN DYKE'S, Station.

I feel as glad as though I were there already. "There is sure to be," he informs me, "some one there to carry your bag"—he has evidently decided on the limit to my luggage, and my stay—"and if there isn't, you can walk up through the village; and I can send the Gardener down, if he hasn't gone away. But," he adds, in a hopeful tone, "we'll manage—somehow."

I detect this expression when applied to dealings with my bag. "Love me, love my bag," is my motto as a traveller, and if I don't care about being treated "somehow," much less do I like to think of my bag having to rough it in that sort of manner. After all, what am I without my bag? What is any man, travelling, without his bag? Absolutely nothing. And knowing this as well as every one with any experience must do, nothing irritates me more, or more justly—as it should irritate every right-minded, honest, self-respecting person—than to hear a host, or a butler, or any servant, but specially a host, say carelessly, "Oh, your bag will be all right. It'll come up somehow. And, if it doesn't, we can easily send for it."

No, I do not like this prospect as presented by JOSSLYN; and from this moment I have one fixed determination for this visit, and that is, not on any account to part with my Bag!

I reserve these remarks, and do not tell JOSSLYN how he has wounded a sensitive nature.

THE JINGO-ENGLISHMAN.

(New Version of an old Song, adapted to the tastes of the Patriot of the Period.)

THERE'S a Land that's Cook of Creation's walk,
Though it is but a tiny isle,
And to hear its brag, and its tall tall talk,
Might make e'en *Bombastes* smile.
It holds itself holiest, first in fight,
Most brave, most wise, most strong,
And will ne'er admit what it fancies right
Can by any chance be wrong.
'Tis the pink of perfection, deny it who can,
The Home of the Jingo Englishman!

There's a Flag that floats o'er every sea,
And claims to control the brine;
And if any dare hint that it makes too free,
The result is a deuce of a shine.
For the bouncing boys who walk the deck
Deem the Ocean their own little lot,
And if foreign fools at their pride should chook,
They will catch it exceedingly hot.
Right-divine 's in its bunting, deny it who can,
Is the Flag of the Jingo-Englishman!

There's a Heart that leaps with a generous glow
A paying cause to defend,
Lets interest rule it in fixing a foe,
And profit in choosing a friend.
It nurtures a deep and abiding love
For possession of power and pelf,
And deems that the duty all others above
Is enshrined in that sweet word "self."
'Tis a rare tough organ, deny it who can,
The Heart of your Jingo-Englishman!

The Briton may traverse the Pole or the Zone,
And annex on sea or shore;
He calls an immense domain his own,
But he means going in for more.
Let the wandering stranger seek to know
To what charter such "rights" are owed,
And a flush will rise to the Briton's brow
As he answers—"You be blowed!"
There's no end of a pull, deny it who can,
In the words, "I'm a Jingo-Englishman!"

"And the name of your place—I forget exactly?" I ask.
"Here it is—on my card. I thought you knew," he replies.
"The Mote, Moss-End. It's about three miles from the station."
Happy Thought.—More Re-mote than Mote. But I mustn't venture on a jest about the name of a man's place, where his forefathers and foremothers may have lived for centuries. But yet, wasn't he disrespectful to my bag? He won't be when he sees it. *Boy* carry my bag, indeed! I should like to see the Boy who could carry the bag that I'm going to take down with me to The Mote Moss-End. That Boy would have to be a young Heronules. JOSSLYN little suspects that in that bag of mine I can pack things sufficient to last me for three months at a time! I'm an old carpet-bagger, and patent packing has been my study for years. But, he will see. I shall arrive—the Cornerless Man with the Carpet-Bag!

We part. And the day after to-morrow will see me—if the day after to-morrow only looks out sharp enough, and isn't too foggy—down at The Mote Moss-End, chez JOSSLYN DYKE. *Au revoir!*

(To be continued.)

THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

MR. C. R. Low closes his panegyric on Sir GARNET WOLSELEY, just published, with this proud peroration:—

"Young in years, yet ripe with a military experience almost unrivalled in the British Army; blessed with an equable temperament and an iron constitution; . . . gifted with sound judgment and a thorough mastery of the art of war, theoretically as culled from books, and practically as studied and illustrated in all climes and under varied conditions; possessing a chivalric courage that has extorted the admiration of witnesses, and confidence in himself, combined with that attribute which is an unerring indication of the presence of genius—a faculty for inspiring confidence in others."

Surely he is now in the very place to show his iron constitution, his equable temperament, and his faculty for inspiring confidence in others. All together may help to account for his courageous attempt—in a private letter, of which extracts appear in this month's *Macmillan*—to inspire a confidence in Cyprus and its prospects!

THE SONG OF THE BELLS.



It has a good word for
The new peal that swings
In the opposite turret,
To call folks to prayer,
And not just strike the hours,
As I do, here, in air.
And at the new peal's faults,
If HAWKINS is railer,
As 'twas cast by no *Belge*,
But a true British Taylor,
On the whole, one may say—
And I haven't a doubt on't—
That the new ring o' Bells
Has come very well out on't.
Then, of course, as a Bell
Much pitched into, one chuckles
When BECKETT comes down
Over HAWKINS's knuckles.
And these two Bell-oracles
Tell the world soon,
That whatever we Bells are,
They aren't quite in tune."
Says Big Ben to Great Tom—
"Keep yourself to yourself,
And leave SCHIBLER's bob-majors,
Like me, on the shelf.
About HAWKINS's letter
Whatever I feel,
I don't have my head turned,
Like you, by a Peal.
Since o'er my first casting
I heard BECKETT groan,

At least, I can boast
Of a PEEL of my own—
A PEEL, and a CANNING,
A PALMERSTON too,
And a DERRY besides,
At my feet that *kotoo*.
And o'er PEEL, PAM, and DERRY,
I know very well,
Be my voice what it may,
I, at least, bear the bell.
I look down on 'em all,
As you look on Queen ANNE,
And leave BECKETT and HAWKINS
To clash, pot and pun.
You are as good a Bell,
As the City has claim to,
With its Bulls and Bears crippled
And Ducks plucked and lame too.
And if my voice ain't sound—
Well, it's one folks can hear;
That's the voice that *should* sound
In the Parliament's ear.
There's another BEN yonder
Will soon have to try
If he can make his voice
As well heard as I.
Then let's both strike our hours,
True or false—were we true,
With City or Commons
What should we have to do?"

Justice to Canada.

A CORRESPONDENT, who has the credit of Canada at heart, writes to explain that whatever the Almighty Dollar may have done to bar the impecunious from approaching Niagara by the American side, "on the Canadian side the whole length of the river, from its mouth to the rapids above the Fall, is quite free and open."

Bravo! Then people can make a run on the Canadian bank without putting their hands in their pockets. Lord DUFFERIN's International Park is half made already.

No (Foreign) Orders Admitted.

Foreign Office (logitaur). All very well for you low fellows in trade, and manufactures and all that sort of thing. You are used to touting for orders. But we don't mean to give you ours, and won't have you taking other people's.

THE TRUE POLICY OF THE GAS COMPANIES WITH REGARD TO MR. EDISON'S PATENT.—Make light of it.

THE PLAN WITH BEET-ROOT SUGAR (IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT).—Lump it.

ONLY TOO TRUE.

Or History to Order—a la Russe.

"Possibly it will be a blow with other weapons than the rifle and sword. English agents disguised as merchants, traders, or travellers, will find their way to the capitals of minor chieftains subordinate to the AMEER. Some will be bribed, others dethroned, and others still done away with by secret and mysterious agencies. The path having thus been smoothed, SHAM ALI will be taken in hand. A cup of coffee will remove him from the list of Asiatic Princes."—*The St. Petersburg Vedomosti*, Oct., 1878.

THE thick black fog of Westminster hung heavily over the Council Chamber of the British Cabinet on this ominous afternoon, and, as the Ministers entered one by one in stealthy silence and the door closed with an iron clang, it soon became clear that no common business was about to be discussed.

The beetle-browed BEACONSFIELD, glittering through the gloom with *insignia*, the fruits of his Berlin chicanery, was the first to speak.

"Well, *Messieurs les Ministres*," he said, with a Machiavellian laugh, "the mighty civilising power of the North is again alive to our machinations. Can you tell me how we are to oppose it *this time*?" He struck the table as he spoke, and there was a strange gleam of suggestion in his eye.

The Ministers held their breath.

"Will it be by ships?" he asked, suddenly, darting a lurid glance in the direction of Lord SMITH, the Chancellor of the Admiralty.

"Certainly not," was the prompt reply. "Their hulls are wormeaten, their crews mutinous for arrears of pay. You must not look to our ships."

The official paled as he spoke, and his voice trembled slightly. He had spent the whole of the twenty-seven millions, voted for two years' naval estimates, on furnishing his villa at Highbury.

The story, however, was not new to his colleagues. They were accustomed to Government corruption. The PRIME MINISTER merely smiled, and proceeded—

"Will it be by *men*?" he asked, turning to the Grand Minister of War with the indifference of one who anticipates the answer.

"Does a brand new Earl ask the price of a British coronet?" was the insolent but convincing retort. It was the Count of CRANBROOK who spoke; and report said that he had purchased his title from the Duke of CAMBRIDGE for a fabulous sum which should have been spent on facings for a line regiment. The Ministers looked from one to the other, and the subject dropped. Their chief continued—

"Then if it's not to be by sea or land, by ships or men, by what is it to be?" His voice sank lower, and his audience read his meaning in his eye with the swift instinct of habit. There was a momentary pause. Then, like one man, they sprang on to the seats of their chairs. "Poison!" they all shouted together.

"Poison! LYTTON shall breakfast with the AMEER, disguised as a travelling dervish—and put it in his coffee!"

That afternoon the Cabinet Council was dissolved, and, a few hours later, a carefully-packed box, containing an assortment of *bal masqué* dresses, a few conjuring tricks, a coffee-pot, an Afghan dictionary, and two pounds of Vermin Destroyer (*with directions for use in cypher*), was on its way to the Viceroy of British India.

That box has arrived. The sequel alone remains to be told in the tragic language of history!

QUID RIDES?

WE gather, from his recent speech at Birmingham, that the gallant author of a *Ride to Khiva* is at present engaged on a new work—*A Ride over the Caucasus*.

THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.—Lord DUFFERIN, anywhere.

ACCORDING TO THE HOSTILE PARTIES.—The greatest French Lottery—*La République*.



A HOME IN THE GALTEES.

"TIS SWEET TO KNOW THERE IN AN EYE WILL MARK
OUR COMING, AND LOOK BRIGHTER WHEN WE COME."—Byron.

A RESPITE FOR ROGUES..

You suspect your grocer, chandler, or general-dealer of having watered his rum, sanded his sugar, wetted his tobacco, substituted potato-starch for arrowroot, or mingled heterogeneous matters of any description with his tea, coffee, tobacco, snuff, vinegar, and pepper. You wish to ascertain whether or no these suspicions are just, to the intent of pulling up a possibly dishonest tradesman under the Food and Drugs Act of 1875.

You repair to his shop, you purchase a sample of a suspected article, and take it away to get it analysed. Or you employ a Sanitary Inspector, or some other professional analyst, to procure and test it. But, by a special provision of the Act above named, the purchaser having made his purchase, is required to tell the vendor that the sample has been purchased for the purpose of analysis.

Another clause of that Act provides that, to constitute an infringement of it, the sale of an adulterated article must be made to the prejudice of the purchaser. What prejudice can you have sustained from the purchase of a thing which you have bought merely for the purpose of experiment? The worse the better for that. *Fiat experimentum in corpore rili.* Of course, *a fortiori*, an adulterated article cannot be bought by any professional analyst, in his professional capacity, to his own prejudice.

So says common logic. So do the Lord Chief Justice of England, the Justiciary Appeal Court of Scotland, and Sir JAMES INGHAM, Stipendiary Archdeacon, read the Food and Drugs Act of 1875. His Worship, following their Lordships, "has decided that the selling of adulterated milk to a Sanitary Inspector is not an infringement of the Act, inasmuch as the sale is not made to the prejudice of the purchaser." (See *The Lancet*.) Here's "a go!" as the school-boys say. Every conviction obtained during three years under that Act is wrong; and every rogue, however deservedly fined, has, been fined illegally. Whether or no the rogues could recover the amount of their fines, may be a question which the legal sages might or might not also rule in their favour.

So, then, Clause 14 (the Rogues' Clause) of the Food and Drugs Act simply makes that enactment of none effect.

WHO KNOWS BEST?

(A Question for the Commissioners.)

SCENE—The Interior of a Famous City Church.
Enter two Strangers.

First Stranger (looking round). Ah! the old walls still stand, and time has dealt gently with the work. Faith it was goodly work; and even now bears on it the stamp of that vanished age!

Second Stranger. Vanished age? What do you mean, Sir? Where's your past here?

First Stranger. Past? Methinks, my good Sir, that the epoch which saw this noble City rise, Phoenix-like, from its ashes, might be held worthy of its memorials. This church, for instance—

Second Stranger. Just so; and we are going to restore it—rather!

First Stranger. I am glad to hear it. The land-marks of olden days should not be lost.

Second Stranger. Precisely. That's our motto. So we're going to get rid of all that rubbishish old carving, scrape the chancel, pitch-pine the nave, sink the floor, throw up the roof, pierce the sides, out the whole in half, then turn what's left inside-out, finishing off with a dozen coats of pink and pea-green—and there you are!

First Stranger (coldly). And you term this restoration?

Second Stranger (warmly). And ain't it? It's our firm's business. Our Governor's got dozens of churches in hand.

First Stranger. The process likes me not. Methinks it savours foully of sacrilege.

Second Stranger. Sacrilege! What do you mean, Sir? Why, we're the Restorers! And who, I should like to know, are you?

First Stranger. The Architect!

[Sir Christopher's ghost vanishes.]

Poet and Prophet.

BURNS, bard of Scotia's brags and banks,
Foretold Directors' recent pranks,
Though nane wad tent it—
And yet his verse each scribbler quotes—
"A chiel 's amang ye takin' notes."
Sae it stands proutit!

As early as possible next Session, of course, the Act will be expurgated of the provision which renders it a dead letter. In the meanwhile, dear friends and consumers, mind with whom you deal; for, of course, between this and then fraudulent shopkeepers will endeavour to make all the bad hay they can whilst their malific sun shines.

HONOUR v. RIGHT.

(A Conscientious War-Song.)

FROM SHERE ALI we've met with a snub and rebuff,
For which we, perhaps, gave him reason enough;
But, because we've not used him as well as we ought,
'Twill ne'er do to permit him to set us at naught.

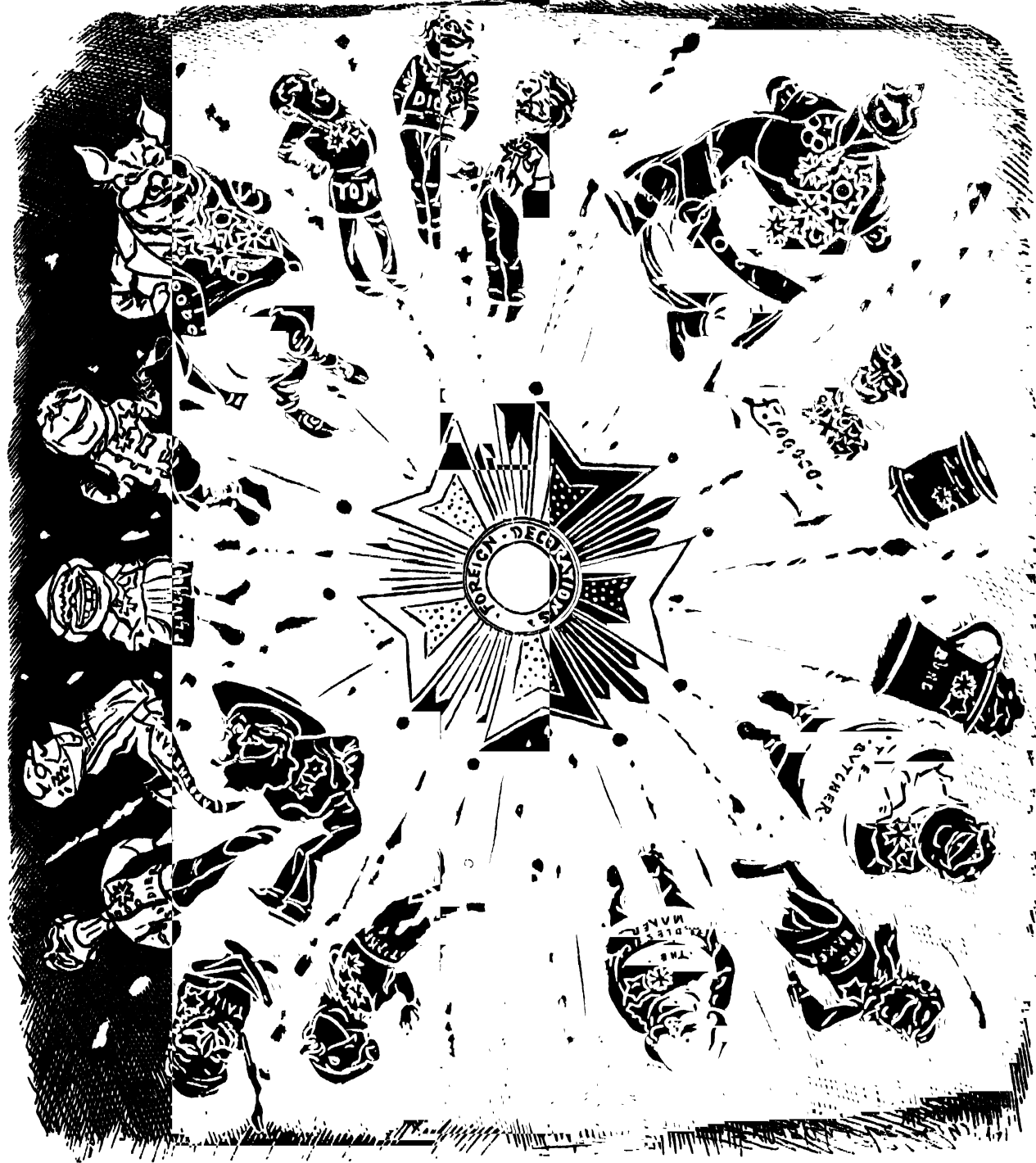
We have made a mistake; true, but what's done is done;
And we're bound to proceed in the way once begun;
Right or wrong, never mind—we must go in to win;
Nor care more than King RICHARD, though sin pluck on sin.

There is much on the other side, needs we must own,
To be said for our letting this Ameer alone;
But "prestige" we may lose by forbearing to fight,
So we can't feel quite sure the wise course is the right.

To be just and fear nought may be policy sound,
As between man and man—but it won't do all round;
Christian ethics our conduct in private may rule,
But the Statesman whose acts they restrain is a fool.

Let's be bold, ever bold—we are out of harm's way—
Whilst from battle and murder deliverance we pray.
That's in church; but man's blood without stint must be shed,
When a loss of "prestige" we have reason to dread.

There's one fear a Briton can own without shame,
That's the fear of risking the national fame;
Britain's Lion is brave as a Lion can be,
If his courage were moral no Lion were he.



MY STARS!!!

YES, MR. BESSEMER, IT IS HARD ON THE "LEGION OF HONOUR," BUT CONSIDER THE "SPARKS" IF YOU ONCE LIT UP SUCH A CENTRE-PIECE!

AN IMPROVEMENT.

HONG-KONG is not the only place in which our negotiators at Berlin are to be duly recognised. Our great National Prophets are to be honoured in their own country. We have received the prospectus of a movement for a national presentation to the Earls of BEACONSFIELD and SALISBURY. It is to take the form of "handsome testimonials," in silver, representing "Peace with Honour," to cost £1,000 each. Subscriptions not to exceed 10s. 6d.

"Peace," we are told, is to be represented by Corn-fields, with the Lion lying down with the Lamb; "Honour," by British Soldiers, with

the British Flag, and either BRITANNIA or a figure with a wreath of laurel.

This design—*Punch* takes leave to remark—seems open to improvement. For "Peace," he would suggest, say a loving-cup chased with scenes of Bosnian and Bulgarian massacre, and Macedonian and Albanian insurrection. On the cover a group representing the AMER and Lord LYTON squaring at each other. For "Honour," LORD SALISBURY signing the Secret Schouvaloff Convention, and BRITANNIA putting Cyprus in her pocket. Round the base garters intertwined, with the motto:

"She did love to see you cross-gartered."



DEGENERACY.

Veteran Cub-Hunter (to Friend's very small Boy on Donkey at Covert-side). "WELL, FRED, WHERE IS YOUR FATHER?"
Small Boy (contemptuously). "HAVEN'T YOU HEARD? WHY HE'S TAKEN TO A BICYCLE!!"

Samuel Phelps.

BORN, 1806. DIED, NOVEMBER, 1878.

So falls the last of the brave troop who fought
 A good fight for a nobler, statelier Stage;
 When young hearts, young hopes swelled to the high thought
 Of spells that should renew the Drama's age:

That bright hope grew, took shape, and of it came
 Great plays of old, presented with new power;
 Purer one theatre, at least, became,
 And all was quickened life for a brief hour.

Swift as it rose the light began to wane,
 When they that could best aid to it have given,
 Set faces hard, and thought of pence to gain,
 More than of Art, that 'gainst the tide had striven.

And when the chief of that foiled enterprise
 Laid down his truncheon, this man did not fear
 With smaller force, and in less stately guise,
 To hold the same good fight for many a year.

Lifting rude hearers from their rough disport
 To rare, invoking SHAKESPEARE'S magic spell
 To work its wonders on the baser sort,
 The downward bent of joyless souls to quell.

Bringing all Beauty, Terror, Tenderness,
 Fantasy's wildest freaks, Mirth's brightest face,
 Humour's most potent charm, athwart the stress
 Of all Life has of sordid, foul, and base.

And nightly, year on year, with brief stage-cheat,
 Out of a workday world, poor, grim, and grey,
 Bearing the crowd on Art's wings, wide as fleet,
 To fairer lives, and realms of sunnier day.

For eighteen years who knows how much of hope,
 Grace, sweetness, aspiration, this man's art
 Has sown or strengthened, impeded what wings, to cope
 With downward drag of counter, street, and mart;

Set what founts flowing, opened what windows wide,
 Done what schoolwork, as school but rarely can?
 On all this he might well look back with pride,
 As one who had wrought well in cause of man.

No common Actor either, he could reach
 A range of various parts, from grave to gay;
 With simple touches probe the heart, and teach
 By pause, hand, look, what words are weak to say.

None better gave the struggle of strong will
 With yearning heart: * none with more power portrayed
 The loving father,† hardening himself still,
 Till by the voice of nature overruled.

His name brings back the mad *Midsummer Dream*,
 And ass's head of the Athenian Clown:
 With him as *Falstaff* in Eastcheap we seem
 To feed *Julia's* laugh, and wither at his frown.

But less, just now, behoves us call to mind
 All that the Actor was, than fairly tell
 How much his work of managing combined,
 To earn good word from those who wish men well.

Honest and hearty, howso curt and gruff,
 None knew but to respect the sterling soul,
 To learn that deep down in his gnarled stuff
 Lay a soft core beneath the rugged bole.

Farewell to him, and honour to his work,
 Done years ago, but not yet passed away:
 Whose growths in unexpected places lurk,
 To bless and cheer, to solace and to stay.

* Job Thornbury.

† Old Dornton.

CAUSATION OR COINCIDENCE?



IN the course of an exceptionally sensible speech delivered the other day at a Church Temperance meeting, in the Sheldonian Theatre, at Oxford, Lord ABERDARE appropriately reminded his hearers that—

"He knew that a number of persons had been moved to take the pledge of total abstinence, that Bands of Hope had been formed all over the country, and that most eloquent voices had been raised in every town, showing the evils of intemperance and the advantages of temperance. Yet, in spite of all, they had to make the melancholy admission that, on the whole, during the last ten years

drunkenness had rather increased than diminished.

That intemperance should have gone on increasing simultaneously with agitation and declamation designed to diminish it, is surely a remarkable coincidence. Does not the coincidence suggest a possible causation? May not the subject of intemperance have been something too much and too intemperately talked about for the interests of temperance? Has not the talk perhaps provoked reaction and opposition? And does not Lord ABERDARE point out a much more excellent way? According to the report above quoted—

"In conclusion, Lord ABERDARE advocated the encouragement of the study of music, and the establishment of working-men's clubs and coffee-houses."

Are not these conditions precisely similar to those under which the upper classes turned from tipsy to temperate, of their own accord, without talk and temperance agitation to urge them? Would not Temperance Societies do better in endeavouring to counteract the attraction of public-houses than in trying to close them? To a certain extent, no doubt, people can be made sober by Act of Parliament. They could be, as they used to be in some measure made sober by being put in the stocks for getting drunk. Sots can be made sober, as rogues can be made honest; but what, then is the honesty, and what the sobriety? And know we not that, in dealing with all donkeys, persuasion is better than force?

THE WORKER AND HIS WAGES.

PUNCH has received from Mr. THOMAS McDORMOND a pamphlet setting forth the services of the late Lieut. WAGHORN, the originator and organiser of the Overland Route to India, with the story of the collapse of its author's attempt, after the Lieutenant's death, to raise a subscription for the erection of a pillar and bust in his honour at Alexandria. Only £100 was promised, of which half has since been repudiated, leaving only £50 available. PUNCH would be prompt to take up the case of an enterprising, devoted, and ill-rewarded public benefactor, if there was the slightest chance of thereby forwarding the object of Mr. McDORMOND. But at least the hardly-used pioneer has a monument, though to England's shame it has been raised by M. DE LESSERS and the Suez Canal Company, and not by the English Government or the English public. His daughters have some—though a miserably shabby—acknowledgment of their father's services in the shape of a small pension. But with one outstanding bill for fireworks to pay, and a larger one looming in the near future, what chance is there of Government taking a new and Imperial measure of the hardly-used Lieutenant's services, had he been ten times the first to prove the navigability of the Red Sea, so shortening by two months the voyage to India, and probably in the sharp agony of the Mutiny saving India to the British Crown.

WOMAN'S WAY TO WIN.

ADVOCATING "Women's Suffrage," the other day, at Manchester, Mr. L. COURTNEY, M.P., observed that the movement on behalf of feminine emancipation "could only hope to succeed by 'pegging away.'" Peg away, then, PEGGY!

SUGGESTIONS FOR LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.

(Which Punch is sorry to say were not acted upon.)

THE Company of Surgeon-Dentists, led by the Rev. Mr. TOOTH, in Roman Costume, as *Curius Dentatus*.

Alderman LUX, escorting Miss-Quotations.

Alderman HADLEY Councillor WALL Deputy BRASS as
as *Pyramus*, between them, *Thiebo*,
showing his chin.

Sir JOHN BENNETT as an An-tick Watchman, performing a duplex movement.

Mr. DARWIN, reciting the Tales of a Grandfather.

Alderman SIDNEY as Silenus.

MONCKTON!

The Aldermen who have passed The Aldermen who have passed
the Chair. the Bottle.

The Band of Hope, telling flattering Tales.

Alderman COTTON, contemplating the Hides of March.

Zoological Specimens, in rows of two and three, commencing with two Elephants, escorted by a Flea.

Alderman CANNON, blowing his own Trumpet.

A Band of Nasal Organs and Jews' Harps.

Somerset House Officials, with Red Tape Banner.

The City Chimney-Sweep and his Soot.

Alderman ROSE, singing "The Isles of Greece."

Dr. SULLIVAN, in his pinafore, looking back for Alderman NOTTAGE, the last Cord-wainer.

The Company of Tanners, singing "The Song of Sixpence."

The City Remembrancer, in a state of oblivion.

(Chorus of C.C.'s, "Robert, toi que j'aime.")

Alderman ST. LAWRENCE, on a Gridiron.

The Honourable Artillery Company, in sixes and sevens.

The Ex-LORD MAYOR—by Jingo!

Alderman WHITE, rather Port-sober.

Messrs. COCKLE, MORRISON, and HOLLOWAY, in a pill-box brougham.

Alderman ELLIS, knocking down everything and everybody.

The City Sword-bearer, with his Mace and Cinnamon.

Alderman FIGGINS, as the Type of Elegance.

The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, Sir C. WHETHAM, escorted by

ST. SWITHIN, the Rev. FLOOD JONES, and Captain SHAW.

Alderman KNIGHT and the DEY of ALGERS.

The City Comptrollers, with great control over themselves.

The City Coroner, in quest of some-body.

The Company of Cooks, personally conducted.

Deputy COCKERELL and the Prothonotary of the Poultry, Mr. TOOTEL, and Mrs. TOOTEL-too.

Lord BEACONSFIELD, GORTSCHAKOFF, and BISMARCK, singing,

"When shall we three meet again?"

Professor EDMON, trying his Electric Light on the Berlin Treaty (a Dissolving View).

Lord LYTTON, as an O-jib-away Indian, with his hot potato Khan.

Sir A. LAYARD, puffing his hashed Turkey.

Capt. BURNABY as *Bombastes Furioso*.

The Company of Fishmongers, out of place.

The Band of the Company playing "Herring go brugh."

The Company of Skinners, in the skins of Welsh Rabbits.

Representatives of the Ward of Candlewick, add Lord ELCHO snuffing them out.

The Company of Spectacle-Makers, quoting EUSEBIUS.

The Sheriffs, *dos-à-dos*.

Alderman FINNIS.

FALLACIES OF THE COUNTRY.

THAT you can have the waggonetic whenever you like.

That you are sure of getting plenty of fresh vegetables and fruit.

That some beautiful village or lovely view is about two miles off—whereas it turns out to be nearer four.

That in the country you will accomplish what you have long contemplated—the study of the Spanish or Saskatchewan languages.

That there will be abundance of cream and new-laid eggs.

That you will have ample time for reading, and that you will get through a great many books which you have long intended to study.

That you will take up botany, or ichthyology, or some other scientific pursuit.

That you are sure to find rare wild flowers; ferns, insects, lepidoptera, &c., in abundance.

That you will rise at a much earlier hour than is your custom at home.

That you will have an enormous appetite.

That you will be able to clear off your arrears of letter-writing.

That you will not require your dress clothes.

That you will return home from the country the picture of health and strength.

ECHOES FROM THE BACK-STAIRS.

(From Our Man at the Key-hole.)



A good story comes to me from Cyprus. It seems that as SMITH—whose well-known habit of breaking out into the hornpipe whenever he gets a chance has become of late almost irrepressible—was going through some of the figures on the deck of the *Himalaya* off Larnaca the other evening, he happened, in the haul-over-hand step, which is new to him, to tread upon the skylight of the Captain's cabin. The shower of broken glass and dust coming rather smartly down upon STANLEY, who was idling over his walnuts with the Officer of the Watch beneath, the latter good-humouredly said,

"Well, Colonel, SMITH's chief has certainly taught him how to bring down the dust!"

"Yes," replied STANLEY, with one of those flashes that have made him so dreaded

in Pall Mall, "and how to put his foot into it."

Later in the evening this was, by general consent, signalled by rockets to Sir GARNET, who thought it so good that he had it repeated.

It seems that the success which has attended the great French lottery, like that of everything else connected with the Exhibition, has been entirely due to the tact and goodwill of the Prince. When the sale of tickets was rather hanging fire, GAMBETTA, who, being financially interested in the undertaking, was in the habit of walking about with his pockets crammed with them and forcing them on his friends, happened to meet the Prince one day at breakfast, at the Marshal's, where the conversation turned by chance on the approaching departure of the latter for Cowes. "Your Royal Highness had better take ten thousand of them," said the illustrious Republican, laughing, and at the same time producing coupons for that number from a couple of carpet-bags which he held carelessly in his hand. And then he added, as if struck by a happy after-thought, "Such an investor ought to score some points, especially as one of the chief prizes is a ton of pins."

"Pins?" was the ready and royal reply, delivered with admirable *bonhomie*, "Then I certainly ought to take them, for I am going straight to the Needles!" There was a hearty laugh, but the Prince took the tickets, and the Lottery was made.

SOMETHING LIKE ATHLETICS.

As exercises intended to test human strength and endurance seem just now to be very popular with the million, *Mr. Punch* begs to propose the awarding of prizes for feats other than those associated with Agricultural Hall pedestrianism; as, for instance:—

First Prize.—Conductor SMITH, of the London General Tramway Omnibus Company (Limited) for standing on a shelf from eight in the morning until past twelve at night for weeks and months together, in winter and summer, in thunder-storms and in snow-falls. At the same time keeping a record of all his inside and outside passengers, and receiving and accounting for their various fares. Prize: five shillings a day.

Second Prize.—Costermonger SNOOKS, for rising with the sun, purchasing his flat load of vegetables, cheap fruit, or fish in the early market, and spending the rest of the day and some of the night in tramping down street after street in the very often vain effort to sell his load at a few halfpence rise upon the original cost. Prize: A pound a week for the support of himself, his wife, and several children.

Third Prize.—Cabman BROWN, for spending sixteen hours a day on the hind seat of a hansom, driving a jibbing horse through crowded thoroughfares often paved with slippery asphalt, and never free from bad-tempered policemen; performing this feat with civility, and even cheerfulness, in spite of the irritation produced by

the receipt of closely-calculated fares as per tariff, and much personal abuse. Prize: a couple of hasty meals at a shelter, and a few shillings daily upon which to keep a home.

Fourth Prize.—Boardman CRAWLEY, for tramping the streets in extreme old age as a "living sandwich;" carrying his boards in the face of the wind, sleet and snow, amidst the derision of the boys, the contempt of the public, and the moving on of the Police. Prize: One Shilling and Sixpence a day, less Contractor's commission.

Grand Extra Prize for Women Only.—ANGELINA BAKER, twenty, Milliner's attendant, for observing the following regulations in the establishment to which she belongs:

Not to sit down during the hours of business, generally eight o'clock in the morning until six, seven, or eight o'clock in the evening except at meal-times. Breakfast from quarter to eight to quarter past. To be in the shop as soon as breakfast is finished. Dinner served in relays from one p.m., when twenty-five minutes will be allowed, unless business be very brisk, when attendants will be called up, as wanted. A quarter of an hour at five p.m. for tea. To remain in the shop until parcels for delivery are packed, and goods cleared away. Prize: a worn-out frame and shattered constitution.

Extra Prize.—To MARY DEXTER, Lodging-house Maid-of-all-Work, aged seventeen, for the following unequalled feat, kept up for four months, in a lodging-house near Piccadilly, occupied by two married couples, a single Lady, their maids, and occasional visitors. Seven baths filled every morning; two cans of water carried for each from the basement to the bed-room floors of a four-storied house. Coals supplied to every room. Three sitting-rooms swept and dusted. Three breakfast-tables laid and cleared after use. Every bed-room, including the Maids', put in order. Table laid for lunch and dinner in the evening. Things removed. China and plate cleaned and replaced. Cabs called. Lodgers sat up for, till their return from the theatre, or parties. Never in bed before twelve; seldom before one; and sometimes as late as half-past two. At her post by six in the morning. Food: scraps from the dishes and plates of the Lodgers, and their Maids. Potatoes now and then; and never any other vegetable or pudding. Prize: a bed at the Hospital, and a parish coffin.

* See Dr. EDIN'S Letter to the *Times*. But see also the disclaimer of such slave-driving by the leading West-End firms, such as LAWIS AND ALLENBY, MARSHALL AND BRIDGROVE, SWAN AND EDGAR, PETER ROBINSON, REDMAYNE, *et hoc genus omne*.

"WHICH DEVOUR WIDOWS' HOUSES, AND FOR A SHOW MAKE LONG PRAYERS."

By a City of Glasgow Bank Shareholder.

"Wha' e'er lived at a streeter rate, than oor Directorate?"

AROUND the board sitting, in gravity fitting,
They piously say, "Dear freens, let us pray!"
And begin with devotion the work of each day,
O'er forking the shiners to gamblers and miners,
And helping themselves all the time as they may;
And lending and spending, and gold madly sending
To India, Australia, and farther away,
Till the Bank finds itself, like a part of it's self,
"In the Province of Poverty Bay."

Denser, intenser the shadows that loom
O'er the faces that sit round that Board in the gloom,
As the Bank rushes on to its moment of doom.

INOLIS commingles with caution his cant,
TAYLOR grows paler at every new grant,
WRIGHT for the o'er-righteous finds millions scant,
While the gummon of SALMON, and low knock of STRONACH,
Still deepen the villainous plant!

Yet which of the lot, through the plot, was arch plotter?

Since of STEWART, his friends and his enemies say,
"He is soft, and was easily moulded, like clay."

• Yes! "clay in the hand of the Potter."
Who shall fix which of six, was such master of tricks,
As to chalk out the scheme and begin it?

For six, at the least, of these seven seem in it:
Though some pious brothers slipped out from the others,
And sold off their shares to the minute—
Pawky sons of the Church, when the ship 'gins to lurch,
To lose cash is more easy than win it!

'Twas an infamous slip 'twixt the cup and the lip,
Whether chancing by fluke or by flaw,
That let FLEMING vanish to Spain with the "Spanish,"
And a lot of the loot in his maw,
And leaving behind him no trace how to find him,
But a million of debts, and too scanty assets,
And securities not worth a straw.



A PROMISING PARTNER.

"HAVE YOU PLAYED MUCH, MR. GREEN?"—"OH, YES; A GREAT DEAL."

"I HOPE YOU HAVE GOOD LUCK."—"OH, YES—VERY! ONCE I HAD THIRTEEN TRUMPS IN MY OWN HAND."

"REALLY! THEN OF COURSE YOU WERE DEALER!"—"OH, NO; INDEED I WASN'T. I PLAYED THIRD HAND!"

FOG AND FIREWORKS.

JOHN BULL *loquitur*.

"*This way! This way! This way!*"

A plague on your discordant shouts, I say.
Your dancing, dodging, and divergent lights!
You rush about and yell with all your might;
But is there help in each conflicting halloo?
Which voice, which flaring torch am I to follow?
Will-o'-the-Wisp! Why, here's a whole battalion
Of vocal *Ignes fatui*! Each rapsallion
Has his own cry, and his particular course,
Until my sole resource
Seems to stand still, by worse than fog confounded,
And with these Imps of Shindydom surrounded.

G-r-r! I hate fog, and I can scarce remember
A denser one than whelms me this November.
The weather has for long been precious hazy,
Unusually so, or else my sight
Is not quite what it was; but *this* is night,
A prospect dark enough to drive me crazy.
It thickens momentarily, and what's surprising,
There seems but little promise of its rising.

O'er swamp and stagnant water
A chill North-Easter brought it, and so long
As that wind rules small chance seems there of change.

Steady it blows, and strong,
And sticks and sticks in that confounded quarter
As stubbornly as though the Weathercock
Were nailed N.E., and never more could range.

My hopes they did but mock
Who lately talked of clear and open weather.

Open and clear?
Extremely pleasant words, but much I fear
That I have parted with them altogether.

I used to think I knew my way about,
But now—(Confound those boys! how they do shout!)—
Now I am all abroad. I somehow seem,

As in a nightmare dream,
To miss my ancient way-marks. Am I failing?
Or have I trusted to new guides o'er much?
I feel that I must put it to the touch.
I do like open weather and plain sailing!
Mere noise and flare are not illumination.
Fireworks confuse, their blaze is botheration.
A steady Beacon is a thing to trust;
But better far a simple Bull's-eye use,
Than false and flickering flames, which but abuse,
And, in the unwary wanderer's pathway trust,
Like Wrecker's signals, only lure to wreck.
I cannot follow every link-boy's beck.

This way! This way! This way!

Well, I dare say
Some of the shouting lot, at least, mean well;
But which to follow how am I to tell?
Will-o'-the-Wisp is a misleading elf
That often lands the traveller in a bog.
I must strike light, I fancy, for myself,
Ere I shall find my way out of this fog.

Great Civic Retrenchment.

THE Corporation has been in the habit of looking to its intrenchments. It has at last, we are glad to hear, turned its attention to retrenchment.

1. The Men in Brass are put down. 2. The Badges of the Dinner Committee have been done away with. 3. The Lord Mayor's Footmen are to be reduced from six to five.

MOTTO FOR AN IMPERIAL CABINET.—*Ex Uno DIZZY omnes.*

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—NOVEMBER 16, 1878.



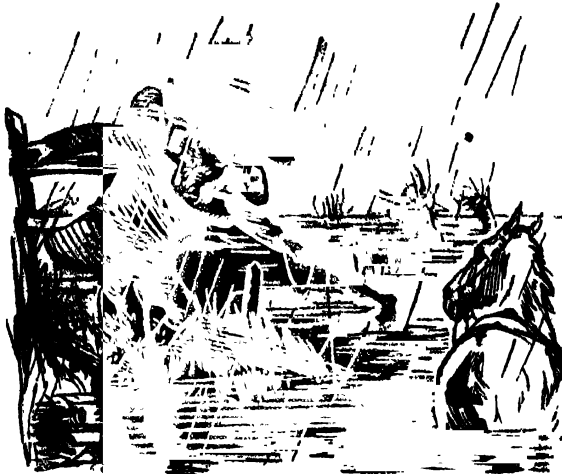
FOG AND FIREWORKS.

(The Afghan Difficulty.)

MR. BUTT (*begs*). "CONFOUNDED IT! ONE SAYS ONE WAY, AND ONE ANOTHER! YOU CAN'T ALL BE RIGHT, YOU KNOW!"

A RUN WITH OLD BUCKS.

By a Veracious Veteran—a Fine Old Englishman, one of the Olden Time.



[You are quite right, Sir. Neither do I see why the *Daily Telegraph* should have all the sporting to itself. Acting on your hint—rent, *vidi, rici*—and, as the Detective said, when he caught a fellow watching the private gallops of the Derby Crack, “*Voilà Tour!*”

Yours, THE OLD ‘UN AT IT AGAIN.]

Mount Street.

THE morn was bright, crisp, and cheery as I slapped my buckskins, and saluting right and left, rode up the hill to the Meet, determined to do or die, as I have do’d and die’d any time this last forty years past. Companions of my youth, where are ye? But no matter. Here I am, at all events, the same gallant clinker across country that I was of yore, with as mettlesome a bit of stuff under me as ever answered merrily to whip and spur, or came a light-hearted cropper at the first fence. Yoicks! my boys!

A better meet than Cox Hill there isn’t in the whole county. Everyone knows it. It is visible from the rise of its twin brother, Box Hill, and is scarcely a couple of miles canter from KNOX’s farm—KNOX who married PENELOPE ANNE, I mean, originally widow of WILLIAM WIGGINS, proprietor of bathing-machines at Margate and Ramsgate, and to whose stables, when the bathing season is over, I invariably go for my ready-made hunter, to do all my winter work—seven—I mean six days a week at the least.

But the show, first-rate though it be, and not a finer one for men and mounts in all England, is yet not what it was (with, of course, one exception) in my day.

Ah! how well I remember ALFRED COUNT D’ORSAY as he dashed up in his curriole and two grooms, with the lovely Lady CUSINGTON beside him. How he would jump out, seize me by the hand, and exclaim, “BOUNCER, mon ami, comment ça va?” To which I would reply, “ALFREDO mio! ça va très bien chez moi. Et vous, mon cher?”

Had I at that time possessed the advantages of Briareus, I couldn’t have gratified all the shaking required at my hands. There they were, Princes, Peers, Judges, Bigwigs, Peeresses, Duchesses, rich Commoners, and all the reigning beauties sparkling in the early morn, coming up and crying out, “BOUNCER, my buck, how goes it?”

And then old General TOPLOFTY, riding up on a little towel-horse, of the rough-and-ready sort, at the last moment, and calling out, in stentorian tones, “BOUNCER, you”—the General was noted for his warmhearted expletives, for which, in this rose-water age, I substitute reversible equivalents—“BOUNCER, you blooming gentlemanly party, why the heaven don’t you move your flowering beautiful young person out of the blessed road, and be beatified to you!”

Dear old General, how fond he was of me, and I of him! “BOUNCER,” he’d say to me, often and often, “of all the blooming clever people I know, you are the bloomingest clever person I ever set eyes on!”

Well, well, the Recording Angel must have had a hard time of it while the General was alive. But this is talking of the past and gone, and here we are in the present. Yoicks! Tally-ho!

Fresh from Devonshire, on my own pure cream (as fine a mare as ever trod the sands at Dawlish—I didn’t get her at KNOX’s for once), whose outside price was sixty sovs., but whose inside price, when the blinds are pulled down, is known only to his owner—thus mounted, I say, I was the cynosure of all eyes. They would never

have gone away had I not exclaimed, “Gentle-men, Gentlemen, what are you staring at? Ain’t we here to catch a fox, or a stag, or something, and not to be standing staring all day at the Real Fine Old English Gentleman? Eh?”

“Now, my lads!”

It was an animated scene. There were three Dukes in white hats and Royal Liveries, twenty Earls with their sporting coronets jauntily set sideways, a few Viscounts, two Judges (supposed to be on Circuit), a fair sprinkling of Queen’s Counsel with their best sporting wigs on, and their brief-bags (containing luncheon) hanging from the saddle, several unknown people in pink tops and caps, and, finally, of course, the usual comic countryman on a donkey, followed by the Parish Beadle in full fig, and the laughing crowd.

Through my exertions the Reporters for the Press had a table to themselves; and a Gentleman from the *Daily Telegraph*, who had got himself up for the part, in pink, brass buttons, yellow cords, gamboge tops, white hat, and bird’s-eye scarf, I accommodated with a seat on my own saddle, courteously dismounting, with the true gallantry of the old school (of which I was Captain), and doing all in my power with the stirrups to make him comfortable.

He looked as fit as a fiddle, but he repaid my kindness basely—double-basely.

No sooner was the fox uncarterd (or stag, for I couldn’t see which it was, and the people about were uncertain), than with a “Whoop! Tally-ho! Yoicks!” and a flick of his hunting-whip that whisked off my hat, and caught me a nasty one in the eye, the *Daily Telegraph* man was off—I mean, I was off, and he was on my horse—and away! away! o’er the mountain’s brow!

“Hullo! Stop him!” I cried, as I saw him bucketting away over the ploughed field, whooping, yelling, spurting, and whipping like a maniac.

My Devon cream was thoroughly whipped by the time they came back—dead beat, and not worth sixpence an hour to the merest invalid in a bath-chair. They had a splendid run for their money, and so had I. We were “away” for an hour and forty minutes—I taking all the short cuts I could think of, and catching sight of them now and then, or hearing the distant horn at rare intervals.

On their return to KNOX’s Farm, the Gentleman of the *Daily Telegraph* (at least so he gave me to understand) apologised sincerely, explained that he had been run away with, that he couldn’t stop my horse; and when I ventured to observe, that, as he had had all the fun, I thought that he ought to pay for it, he turned on me quite savagely, and wanted to know what I meant by putting him on a brute beast that had almost broken his neck, and that might have brought ruin and misery to the orphan and widow. I was nonplussed. I accepted the position, and went home thoughtfully.

Two days after, I did see an account in the *D. T.* of a day with Her Majesty’s Buckhounds, and I fancy I recognised much that I had let fall in the course of conversation about the glories of the past, anecdotes of D’ORRAT, and so forth. This may be mere coincidence; but I shall certainly call on the worthy proprietors of that journal, or the worthy Editor, and ask to see the photograph of their Sporting Correspondent who signs himself “A VETERAN”—when perhaps he means a Veterinary—and who is an Old Soldier (if he’s the man I met) if over there was one, and knows his way about—rather!

I may be mistaken; but still I send you this to show you how I did go, and how it was, through no fault of mine, that I missed the first run that the Old Bucks have had for some years.

Skyflying—Captive and Loose.

By a Hostile Party.

(On M. GAMBETTA’S late ascent in the “Captive Balloon.”)

THOUGH he can’t shoot the moon,
In a Captive Balloon,
Red Republican gas is the force of it;
“Opportunism” ’s the rope,
Cut that, give ear scope,
And who’ll check, guide, or forecast the course of it?

Hazy.

ATTENDANT WANTED, for an occasional Invalid Gentleman who will act as Cook in a small family. Wages, £18. Aged 35 to 45. No Irish.—Apply, &c.

Does this mean that the occasional invalid Gentleman will act as Cook in a small family? If so, no wonder he is occasionally invalidated, and that the rest of the family should find it necessary to hire an attendant to restrain him.

In answer to this wonderfully lucid advertisement, from the *Daily Telegraph*, one need hardly be told “No Irish need apply.” There must, one would think, be quite enough of the Irish element in the family already.



A CAUTION.

NO WONDER MISS LAVINIA STITCHWORT THOUGHT THE PEOPLE VERY RUDE AT THE STATION WHEN SHE WENT FOR HER "WATER-PROOF" (WHICH SHE HAD LOST ON THE RAILWAY SOME TIME BEFORE). SHE FOUND OUT WHEN SHE GOT HOME SHE HAD NOT REMOVED THE LABEL!

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

A Visit to a Musical Festival, and a few words about Theatrical Matters.

SIR,

I WOULDN'T have missed Mr. SAMUEL HAYES' Festival (or the Festival of SAMUEL HAYES) for a considerable sum. To have heard SIMS REEVES sing "*The Bay of Biscay O*" was worth, well worth, dining earlier than six-thirty,—was well worth coming even an unreasonable distance. And people *did* come an unreasonable distance, I'll be sworn, on that occasion, and were marvellously unreasonable in consequence, for they would have had Mr. SIMS REEVES *encored* and *encored* again, and then wouldn't have been satisfied. Mr. SIMS REEVES gave in, once, to their enthusiasm, and gave in graciously, shaking his head, however, as he skipped up the steps and bounded on to the platform, as much as to say, "This is too bad of you—I mean too good of you, Ladies and Gentlemen—but as this is my first appearance at what is called a Promenade Concert, why I will accept the *encore*, or as the Chairmen of the Music-Halls have it, "Mr. SIMS REEVES will oblige again."

But this was not to "*The Bay of Biscay O*" no. This was to MENDELSSOHN'S recitative and air "*If with all your hearts*."

MADAME ANTOINETTE STERLING is a great favourite, and, being *encored* in "*The Song of the Shirt*," sang "*Pulley Hauley*," and, of course, sang it admirably.

There can be no objection to *encores* being taken as a demand from the audience for an entirely new song, if it be so stipulated in the bond. But, if I am so pleased with Madame's, or Mister's, rendering of a particular song that I cry out "*Encore*" or "*Bis*," meaning, in plain English, "Again! again!" surely Madame, or Mister, ought to repeat that identical song, or else my "*encore*" or "*bis*" must seem to imply that "I am very pleased, it is true, with the song you've sung, Madame or Mister, but I am sure you can do better if you only try; so please give us another, and something totally different too."

Consequently, my "*encore*" is only a qualified compliment.

But "they all do it," except Mr. SIMS REEVES, who, I had always heard, steadfastly set his face against the *encore* system. He is only partly right. A delighted audience pays a singer a compliment in re-demanding a song. A flattered singer should take the compliment as intended, and, if in his power, without fatiguing himself and so detracting subsequently from the pleasure of his audience, he ought to "oblige again." The engagement to sing includes the probability of an *encore*, and an *encore* is the pleasing penalty of well-deserved popularity. To sing an entirely different song, by way of accepting an *encore*, is a mistake *in toto*.

Talking of *in toto* reminds me that there was another case in *Tito*—I mean in *Tito Mattei*. Signor TITO MATTEI played admirably his "*Souvenir d'Italie*" and his "*Valse de Concert*." Result an enthusiastic *encore*. What does TITO do? He plays "*Home, sweet Home*" with variations. Signor TITO, however, must be credited with something of satire in his selection, as "*Home, sweet Home*" becomes rather monotonous, even to the most domesticated, *without* variations of some sort.

The excellent Signor was immensely applauded by the audience, and, above all, by the members of the Orchestra, who shook hands with him as if he were going away on a long journey, one energetic gentleman, attached, I think, to a second violin, actually slapping him on the back, as much as to say, "Bravo, TITUS! You're the sort of chap I like—you are! Bravo! I backed you to win, and you've done it, TITUS, my boy!"

Then there was a merry Zingara (Mlle. MATHILDE ZIMMER), who ought to have appeared half-an-hour before, but had probably been detained by being out gipsying, and having some distance to come. She sang "*Tra la la*" as a merry Zingara invariably will, and told us how her "passport was a light guitar," which would of course have to be carefully examined at the Custom-House—and this might have caused her some extra delay.

M. RIVIERA'S orchestra performed in first-rate style LUMBYE'S spirited "*Summer Day in Norway*," a descriptive fantasia, and so brought the first part to a brilliant conclusion.

But, mind you, this "Promenade Concert" was not a promenade concert at all. Every one was seated; and the disconcerted look of



A FAIR INDUCEMENT.

Eminent Coach (to Favourite Pupil). "NOW LOOK HERE, ADAMS; IF YOU WILL ONLY WORK HARD WITH ME FOR SIX MONTHS, I PROMISE YOU THREE YEARS COMPLETE HOLIDAY AT OXFORD!"

the few swells of the present "Toothpick and Crutch" school, who strolled in, about ten, for a lounge, was most amusing to behold.

The absence of the popping of soda-water bottles, and of the jingling accompaniment of anything but musical glasses, was a great boon. I heard only two pops the whole evening; and as this was not one of the "Monday Pops," it was a custom more honoured in the breach than the observance—for imagine Mr. SIMS REEVES being interrupted in the middle of his great "Bay of Biscay, O!" song, when everyone is literally hanging on his lips, by the sudden pop of some buoyant cork!

There was another capital selection for the Orchestra in SUPPÉ'S "Poet and Peasant Overture"—a title that reminds me of a certain Cartoon, in this periodical, where Lord BEACONSFIELD is envying the lot of the happy Woodcutter—the People's WILLIAM—in his rural retirement.

Then the next feature of the Festival was Madame LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON'S "By the Margin of fair Zurich's Waters;" and then—expectation was a-tiptoe, and a perceptible thrill ran through the audience, as the gallant young English Tenor—the jolly Tar in all but the costume—came aboard, and piped all hands to listen to his "Bay of Biscay, O!"

Everyone who knows anything at all of the Tar-Tenor, knows how he, and he alone, can sing this, so to speak, plain-sailing song. From first to last, artistic *au bout des ongles*. I defy anyone—except he absolutely detest the sea and the slightest motion of the smallest boat—not to go with the singer through that fearful night of shipwreck, and be scarcely able to resist joining in the "three cheers" with which the vocalist greets the opportune arrival of a Sail! a Sail!!

All I want to know, without being hypercritical, is, who is supposed to sing this song; a professional sailor or an ordinary passenger? If an Old Salt—then Mr. SIMS REEVES'S reading is faultless, but the ballad itself is not what a tar would have written. If the narrator is an inexperienced passenger, then the ballad is faultless, and Mr. SIMS REEVES is wrong in his interpretation.

I have not time to go thoroughly into this nice question, which I recommend to the study of the singer and the public; only a suggestion arises out of this, and that is, let Mr. SIMS REEVES first sing it as the tar, and when encored, as encored he cannot fail to be, let him give a new reading of it as a passenger who suffers from sea-sickness. This will touch heart-home the majority of his audience. Indeed a new edition, or *encore* edition, might be written on these lines:—

Loud roared the dreadful thunder,
The rain a deluge show'rs;
We felt we'd made a blunder
To take our boat two hours.

We made but one remark—
"Oh, this is not a lark!"
For the day we must pay
In the Bay of Biscay O!

And a very little humouring on the part of the singer would express exactly the impecunious state of the parties, who had just got the money for a two hours' sail, but hadn't enough to satisfy the boatman for a whole day out; thus—

For the day we can't pay,
Let's in the Bay of Biscay *over*!

And this I present, with my compliments, to Mr. SIMS REEVES, when next he sings this song—when may I be there to hear—and to Mr. SAMUEL HAYES for another Festival.

But I hope to hear more of our gallant young English Tenor, before long, in *Tom Tug*, and also as *Captain Macheath* in the *Beggar's Opera*. It used to be "Bravo, Hicks!" That is past and gone. Let us substitute "Bravo, HAYES!" if he is going to give us that treat.

Mr. CHATTERTON is showing us what can be done with SHAKESPEARE at Drury Lane, and Mr. DRILLO and Mrs. VEXIN have anything but an idle time of it just now.

Poor dear old PHELPS! the last of the Old School has gone, and with him *Sir Pertinax Macsycophant*.

A word, by the way, for the dear old Polytechnic—"clarum et venerabile nomen"—though it wasn't by any means a case of no mon the night I visited it, but of a good many men, and still more women and children. They are having great doings there just now.

First, they give you "Food, and its Preparation," by PEPPER—the right condiment in the right place—and then you are introduced to "Cabul and the Afghans," by Mr. T. L. KING—"Scenery, People, Manners, and Customs"—for our guidance in these anxious times, when every day brings its letters in each other's teeth, for and against going in at the Ameer.

And then the visitor is pitilessly taken all about the Paris Exhibition—twenty miles of it, at least—by judicious short cuts, and then trotted off to China—and then into fairyland, to be introduced to the "*Cinderella of 1878*," who is called—I can't conceive why—*Zitella*, through a series of *tableaux*, on the disc and on the stage, with musical and pictorial accompaniments written by a gentleman of the exorciatingly funny name of TIEKINS THUDD! If the patter could be cut a little shorter it would be so much the sweeter. And all this besides the old standing attractions, the Diving-Bell, and the Machinery, and the Cosmorama, and the Electric Cascade, and all the Arts and Sciences know what besides. It is the fullest bill in London.

Mr. CLARKE with *The Mirals* is doing capital at the Haymarket, and I hope he will go on with the Old Comedies as long as he can cast them as well as he has cast this masterpiece of SHERIDAN'S. What a good play it is, harring always *Falkland* and *Julia*, and what a model from beginning to end. Yet I suppose modern Critics would call the plot "slight"—if the play were modern. But surely the plot of a genuine Comedy should be "slight"—and the greatest events from the most trifling causes should spring—*telle est la vie*—and Comedy is Life, or Life is Comedy, at least, in the opinion of the laughing Philosopher who signs himself

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

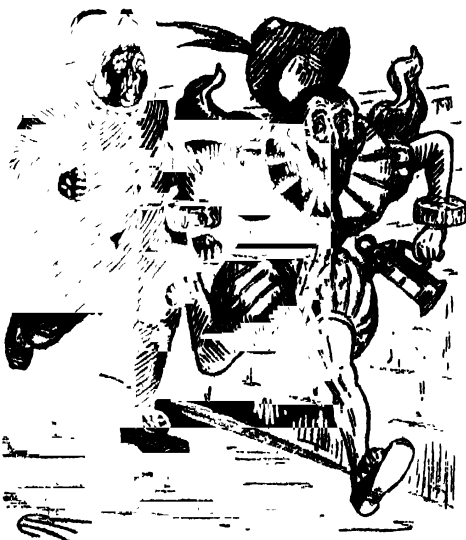
Important Notice.

FOR the use of all Political Students of Geography, we intend publishing a correct Map of the World, when the present Eastern and Western Questions are finally settled to the satisfaction of everybody. Orders, with subscriptions in advance, may now be sent to our Office.

WHAT THE AMEER THINKS MIGHT COME OF ADMITTING AN ENGLISH ENVOY (as he puts it in his broken English).—"Am 'ere to-day, might be gone to-morrow."

"FOR PERCUSSION."—The Presidency of Trinity College, Oxford. (With Mr Punch's Apologies to the Editor of the "Cornhill.")

GROWN-UP BONFIRE BOYS.



IF Guys are dying down in London—till one feels that the only fit retreat for the few desecrated specimens still to be seen is Guy's Hospital—they are still in full bang at Lewes, and seem to be blazing their way thence to an imitation "flare up" in other parts of Sussex and Kent. But Lewes still stands supreme as the High Court of the Lord of Misrule, who makes a Guy of himself on the Fifth of November, when it would almost

seem as if King Carnival had usurped one night's sway in this normally quiet—not to say stupid—Sussex borough. Brass bands, heading a procession of cresset-bearers many hundreds strong; banner-men and maskers; a Commander-in-Chief, with his staff—not a constable's, we need hardly say—and a Lord Bishop, escorted by a strong force of mock clergy; colossal bonfires and blazing tar-barrels scattered about the thoroughfares crowded with masqueraders of both sexes; fireworks in full blast all over the town; shop-fronts and lower storey windows barricaded; cart-loads of combustibles piled and fired within a few feet of the Town Hall; and a brace of colossal Guys, to be duly paraded first and blown up afterwards, all help to make night hideous, to frighten timid householders out of their wits, to keep the fire-brigade on the alert, and reduce the police force to insignificance for one night of the three hundred and sixty-five.

"It is a poor heart that never rejoices," and Lewes takes its rejoicing as the county capital of "Silly Sussex" might be expected to do.

It is really refreshing to know that there remains in the United Kingdom one town at least in which the good old times of merry England are renewed, with their horse-play, row, and riot, if only for one night in the year. And as they say no houses are burnt down, and no more heads broken or pockets picked than the normal allowance among quieter crowds, why should not Lewes enjoy its Fifth of November revel till its inhabitants wake sadder and wiser men, not only "the morrow morn,"—like the ancient mariner,—but all the year round?

"THE WORKING OF THE WIRES;" OR, UNDER THE CAUCUSES.

(A Chapter from a Historical Romance of the Future.)

CHAPTER XXIX.—*Vae Victis!*

BRUTUS JONES, the Modern CROMWELL, as he was called by his trembling admirers—the Nineteenth Century ROBESPIERRE, as he was denounced (in whispers) by his embittered but impotent foes—sat alone in his *sanctum*. In spite of his victory, there was a frown upon his brow telling of remorse. His success had been complete. The result of the Municipal Elections had given him unlimited power. The "Hundreds," and the "Four," "Six," and "Twelve Hundreds," who hailed him as their chosen Wire-puller, had done his bidding to the letter. Everywhere his party was in the ascendant; everywhere the other party was cast down, demolished, grovelling in the dust. And yet BRUTUS JONES was not happy. He fell asleep; and in his dreams he strove in vain with the Nemesis of his own overthrow. He imagined that the wheel of fortune had revolved, and that the other party had taken the place now occupied by his own. He woke with a start, and, murmuring, "I must reassure myself," touched the bell with which he was wont to summon his Secretary. That faithful follower appeared. "Ah! SMITH," he exclaimed. "I see you have not left me. My word still is law, eh?"

The Secretary raised his eyebrows in astonishment, and bowed.

"Let me know at once," continued the Chairman of the "Hundreds," bent on testing the reality of his nightmare, "which of my orders have been carried out?"

"Nearly all, I think, Sir," returned the Secretary, glancing at a list. "The places of the Directors of the Bank of England, left vacant by the abrupt dismissal of the leading merchants and bankers of the other party, have been filled by trustworthy nominees of our own. It is true, that the new men as yet know little or nothing about the law of finance or banking, but their political principles are unimpeachable."

"So far, well!" murmured BRUTUS; "go on!"

"We have changed the entire Bench of Middlesex Magistrates. The new Justices have reversed all the decisions of their predecessors. They have restored licences to—"

"Of course: I know," impatiently interrupted the great Wire-puller. "A party must sacrifice something to its principles. I hope the officials of all our gaols are changed?"

"Much to the disgust of the prisoners of the other party, who have lost all their good marks in consequence. The Hangman, too, pretends that he has a vested right in his appointment," replied the Secretary.

"And our Hospital Staffs? Have they felt the influence of our victory?"

"They have, Sir," returned the Secretary, with a sigh: he had a kindly heart. "The patients complain that the new Surgeons are not so skilful as the old ones. An amputation now takes fifteen minutes against five under the old régime."

"What if it took an hour?" cried the Modern CROMWELL, angrily. "A good citizen surely should be prepared to endure a few minutes' pain for his country's good! What more?"

"The Schoolmasters appointed by the old School Boards have been dismissed, or appointed to worse paid posts."

"Ah! those old Schoolmasters have much to learn. The sooner they take their lesson to heart, the better," said the Chairman, with a bitter laugh. "What next?"

"We have deprived all the Beadles of their posts. They clung to their uniforms; but now their gold-laced coats clothe limbs of purer political type, their cocked hats cover heads of more advanced Liberal inspiration. If Bumbleton is not sound in political opinions, what can be expected of BULL?"

"And the Police?"

"Judiciously handled, and now officered by men of the right sort, they may be said to be with us to a man. The Volunteers, too, have threatened to resign in a body, unless their officers give place to citizen Soldiers of our colour. In a fortnight the *Gazette* will contain the names of Colonels, Majors, Captains, and Subalterns, all as sound in opinion as St. Paul's bells, if a little shaky in their drill and the duties of their respective commands."

"One can't have everything in this world," returned the Chairman.

"Have the crossing-sweepers been changed, and the cabmen been warned that their licences are forfeited, except on condition of adherence to our platform? Have the retrograde apple-women of the hostile party been informed that they must give up the sites of their stalls to those who go for Progress and the People?"

"Certainly, Sir," replied the Secretary. And again he sighed heavily.

"Ah!—*à propos*. Have the attendants at Hanwell and Colney Hatch been removed, to make way for successors of sounder sense?"

The Secretary hesitated. "Not yet, Sir," he said; and then added, in a tone of sorrowful remonstrance, "Cannot we spare them? They are good and worthy men, and their duties are difficult, and take long to learn. Some of them have families—what will become of them?"

The Great Wire-puller turned on him an eye of stern, but cold, reproof. "If their successors know their duty, they will shut them up for being mad enough to disagree with us. And now begone! I would be alone."

As the Secretary retired, his Chief muttered between his teeth, "Why does he prate to me of goodness and worthiness? What have these virtues to do with politics?"

And leaving this conundrum unanswered, the Chairman of the Hundreds turned once more to the complex ramifications and reticulations of his wires.

Grave Guests.

IRELAND, it has often been said, is the country of contradictions. Who, in this more consistent country of ours, would expect to find, as we do in the *Dublin Daily Express*—

WANTED, for a Country Hotel, a respectable HEARSE, in good order.—Apply, &c.

FROM THE AGRICULTURAL HALL.—The Cork Leg outrun by the CORKEY ditto.



"RETORT COURTEOUS"

Facetious Old Gent (to Passenger with a Saw). "YOU SHOW YOUR TEETH, SIR."
(Chuckles.)
Crusty Carpenter. "YOU DON'T. 'CAUSE WHY!—Y' AIN'T GOT NONE!"

"CHEAPER AND CHEAPER STILL."

It is rumoured that the present Lord Mayor is determined to temper Civic hospitality and municipal ceremonial with what the City has till now but too little regarded—economy. Should the report be correct, and the fashion of retrenchment find favour in the eyes of the Citizens, *Mr. Punch* pleases himself in imagining a Ninth of November of the future, something after this fashion—

THE PROCESSION.

The day was a glorious one, and every inch of Fleet Street, the Strand, and Charing Cross was crowded. A single detachment of dismounted Police led the way. These Guardians of the Peace were succeeded by a dray, kindly lent by Messrs. BUXTON & Co. the eminent brewers, carrying in a bundle all the flags and banners of the Corporation. An array of Charity Children in their quaint garb of the olden time, arranged according to the colour of their caps and gowns—a girl and boy together—brought up the rear. The Charwoman of the Mansion House with her *insignia* of office, the time-hallowed broom and duster, borne by an Under-cleaner, was the next to put in an appearance. Then came the feature of the show, a musician playing no less than six different instruments at once. The applause of the mob was almost deafening, as this cheap, compact, and compendious substitute for the old-fashioned military bands went merrily and musically by. The Recorder in his wig was next seen picking his way modestly through the mud. The City Marshal riding a bicycle followed. Then came two Atlas omnibuses, hired by the hour, filled inside and out with Aldermen who had, and who had not, passed the Chair. Lastly, appeared the LORD MAYOR'S coach, and it was not difficult to understand that a great saving in expense had been effected by discarding the horses of other days for the Ludgate Hill street-traction-engines. After His Lordship had passed, a Sergeant's Guard of the Victoria Rifles, in undress uniform, brought the procession to a brilliant and not expensive termination.

A COINAGE FOR CYPRUS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I THINK you and your readers will agree with me that as our last acquisition is absorbing, and likely to absorb, a great deal too much of our money, the sooner we can give it some money of its own the better. In fact, a coinage for Cyprus is, or ought to be, already in the Mint, or on its way to the die, like its unfortunate garrison. Why should this new mintage not be made at once to indicate our acquisition of the island, to pay a compliment to its acquirers, and to stereotype one of the most ingenious of recent legends? The two former ends may be secured in the devices of the coin; the other in its inscription.

If LORD BRACONSFIELD and Mr. FREMANTLE take my advice, this new money will not be a mere coinage of the brain, but a copy of the old coin of the island, which bore on the obverse a Bull, on the reverse a Dove. Can anything be more appropriate at once to the situation, and the ready-made legend, "Peace with Honour"—Dove to symbolise the one, Bull the other?

There! As the Roman proverb used to run—

"Rem ex asse cognoscis."

Yours,

SMELFUNGUS ASTARTICUS.

Rule and No Rule.

THE Rule of the Road's clear as light—

That in driving a carriage along,
The man who drives left is all right,
And the man who drives right is all wrong.

But the Rule of the River appears,
When fatal collisions befall,
And witnesses get by the cars,
To be simply, "There's no Rule at all."

Eminently Appropriate.

In an article in this month's *Fortnightly Review*, Mr. A. R. WALLACE proposes to naturalise in Epping Forest "the remarkable *Salisbury* or *Ginkgo Tree*." Have we not here a scientific appellation for the *Salisbury* or *Jingo Tree*, which might certainly be selected with peculiar appropriateness as the Conservative "plant" of the day?

THE BANQUET.

The usual company (including Her Majesty's Ministers, Ambassadors, and a limited selection of the Corporation, made by ballot) assembled to do honour to the LORD MAYOR at the Guildhall.

At the high table the famous three-and-sixpenny dinner from the Holborn Restaurant was served in first-rate style, and every other guest found a bottle of Bass before him. The less important feasters at the other tables were supplied with hot water, bread-and-butter, and shrimps at the trifling cost of sixpence a head, it being understood that they were to bring their own tea with them. An excellent band, consisting of a violin and harp which had been playing in front of an adjacent tavern until the hour fixed for the banquet, were accommodated with seats in the Music Gallery.

Later on, the harmony of the evening was enhanced by the performance of an Italian musician (whose name we failed to catch), who executed several brilliant fantasias on the barrel-organ.

When the cloth had been removed, and the loving-cup (filled with shandy-gaff) had been passed round, the usual loyal toasts were proposed at the usual length, and received with the wonted cordiality.

Rather later than usual, after the PREMIER, in returning thanks for his own health, had commenced a political speech of unusual interest, the LORD MAYOR said he regretted to interrupt the harmony of the evening, but he had to state that, in order to save expense, the Lighting Committee had arranged to turn off the electric light at nine, so that he feared the audience must be content with such enlightenment as they could derive from his noble friend's oratory. The company separated in some little disorder, after listening to the Noble Lord with some impatience for a considerable time, on finding that he was unlikely to throw any light on the situation.

COLLAPSE.

WHAT a late Lord Mayor amounts to. OWSEN—the Greek for nothing.



UNDER THE CENSOR'S STAMP;

OR, HOW THE BEAR'S PAW COMES DOWN ON PUNCH IN ST. PETERSBURG. AND YET THE JINGOES CALL HIM "RUSSOPHIL"!

FRIENDS AT A DISTANCE.

Being the brief Record of a few Winter-seasonable Visits to certain Country Houses.

VISIT THE FIRST.—CHAPTER II.

The dispiriting Journey—Fogs—Mist—Fens—Dampness—Light—More Light—Bursting Mills—Lantern—Onward—Poor Ghost—Suspensions—Clayboro'—Bound for Joaslyn's—Suggestions for Road-Warmers—The Fly—Arrival—The Knell—Signs of Life—Open Locks—The Reception—Presentiments—Regrets.

DRIZZLY, damp, and dirty at Fenchurch Street Station. All along the line, misty, murky, and vapoury—such a vapour as ghosts might be made of—the ghosts of victims lost hopelessly in the fens. The gaslights struggling for life—gasping and shivering. If I could peer into the life of the fog, I am sure I should see Jack-o'-lanterns and unwholesome goblins dancing with frogs, toads, and other such

slimy, grotesque creatures, familiar to the pencils of DOYLE and CRUIKSHANK.

The carriages appear damp, mouldy, and gloomy: all the passengers wear a mysterious air, as it seems to me, wrapping themselves up, and hiding themselves away in corners out of sight of one another, as though each having committed some great crime, were escaping from justice, or, perhaps, the deed of darkness being still undone, each sombre passenger is bound for some lonely spot in the Fens, where the punctual victim will be met by appointment, and then—and then will be heard of no more!

Oh for the Electric Light all over the Essex Marshes, right away down to the river, to scare the ghosts, the goblins, and the murderous prowlers of the night! Wake up, Mr. EDISON, and start land light-houses, here, to begin with. Hang the expense!—do it, Sir! Ruin yourself, and receive the gratitude of thousands of poor trembling belated travellers.

Bursting Mills Station! More like an outlying shed for homeless cattle in the midst of the Great Dismal Swamp. A shivering porter,



WHAT TYRANTS WOMEN ARE!

SCENE—The Start for the Meet.

DRAMATIS PERSONE—Very small horsey Young Lady; can go like blazes. Young Squire, escort for the day, his pockets very much bulged out.

She. "YOU'VE GOT THE SANDWICHES!" He. "YES."

She. "AND THE PACKET OF TEA! THEY DO GIVE ONE SUCH STUFF AT THOSE PUBLICS." He. "THERE YOU ARE."

She. "AND THE CARROTS FOR MY MARE!" He. "JUST LOOK HERE!" She. "ALL RIGHT! NOW LET US JOG ON."

very damp, and very sniffing, is holding his lantern under his jacket, with his arm affectionately round it, as though to keep it warm, and perhaps by this means impart some additional life to his own pulsation. Hiding his light under a bushel, as it were.

He regards me with pity, and evidently wonders what on earth can have induced me to get out at Bursted Mills.

The train for Clogsole and Clayboro' is waiting, and there are two other ghosts besides myself going by it.

We get into our compartments silently, avoiding one another. The train starts noiselessly. No bustle, no screaming, no life. The wheels are muffled, and the rails have been oiled by the greasy fog, for we glide along into a deeper and deeper gloom, and the curtains of mist close around us and behind us, deadening all sound, and gradually shutting us out from the outer world.

I am wondering what evil genius prompted me to accept JOSSLYN DYKE's invitation to his country-house at this time of year! But 'tis done! May I arrive safely!

We stop at Clogsole. Somebody gets out. I arrive at the fact by listening attentively. I can just see a shadowy figure—a melancholy shade. He becomes merged in the fog, like the shadow that used to stand behind the Haunted Man's chair in the Adelphi drama,—and then he disappears,—perhaps burked on the spot, robbed, and rolled over into a muddy ditch outside Clogsole Station—to be left till called for. And when will he be called for? Alas! poor ghost!

In the old days of murderous romances and thrilling melodramas, it used to be the innkeeper, or the miller, who gave his victims shelter for the night, when their fate was sealed. In these days of steam-travelling, can it be that the civil station-master has taken the place of the black-browed host of the Roadside Inn, or of Grindoff the miller?

Clayboro' Station. I dread getting out. I look cautiously round. I descend. No porter. Nobody. I hear a voice, somewhere in the night air, sighing out sadly, "Clayboro'—that is all."

My luggage—that is, my Wonderful Bag is with me. The phantom

train glides away, and vanishes in a flash of fire: then all is darkness on the line. I am alone, with my bag, on the platform. At last a glowworm porter advances to take my ticket. I tell him I am bound for Mr. JOSSLYN DYKE's, The Mote, Moss End. By an effort of memory, as though unaccustomed to conversation, he recalls, after some hesitation, the name of the house and its owner. I fancy he regards me suspiciously, as though I might be a detective in disguise, and JOSSLYN of The Mote a coiner.

I am inclined to re-assure him by protesting I mean no harm to JOSSLYN DYKE, that I am his warmest friend, that is, if in these parts there can be such a thing as a warm friend, unless he go about in bearskins three deep, with coals of fire heaped on his head like the itinerant roast chestnut vendors in the London streets—which has always struck me as a wonderful invention for keeping one's head warm.

[Happy Thought.—We have feet-warmers, why not "head-warmers?" Strange that this fashion in our climate should not be more generally adopted. No need to sell chestnuts; merely a hat-full of coals, lighted by the servant when you go out. The "New patent iron hat for keeping the head warm in winter,"—is a brilliant idea. Might write, on this subject too, to Mr. EDISON. He'd work it up into something. Only I register it first. The New Patent Coalhole Hat, invaluable for lightness and warmth. No brushing required.]

Fortunately there is a fly. This is a rare bit of luck. JOSSLYN DYKE hadn't sent it. It has come to take somebody else somewhere else, and the somebody else's heart has evidently failed him at the last minute, as he hasn't arrived, and can't now for another two hours. With my bag I take my seat in the fly, and cheer up a bit. No matter to me, now, that the fly has a nasty odour of damp hay—no matter to me that the doors are warped and close with difficulty—no matter that one window won't come up and the other won't go down, and that it rattles, and shakes, and wobbles. These are no discomforts to me now, for I am spared a dirty walk, and



NEATLY STOPPED.

Old Gentleman (to Box-Keeper, testily). "No, I NEVER GIVE MONEY. STOP A BIT! HERE!" [Gives Charity Organisation Ticket.]

saved, perhaps, from losing myself, and losing everything else, it might be, bag included, on the lonely road between the station and The Mote.

I can see nothing of the country, and very little of the village. It is a village. I can make out the straggling, dimly-lighted shops of the general-dealers, and we nearly bump up against some waggons standing out in the road in front of the old village inn. There is some shouting, not much, and some bad language—the latter stronger than the shouting, and more of it,—and we continue our route. More and more vapoury and misty. Danker and damper.

[Happy Thought. Capital name for an *opéra bouffe*, *Danker and Damper*. Musical, of course—with Mlle. D'ANNA as the heroine. Great blessing to be able to have even one flash of a "happy thought" in such surroundings as these.]

Faint, flickering, bilious-looking lamps, at intervals, the posts being invisible. The trap takes a turn to the left, then another to the right, then to the left again: and then I couldn't swear whether it is turning right or left, or whether we are curving round and round, and travelling in a circle. All I am sure of is, that we are not going straight; and at times I could almost positively swear that we are going backwards. Wherever The Mote may ultimately be, the road to it seems to be through a labyrinth of lanes; and, to judge by the jolting, we are passing over deep ruts, or old water-courses.

At last we pull up. I can see absolutely nothing. Can I have arrived at Nowhere, the country residence of Mr. Nobody? I know that in crowded London, JOSELYN DYKE would probably be Nobody; but here in the country I thought he would be Somebody. Nobodies in London, are, more often than not, Somebodies in the country.

The Flyman has descended, and, as far as I can make out, is trying to climb up a pole. Good Heavens! is this the way into JOSELYN DYKE's house?

No; he isn't trying to climb: he is only fumbling about a door-post to find a bell.

Becoming accustomed to the darkness, I see that we are close up against a high, and, as it seems to me, black wall.

[Happy Thought. Good omen. Arriving at Blackwall. Used not Blackwall to be famous for its dinners?]

We are between two black walls, and under heavy, over-hanging branches. A large, massive gateway looms gradually out from the wall, slowly taking form, shape, and colour, like a change in a dissolving view. Then, too, I become aware of a house, at some little distance off—an old gabled house—and, as I think, a tower.

The Flyman has discovered the bell-chain by the mere accident of the iron handle hitting him on the nose, which makes him, not unnaturally, angry, but sets him to pulling at it with the vigour of an irritable person suffering under a sense of injury, and determined to "let 'em have it" whoever they are.

But it takes three pulls to produce one sound.

[Happy Thought. Idea for a "Sound Table,"—with my compliments to the "Ancient Society of College Youths," or whatever the scientific bell-ringers call themselves,—on the plan of any other table of weights and measures. And why not? There is such a thing as "a measured tone," and how will the ordinary dealer measure it, if not by rule, &c., by table. I don't see my way to the proportions except starting with—

Three pulls (at a bell)....	make	One sound.
Two sounds		Somebody hear.
Somebody hearing	makes	No difference.
No difference		One angry.]

But these are details merely suggested at JOSELYN DYKE's door, by the fact of the Flyman having rung several solemn knells—and the bell only knells once solemnly to every three good hard pulls—without any result. It really appears as if the people within, on hearing the knell, had gone quietly off and buried themselves. I have often heard of persons "burying themselves in the country," but never knew it was done in this way before.

I mention this jestingly to the Flyman, who doesn't understand the humour of the thing, and is inclined to fancy I am chaffing him. However, as he has his fare in view, and an extra sixpence for bell-ringing, he does not retort on me; but he is doing anything but "blessing the bell" at that moment.

Lights! The sounds of life! Bolts, looks, and bars are flying asunder! Chains rattle as though a hundred persons were being let loose out of the Bastille. More bolts, looks, and bars. More chains. Then the deep baying of a hound from somewhere. Where? It occurs to me that if this basso-profondo hound is the watch-dog, he must be rather useless, seeing that he took no notice of our arrival, and had to be roused by the bell before he uttered a sound.

However, that's DYKE's affair, not mine; all that concerns me about the hound with the bass growl just now is—where is he at this minute? I can't see him; and I hate to hear an invisible dog.

The outer portal—it is a portal—opens,—of its own accord. Through it, I see a line of light leading to a doorway, where stands a tall figure, holding a lantern, and peering out cautiously. Then the tall figure advances, gravely.

Associating his appearance—he is in black, and a stiff white tie—with the funeral knell that has just sounded, I cannot help looking upon him as an undertaker attached to the establishment. He advances upon me, holding his lantern aloft, as though he were searching for a body—as an undertaker might be expected to do if he had lost one in the snow; and then for the first time I perceive behind him a huge St. Bernard mastiff. This completes the picture of finding the body in the snow (only there's no snow, but plenty of glistening dead leaves), and he ceases to represent an undertaker, but a monk of St. Bernard turned Protestant, and dressed as a clergyman of the Evangelical school. It is JOSELYN DYKE's butler: and—thank Heaven!—this is JOSELYN DYKE's!

Joyfully I bestow largesse on the Flying Bellringer—I mean the Bellringing Flyman; and, after making friends with the dog, who sniffs about me to assure himself of my being the sort of person he would recommend his master to admit, I surrender my bag—my bag of bags—to the care of the butler, and, without another word from him to me, or from me to him—it is all done silently, in dumb show, like a ballet in plain clothes—and there is an air of mystery about, as if I were the last conspirator to arrive, and had kept the others waiting—I follow the butler and the bag into the Hall.

[Happy Thought (title for song)—The Butler and the Bag.]

In another second there is a pattering of feet on the dark oak floor, and two dogs suddenly appear, stop short, and glower at me suspiciously. They are weird-looking creatures, both of them. The first, a trifle in advance of the other, has a large goblinous head with great goggle eyes, awkward overgrown legs, long tawny body, and a tail that writhes and twists like an eel. Were I asked, at haphazard, to fix his breed, I should say something between a bulldog, a pug, and a grotesque Chinese ornament, the last factor in his composition predominating. The other dog is, as far as I can make out, white, thin, and long pointed at both ends like a double pencil. It is an unsubstantial dog, and strikes me as a phantom animal: the first is a fiend. They do not utter a sound or move. On my left stands the austere Butler and the St. Bernard. None of us move or utter a sound. It is a tableau. Enter upon this picture, my friend JOSELYN DYKE who steps forward, greeting me cordially but solemnly.

"Dinner," he says, gravely, "will be ready in half an hour. We dine punctually. Good, will show you your room. If you want anything, ask Good, he will see to you."

Good is the Butler—a Phantom Butler!—lank, dark, and pale,

and solemn as a mute, when officially engaged, standing silently, and moving noiselessly!

[*Happy Thought (paraphrasing a well-known line).* Moving noiselessly—"An excellent thing in Butlers."]

GOOR inclines his head, and motions me to follow him up the broad old dark-pannelled staircase. It is a ballet in plain clothes. I express my willingness to accompany him also in dumb show. There ought to be music.

JOSEPH somehow vanishes. The dogs have all vanished. I never saw or heard them go.

The place is dimly lighted, and there are black shadows lying in wait in every corner, as though to pounce out on the venturesome stranger.

More ballet. Serious *pas de deux* between myself and the Butler on the landing.

I am depressed. I am nervous. I wish I were at home, anywhere, in the centre of London, or at my Club, before the fire . . . but it is all too late . . . Fate has pronounced . . . and I follow the Phantom Butler with the Bag.

BRIGHTNESS AND BEAUTY.



DARLING OLD PUNCH,

Do you really think that the Electric Light is going to do away with gas? I should so like to know, not that I or anybody I care about has got money in a Gas Company's shares that I know of, but there is one point on which I am very anxious, and I don't think at least I haven't heard that anything has been said, indeed, what is very strange, it doesn't seem to have struck anybody, and at any rate it is a most serious matter, because whether or no the Electric Light is to cut out gas in streets and houses there seems no doubt it answers for warehouses and galleries and Gov-

ernment work-places, and all sorts of large rooms. So there is every prospect of its being used in Assembly-Rooms and Ball-Rooms. Now then this is the question which occurs to me of course, and no doubt also to every thinking girl, and many I dare say have written to the papers and not had their letters put in, but I hope you will mine and then perhaps Mr. EDISON—I think that is his name—or some of his agents—don't you call them?—will give me an answer: Is the Electric Light—when used to illuminate a Marble Hall, or a *salon* of fashion, or any other Rooms in which one mingles with Society—suitable to the complexion?

Ever yours,

VANESSA.

P.S.—There is also another thing I should like to know. Sometimes, at scientific lectures, I have seen Electricity used to produce chemical changes. Besides making the natural colour look horrid, mightn't the effect of the Electric Light perhaps be to turn any little artificial bloom one might use to something dreadful?

In a Nut Shell.

THE Metropolitan Board's "feasance"—Embanking the Thames. The Metropolitan Board's "Mis-feasance"—Mud-banking it.

[See CAPTAIN CALVER's report of the result of the Metropolitan Main Drainage operations on the state of the river; Sir J. BAZALGETTE's rejoinder; and CAPTAIN CALVER's final letter to BAZALGETTE.]

JOHN HOMESPUN ON IMPERIALISM.

IMPERIALISM! Hang the word! It buzzes in my noddle Like bumble-bees in clover-time. The talk on't's mostly twaddle; Yet one would like to fix the thing, as farmers nail up vermin; Lots o' big words collapse, like blobs, if their sense you once determine.

I guess I'm English, root and branch, though some smart babes feign doubt of it.

(Your Cookerels now do crow so loud, old roosters seem quite out of it)

To think BRITANNIA rules the waves is soothing to my feelings, But let her rule 'em right, say I, and stick to honest dealings.

If that's un-English, as I'm told, parochial and the rest of it, Be he it; right is my North Star, I shan't hedge east or west of it; And if Imperialism means to shift my conscience-compass, They won't get me to shout for it with all their row and rumpus.

I smoke my pipe and hear 'em peste, and don't they pitch it nobly? You'd think Creation owned JOHN BULL its Heaven-appointed Bobby.

But how if Bobby drops true blue, and takes to private priggling? If masts and yards ain't straight and square, you can't expect taut rigging.

No doubt the sharks would like to rule the seas to suit *their* wishes, And whales aren't much concerned about the rights of little fishes; But a sea-scurge is scarce the part JOHN BULL is proud of playing, Unless from pettia he's stuck to long he now is bent on straying.

Imperialism most times means rule ruthless as far-reaching, Shaped on the sharp *Squeers* system of much stick and little teaching. Masters grow plump on it, no doubt, but power and paunches swelling

Ain't quite the sort o' things to set a British patriot yalling.

Some do, no doubt. More blame, say I, to leaders fancied clever, Who, playing on the nation's heart, its finer chords touch never; They strum and thrum on selfish greed, and vulgar pride and swagger,

Until the empty row they raise great Shindy's self might stagger.

Bah! If Old England can't look big without so much drum-thumping, She's littler-hearted than I've thought. I own this brazen trumping

Don't warm my blood up, not a mite, its grandeur I can't follow; 'Tis noisy as the drum itself, and just about as hollow.

I grant that men of British breed should steer and pull together, And all stand by, blow low, blow high, in a spell of dirty weather; If *that's* Imperial, 'tis a tune with which I never jangled, Though it seems to me a good old air spoilt by a name now-fangled.

But pluck that's sound down to the core has got no call to swagger, To paint its nose to fright its foes, or flourish a big dagger; That style o' thing means bounce, not fight, however loud it holler, And won't stand cuffs, I'll bet a pot, for all its show of choler.

A ruling race has got to rule, but ruling don't mean robbery, Still less the game of trick for trick, and overlasting bobbery; And if what's called "Imperial" in fashionable lingo Ain't tainted with such humbug to the core, why I'm a Jingo!

Customary Candour.

Buch (*Biographer*, to Prince BISMARCK). Your Highness has doubtless read the Guildhall speech of LORD BEACONSFIELD?

Bismarck. To be sure.

Buch. You noticed his intimated intention to rectify the North-Western boundaries of British India with a view to secure a "scientific frontier"? Does not your Highness think this would be a most unscrupulous proceeding, and a gross violation of international law?

Bismarck (*airily, with his characteristic frankness, and a play of face between a wink and a grin*). We all do it.

How to Keep the Peace.

"Police-Constable ROBINSON, undeterred by five shots from PEACE's revolver, seized the man, and, after a desperate struggle, threw him to the ground. The burglar attempted to draw a sheath-knife from his pocket; but the officer, though severely wounded, did not lose his presence of mind, and after giving his prisoner a few smart taps on the head with his truncheon, succeeded in securing him."—*Newspaper Report of the arrest of the great Blackheath Burglar.*

EVIDENTLY Policeman ROBINSON is what we read so much of in the Jingo papers—the "Peace at any price" party.



GENTLE AND SIMPLE.

Young Sportsman. "DOES YOUR FATHER PRESERVE AT ALL?"

Ingenuous Maiden. "OH, NO; WE USE ALL OUR FRUIT FOR MAKING TARTS!"

"WHERE ARE WE NOW?"

Bull. (*halting and hesitating.*) I say, where are we going?

Drover (*reassuringly*). Oh, all right!
You follow me!

Bull. By faith, and not by sight!

But, to tell truth, I'm getting precious tired.

Drover. Pooh! pooh! Your staying powers are much admired.

Prestige, you know! You must maintain that.

Bull. Must I?

Somehow the phrase seems getting flat and fusty.

Drover. *Prestige* is your palladium. Come along!

You surely don't suppose I'd lead you wrong?

Bull. Oh, no! But—well, I'm really bound to say,

That this is not at all the sort of way

In which you swore to lead me. 'Twas to be

A path of peace, and jocund jollity;

A happy pasture steeped in holy calm,

The mead all flowerets, and the air all balm,

A sort of bovine Beulah, lapt in joy,

No one to harass, nothing to annoy,

No ropes, no rings, and, above all, no roads.

But this is darkest, ruggedest of roads!

Drover. This is mere hare-brained chatter, of the quality

I must call "irresponsible frivolity."

A solid brute like you should have more sense

Than to indulge in Rhodian eloquence.

Bull. More firework-phrases! But somehow they fail

To tickle me. Fine ribbons at my tail,

And rose-wreaths round my horns are not enough

To save me from fatigue and fear.

Drover. Oh, stuff!

Taurus turned timorous?

Bull. Not at all! but where

Is this long-promised pasture?

Drover (*with a sweeping flourish*). Over there!

Bull. That's vague, like all your promises—there! See!

The sky ahead 's as black as black can be,
We 'll have a storm, I guess,—a regular pelter.

Drover. All the more reason to make sure of shelter.

Bull. Yes, but I see none.

Drover. Oh, you will anon.

Trust wholly to my guidance and come on!

These fields are pleasant, but not well protected,

Their boundaries require to be corrected,

Somewhat enlarged, perhaps, just here and there.

Rectification—

Bull. Stop! I do not care

For wider ranging.

Drover. Nay, now, do not chafe.

At least you 'd like your pales and hedges safe?

At present they're haphazard, rambling, weak,

A Scientific Frontier 's what we seek.

Bull. What's that?

Drover (*aside*). Plague take the brute! What shall I say?

He did not use to question me this way.

(*Aloud.*) A scientific frontier is,—a border

Imperial not empirical! In order

That blessing to secure I'm striving ever

With all devices that are darkly clever,

I look to you to back me up, of course,

With all your resolution and resource.

Bull. All vastly fine! but I am very weary,

And the look-out is neither clear nor cheery.

Fatigued and fogged, I mean to make a stand,

And the true end of all this toil demand.

You know where you are going, I suppose,

But I tramp blindly on, led by the nose!

AMERICA'S IDEA OF ARBITRATION.—"Heads I win, tails you lose."

ADVICE TO HOLDERS OF DOUBTFUL STOCK.—Grin and "Bear" it.



“WHERE ARE WE NOW?”

DRYER DIZZY. “COME ALONG; IT’S ALL RIGHT. WE’RE ONLY IN SEARCH OF A ‘SCIENTIFIC FRONTIER.’”!!!

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(A Visit to the University of Cambridge on an important and interesting Occasion.)



SIR, By special invitation, accepted with the greatest possible pleasure, I witnessed the performance last Wednesday, on "the Ladies' Night," in the Rooms of the A.D.C. (Amateur Dramatic Club), Cambridge.

The arrangements for my reception at the Railway Station did honour alike to the Heads—and Hearts—of the University.

The first idea was, that, on the platform, I should be met by all the Heads of Houses, with their tiles off.

This having been abandoned on account of the inclemency of the weather, the following ceremonial programme was submitted to me for approval:—

First, the Vice-Chancellor, attended by the Commissary, a most useful officer superintending the University Commissariat; the Deputy High Steward (whose duty it is to accompany the Vice-Chancellor whenever he may go from Dover to Calais), carrying a golden basin and gilt brandy-flask, the insignia of his office; the Registrar, who combines the offices of Inspector of Smoky Chimneys with that of performing the marriage service for such members of the University as come to him at the Registrar's Office; the *Sex Viri*, without power to add to their number, as an addition would un-sex them; the *Auditors of the Chest*, carrying stethoscopes; Proctors, followed by Bull-dogs (muzzled), and the Two Moderators, smoking, on account of their wicks having been turned up too high. Lastly, the Examiners, each carrying his own *tripos*, followed by the Lady Margaret Preacher, in her best cap and silk gown.

As, however, I myself had dispensed with anything resembling display, being simply attired in a graceful garment called after the Ulster King-of-Arms, and was only accompanied by my very great friend (six feet five, if he's an inch) and constant legal adviser—a first-rate all round man—Professor PELL, Reversible Barrister, I telegraphed to say that I preferred to remain *incog.*, and would, in the quietest way, take an ordinary hansom from the Station to the College, where my excellent host—of whom it is no disparagement to speak as a Fellow—would be waiting to receive me.

Arrived at the College, I was at once installed in another Fellow's rooms—the worthy Bedmaker, and the obliging Gyp, assisting at the ceremony of installation.

"What," I asked myself, after a quarter of an hour's experience of the bachelor comfort of this ancient snuggery, "what can equal the existence of a College-Fellow with a *pied-à-terre* always ready, no difficulty as to servants, no trouble as to house-keeping—and with but one drawback that I can see, and that is, no bells."

But is not the absence of bells a sign that your every want is anticipated?

Look—here are beautiful fires in both rooms beaming a welcome—here on the hob is a steaming kettle, and the neatness, tidiness, and cleanliness of the chambers are distinct evidences of the tender care and softening influence of that female society, provided by the authorities of each College for the solace of its celibate residents, which is honourably known as the "Ancient Order of Academic Bedmakers."

We—another guest is with me, not the Eminent Reversible—mount to our rooms in an ancient tower, by a spiral stone staircase, with narrow windows set in deep embrasures, reminding me at every step of some of CRUIKSHANK'S illustrations to AINSWORTH'S *Tower of London*; and, what with this staircase, and the windows and the massive doors, and the mediæval appearance of the rooms themselves, I cannot shake off the impression that my friend and myself are two important political prisoners, treated in a very superior manner as befits our rank and the nature of our crime—nothing less than high treason, of course—ascending to our rooms in the

Tower, where presently the Lieutenant will visit us, and address us with kindly and courteous consideration.

But the caps and gowns destroy this Tower illusion, which is superseded at once by another of a mediæval ecclesiastical character, which is far truer than the first, and more in keeping with the local colouring.

Many have told of the monks of old—and so there is no necessity for me to add my observations. Suffice it that we were presently summoned to the monastic cell of one of the Brethren, where we were entertained in the pleasantest, merriest company, with the very best of good cheer, until it was time for us to walk to the Club Rooms of the A.D.C., and take our seats in the Auditorium of their elegant Little Theatre.

The Play was *The Ticket of Leave Man*, and it was the third night of its representation. The Amateurs (and among them are some genuine young artists) had been coached in the business of the Stage by Mr. HORACE WIGAN, who, it will be remembered, was the original "*Hawkehaw, the Detective*" at the Olympic—a part with which he will always be identified in the memory of play-goers.

The *Ticket of Leave Man* was played at the A.D.C. in five Acts, and the minor comic parts of *Green Jones* and *Emily St. Ermenegondo* were wisely omitted.

There is nowadays an unofficial censorship of Plays at Cambridge, this being the condition on which the existence of the Club is tolerated and recognised by the Dons.

It was not so in its first days—some twenty years ago, when the Club was, so to speak, a sort of Secret Society in the Catacombs, and when the nights of performance were kept a profound secret from all except the initiated. Subsequently came a semi-official recognition, but there was no censorship. I fancy that then we went in more for "the fun of the thing" than for its Art. Now there is a marked improvement in everything that may be taken as evidence of careful study, and of real earnestness of purpose in the performance of each one of the *corps dramatique*, from the principals down to excellently-trained "Supers," who were never obtrusive, or careless, as either "Guests" or "Navvies," though there are chances in this piece that might be easily taken advantage of by less loyal amateurs, who are too often so ready to sacrifice the general success to some particular exhibition of inane frivolity. No: the A.D.C. Supers in the *Ticket of Leave Man* were, in every way, perfect.

One may safely praise Supers, even amateur ones; they get so little of it; but Amateur Actors (all good in this case), are, as to their particular points of excellence, *super critican*, as the old German Emperor was *super grammatican*.

The performance over, we returned to the hospitable board presided over by our monastic host; and if there was a bell which summoned the cloistered Fellows to Prime (nothing, however, could have been more prime than the supper), it failed to arouse, from a peaceful slumber,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S. New piece at the Princess's; and our old friend, *Belphegor*, at Drury Lane. *Belphegor* used to be the best of all Mr. CHARLES DILLON'S parts. I hope to be able to say something about it in my next. New Burlesque at the Gaiety, and Old Comedies, and ZAZEL.—FARREN and FARINI—at the Aquarium. All alive, O! alive, O!

Awe-fully Jolly!

"An action was tried last week in which the Society of Apothecaries sought to recover penalties from a chemist, for having acted as an apothecary without a certificate. The principal witness for the Society of Apothecaries was Mr. THOMAS JOLLY DEATH."

DEATH to the dying may look grim;
Even to the halest, melancholy;
But when the Craft subpoena him,
We find for once that Death is jolly.

The Latest Secession.

"The Rev. ORBY SHIPLEY, M.A., one of the leading Ritualists, was received into the Church of Rome, on Saturday last."

It is whispered that in the event of the Pope reappearing in public to give his blessing to the people, the Reverend Gentleman named above will visit Rome in order to participate specially in the Papal Benediction—"Urbi et Orbi."

THE LEGION OF HONOUR.

VEXED that this Cross they're not allowed to wear,
Though France was very willing to bestow it,
Some of our workers at its late World-Fair
Have made themselves a little cross—and show it!



RANK INSUBORDINATION.

Colonel (who has received Letter from Private Smith, addressing him "Dear Colonel"). "WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY ADDRESSING ME IN THIS FAMILIAR MANNER, SIR?"

Private Smith. "BEG PARDON, SIR. I DIDN'T WRITE UN MYSELF—I GOT SOMEBODY ELSE TO. AND I DIDN'T MEAN IT OUT O' NO RESPECT, SIR—"

Colonel. "WHAT THE DEVIL DO YOU MEAN, SIR? SERGEANT-MAJOR, GET THIS MAN A FOURTH-CLASS CERTIFICATE IMMEDIATELY!"

A PAGE FROM KELLY'S DIRECTORY.

IF the Chief Baron's fashion of introducing personal politics into legal procedure and Civic ceremonial be followed, it may lead to strange results. On occasion of a Brewster Sessions, for instance, how would it look, if the granting or refusing of a licence were ushered in by something like this from the Chairman of the Bench of Magistrates?—

Mr. BUNG, you are the holder of a beer and spirit licence for a tavern known as the "Pig and Whistle." You came here to ask that that licence may be renewed. Sir, it is my duty as Chairman of this Bench of Magistrates, to impress upon you that a public-housekeeper has many heavy responsibilities. Not only does he sell beer and spirits across the bar, but, also across that bar, he has frequent opportunities of influencing, if not of forming, by his conversation the opinions of his customers. It is most important, therefore, that he should have sound political views in the present very critical position of European affairs. Mr. BUNG, it is my proud, if not pleasing, duty to inform you, that I regard the most solemn assurances of the Emperor of RUSSIA with the greatest possible distrust. Far be it from me to say anything that may seem to detract from the weight of a Sceptre, or impair the authority of a Throne in this or any other country; but I am bound to point out to you, and through you, to your customers, that the CZAR is a Potentate, who, were there any machine for weighing human, as there is for weighing metallic sovereigns, would, I fear, have to be set aside as not up to standard. In this respect he may be said to stand alone among his elevated order. If I may resort to classical antiquity for a parallel, I might quote, in application to him, the pointed, and not unfamiliar, line of HORATIUS FLACCUS:—

"Rara avis in terris, nigroque simillima cygno."

Nay more; not only is he, in my matured judgment, a black swan, but a very black swan. He is even, I am of opinion, much

blackier than he is painted in the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

Having said this much, I am sure, Mr. BUNG, that you will listen with interest to my opinion of the Treaty of Berlin. Some may regret that it does not go further; but I am satisfied that it is a very good Treaty, as far as it goes. Perhaps if it went farther the world might fare worse. But, Mr. BUNG, when I have made this admission, it would be perfectly absurd to attempt to hide from you my conviction, as regards the Turk, that it would have been well for England to have put forth all her power in aid of that interesting and intrepid people's destinies long before the snow-strewn Balkans were surmounted, and the blood-stained heights of Plevna stormed. Slightly altering the words of a great popular song-maker—you will, I doubt not, remember the profound saying of FLETCHER of Saltoun, a Scotch worthy with whose spoken and written wisdom you are doubtless familiar: "Let me make the songs of a people, and let who will make their laws"—

"We did not want to fight,
But had the necessity for the sacrifice arisen,
We had the ships, we had the men,
We had also the necessary pecuniary means!"

This being so, Mr. BUNG, we can offer no sufficient apology for our inaction. Having said this much on the painful topic commonly known as the Eastern Question, I now come to our North-West Indian frontier. You have doubtless heard that some of our ablest Indian statesmen and soldiers have insisted that we have made a false step in forcing the AMIR of Afghanistan into the arms of Russia. They have staked their reputations upon this assertion. These veteran statesmen and soldiers have filled many columns of the morning papers with arguments in support of this conclusion. In the most positive manner they have declared that our Government is in the wrong. I will use only four words in reply, but those four



A MATTER OF COURSE.

Elderly Belle. "NOW, CAN YOU GUESS MY AGE, MAJOR?"

Gallant Major. "NO, I CAN'T; BUT YOU DON'T LOOK IT!"

words should be conclusive to all well-regulated minds. *I don't think so!*

Having now disposed of the CZAR and the AMEER, I have only to add, incidentally, that I strongly disapprove of GAMBETTA, and cannot give my unqualified approbation to Prince von BISMARCK. It appears to me, too, Mr. BUNG, that a decided improvement might be made in the Government of Japan. I am sure that Captain BURNABY would do that country a service were he to take a ride in that direction. Captain BURNABY is so fearless that we cannot say of him—

"Post equitem sedet atra cura;"

and we can only wish him as complete a triumph over the Caucasus of the Black Country as the Black Sea. And now, Mr. BUNG, as we have to get through a great deal of business before lunch, I will merely remind you that BRITANNIA is the pride of the ocean, the ruler of the waves, and the tutelary goddess of that gallant body of Britons who never, never, under any consideration whatever, will consent to submit to the chain of slavery.

Mr. Bung. Thank you, Sir, but how about my licence?

The Chairman. Oh, I quite forgot to tell you, that as the police have given in an unfavourable report of the management of your tavern for the last twelvemonths, we have decided to refuse the "Pig and Whistle" its licence this year. Good morning.

[Mr. BUNG removed in hysterics.]

A GNOME for Beaconsfield.

(By a Philologist of the New School.)

οὐ προσκυνοῦντες τῇ Ἀδελφότητι σοφοί.

Æschylus from *Vinct.* line 936.

"Wise are the worshippers of a 'masterly inactivity.'"

JINGO'S DUE.

YE friends of Peace, if sore tried, no'er forget
How much we're all of us in Jingo's debt.
As Mars the War-God, Jingo to invoke,
Just served to turn a war-whoop to a joke.
The name of Jingo sticks like pitch and tar,
To bellowers for battle with the CZAR;
'Gainst ranting fire-eaters it raised a laugh,
And, in reply to fustian, won them chaff.
Who knows but Europe all in flames might be,
O Jingo, at this moment, but for thee?
What bloodshed we should rue, what broken bones,
Ships sunk, and sailors sent to Davey Jones,
Hadst thou not, Jingo, made war's howl absurd.
MACDERMOTT, thanks for teaching us that word!

A Recommendation.

THE organs of the Osmanli have set forth their reasons for accepting as trustworthy the evidence given before the Rhodope Commission of atrocities committed on the Turks by the Russians in Eastern Roumelia, and their virtuous indignation at the abominable humanitarians who decline to take the truth of that evidence for granted.

The *Spectator* this week gives us reasons for rejecting the same evidence as untrustworthy. This is eminently a case in which all would be disposed to appeal to the authority of a *Spectator*. Let our readers weigh the two sets of reasons, and say which carries most weight to their minds.

Complex Conundrum.

WHAT is the difference between the "irresponsible frivolity" of a stump speaker at Rhy!, and "the hair-brained chatter" of a post-prandial orator at the Mansion House?

Answer.—The first was "inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity;" the second was "verbose with the exuberance of his own inebriation."

Definitions for a Civic Dinner.

RECTIFICATION of Frontier.—Carrying out your garden-wall over the adjoining premises, so as neatly to take in a slip of your neighbour's land.

Scientific Frontier.—The more or less impregnable margin to a territory got by well-considered annexation. A Fence in defence of stolen goods.

THE GUILDHALL ORACLE.

"Only Once a Year."

"SOVEREIGN and Statesman," when at one, are all;
If House of Commons sing, let it sing small.
But with the Monarch, as a Monarch second
In my allegiance, King Mob may be reckoned.
How poor a leader is a "paragraph
Anonymous"!—mere verbiage, empty chaff,
To make both Sovereign and Statesman laugh.
Those who talk at us their own folly flatter,
Their reasoning, in two words, is—"hairbrained chatter."
Pronounce all views, save mine, of foreign polity,
Me judge, "irresponsible frivolity."
There, you've as much as (its) brains can remember
Of "sense and truth" for this Ninth of November.

Next Best Thing.

GENERAL GARIBALDI's Caprera quarries are to furnish the stone for renewing the streets of the Eternal City, which, eternal as the City is, will wear out.

Not having as yet succeeded in flooring the Church of Rome, the General is fain to fall back on paving the City.

QUITE UNNECESSARY.

MR. BARRAN (one of the Members for Leeds) has, we learn from the papers, been talking about the Afghan Difficulty. There has been quite barren talk enough on that topic already.

WAR WITHOUT SINEWS.

(A Correspondence in Nubibus.)

The Commander-in-Chief of Her Imperial Britannic Majesty's Forces before Cabul to the Representative of His Imperial Majesty the Czar of All the Russias inside the same, &c., &c.

7 A.M., April 1, 1879.



SIR.—I HASTEN to acknowledge your communication of this morning's date, informing me that, owing to the non-receipt of the expected supplies of boots, gun-powder, forage, rations, pay, and pocket-handkerchiefs by the Russian force of 50,000 men of all arms now advancing to the assistance of His Royal Highness the AMEER, you are disposed to consider the terms of a compromise which may be honourable to both of us. I have no hesitation, as Commander of the forces of Her Royal and Imperial Britannic Majesty, in admitting, that as, notwithstanding their heroic conduct throughout the campaign, the gallant troops I have the honour to command are suffering severely from the un-

countable failure of coats, cartridges, and commissariat, owing to difficulties of transport on wheels and by pack animals which I need not dwell upon at present, I have received your communication with satisfaction. I should be glad to take into consideration anything you have to propose.—I have the honour to be, &c., &c.

The Representative of His Imperial Majesty the Czar of all the Russias to the British General outside Cabul.

April 1 (New Style), 8 A.M.

DEAR GENERAL,

I HAVE read your frank and friendly answer to my letter with cordial sympathy. What I propose is that we should settle this awkward affair, on behalf of our respective august Sovereigns, by dividing into two equal shares all we can lay hands upon in the public treasury, reserving to ourselves the right of annexing as much private property as we can conveniently carry off. I would further suggest that we might toss for the guns, public buildings, the Royal collection of wild animals, and (if you see no objection to it), His Royal Highness the AMEER himself. Such an arrangement seems to me to be the only one that could be honourably entertained by two great, if, for the moment, impecunious powers. Assuring you that I have not touched a kopeck of my salary for the last eighteen months, I am, with profound homage, &c., &c.

The Commander-in-Chief of Her Imperial Britannic Majesty's Forces before Cabul to the Representative of His Imperial Majesty the Czar of all the Russias inside the same.

MY DEAR GENERAL,

9 A.M., April 1, 1879.

I AM too old a soldier not to appreciate the confidence with which your letter concluded. You will be prepared for my assurance of warm sympathy, when I tell you that I had to raise money on my best uniform before I could get away from Peshawar, and am safe to be "wanted" by more than one Sheriff's Officer on my return to Simla, should I be spared to reach it. This comes of making war without first providing its sinews; but when the Exchequer is empty, and the VICEROY has, *entre nous*, to trust to what he can make by publishing his poems by subscription, a poor old-soldier must not grumble. To revert to the business immediately in hand. I am agreeable to the course you suggest, but would prefer throwing you in both the tigers and the AMEER, as we might find a difficulty, in making proper commissariat arrangements for them under existing circumstances. What do you say?—Yours sincerely,

&c., &c.

The Representative of His Imperial Majesty the Czar to the British General outside Cabul.

April 1 (New Style), 10 A.M.

MY DEAR GENERAL,

DELIGHTED to oblige you if I could, but I am afraid that while my august Sovereign could, I doubt not, easily find room for the tigers at the St. Petersburg Gardens, there might be some diffi-

culty about His Royal Highness. However, if you can't place the AMEER in London, I will ascertain whether there is likely to be an opening for him shortly in Siberia or the Caucasus.

Yours, with every consideration, &c., &c.

P.S.—I am sorry to ask you to tip my messenger; but if you find this in the least inconvenient, shoot him.

The Commander-in-Chief of Her Imperial Britannic Majesty's Forces before Cabul to the Representative of His Imperial Majesty the Czar of All the Russias inside the same.

MY DEAR GENERAL,

NOON, April 1, 1879.

SHALL we take it as settled that, on behalf of His Majesty the Czar of All the Russias, you take the tigers as an equivalent to our taking the AMEER? Thus you will not have to put your Government to any trouble about Siberia; and I think I shall be able to arrange for the appearance of His Afghan Highness at the Westminster Aquarium, though his engagement may have to be deferred till the termination of ZAZEL's still attractive performance, which is, as you will easily understand, and as ROBERTSON has reminded me by telegraph, as yet uncertain. He expresses confidence, which, he says, FARINI shares with him, that the AMEER will be a "great draw." He adds, playfully, that the Aquarium only wants one drawer at a time; not a whole chest of drawers. Begging that this correspondence may now close, as I have to give your messenger a shilling every time,

I am yours, most sincerely, &c., &c.

ECHOES OF THE BACK-STAIRS.

(From Our Own Man at Other People's Key-holes.)

THE LORD CHANCELLOR, your readers will probably be interested to learn, is a master of the happy art of enforcing his political views with professional aphorisms, thus putting what may be called a fine legal point on the truth, and driving it, if one may so say, home.

After the momentous Cabinet Council of the other day, at which it was determined to give the troublesome ruler of Afghanistan a last chance, as Ministers were breaking up—for the time—CAIRNS turned back from the door-way to call to SALISBURY, who was chatting with BEACONSFIELD by the fireplace,—

"And don't forget to tell SCHOUVALOFF to remind the Czar of the legal maxim—'*Qui facit per (Shero) Alium, facit per se.*'"

BEACONSFIELD's usual imperturbable insensibility to Cabinet attempts at wit was, for once, fairly broken down. He tripped, rather than toddled, across the Cabinet-room, and, grasping CAIRNS's hand, said heartily,— "I should like to have said that."

SALISBURY has been repeating the *mot*, and not always, I am afraid, with due acknowledgment of the authorship. One is glad to set that all right.

"An uncommonly clever summary that of Dodson's at Chester!" Sir STAFFORD, with his usual candour and readiness to do justice to his opponents, remarked to the Permanent Secretary, over a glass of sherry, at the Treasury luncheon the other day. "Brings out the telling points in favour of their own Budgets, and against ours, capitally; above all, so clearly."

"Clearly? Umph!" said LINGEN, in his dry way, which, however, masks a great deal of sardonic humour, "then it isn't a case of Dodson and Fog, at all events!"

This allusion to the once famous Pickwickian firm was not for the moment obvious to the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, whose perception of a joke is not of the quickest. But when LINGEN explained it to him, he seemed to enjoy it; at least, he laughed heartily.

I had thought of sending this really good thing to the keen-witted Member for Chester, who would thoroughly have appreciated both the point of the allusion, and the compliment from an opponent. On second thoughts, I determined to let the world have it in an Echo.

When the Secretary of the Admiralty waited on the PREMIER last week with news of the brilliant success of the embarkation at Liverpool of the new Governor-General of the Dominion, and his charming and affable Princess LOUISE,—or even "LOUIE," as one feels tempted to call one who has made herself so much at home in all hearts and circles—on hearing that they had had the *Storm-Cock* for tender while their steamer was the *Sarmatian*.—"Two names for the same ship, I should have thought," put in BEACONSFIELD.

EGERTON evidently did not take.

"Don't you see?" rather testily rejoined the PREMIER,—gout does not improve the temper,—"*Sarmatian* means Scythian; and Scythian means Russian; and surely the Russian is just now the *Storm-Cock* of the walk!"

EGERTON might have felt some irritation at having had to look a request for the explanation; but he knew his man too well to let this out. So he swallowed his annoyance, and booked the joke for *colportage* round the Clubs. I hope I am not "wiping his eye," as we say on *battus* at Sandringham.



LAST FROM THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

"HULLO, CHARLIE! WHAT'S THE MATTER? TRAINING FOR A RACE?"
"No, TOM. RACING FOR A TRAIN!"

A CAD'S A CAD FOR A' THAT.

Is there a Jingo, proud and high,
Who cocks his nose, and a' that?
The swaggering sumph, we pass him by—
We dare be just for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
His sniggering scowl, and a' that:
The sneer is but the club-room's stamp,
The clasp is Cad's for a' that!

What though on civic fare he dine,
Wear Court attire, and a' that;
Give churls their turtle, clowns their wine,
A Cad's a Cad for a' that:
For a' that and a' that,
Their patriot show and a' that:
The selfish Snob, or rich or poor,
Is Cad at heart for a' that!

Ye see yon trickster, late dubbed Lord,
Who dodges, dupes, and a' that;
Though thousands shout at each smart word,
He's charlatan for a' that,
For a' that and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that;
The man of just considerate mind,
He smiles—or sighs—at a' that!

A Cad may boast of power of fight,
Of patriot zeal, and a' that;
But trust in right's above his flight;
He has not pluck for a' that!
For a' that and a' that,
Their blatant bounce, and a' that:
Fair play, stern justice, steadfast calm,
Show truer grit than a' that!

Then let us pray that come it may—
As come it will for a' that—
That Jingo rant and Cad-dom's cant
May hush their row, and a' that!
For a' that and a' that,
It's coming yet for a' that,
When patriots true the wide world o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that!

MILLERS AND THEIR MEN.

(A Civil Service Examination in connection with the Board of Trade.)

EXAMINER. Now, Sir, what is calico?

Candidate. Sir, there is theoretical calico—and practical calico. Theoretical calico is a textile fabric manufactured from cotton—the laniferous envelope of the seeds of *Gossypium herbaceum*. That is rare. Practical calico is the more common thing.

Examiner. Indeed, Sir! And how do you describe that?

Candidate. Practical calico, Sir, the calico of commerce, and especially the calico designed for exportation, is formed in part only of cotton. It consists, besides, of size—a mixture composed of flour, China clay, Epsom salts, chlorate of zinc, chlorate of magnesia, and glue, in the proportion of from 70 or 80 to 130, and even 200 per cent.

Examiner. This information is new to us, Sir.—Will you oblige me with its origin?

Candidate. Certainly, Sir. You will find the facts and figures I have had the honour to state in a recent issue of the *Liverpool Mercury*, quoted by the *Pall Mall Gazette*. They occur in the report of a law case—a suit between a cotton manufacturer and a firm of cotton warp-sizers, respecting a disputed charge for cotton warp-sizing. It is a distinct business—I had almost said branch of industry. The details I have given you were furnished by one of the plaintiffs, who coolly avowed his acts. In conclusion, he said he had been "in the trade twenty years, and in commencing only put 5 per cent. into the warps, and the size then consisted solely of flour, but now they had to add chemicals to get the weight up, as manufacturers asked them for more weight."

Examiner. Does any adage in an elementary educational work occur to you as applicable to that gentleman's career?

Candidate. *Nemo repente fuit turpissimus*.

Examiner. Very well, Sir. In respect to composition, can you point to any analogy between cotton and silk?

Candidate. Silk proper, Sir, is simply woven from the obrysalis-cocoon of the *Bombyx mori*. The silk you purchase is, much if not most of it, "loaded," as it is called, with logwood and gum. The web is sent to the dyer weighing, say, sixteen ounces. It is returned to the

silk-miller with its weight increased by from twenty-four up to forty ounces—the result of loading with matter in the wrong place.

Examiner. Can you name any other description of business corresponding to that of cotton warp-sizers and silk-loaders?

Candidate. The business of stolen-plate-melters, or of sausage-grinders who load their sausages up with a large per-centage of carrion and cat's meat.

Examiner. What practical inference, Sir, would you deduce from the existence of businesses and practices such as you have described?

Candidate. That in a country where adulteration constitutes a business of itself, there is very much to account for the depression of trade. And that commodities formerly known as British "goods" are in the way to become notorious as British "bads."

Examiner. Can you suggest any means of limiting such objectionable operations as cotton warp-sizing and silk-loading?

Candidate. Heavy fines and long terms of imprisonment with hard labour.

Examiner. That will do, Sir. I have the pleasure to inform you that your answers have given me complete satisfaction.

A Really Cruel Case.

HERE is a candid parson—a parson no doubt as deserving as modest—who advertises in the *Field*, and to whom *Punch* ought to be glad to give a "leg-up":—

TO PATRONS.—An Incumbent, age 74, income under £400, wishes PREFERMENT. Quite up to work. Address, &c.

Considering what Church livings are, can anything be more affecting than the agonising prayer for preferment of this ill-used old Incumbent who, at seventy-four, finds himself with a Church income of less than £400 a year! Shame! Patrons, where are your blushes?

SETTING THINGS STRAIGHT (F).

It may please Lord SELBORNE and Lord ROSEBURY to be content with being Lord Rectors. Lord BEACONSFIELD flies at higher game. He aspires to be Lord Rectificator.



A PICTURE OF A PRESIDENT.

WITH MR. PUNCH'S CONGRATULATIONS (BY ANTICIPATION) TO SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A.

FRIENDS AT A DISTANCE.

Being the brief Record of a few Winter-seasonable Visits to certain Country Houses.

VISIT THE FIRST.—CHAPTER III.

At Josslyn Dyke's—The House—Passage—Stairs—Clock—Bogie Corners—Phantom Butler—Chamber—Portrait—Apparition—Down Again—A Surprise—To be explained in our next.

It is a solemn, silent house, this of JOSSLYN DYKE'S. Oak panelings, casement windows in deep recesses. Doors in all sorts of unexpected places. The house appears to have been built by some architect who has gone mad on dark corners.

It seems as if this architect had said to himself in drawing his plan, "Now, look here, we'll have a great big staircase leading to a dark corner halfway up to the first floor; then the second part of the staircase shall finish at a landing where there are nothing but dark corners."

The architect must have chuckled over this idea. No one remembers his name, but it is supposed that he "flourished" in the Elizabethan period. Flourished is a good word, if it were not suggestive of the question, "What did he flourish?" Was it his stick with a handkerchief tied to the end of it, to express joy on finishing his work? Or was it his hat? Or did he simply flourish, not like a green bay-tree, but as a great bay-window, which would be more appropriate to him as an architect?

However, no matter how he flourished, or when, certain it is that he must have been a man of infinite humour in his design for The Mote, Mossend, which was apparently built with a view to the accommodation of a large family of little Jack Horners, who could, with smallest possible chance of observation, sit in various corners, eating a corresponding number of Christmas pies.

Happy Thought for a Christmas book. *The Horner Family*. By a "Corner Man." In a Horner-mental cover, price, &c.

After this one flight of stairs, which leads up to the first floor, Gool, the Phantom Butler, glides before me with my bag and a candle, along a narrow strip of carpet.



•THE HARD-HEADED BREED.

Sympathising Bystanders (about an unfortunate Man who has been knocked down, and stunned by the Train). "POOR MAN! TAKE HIM TO THE STATION—"

Injured One (recovering). "TYEK ME TO TH' STATION? WHAT FOR, THEN? IF AW'VE DUNE ONY HARM TO YO'R ENGINE, AW'N' WILLIN' TO PAY FOR 'T!"

At the end of this passage something looms out upon us which strikes me, at first, as not unlike a pump, without the handle.

Nearer approach shows it to be a gaunt, melancholy, yet military-looking, clock. It bears a fanciful resemblance to a highly-finished sentry-box in dark wood, with a front door to it, which the sentry could look after him when he felt cold, and went in. If he opened it now and stepped out, I don't think I should be very much surprised. I am sure GOOL wouldn't be. If goblin Jack Horners are in all the dark corners, eating phantom Christmas pies—goblin goblins—then there is another phantom Jack-in-the-box, in the sentry-box, who comes out perhaps when the clock sounds midnight. Involuntarily I take out my watch to compare London time with what they accept as the correct thing down here, so as to accommodate myself to my host's views in regard to punctuality at meals.

But the clock's face gives me no information. It is a yellowish complexion, which, being of metal, was once, perhaps, as bold as brass, but now the numbers are almost illegible, except the ten and the two, which form a pair of eyes on either side of a little round discoloured button of a nose, from which depend, at two acute angles, left and right, two straight dark lines, really the hands, which have the appearance of moustachios of the same period as the house—i.e., the Elizabethan.

"That clock, Sir," observes GOOL the butler, solemnly, in answer to my inquiry—"that clock never tells the time. It never has done, since I've been here." He says it with pride, and with a touch of sympathy in his voice, that makes him, for a second, almost human, at all events, a trifle less ghostly. I notice, afterwards, that when JOSSELYN speaks of his clock he does so in the same tone of affectionate pride, as one would do of a superannuated servant who had done his work in his day, and had become a pensioner of the family.

"No, Sir," says a footman afterwards coming upon me suddenly, (everyone comes across everyone else suddenly in JOSSELYN DYKE'S house, they are all surprise passages), while I am examining this clock; examining, but not consulting it any more than I should think of consulting a nonagenarian physician who had lost his memory—"no, Sir. You can never get the time from that clock. We always take it from the one in the hall or the kitchen. The little one in the dining-room ain't much use; it goes well enough, but it generally gets very fast."

Of course, the little one in the dining-room is scarcely fifteen years old. A giddy thing, bright and Frenchified (the gift of some kind friend who wanted to brighten up the general gloominess of The Mote), a go-a-head sort of fellow, a kind of clock that never pays in the end, always tick, tick, tick, always fast, thoroughly unprincipled, never to be relied on for a moment, much less for an hour.

But the old Clock on the Stairs that never *will* tell the time! *That keeps its own counsel in its own case!* That not by sound, or sign, ever lets out its secret. That watches everything and says nothing! Why is this clock silent? Did it neglect to speak once, on some fearfully important occasion, when its voice ought to have forbidden the banns of marriage, and, as the penalty, had ever afterwards to hold its tongue? I must ask JOSSELYN DYKE about this clock. Proceed, GOOL, this confidential clock interests me much.

Through a small door into a narrow passage. Through another small door, and on to another staircase. More doors, more corners, dimly lighted by one gas jet shining through a pale green medium. One more door. My chamber.

Our entrance with the candle seems to disperse the shadows which were gathered about the hearth, as if the superior Phantom Butler had said "Come! No loitering about here! It won't do, you know

Move on! No hanging about and haunting here, 'cos I won't have it"—and I become aware of the presence of a cheerful fire, in—for the architect couldn't resist the temptation even here—in a dark corner. The dog-grate is in a deep tiled recess—the back is coal black—the tiles are smoked black—the woodwork about is almost black—the dog-irons are black—and as the fire is the very model of a fire for roasting chestnuts by, there being no flame—it sheds a glow which has a warm and cheerful appearance, but which falls in reaching a single corner.

There are two candles on the dressing-table, which Gool lights; but twenty of the best wax wouldn't illuminate this room satisfactorily. A casement window in a deep recess. Dark and drafty. Old faded brown, Scotch snuff-coloured curtains, which have had a serious quarrel, and won't meet, despite all attempts at reconciliation on the part of friendly intervention. Pitch dark outside.

The bed is enormous, and funereal, reminding me of a lying-in-state. There are four dark, sturdy, posts, and six dingy, heavy curtains; a patchwork coverlet, of many colours, as though they'd caught and killed a poor old faded Harlequin, and had stuffed his skin for this purpose; a large pillow, and watch-pockets for two, pinned on to a sort of patternless tapestry back-ground.

Gool unpacks for me: sees that everything is ready, and then becoming absorbed into the deep shadow, he melts away suddenly, and disappears—through the door, I suppose; but the door is invisible, and his movements were inaudible, so that I couldn't swear positively, in a court of justice, to either the means or manner of his exit.

A languor steals over me. I should like to sleep before the fire, if there were a comfortable chair, or to go straight to bed, then and there. This influence is so strong on me, that I surprise myself in the act of unconsciously winding up my watch.

This discovery causes me to pull myself together, and rouse myself for a supreme effort.

The supreme effort is taking off my coat. After which I stare vacantly at the fire, and then, reversing my position, I stare at the bed. Then I wonder what the room was originally used for; then becoming more accustomed to the light, such as it is, I am suddenly startled by seeing what, on the instant, appears to me to be somebody looking at me through a hole up above the wainscot, on the wall opposite the side of the bed furthest from the window.

Of course in another second I am aware of its being a picture. The old stories recur to me of the top of the bed slowly descending, as the picture gradually disappears from view; of the concealed assassin watching his victim through the portrait's eyes; and I am compelled to take a candle, and examine the painting closely. I say to myself, "I wonder whom it's by?" I look for the name of the artist. Then I say to myself, "I suppose it's a portrait." Then I get on a chair so as to place myself *vis-à-vis* with the face of this grim-looking Spaniard in black doublet and ruff, and once more I soliloquise, "queer looking old chap"—but somehow inspeaking of him in this manner, I feel inclined to beg his pardon for the liberty, and to account for it as a *lupus lingua*, caused by my nervousness on the introduction. I wish to look on it, and speak of it, and think of it, as a work of art, and as a curiosity; but, somehow, though I have taken the greatest pains to put myself on a familiar footing with the picture, I feel the picture has got the better of me, and though as I wash my hands, I say to myself in a vague sort of dashing incredulous way, "How absurd! ridiculous! Ha! ha! ha!"—yet I can't help looking over my shoulder to see if anything has happened, and if the picture, or rather the three-quarter man in the picture, is still where he was.

[*Happy Thought.*—Three-quarter man. No legs. But even this doesn't entirely reassure me, as I have an uncanny sort of feeling that legs are, so to speak, 'no object to him,' if he once took it into his head (which he has got) to come down, and have a look round.]

A bell rings solemnly from some part of the house. Dinner, I suppose. I hurry on with my dressing, but from time to time I cast a glance at the picture to see what he's doing.

I am startled by a sepulchral voice saying, "Are you ready, Sir?" It is the apparition of Gool. He has come, like the statue of the *Commendatore* in *Don Giovanni*, to take me below to dinner.

It has occurred to JOSELYN DYKE that I may not be able to find my way, and he has dispatched Gool to be my guide.

Phantom Butler, I come to dinner. Alas, poor Ghost! lead on, I follow.

I expect the evening will be awfully slow and dull.

What do I hear?

Voices? Merriment in the distance? Impossible!

Gool throws open a door in a corner,—always a corner,—leading out of a dark passage.

And I see before me . . . I can hardly believe my eyes.

THE VICEROY'S PROCLAMATION CONDENSED.

No peace till SHREE ALI's sullenness ends;
So we're going to thrash him till he makes friends.

FOX-HUNTING ACCORDING TO LAW.



ONE of the most successful speeches in a very successful Comedy, *London Assurance*, is a description given by a hunting heroine of the pleasures of a fox-chace. Should the piece be revived, *Lady Gay Spanker's* famous "bit" will have to be re-written up to the judgments in the henceforth leading case of *Paul v. Summerhayes*; somewhat after this style:—

Lady Gay Spanker (with enthusiasm). Ah! what is more delightful than a fox-hunt! What more brilliant than the muster of pinks at the

cover-side, more harmonious than the music of the hounds! See how they dash into cover! Mark their feathering sterns among the gorse! Ha! gone away! Sly Reynard has broken cover. Yoicks—for'ard! Off we go—away we dash over bull-fincher and though bramble, master, whips, field, hounds and all! The leaves smile up to the wooing rays of the November sun, and the birds flutter their little wings with joy. Away! away! Tally-ho! Ta-al-yho! But what is this? A check! We pull up abruptly. Sly Reynard knows the laws of the land, and, rogue that he is, has sought shelter in a farmer's field. The tenant—a red-faced, blithe-voiced Yeoman—warns us against trespass. What are we to do? The Whipper-in looks at the Huntsman, the Huntsman looks at the Master, and the Master consults his Solicitor! And now we are off again! But how is this? The horses are leading, the hounds behind. We dash away to the railway-station, dismount, and take our return-tickets. Away! away! We are tearing up to London in the Express! In we go to Westminster Hall. Our case is on! Now dashing over a loading case, now running down a sly point, and anon topping a stiff argument! And then, yoicks! off again to the gorsepatch in the field where Sir Reynard is lurking still. But now it is *our* turn. We'll have no more trespassing; but we will have our Fox all the same. The Master dismounts, and gaily springs over the stile. The hounds look on, their sterns feathering in the summer wind. The tenant himself grumbles, but he has to submit to the ruling of the Court. The Master's object is not sport, but the destruction of a noxious vermin. See how he beats the bushes. Ah! Sir Reynard knows how to hide! No; he has found him! He grasps him by the brush! He draws his revolver! Whoo-hoop! Bang! goes the pistol; and Reynard tumbles over like a cock pheasant! And see the eager hounds, how they leap, and whine, and tussle for their prey, while I receive the Brush! Ah! what sport so delightful, so delirious, as a Fox-hunt—one of the modern kind—according to the ruling in *Paul v. Summerhayes*!

A Worker's Query.

Each day brings up a new surprise:

"All workers now should organise!"

So says hard Labour's Member.*

But, wi' wark sae scarce, and meat sae dear,

There's pinchin' to get breeks and shorgans; †

How then, or whaur—if yin may speer—

Are workers to come by the Organs

To grind on this December?

* See Mr. MACDONALD, M.P.'s, address to the Union Workmen.

† Short gowns, an article of dress as indispensable to workwomen as breeks to workmen.

HIGHLY PROBABLE.—*Lays on the Income Tax.* Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's expected work somewhere about April next.

GIVING the lie, and then backing it with a bullet. A retrograde movement by M. GAMBETTA in Four-two time.

PANIERERS.

"The Panier will certainly be revived this season. The robe collante is to be banished, and will be superseded by puffings, which are to take the form of *ailes de pigeon*."—*Parisian Code of Fashion*.



"All the world must Paniers carry."
Thus the edict comes from "Parry."
Little donkeys long have worn 'em.
Little darlings have forsworn 'em.
But the mandate comes from "Parry,"
So the world must Paniers carry!

"On the hips there must be puffing."
"In the dress there will be stuffing."
Little geese with sage are *farcies*;
Little girls must not be "sarey."
Being sage, they 'll take to stuffing:
Modiste's wares must have good puffing!

"Robes collantes are henceforth banished."
"Tail and trailing train have vanished."
Little ducks have short tails, surely—
Little dears must walk demurely,
Tailless, with their long trains banished,
All their borrowed trimmings vanished!



"*Ailes de pigeon*" since they call 'em,
What ails pigeons may befall 'em!
Little pigeons oft are "pouters"—
Little pets are out-and-outers—
"Winging" may perchance befall 'em
When they sport the what d'you call 'em!

All the world of *ton* at "Parry"
Paniers wear. Then do not tarry!
Run, my dears, and change your figure.
Puffs and paddings are *de rigueur*
For the promenade or "swarry."
Thus the edict comes from "Parry."

OUR MAYORS.

Long ere this the telegraph and telephone have made it known that there is a prospect of Peace—at Wycombe. (We are not Chaffin if the Mayor of Bath is.) Perhaps Sir WILFRID will wish we were, when it is disclosed to him that the Bottle is supreme at Dover, or Dr. CUMMING when he realises the presence of a Stigant at Chatham and a Pope at Dorchester; the Deacon is at Wallingford, and the Clarke at Lincoln. There are rival Kings, like those of Brentford, at Portsmouth and Lymington, a Marshall for each at Barnsley and Huntingdon, a Knight at Hereford, and a Laird at Birkenhead.

The Mayor of Godalming is Eager, of Congleton Goode, of Shrewsbury Frail. Saffron Walden is sound as a Bell, Peterborough is sound at the Core. There should be eloquence with Tully at Tynemouth, and "Harveian Orations" from Harvey at Yarmouth. There is Nowell at Bootle, but then, as a compensation, there is a Wellman at Windsor. Headhead presides at South Shields, Wigfield is at the head of affairs at Rotherham. Arundel has got its Price, Tewkesbury its Boughton. If Foggitt is in Darlington, Devises can find a Chandler, and Wrexham Shone. If Tempest prevails at Tamworth, Whet- ham rules in London; if Monmouth, Oswestry, Southampton, and Walsall all have a Thomas, Plymouth has a James, Chester a Gilbert, Cardiff a Lewis, Northampton a Dennis, and Dewsbury a Hough, while Brighton takes its Davoy!

Here is a happy municipal group! Salisbury with Lovibond, Preston with Goodair, Canterbury with Goulden, Reading with Blandy, Rye (again and again) with Meryon, Stoke with Sweeting, and the Flower of the flock at "Sweet William's" Stratford-on-Avon.

Not new for the first time have we found refreshment in the pleasant country associations which surround so many of our Mayors—a Grange at Oxford and a Hall at Lancaster; Brooklehurst at Macclesfield, Dugdale at Blackburn, Milburn at Carlisle, Lothbridge at Guildford, Ridgway at Buckingham, Park at Bury, Pollard at Bideford, Heath at Crews, Groves and Thorn (again), at West Hartlepool and Boston, our old friends Holyoake and Shrubsole at Droitwich, and Faversham.

There is still one Mayor left, at Southwold, and he is a—Remnant.

SCIENTIFIC RECTIFICATIONS.

MR. WILLIAM SIKES has announced his intention of scientifically rectifying his service of plate during the ensuing winter. He has been annoyed when entertaining his friends, to find he has to put up with an odd set of salt-spoons, and he feels severely his deficiency in dish-covers. His plate has, in fact, been collected at different times and on no æsthetic principle. He has lately been put up to a chance by which a handsome family service of plate may be had cheap.

MARY SMITH (35), lady's-maid, was accused before the Justices of Blankshire with the theft of a seal-skin jacket, the property of her mistress. The accused indignantly repudiated the charge of theft. She had long felt the extreme inconvenience of winter woollen wraps, at once so heavy and so common, and had merely availed himself of the first opportunity of scientifically rectifying her wardrobe.

BENJAMIN JINGO, banker's clerk, has had an unfortunate misunderstanding with his employers. He had long been coming to the conclusion that his salary required scientific rectification, and had, accordingly, annexed a parcel of bank-notes of which he had charge. He urged in his defence that he had been subjected to an unheard-of insult. On being asked what it was, he replied that it might not be perhaps exactly an insult, but he had received an answer to his request to be taken into partnership which no man of spirit could put up with, his employers having said as much as that he had not yet rendered services to the firm which called for that particular form of recognition.

MIRROR OF PARLIAMENT.

At Lambeth Police Court the other day, THOMAS POPE, driver of a Brixton omnibus, was pulled up before Mr. ELLISON, for obstructing a tram-car:—

"The defendant went at the rate of two miles an hour, and gave no heed to the whistle of the driver of the tram-car. The defendant had acted on a former occasion in a similar manner. . . . Mr. ELLISON told him it was a gross case, and had been fully proved. If he continued that system of obstruction, he would be sent to prison without the option of paying a fine. He would have to pay a penalty of forty shillings and costs, or be imprisoned for one month."

Instead of reporting this case as one of "Police," the *Times* should have recorded it under the head of "Parliament out of Session." The conduct of Mr. POPE on his omnibus-box before the tram-car is precisely analogous to that of Messrs. BIGGAR, PARNELL, and Co., Home-Rulers, haranguing against time in the House of Commons. What a pity that no Magistrate can deal with St. Stephen's obstructors as Mr. ELLISON dealt with the Brixton 'busman!



A SWEET TOOTH.

Mamma (suddenly). "OH! OH! OH!"

Jack. "WHAT'S THE MATTER, MUMMY?"

Mamma. "I'VE JAMMED MY LITTLE FINGER IN THE DOOR OF THIS WRETCHED STORE-CUPBOARD!"

Jack. "JAMMED YOUR LITTLE FINGER! OH, LET ME SUCK IT, MUMMY!"

THE HOUSE THAT JOHN BUILT.

(Indian Version.)

THIS is the House that JOHN* built.

These are the Taxes that lay on the House that JOHN built.

This is the War that eat up the Taxes that lay on the House that JOHN built.

This is the Viceroy that made the War that eat up the Taxes that lay on the House that JOHN built.

These are the Strings that pulled the Viceroy that made the War that eat up the Taxes that lay on the House that JOHN built.

This is Big BEN, with his newspaper horn, who pulled the Strings that pulled the Viceroy that made the War that eat up the Taxes that lay on the House that JOHN built.

This is BRITANNIA, Jingo-borne, who was witched by Big BEN with his newspaper horn, who pulled the Strings that pulled the Viceroy that made the War that eat up the Taxes that lay on the House that JOHN built.

This is the AMEER, all sulks and scorn, who said No to BRITANNIA Jingo-borne, who was witched by Big BEN with his newspaper horn, who pulled the Strings that pulled the Viceroy that made the War that eat up the Taxes that lay on the House that JOHN built.

This is wise Mr. Punch, who had fain we'd forborne to attack the AMEER, all sulks and scorn, who said No to BRITANNIA Jingo-borne, who was witched by Big BEN with his newspaper horn, who pulled the Strings that pulled the Viceroy that made the War that eat up the Taxes that lay on the House that JOHN built.

* "Company" understood.

ADVICE TO THE GAS COMPANIES (easier given than taken) APROPOS OF THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.—"Don't be put out by it."

GLASGOW A B C.

A was an Accommodation Bill.

B Bought it.

C Cashied it.

D Discounted it.

E Eyed it.

F Forged on it.

G Got it.

H H'm'd at it.

I Indorsed it.

J Jouked to let the jaw gae by it.

K Knew it.

L Laughed at it.

M Misappropriated it.

N Negotiated it.

O Offered it.

P Presented it.

Q Queried it.

R Returned it.

S Sued on it.

T Took it.

U Utilised it.

V Vouched it.

W Warranted it.

X Expatriated on it.

Y } Wisehead fashion, pocketed

Z } the profits, and left the

Bank to settle it.

"How are the Mighty Fallen!"

"Es OUDEN," "unto nothing we are come," may the Corporation now say when this advertisement meets its eye—that should sink for shame—in the *Daily Telegraph* of the 18th ult. :—

CIRCUS OWNERS.—For SALE, at less than half cost, the late Lord Mayor's STATE COACH. A superb carriage, suitable for any State or Show. Address, &c.

To Circus Owners? Going, and at half price too, to the performing dogs! Horrible! Ha! a thought strikes us! Surely not with OWDEN inside it?

A New Rhyme for John Bull.

"RECTIFICATION" is vexation;

"Haphazard" is as bad;

"Activity" perplexes me;

And "Papers" drive me mad.



“SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS!”

“IF AT THIS MOMENT IT HAS BEEN DECIDED TO INVADE THE AMEER'S TERRITORY, WE ARE ACTING IN PURSUANCE OF A POLICY WHICH IN ITS INTENTION HAS BEEN UNIFORMLY *FRIENDLY* TO AFGHANISTAN.”—*Times*, Nov. 21.

A STRONG-HEADED HERO,



PRINCE BISMARCK, by the account of his Bozzy, Dr. Busch, is distinguished not only by general but also by particular strength of head. His brains are capable of standing almost any amount of liquor, like those of SOCRATES and *Mynheer Van Dunk*—and some one else whom modesty forbids *Punch* to name. His Highness once drank a pot of champagne and porter mixed, and was none the worse. He brags of having beaten toppers in beer-houses. So confident is he in the potency of his potting, that he will back himself to drink against the world.

"He can hold forth by the hour upon wine;

and on a dire occasion, spirits becoming scarce in the tents, caused a desperate appeal to be telegraphed home as to the strong need of a supply of gin incontinently."

He is powerfully impressed with religious convictions, and professes himself a decidedly Evangelical Christian. Thus the Prince appears to be in a double sense a spiritually-minded man, as being at once a fervent believer in "gin and true religion," and liking both, according to the revelations vouchsafed to Dr. BUSCH, of the strongest.

JUST THE MAN FOR HARD TIMES.

MR. PUNCH—SIR,

It do a man's eart good as is used to that nastiest, aggravatingest, and extravagantest of all uman creturs, the British Porper, to know that in these ere days of sentimentle umbag about umanity and sech like rubbishge, there is still Bords of guardians as knows their dooty and ere there a Chairman as is fit to teche em of it if they didn't. Wich I have not read anything for veers and yeers so truly refreshin to my feelins as a porochial officer owin a dooty to the ratepayers as the report in the *Warrington Examiner* of a late weekly meeting of the Board of Guardians for that borough—to potions of which I ask your leave to dror the attension it deserve:—

"One ROBERT EVANS, fitter, in the employ of Mr. KITCHEN, Scotland Road Foundry for eighteen years up to last February, when he was discharged in consequence of dulness of trade, appeared before the Board asking for work. In answer to Mr. BLECKLY, the applicant said he had been breaking stones at the Workhouse for 1s. 6d. per day. He had tried for a long time to get work, but could not do so. He was very lame, as he had lost his right foot. He paid 4s. 6d. a week for rent, had a wife and two boys to keep. One boy was going to school, and the other was earning 3s. per week. His wife could not get work regularly. He had been minding the boiler and engine at the Workhouse, but gave the work up and went back to stone-breaking.

"Mr. BLECKLY: Yes, that is just the way. I suppose you would not mind the boiler because you thought you did not get enough money?

"Applicant, showing his footless leg, said the reason he gave it up was because he had to go up and down a ladder, and with such a leg as he had he could scarcely do it.

"Mr. MACKAY, master of the Workhouse, said the ladder in question was an iron one, and it certainly was difficult for the man to go up and down it.

"Mr. BLECKLY: Ah, yes; but I suppose if we had offered you more money you would have managed the ladder easily enough?

"APPLICANT: Well, I would have tried.

"Mr. BLECKLY: Exactly; and I think you should have the offer of the boiler at 1s. 6d. per day, and nothing more. I certainly think 9s. a week is too much to give to a man who has an able-bodied wife, and only one boy to keep. You must not expect we are going to give you money to enable you to pay 4s. 6d. a week in rent. It is perfectly scandalous that you should come here expecting such things."

Which well you may say "skandalus," Mr. BLECKLY. And if there wasn't men like you to give sech shameless wretches the langwidge they deserve, I should like to know where ratepayers would be?

Ere's another werry aggravating offender, who gets what, if I wur not a porochial officer, who knows what a fine nutterish food

gruel is, I should call his gruel, from this ere upright-minded Chairman:—

"MARTIN HEALEY, a decent-looking labourer, next applied for work.

"Mr. BLECKLY: And why don't you get work? What is the good of coming here?

"APPLICANT: I have tried all I can to get work. I have walked about for weeks, and have been to Liverpool, Garston, Manchester, and other places, but cannot get work.

"Mr. BLECKLY: But you can get work, and have no business coming here. "APPLICANT: I have been fifteen years in Warrington, and have never troubled the Board before, and all I ask for now is work.

"Mr. BLECKLY: And you ought not to have come now. What family have you?

"APPLICANT: A wife and seven children.

"Mr. BLECKLY: The idea of a man with seven children saying he cannot get work!"

Rediklus, indeed!

"APPLICANT: Well, I have tried long enough, and am willing to do anything that may be offered.

"Mr. BLECKLY: You could have found plenty of work if you had been an industrious steady man."

Not a doubt on it, I should say.

"APPLICANT: Well, Mr. FOGG (relieving officer) has my character, and I don't think he can say anything against my character. A man with a wife and seven children and labourer's wages has not much money left to be unsteady with."

Sech imparence! But BLECKLY was down on him.

"Mr. BLECKLY: I have no doubt Mr. FOGG will tell me you have been loafing about the streets smoking your pipe.

"APPLICANT: I have nine of a family to keep, and if I could find any work I would not come here, I can assure you.

"Mr. BLECKLY: And what does your wife do?

"APPLICANT: Well, she cannot do much even if she could get the work.

"Mr. TAYLOR: I think it will take the wife all her time to look after the husband.

"The Applicant having retired from the room for the Guardians to consider his case,

"Mr. BLECKLY said: I don't know what we can do with such a man. He seems to be of no use except for getting children for Her Majesty. (*Laughter, in which nearly all the Guardians joined.*)

"It was resolved to give him 1s. 6d. a day; and just as the man was called in, Mr. H. TAYLOR said he would give him 2s. a day if he would work on his farm for it.

"APPLICANT (with apparent thankfulness) said he would gladly accept the work, and left the room evidently pleased at the idea of getting more money and more cheerful work than stone-breaking."

That ere TAYLOR, Mr. Punch, is evidently one of your umanity-mongers, which one on 'em is enough to spile a nighbourhood, and pison poor men's minds in spite of all a ridgment of BLECKLYS and such like true benefactors of their specieses can say or do to bring 'em to a sense of their situations.

Ere's another of this precious lot, as can't get wurk. Kitch em a gittin it as long as they can git out of its way!—

"ROGER COTTER was the next applicant for work.

"Mr. BLECKLY: What do you want?

"APPLICANT: Work, Sir.

"Mr. BLECKLY: Then why don't you get it?

"APPLICANT: Because I can't. I have worked at Burtonwood for some time for Widow KILSHALL.

"Mr. BLECKLY: And why have you left?

"APPLICANT: Because they had no work for me.

"Mr. BLECKLY: But there are other people who want workmen. I suppose it is because you are a bad workman that they could not find you work. What does your wife do?

"APPLICANT: Nothing, Sir.

"Mr. BLECKLY: But there is plenty of work for women.

"Mr. BLECKLY: How many children have you.—Two. A boy going to school, and a girl aged 18.

"Mr. BLECKLY: And what is the girl doing?

"APPLICANT: Nothing at present, Sir.

"Mr. BLECKLY: But what has she been doing all her life?

"APPLICANT: She has only been fit for work for this last two years, and she has worked in the fields when she could.

"Mr. BLECKLY: Well, I think you are a lazy set. What money did Mrs. KILSHALL give you?

"APPLICANT: 18s. per week.

"Mr. W. PENNINGTON: I'll just tell you what my opinion is. No doubt he has left Kilshall's because they wanted to drop his wages.

"APPLICANT: No Sir; that is not the reason. There was no work for me.

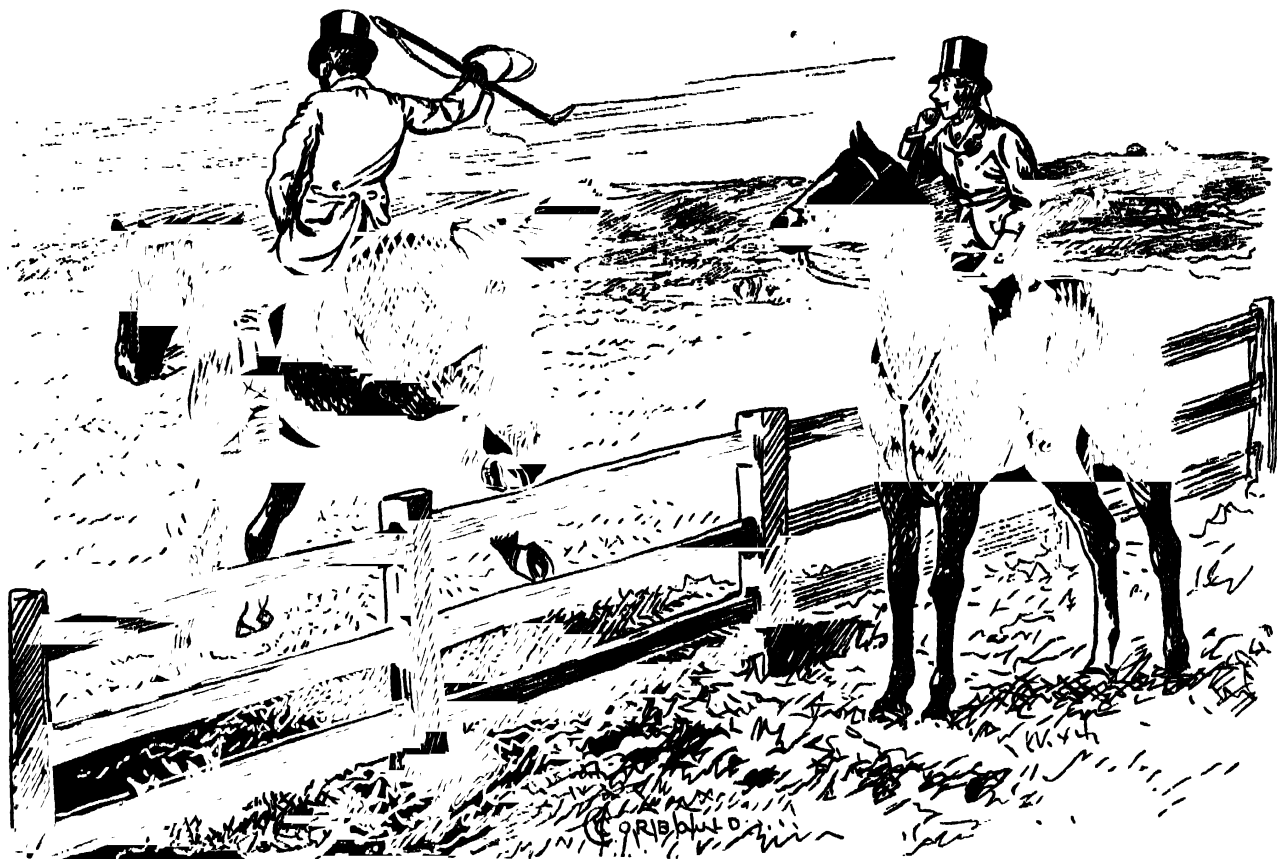
"Mr. W. PENNINGTON: Oh, yes; that's your tale.

"Mr. BLECKLY: It is a sin and a shame that he should confess his girl has been brought up in idleness.

"Mr. WINSTANLEY: But he did not say so. He says she worked in the fields.

"After the applicant had been subjected to considerable further badgering, Mr. J. PENNINGTON offered him 2s. per day to work on his farm at Winwick, and this the applicant gladly accepted."

The next case is werry instructive, as showin the revoloooshunary



A SOLILOQUY.

"BEAUTIFULLY DONE! IF THE RAILS WERE A LITTLE LOWER, AND I WAS SURE MY ANIMAL WAS A TIMBER JUMPER, I'D DO IT MYSELF!"

spirit as is nowadays at work in the werry Bords of Guardians themselves, and givin you some idea what Chairmen like Mr. BLECKLY 'ave to struggle against.

"JOHN APPLETON, the next applicant, said he had been a labourer at Cartwright's glass works.

"MR. BLECKLY: What do you come here for, then? Why don't you go and make crates?"

"APPLICANT: Because there is no work, Sir.

"MR. PENNINGTON: Well, we can't make work for you.

"MR. BLECKLY: What family have you?"

"APPLICANT: One boy.

"MR. BLECKLY: And what does he do?"

"APPLICANT: He works at Whitecross, and gets 6s. per week.

"MR. BLECKLY: And you, his futher, cannot get 6s. per week?"

"APPLICANT: No, Sir; I cannot get anything.

"MR. BLECKLY: Then you must be a useless fellow. What does your wife do?"

"APPLICANT: She goes out sewing, but has had very little work this last few months.

"MR. BLECKLY: Then why does she not do something else, and not sit idle at home? Why doesn't she go out charring? How is it you could not keep your place at Cartwright's? I expect it is because you are a worthless fellow.

"APPLICANT, who was shouted at by several Guardians at once, said he had worked for Mr. C. H. CARTWRIGHT for twenty-seven years up to last Christmas, when, in consequence of bad trade, he was stopp'd, and had only worked thirteen weeks since then.

"MR. WINSTANLEY ['Oh, don't I know the soft-headed, soft-hearted sort as makes Parochial Government a burden to the ratepayers and a cus to the porper,'] who spoke with some feeling, in consequence of the manner in which the poor man was browbeaten on all sides, said: I object to the poor man being shouted at in this manner on all sides. ['Adn't the Board better take off their 'ats to 'em—'] It is most disgraceful. I think you should take into consideration the state of the country at the present moment, and the fact that there are thousands of poor people out of employment. Mr. HORTON, who sits beside me, states that he receives at least 200 applications a week for work. It certainly is not our duty to abuse them when they come here seeking for relief.

"MR. BLECKLY: I hope Mr. WINSTANLEY does not think we abuse them, but I mean to say that here is a man fifty-two years of age, with a wife forty-two, and like many others he thinks he can come to the Workhouse and get

work when he has been thrown out of employment, as I have no doubt he has through his own idleness. The Relieving Officer tells us that if the man can get a 1s. a day he'll stop here all day and do nothing. And from his own statement, if his wife can't get sewing she stops at home idle."

In course she do; that's her little game.

A dangerous party that WINSTANLEY. Wants keeping down; wick BLECKLY's evidently the man to do it. It's really refreshin to see a Chairman, with sech a strong sense of his dooty to the ratepayers, and sech a strong way of puttin on it, and droppin down on them owdacious porpers. Comin here as bold as brass to the Bord to ask for bread. Give 'em stones, and 9d. a day for breaking on 'em; and let them be thankful they live in a Christian country; as Mr. B. told JOHN DALTON, who had the impudence to say he had been in Warrington for twenty-nine years without needing assistance before.

"MR. W. PENNINGTON: Give him 6d. a day, and let him break stones.

"MR. BLECKLY: We will give you 9d. a day for breaking a certain quantity of stones; and if you do not break that quantity, you will get so much less.

"APPLICANT: Thank you, Sir.

"JOHN EGAN, sixty-four, labourer, with a wife, aged forty-eight, appeared to ask that his money might be raised to 1s. a day, as he had only been getting 9d. Applicant had one eye bandaged up, it having been cut open with a blow from a stone which he was breaking.

"MR. W. PENNINGTON: Oh, give the fellow 6d. a day. It's quite plenty for him."

I should think it was. A poor half-blind cretur!

After the cases of relief was disposed of, the Chairman, still in discharge of his dooty to the ratepayers, pinte'd out, as there was this run on the stone-yard at 9d. a day, that—

"The Board would have to consider the question of having fixed rules for the men, and a fixed quantity of work for them to do. They would also have to have a taskmaster such as they had in prisons, in order to see that the men did the work and earned their money."

That's it, Mr. Punch, keep 'em at it, and see 'em at it. That's the rule for the porper, accordin to the experience of your obedient servant, and their master—both of long standin'.

JEREMIAH BUMBLE.



LITERAL.

Mercer. "STOCKINGS, MISS? YER, MISS. WHAT NUMBER, MISS, DO YOU—"
Matter-of-fact Young Lady. "WHY, TWO, OF COURSE! DO YOU THINK I'VE GOT A WOODEN LEG?"

FROM GARTNAVEL ASYLUM.

'Sh!-'Sh! I'm a Bank, you know—all made of gold;
 Look!—my dress is of bank-notes, crisp and new;
 No end of my shares have been bought and sold
 At a profit—for Christian as well as Jew.
 And there's my Directors!—oh, ain't they deep—
 Silent and deep, every man, as death!
 They know what to tell, and they know what to keep—
 'Sh!-'Sh!—Not a whisper above your breath!

If you can help it, don't you be a Bank:
 It's grand, of course, but it is not nice:
 There are so many hearts may have you to thank
 For breaking—and you 'll have to pay the price.
 See, there in the parlour the black-coats sit,
 For hours, flying kites out of folio books:
 Clever! the cleverest fellows! but yet,—
 Would you believe it?—they're so like rooks!

So very like rooks!—When I hear them caw
 Round the great table, I sometimes say,
 "Oh, all your nests are but sticks and straw,
 And I hear a wind coming to blow them away."
 Yet there they sit, in mahogany chairs,
 All so respectable, all in black coats,
 Dealing in stocks, and jobbing in shares,
 And up to their elbows in guineas and notes.

I was frightened at first; but I don't mind them now:
 But the thing I don't like is my heart growing cold;
 When my sisters come here, well, I just ask them how
 They will have it—in twenties, or tens, or gold?
 And I don't feel the least as I once used to feel;
 Where my heart used to be there's a stone to fit!
 And I watch them, poor dears, as if they might steal,
 And they cry till they can't get the better of it.

"ARMS AND THE MEN."

THE banners, scarfs, swords, and helmets of the PREMIER and the Marquis of SALISBURY were hung on Thursday last week amongst the insignia of the Knights of the Garter in the choir of St. George's Chapel, Windsor. At the back of Lord B.'s stall an ormolu plate bears the Arms "Du très noble et puissant Seigneur BENJAMIN, Comte de BEACONSFIELD, Vicomte Hughenden." In such a legend, and in the place it occupies, the name of BENJAMIN is a novelty. And then it marks, besides an era, a date. The day on which the Beaconsfield Arms were posted in St. George's Chapel, was likewise that on which, under orders from the Beaconsfield Government, Her Majesty's troops crossed the Afghan frontier. "Draw thy sword in right," is a precept enjoined of old on Knights of the Garter. "We defy augury," but to those who don't the motto may suggest a questionable omen. The Salisbury motto is, *Sero sed serio*. It is quite certain that the Foreign Secretary and his Colleagues will find the invasion of Afghanistan a very serious matter. May serious blundering not be followed by late repentance!

Wisdom on its Rounds.

SOME two thousand five hundred years ago, SOLON, the wise head of Greece, (as we learn from a Correspondent of the *Spectator*), went on a tour to Egypt first, and then to Cyprus, to remodel one of the native states of the island.

Now, as we have no SOLON to send, we send instead Colonel STANLEY and Mr. SMITH, the wise heads of the War Office and the Admiralty, not to see if we have made a huge blunder—that may be taken for granted—but whether there is any, and what, way out of it. What a pity the Solon geese preceded the Solons!

THE THING IN LIGHTING.

From Edison, New York, to Punch, London, England.

JUST discovered a method of lighting a drawing-room by means of the electricity generated by a stick of sealing-wax and a tom-cat. Specifications per mail. Keep private. Sell Gas Shares short.

THE PARTY WHO REALLY SECURED "PEACE WITH HONOUR."—Policeman ROBINSON, when he showed such pluck in arresting the Blackheath Burglar.

But it's not good for sleep, or for Sunday, or prayers,
 To be always shovelling heaps of gold,
 And always thinking of bills and shares,
 And rigging the market to get shares sold.
 It spoils the complexion, when blood and heart
 Turn to gold, like the mother-of-pearl in a shell,
 And that makes the sovereigns—but, 'Sh! we must part,
 There's my Manager frowning, and ringing his bell!

KISSING THE ROD.

"NOBODY was ever so wise," said a wit of last century, "as Lord THURLOW looks."

"Was anybody ever so right," *Punch* presumes, tremblingly, to ask, "as the *Pall Mall* professes to be"—and no doubt believes that it is, at the present crisis!

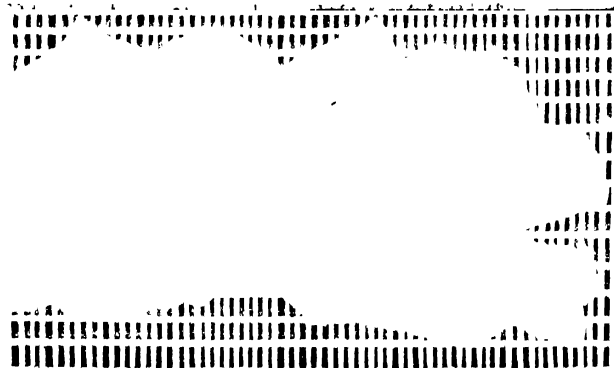
The Gentleman—we beg his pardon—the prophet and oracle who writes the first articles in that paper is always so consummately satisfied that he alone is wise, and all who differ from him fools; he asserts this belief with such profound and complacent assurance; he so tongue-bastes and belabours all who don't agree with him, scathes them with such scorn, bespatters them with such bad language, that *Punch* may well feel that it is more than his miserable life is worth to avow that he cannot, for the life of him, see things through the spectacles of this Grand Turk of the Evening Press. But so it is—worse luck!

LOST, between Cornhill and Cairo, a full SET of INITIALS.—Any person restoring them to their distressed Owner will be duly rewarded.—MONCKTON, Guildhall.

MISSING, from the Indian Secretary's Despatch of Nov. 18, and the Viceroy's Proclamation of War, A SCIENTIFIC FRONTIER. Was last heard of at Guildhall on November 9, after dinner. Any person returning it to Mr. MONTAGU COMBY, at 10, Downing Street, will be handsomely rewarded.

FARMING PROSPECTS.

From a Tenant-Farmer's point of View.



DEAR MR. PUNCH,

You often have a laugh at us poor farmers, and we do like our *Punch*, but I really don't think you half appreciate what a deal of fun there is in farming. 'Tis such a paying business! We pay all our calves, and all our milk and honey, and eggs and fowls, and our little lambskins (and the big ones too) to our much-respected landlords; and then, to our poor overworked labourers, and our dear underworked paupers we pay all our wheat (the barley does nicely for their beer); and as to oats, that is one of those few things we don't always get a crop of; and if we don't, we have to pay for oats for our poor dear gee-gees.

Really, Mr. *Punch*, if you don't come to the rescue very soon, we shall only want one-wheeled waggons for this next harvest.

I want to show you a model agreement between a landlord and tenant.—'Tis so funny.

Between SKINNER FLINT, Esq. and JEREMIAH MANGOLDWURZEL, it is hereby agreed on their respective parts:—

1. That the tenant shall do everything that may be required on the farm.
2. That the tenant shall have plenty of capital when he enters on his occupation.
3. That the tenant shall pay his rent in advance.
4. That whatever the tenant lay out on cake and artificial manures, he shall always be considered to be making at least 25 per cent. on his outlay.
5. That the tenant's wife and daughters shall milk the cows and make the butter.
6. That the tenant shall sell no hay nor straw, and shall not grow two straw crops in succession, as it upsets the rabbits' ideas about the rotation of crops.
7. That the tenant shall not keep the new triplex cows which bring three calves at a birth, nor the duplex ewes which always twin, as this exhausts the land.
8. That if the tenant violate the aforesaid conditions, all the extra calves and lambs shall be forfeit to the landlord.
9. That the tenant shall not be entitled to compensation for damages from rabbits and game.
10. That the tenant shall have the right of purchasing, every year, two full-grown rabbits, or twelve very little ones.
11. That the landlord shall allow the tenant the right of grumbling, the landlord reserving to himself the right of giving his tenant any indulgences he may think for his good.

Now, Mr. *Punch*, knowing what a deal of influence you possess with our legislators (didn't you suggest the Agricultural Holdings Act?), I want you to persuade them into passing another Statute, to be entitled, "The Agricultural Losses Act." I should suggest that all landlords, who have been taking their rents for the last three years out of their tenants' capital, should forbear their rents for the next eighteen months, and that at the end of that time they and their tenants should sign a mutual agreement—

1. That no landlord shall in future take more rent than he would be willing to pay if he were the tenant.
2. That the tenants will pay their labourers fair wages, and farm the land well, or leave.
3. That any damages to either landlord's or tenant's interests be fairly appraised and compensated.

I would suggest, finally, a permissive clause (it is in this, my dear *Punch*, that I recognise special work for your intimitable hand), to allow either party to get out of his bargain by giving six months' notice.

I have been pulling so hard against the collar for a long time

that I find drawing come quite easy, so I have ventured to head my letter with a picture. To see it properly, you have only to lie on your back in a strong light, to take one of Mr. S. Weller's new double million magnifying microscopes, and if, with its aid, you can't make anything out of Farming Prospects, why I can't help it. I remain yours faithfully,

JEREMIAH MANGOLDWURZEL.

THE POET (OF THE PERIOD).

With Punch's Apologies for the application of noble Stanzas to an ignoble subject.

THE Poet in a distal clime was born,
With lurid stars above;
Dower'd with a taste for hate, a love for scorn,
A scorn for love.

He glanced through life and death, through good and ill,
He glanced through his own soul;
And found all dead as a dishonoured bill,
Or emptied bowl.

He thrummed his lay; with mincing feet he threaded
The walks of coterie fame:
On the dull arrows of his thought were threaded
Concetti tame.

And pop-gun pellets from his lispings tongue,
Erratic in their flight,
From studio to drawing-room he flung,
Filling with light

And mazed phantasies each morbid mind,
Which, albeit lacking wit,
Like dandelion seeds blown by the wind,
In weak souls lit,

Took shallow root, and springing up anew
Where'er they dropt, behold,
Like to the parent plant in semblance, grew
A weed as bold,

And fitly furnished all abroad to fling
Fresh mockeries of truth,
And throng with poisonous blooms the verdant Spring
Of weak-kneed youth.

Till many minds were lit with borrowed beams
Of an unwholesome fire;
And many fed their sick souls with hot dreams
Of vague desire.

Thus trash was multiplied on trash; the world
Like a Gehenna glowed,
And through the clouds of Stygian dark upoured,
Foul radiance flowed;

And Licence lifted in that false sunrise
Her bold and brazen brow;
While Purity before her burning eyes
Melted like snow.

There was red blood upon her trailing robes,
Lit by those lurid skies;
And round the hollow circles of the globes
Of her hot eyes,

And on her robe's hem, "FOLLY" showed in flames
With "PHRENSY," names to shake
Coherency and sense—misleading names—
And when she spake,

Her words did gather fury as they ran,
And as mock lightning and stage thunder,
With firework flash and empty rataplan,
Make schoolboys wonder,

So thrilled thro' fools her windy words. No sword
Of truth her right hand twirl'd,
But one bad Poet's scrawl, and with his word
She bored the world.

ONE COMFORT TO LAY HOLD OF.

WE are going to war by the Koorum Pass! A better road than the Killum—at all events.



AN INVIDIOUS DISTINCTION.

First Lady's-maid (English). "MR AND MILADY WE ALWAYS GO BY THE TIDAL TRAIN!"

Second Lady's-maid (German). "ZOR? ZE TITEL TRAIN! ZAT WILL NOT TO FOR US, AS VE ARE ONLY LANTET CHENTRY."

ECHOES OF THE BACK-STAIRS.

(From Our Own Man at the Cabinet Keyhole, this Time.)

A Council Chamber in Whitehall. The Prime Minister fast asleep over a Map of Afghanistan. The rest of the Cabinet talking in half-whispers, and sketching on blotting-paper.

The Lord Chancellor (heated). Well, then, just as you like—don't have it in. I certainly thought something might have been said about the legal block, for the public will expect it. But of course you know best—as you always do. [Continues sketching, irritably.]

The President of the Council. Well, as far as I am concerned, it seems to me we might just as well lug in the state of the weather.

The First Lord. And so you might, if you would give our Cyprus business its proper importance. But you all behave shamefully about it. Here I take the trouble to jot down five-and-twenty lines, and you strike out every one of them.

The Foreign Secretary. Well, and what of it? You can't suppose that all Europe wants to know that you and STANLEY had the worst fish dinner you ever had in your life at Larnaca? Besides, a good half of the speech ought to be about my "fishery" affair. Cyprus, indeed!

The War Secretary. Ah, you may sneer; but we'll get it in somehow. I'm sure that rough weather in the Mediterranean—

The Secretary for the Colonies. Pardon me, but we can't get in a couple of hurricanes. There's the voyage to Halifax, and that will run into five lines, at least, and as you won't let me have in that bit about the Cape—

The Home Secretary. Certainly not, who wants to hear of mulls in the Colonies with all this depression at home? Now I have worked up the depressed state of trade capitally. That ought to be the pivot of our policy.

THE SORCERIES OF SCIENCE.

(A Song by an Old Schoolman.)

DAY by day, in this wonderful age,
Is announced some amazing invention,
Fit to puzzle the brains of a Sage,
And far past my poor comprehension.
You can talk, by the telephone-wire,
Seas o'er, with electric celerity;
To the phonograph they that aspire,
May their voices transmit to Posterity.

In my youth 'twas once thought a vain dream
That the streets could be lighted with gas;
To expect locomotion from steam
Was accounted the hope of an ass.
A guffaw, as of yesterday, rings
In mine ears from the days long ago,
When, at what seemed ridiculous things,
Our grandfathers laughed, Ho! ho! ho!

And I still have some fear in my mind
That this Science will end in confusion;
That its marvels at last we shall find
To have been but Old Harry's illusion;
We shall suddenly wake up some day,
In astonishment round us to stare,
To find visions have vanished away,
And the good old times still as they were.

Oh, for days on which memory dwells,
When the hedgerows were sweet with musk-roses!
What if cesspools were sunk close to wells,
And our pigstyes right under our noses?
From your sewers what good have you got,
Beyond fever-germs and bacteria?
Till they made us drain, typhoid was not,
And we'd no such disease as diphtheria.

Now, if night's to be turned into day,
The electric light, next, will give rise,
I've no doubt, with its dazzling display,
To some novel disease of the eyes.
'Gainst the new lights I stand by the old,
Though their sheen by comparison suffers!
Oh, for your good old days, dip and mould,
With your tinder-box, matches, and snuffers!

MEM. FROM THE MANNION HOUSE.

If you want Razors to get sharp, and Charities not to get blunt, send to WHET-HAM.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer. What! when every other line should be a sort of life-buoy for the money market! Ridiculous! I'm dead against it! There!

The Secretary for India. Well, at this rate, I don't see, besides my little affair, what we shall have left. The situation is most confusing.

The Prime Minister (waking up). Confusing! not at all, my Lords and Gentlemen. On the contrary, it is obvious. The fact of the matter is we are in a precious mess, and we want money. And I think you may believe me when I say that I am quite sure HER MAJESTY will know how to announce the fact with grace, and to ask for the desideratum with confidence.

[Winks and yawns as Scene closes.]

To John Ruskin.

(On a recent Verdict.)

If "Fors Clavigera," dear Slade Professor,
Means "Force that bears a club,"
Be warned, since of a big stick you're possessor,
And more discreetly drub.
Strength unrestrained's not greater strength but lesser,
And scorn provoketh snub.

A WORD TO WOULD-BE REGICIDES.

THERE are two Ases in Assassination. Is it not therefore doubly asinine?

A REAL AMBER MOUTHPIECE.—The new Prima Donna.



TOYS AND THEIR TEACHING.

Lady Customer. "MY LITTLE BOY WISHES FOR A NOAH'S ARK. HAVE YOU ONE?"

Toyman. "NO, M'UM, NO. WE'VE GIVEN UP KEEPING NOAH'S HARKS SINCE THE SCHOOL BOARDS CAME IN. THEY WAS CONSIDERED TOO DENOMINATIONAL, M'UM!"

ill-bred, I go straight up to the face I know, and say heartily, "Ah! how are you?" He is in the middle of a discussion on the latest news of the day with a tall, hazy-eyed man, with an eye-glass that he can't fix for more than a second at a time, and whose expression is something so between a laugh and a cry, as to convey the idea of his having taken his wine before dinner, instead of having that pleasure to come.

The gentleman, whom I recognise, stares at me, then exclaims, "Ah! how are you!" in a surprised way, implying that, had politeness permitted, he would have added, "And *who* the deuce are you?"

Then follows the usual stupid pause, and the usual nervous laugh. We are both trying to remember where we saw each other last, and what we know of one another, if anything.

We discover, to our mutual relief, that there is no deception; that we did meet at the SHALLUSES, about a year or so ago; which leads us to inquire of one another what has become of the SHALLUSES, as if they'd been hanged, or sold up, or transported in the mean time. Neither of us knows what *has* become of the SHALLUSES; and here the conversation would come to a standstill, but for the hazy-eyed man, who evidently resents my interruption, and attracts my acquaintance's attention with, "By the way, HOSH-FORD"—ah! that's his name, HOSH-FORD, of course—"I was going to ask just now,"—which implies that he would have asked him, if I hadn't come up, and interrupted,—“whether you ever got a satisfactory reply from the Serjeant about the terms of the lease?” This is so pointed a hint, as to their conversation up to the moment I had “intervened”—like a Queen's Proctor—having been peculiarly private and confidential, that I cannot avoid feeling myself “not in it,” and so turn away, hoping either that Josslyn will introduce me to some one, or that dinner will be announced, or that there is a photograph-book that I can examine.

I survey the company. Another face I recognise—a man whom I've seen, generally at luncheon-time, at the Club for years; never ascertained his name, and never seen him speaking to any one. I remember having been informed that this was a Country Member,

who lived some distance from town, and who apparently only came up at luncheon-time, and then went back again. I doubted it then; now, I believe it to be true. He advances towards me, and observes, cheerfully, “I think we ought to know one another!” I respond to the sentiment with much cordiality. At the same time, I wonder if, after this, we shall do more than bow distantly for the remainder of our lives, except when on another similar occasion bringing us again together, we shall make the same remark.

I ask him if he knows many people here, which question implying that he doesn't, rather depreciates the value of his friendly greeting. He replies, “No; not everybody.”

At this moment JOSSLYN DYKE comes up to me, and with an air of the deepest mystery, says, “I want you to take Mrs. LAWLEIGH BYRNE in to dinner.”

Of course I reply, “that nothing I could possibly have imagined would give me greater pleasure than to take Mrs. LAWLEIGH BYRNE in to dinner,” and I look round to see which is Mrs. LAWLEIGH BYRNE. There are two old Ladies by the fire chatting together; one with a conspicuously false brown front, and the other with a most festive cap; and I do hope that neither of these is Mrs. LAWLEIGH BYRNE.

JOSSLYN DYKE relieves my mind by saying, sadly—he generally speaks sadly as though he were reluctantly fulfilling some painful duty—

“You know her, don't you?”

“No, I don't think—”

He murmurs in my ear with melancholy emphasis,

“Great beauty. Everybody about here been going mad after her. Widow. Very rich. Very old county family. Come!”

I am overawed by this description, and almost begin to wish that the introduction had been, after all, to one of those two old Ladies by the fire,—even to the one in the festive cap.

I delay him for a moment to ask who all the people are. JOSSLYN explains them to me as if they were catalogued figures in a wax-work exhibition. “That old Gentleman there, talking to Mrs. LAWLEIGH BYRNE, is Mr. RENDLESHAM of Pikley—very old county

family—the old Lady with a cap is Mrs. AYSFORD SYNGE of The Wick, near here, one of the oldest families in the county”—and it occurs to me one of the oldest Ladies in the county too—“and,” I ask, “the other funny old Lady with the”—I am just going to add, “evident false front”—when he interrupts me gravely, “That is my aunt, Mrs. TUPTON, who is staying here”—very glad I didn’t say any more. He continues, “HOSHFORDE, you know.”

“He’s not an old county family, is he?” I ask, incredulously, having hitherto only associated him with London.

“Yes, very old county family. HOSHFORDE came over with the AYSFORD SYNGES.” I thought he was going to say “with the Conqueror.” “The tall man with the eye-glass is HENRY SANDILANDS, a very old friend of mine.” Glad I didn’t venture on any personal remark about him. “The thin elderly Gentleman with the bald head is AYSFORD SYNGE, of The Wick—and the stout man he’s talking to is PELKIN WADD, an ex-Master in Chancery.”

I remark that I once knew a Wadd family in Sussex.

JOSSLYN resents this. I had evidently no business to know a Wadd family in Sussex, who, apparently, were impostors, as these, the PELKIN WADDs, have no relations anywhere out of this county—in fact, never been out of Dampshire. It occurs to me that the PELKIN WADDs resemble the Christy Minstrels, who never perform out of St. James’s Hall,—and that all the other WADDs are counterfeits. I wonder what the other WADDs say to this? It appears that I am among the representatives of all the oldest county families. Quite a gathering of the Clans. JOSSLYN’s serious and impressive manner seems to imply that he feels what a responsibility he has incurred by bringing together this valuable collection of old county families. After going through the catalogue I almost expect him to add, “Please not to touch the figures.”

There is age upon them all except HOSHFORDE and Mrs. LAWLEIGH BYRNE, the former looking younger than he really is (I’ve known him by sight for years), and the latter looking, it strikes me, older than she really is; but still a Beauty.

A sudden shyness comes over me. But it is too late. I am led up to Mrs. LAWLEIGH BYRNE. She is a fine, handsome, lustrous-eyed lady in black velvet, much lace, and sparkling diamonds, a flaming crimson cap of satin, all crumpled as if some one had been sitting on it by accident, and white gloves, with about sixteen buttons, up to her elbows.

She is seated, and still engaged in conversation with the Crusty Elderly Gentleman,—RENDLESHAM of Pikley.

If there is one ceremony more awkward than another, it is that of introduction to the person you are to take in to dinner. To begin with: it’s not the choice of either party; your host is the providence for the occasion. Then you know nothing of one another; you are utterly ignorant as to whether there is between you any similarity of tastes, or some agreement of opinion. Perhaps one may dislike everything the other fancies, and *vice versa*. Then the necessity of introduction seems to imply to the Lady, “Look here! You won’t have any dinner unless he takes you in, because you can’t go in alone.” And much the same to the Gentleman, who is made responsible for his companion’s enjoyment during the remainder of the evening.

The introduction is completed, JOSSLYN DYKE (who is really one of the gravest, and, ordinarily, one of the most sensible men in the world) stupidly adding, on leaving us, as a recommendation of me to her favour, “He’ll amuse you, Mrs. BYRNE,” whereat The Beauty slightly elevates her dark eyebrows, and brings to bear on me the full power of her electric lustrous eyes, as though expecting to see me do something to amuse her on the spot, there and then. Stand on my head perhaps, or swallow a paper-knife and bring it out of my right ear. I know men who can do this, and, conversation failing, I envy them the accomplishment.

[Happy Thought.—Must learn tricks with cards. Carry a pack in my pocket, and, on being introduced, come to business at once with the question, “Take a card—look at it: you’re sure you’ll know it again?” &c. This would start a subject of conversation between two utter strangers, and do away with all the wearisome twaddle about the weather and the news.

However, as I haven’t matured this plan, I can only protest feebly against JOSSLYN DYKE’s remark. But he doesn’t stay to listen to it.]

I would protest, but JOSSLYN DYKE has gone.

I can only smile, inanely. I am painfully conscious of the utter inanity of the smile, and say,

“Well, it rather—”

But I don’t get any further, as Old Crusty—I mean old RENDLESHAM of Pikley—resumes his conversation at the point where he had dropped it, and Mrs. LAWLEIGH BYRNE turns her head towards him and away from me, so that I can only stand before them and listen to what they have to say to one another, which is all about their county matters, which, as I am utterly ignorant on the subject, have no sort of interest for me. I don’t like to go away. I don’t like to stop. If there were a chair at hand, sitting down, would give me some occupation.

I am nervously aware of Mrs. LAWLEIGH BYRNE’s observing me

out of the corner of her eye. Perhaps at this moment I am fulfilling my mission, and amusing her. I wish Old Crusty would retire.

The announcement of dinner breaks up the groups, and I have to offer my arm to Mrs. LAWLEIGH BYRNE.

Which arm?

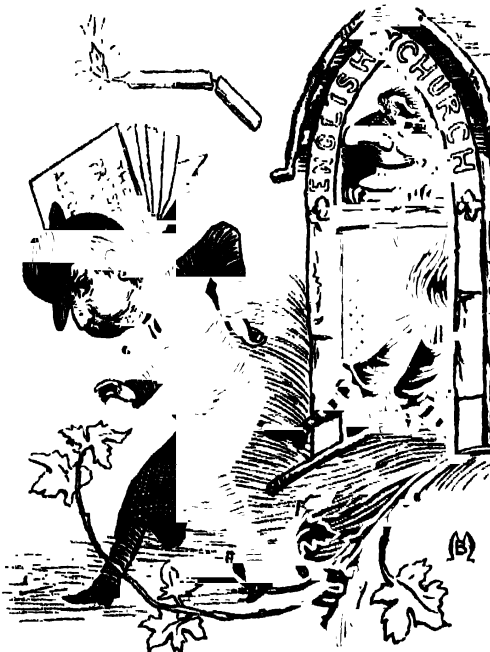
[Happy Thought.—Watch my host, JOSSLYN DYKE, and see which arm he gives.]

I could have sworn I saw him give his right arm. I give mine. Immediately afterwards I find I am the only person who has given his right arm. Perhaps giving the left arm is one of the ancient customs of the oldest county families. I apologise. Shall we change? Mrs. LAWLEIGH BYRNE appears a little annoyed at the awkwardness. Our changing arms involves a delay of the procession, which is arranged on some principle of county precedence, which in my ignorance I violate by stepping gaily before old PELKIN WADD, the ex-Master in Chancery, with Mrs. TUPTON, JOSSLYN’s false-fronted Aunt, on his arm.

Mrs. LAWLEIGH BYRNE says, seriously, in an undertone to me, “They’ll never forgive me for this. We’re out of our place.”

I try to reassure her by replying cheerfully that “we shall soon be in our right place,” meaning at dinner, but she evidently regards this as levity, and the procession moves, silently and solemnly, into the dining-room, where for a time, but only for a time, the gloom of the Mote would have entirely disappeared, but for the sombre pictures on the walls, and the impossibility, even here, with all the candles—the thousand additional lamps—of throwing any gleam of light into the dark bogie corners of this old Elizabethan dining-room,—and but for, above all, the presence of GOOL, the Phantom Butler, and his carefully-selected band of Old County Waiters.

ORBY ET URBI.



AFTER all, theology is one thing, and phraseology another. Criticism may keep clear of the former whilst questioning the latter. Mr. late the Rev., ORBY SHIPLEY, ex-Ritualist Clergyman, has, honestly, at any rate, become a Roman Catholic layman. But he proclaims in the *Times* that in deserting Canterbury for Rome, he has exercised private judgment for the last time—by renouncing

it in submission to “Authority.” Has he? Suppose he should ever fail to understand something in the language of the Authority he has submitted to—and perhaps there are a few points on which he may find its statements not perspicuous—will he not still have to exercise private judgment in trying to make out and decide for himself, as best he may, what “Authority” means?—Or will his final renunciation of private judgment preclude in future any attempt on his part to understand Authority’s doubtful or disputable language? Has he absolutely made up his mind not to trouble himself henceforth about the meaning of what he believes himself to believe?

Does not everybody brought up in blind belief necessarily believe in some Authority? If that Authority is wrong, how can he believe aright except by exercise of private judgment?

Mr. ORBY SHIPLEY considers himself to have exercised private judgment in crediting—whilst he did credit—the doctrines of Ritualism. Did he not credit them on what he considered Authority? Or did he credit them only because they commended themselves to his personal mind and feelings? Is judgment simply and solely by that standard what he means by private judgment? And has he now

renounced, not private judgment, but merely one persuasion for another?

Is not the only person who really renounces private judgment the Agnostic, who, as to subjects on which he feels that he knows nothing whatever, refuses to form any judgment at all?

Does not the partridge renounce private judgment, as renounced by Mr. ORRY SHIPLEY, when, in apprehension of approaching danger, it shuts its eyes, and pokes its head into a hole?

"UNE CAUSE CÉLÈBRE."

PENNY WHIZZLER, A. A. A. (*Anglo-American Artist*) v. RUBSKIN (*High-Art Critic*).

(*Tried before Baron PUZZLETON and a Special Jury.*)

SERGEANT THRUST and learned Juniors for the Plaintiff; Sir JOHN JOKER, Q.C., and other learned Counsel for the defence.

Scene—Court full of pictures, principally PENNY WHIZZLER's, who has also got a roomful on view at an hotel in the neighbourhood. In fact, it is quite a little holiday for PENNY WHIZZLER, who is in great feather, which appears, as an arrangement in white, on the top of his forehead; though in attacking the great Critic, Mr. RUBSKIN, the Anglo-American Artist cannot be said to have "displayed the white feather."

Our Reporter, as usual, did not arrive until the middle of the trial, and the following is his condensed report:—

Sir John Joker, Q.C. (*cross-examining Mr. PENNY WHIZZLER, A.A.A.*). And I dare say you thought that with one of these Nocturnes you would knock Turner out of the field? (*Chuckles from Juniors; smiles from Jurymen; laughter of Spectators; gravity from the Judge, who does not approve of any jokes being laughed at except his own. On order being restored, Sir J. J. resumes.*) And one of these Nocturnes,—you knock'dt'urn off in two hours, eh? (*Great laughter, except from Judge, who suddenly remembers a real good story, that will make them all roar,—he will watch his opportunity.*) And for two hours' work you ask two hundred pounds? Um?

Penny Whizzler (*gloriously, with a true American touch à la BARNUM*). No, Sir! I ask two hundred dollars—I mean pounds—for the Experience of a Life Time!!

[*Immense applause. The Judge, still waiting for his opportunity to tell his good story, and not yet seeing it, suppresses the unseemly exhibition of feeling.*]

Sir John Joker. Now, I'll ask you about this. (*Points to a picture—one of PENNY WHIZZLER's.*) What is this meant for?

Sergeant Thrust (*speaking up for his client.*) I dare say Mr. WHIZZLER will be able to inform you, if he stands on his head, as you've got that picture upside down.

[*Roars of laughter. The Judge fancies at first that he sees the opportunity for his good story. But as he is making up his mind, he is interrupted by the answer of the Plaintiff.*]

Penny Whizzler (*to his Counsel*). No, I beg your pardon, Sir: it's all right. It's not upside down.

[*More laughter, in which Sergeant THRUST joins.*]

Sir John Joker. Well, it doesn't much matter. The picture—that is, the painting—would be much the same in any position. What is it?—a bridge, an elephant, or a telescope?

[*Shouts of laughter. Judge leans back, and sees, with regret, the chances of bringing in his good story growing fainter and fainter. He determines to lug it in somehow.*]

Penny Whizzler. Well, Sir, if you were the lucky purchaser, I should say, "It's whatever you like, my little dear. You pays your money, and you takes your choice."

[*Great laughter, suppressed by the Judge, who sees that everybody will be exhausted before he can get his good story out: during which the Plaintiff leaves the box.*]

Mr. Hang Brown (*examined by Sergeant THRUST*). I am an artist, a remarkable artist. Yes; that is my opinion. I think Mr. PENNY WHIZZLER's pictures want finish.

Sir John Joker (*half aside*). Yes, the sooner he puts the finish to them the better.

[*Titter. Sergeant THRUST regards Sir JOHN indignantly, and the Judge wonders if the time for his good story has at last arrived.*]

Sergeant Thrust (*alluding to a Picture, by an Old Master, in Court*). This is TITIAN's Picture of—of—of—(*Refers to his brief*)—ah! yes, of ANDREW GATTI.

Baron Puzzleton. GATTI—GATTI—let me see!

[*Thinks he has heard the name before, and refers to his notes. Wonders whether THIS is the opportunity for his story.*]

Sergeant Thrust (*who has been, in the meantime, further instructed by Solicitor*). No, my Lord, not GATTI, but GRITTI—Doge GRITTI.

[*The Picture, however, was, after all, described in one newspaper report as "of ANDRA GATTI,"—the Reporter being delighted to do a turn to the well-known Restaurant.*]

Sir John Joker. Doge Gritti! Are you quite sure it's not a picture of "Little Sandy"?

Penny Whizzler (*from his seat*). No, Sir, it's a genuine paintin'—it's GRITTI. In fact, it's the "true gritti."

[*Laughter from admiring friends—when, suddenly, the Judge sees his way to the good story.*]

Baron Puzzleton. I don't want to make anyone laugh—(*Everyone prepares for a grin*)—but I remember a story of some one who bought a picture as a genuine Titian (*grin on; all features becoming more and more marked*), and when he came to examine it through his glasses—I must tell you he was an Op-titian—(*shouts—Ushers in fits*)—he found out that only half of it was by TITIAN; so he stuck it up as a screen, and made it into a Part-titian!

[*Roars. Jurymen in ecstasies, punching one another in the ribs. Ushers rolling on the ground. Policeman runs out of Court into Westminster Hall, to tell it to a friend outside. During this scene of uproarious hilarity our Reporter adjourned for lunch, and only returned to hear the last part of the summing up.*]

Baron Puzzleton. No doubt the eminent critic, Mr. RUBSKIN, was quite right in his opinion, but wrong in his way of expressing it. If there be any truth in the old adage, "*Ar est celare artem*," then Mr. PENNY WHIZZLER is a great artist, as he has thoroughly succeeded in concealing his art. Yet this is no reason why he should be called a "Cockney coxcomb." Mr. PENNY WHIZZLER should rather thank Mr. RUBSKIN for having given him such an opportunity, as this has been, for informing the general public of his existence, of which the general public was probably not aware. However, it is for you, Gentlemen of the Jury, to decide whether the Plaintiff has been damaged by the Defendant, or not.

The Jury found that the Defendant had done exactly one farthing's damage to the Plaintiff.

Baron Puzzleton. That, Gentlemen, is your verdict, and a very good one, too. We have all to thank Mr. PENNY WHIZZLER for an exceedingly pleasant couple of mornings in Court; and henceforth, instead of being called Mr. PENNY WHIZZLER, he will have three-fourths taken off his name, and be known as Mr. FARTHING WHIZZLER.

[*More laughter; during which the Judge bows to everyone, and retires gracefully. End of Scene in Court.*]

WHAT SUNDAY-CLOSING DOES FOR DUBLIN.



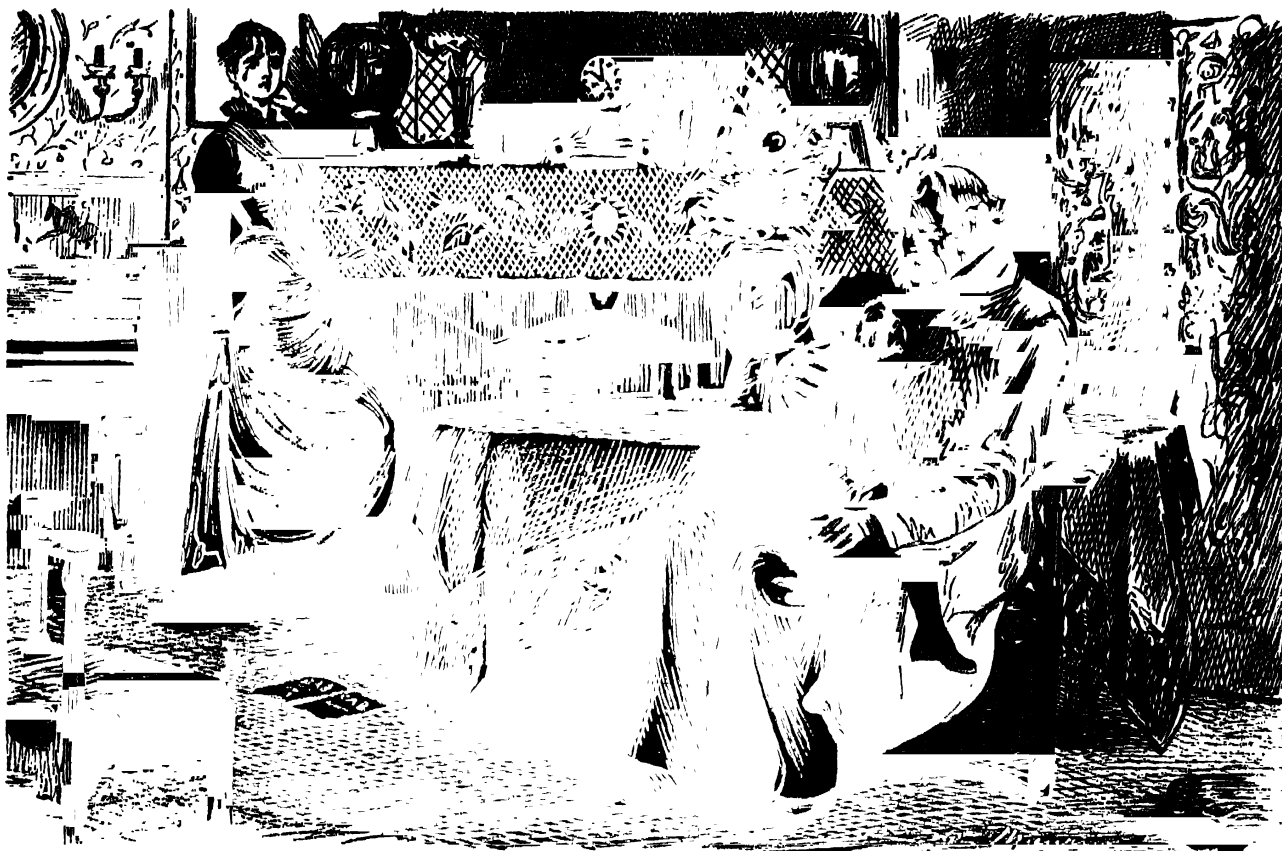
THE following *Times* paragraph may be regarded as an illustration of the effect of that paternal enactment:—

"THE IRISH SUNDAY CLOSING ACT.—Our Dublin Correspondent writes under date Nov. 25:—'The arrests for drunkenness in Dublin between 7 A.M. on Saturday and 2 P.M. on Sunday for the forty weeks from June, 1877, to March, 1878, numbered, 4332, the average of each batch of arrests being 108. The arrests for drunkenness between the corresponding hours during the five weeks following on the coming of the Sunday Closing Act into operation were 685, the average of each batch of arrests being 137.'"

These results appear to rather more than warrant the conclusion that:—

"Up to the present, therefore, the Sunday closing Act in Dublin does not seem to have diminished the amount of drink consumed, although it has certainly been productive of the best results in the orderly condition of the streets on Sunday evenings."

The Sunday Closing Act in Dublin seems, instead of diminishing, to have notably increased the amount of drink consumed; if increase in drinking may be held to bear any proportion to increase of arrests for drunkenness. How, then, to account for the orderly condition of the streets on Sunday evenings? Perhaps, by the supposition that the tipping classes, for their Sunday's consumption, have generally laid in a store of whiskey, which, unlike beer, will keep in a bottle; that they stay at home drinking all day, and by the time that Sunday evening has come, are most of them a great deal too tight to turn out of their houses. Apparently, therefore, the Irish Sunday Closing Act for the prevention of intemperance is answering its purpose in a truly Irish manner. Only the Teetotallers keep on telling us that drunkenness is also increasing in England. That, if a fact, has also followed the enactment of a statute partly closing taverns and restaurants on Sundays. What an argument on behalf of the agitation for closing them altogether!



LITERAL.

Soft-hearted Grandpapa (to Tommy, who has just been castigated by his Mamma). "AND YOU KNOW, TOMMY, IT REALLY PAINS MAMMA MORE THAN IT DOES YOU!"

Tommy. "OH YES, I KNOW IT DOES! SHE SAYS SO! IT HURTS HER HANDS!"

THE CABINET COUNCIL.

(November 22nd.)

Quoth Lord B. in his style 'twixt serene and sublime,
So scornful of "chatter," so hard on "frivolity,"
With the reticent jubilation *he* means for jollity—
"In spite of all bothers from LAWRENCE and others,
Let Parliament meet at its usual time!"

Then said Cross, at cross purpose, for once, with his Chief,
"In with that course of action I scarcely can chime;
Let the meeting be early, e'en if it be brief,
For a vote of the House would be *such* a relief,
And to miss it a blunder, much worse than a crime."

Quoth NORTHCOKE, "I judge it with eye to the Budget,
We should all of us grudge it, if that came to grief;
The tax-paying people might tell us to trudge it,
Which were better, I say, than go further astray
From the lines of our old Constitutional way."

But CRANBROOK, in accents impassioned and warm,
To ditch-water dulness preferring a storm,
Defended his Chief in impetuous form:
"They had not been exceeding law's limits exact—
As he found them laid down in the Indian Act.
Three months after war was the date therein stated—
Full time for its grounds to be fully debated.
'Twas for 'Sovereigns and Statesmen' their Chief had said truly,
To decide these high issues, which they can weigh duly,
And not for the Lords, or the Commons unruly.
If speech was allowed them, 'twas not to say 'Nay,'
But to vote what was wanted, and grumble and pay."

Then manly young STANLEY, though diffident, firm,
Of the old Rupert lineage a promising germ,
Spoke out, free from doubt, for the earlier term.

And some were for early, and some were for late,
And warmer, and warmer still grew the debate,
Till SALISBURY hit on the plan the most fit
(He ventured to think), to keep things from a split,
That the point thus contested by toss-up be tested—
For himself he cared little which way the coin rested.
So they shied a new bob, and on spotting the toss—
Whether England should count it *their* gain or her loss—
Found, while cross were the losers, the winner was Cross!

RAILWAY ECONOMY.

A MORNING contemporary publishes the alarming announcement of a

"REDUCTION OF RAILWAY SERVANTS' WAGES.—The Midland Railway Company has given notice to their station porters of a reduction amounting to a shilling a week after the 18th of December. The Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincoln Railway servants have been reduced, that reduction taking effect for the first time on Saturday last. The Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway have just also reduced the wages of their porters and other servants. It is rumoured also that a reduction will follow in the servants of all grades."

And what may be expected to follow those reductions of the wages of Railway Servants, already overworked and underpaid? Corresponding reduction, probably, of care and attention to duty on their part, and of adequate skill and ability on that of those engaged to succeed them. Proportionate multiplication of Railway collisions and other accidents, and numbers of passengers killed and wounded, also possibly of actions for compensation brought against Railway Companies, and payments of damages which they will have incurred by reducing their servants' wages. If, as is to be hoped, the amount they lose through that reduction should very far exceed all that they gain by it, they will perhaps discover that they have been repaid as they deserved for an unwise as well as ungenerous economy.

ANAGRAM FOR THE DAY.—DISRAELI—I lead, Sir.



“WHO’S TO PAY?”

INDIA. “I SEE YOUR PROPOSED IMPROVEMENTS; BUT I CAN’T AFFORD—”

AGENT. “O NO, MADAM, OF COURSE NOT. PARLIAMENT MEETS TO-MORROW, AND I EXPECT WE SHALL SOON MAKE A SATISFACTORY ARRANGEMENT WITH MR. BULL!”

BAD NEWS FOR DOCTORS.



ENSIBLE Reform,* indeed, my dear Dr. ROSELEAF! Here's a pretty piece of news! It nearly took my breath away, and destroyed my appetite for breakfast:—

"It is currently reported that many Ladies in the highest circles of Society are resolved, throughout the winter, to wear high evening dresses. Doubtless their example will, ere long, be widely followed."

I am sure you must agree with me in hating sense and its itch for reforming evils much better let alone. That is quite opposed to professional interest. We fashionable doctors get our living in great measure by the follies of the fashion. Low dresses especially are of the very greatest service to us. If Ladies are to take to clothing themselves properly when they go out in the evening,

where will be the chance of their catching colds and coughs, and other costly ailments? Thin shoes will next go out of fashion, I suppose, and then how can we expect such broadcast sowing of the seeds of consumption, and sciatica, and lumbago, and the like, as now pour into our pockets such abundant golden fruit?

Believe me yours in common affliction,

Snarley Street, Saturday.

PARACELSUS PILGARLICK.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(At Drury Lane—*The Jealous Wife*—*Belphegor*—*Reminiscences*—*Carmen à Her Majesty's*—*Novelties ahead*—and no more at present.)

SIR,—What hearty laughter at *The Jealous Wife*—the present version might be called *Essence of COLEMAN'S Compressed Comedy*—which, I should say, has for two or three weeks past been the attraction at Drury Lane far more than *Belphegor*, *The Mountebank*—and I hope that the Mountebank will declare a dividend in these times, when Scotch-banking is not quite so profitable as Mountebanking. As Mrs. Oakely, Mrs. HERMANN VEZIN is admirable, but the house is far too large for the comedy, and they all have to roar at one another, not at all like sucking doves, but as though the entire *Dramatis Personæ* were deaf.

Belphegor is worth seeing, if only for the sake of Mr. COWPER as the wicked Duke, with the blackest lines of villany on his face. He is very funny.

I have heard *Carmen*—for the first time, and I sincerely hope not for the last. Of course, everyone tells me I ought to have seen MINNIE HAWK in it instead of TREBELL; but as Madame TREBELL happened to be playing the part the night I was there, how the impossible could I see Mlle. MINNIE HAWK? I couldn't sing to her, by private wire,

"MINNIE, dear MINNIE,
Come o'er the sea;
For I won't take a stall,
But I'll stand in the hall,
And, my MINNIE, I'm waiting for thee."

At least I could sing to her by telephone, only my singing would be more expensive than her own; and then, like the spirits from the nasty deep—"nasty" more correct reading than "vasty"—see old folio—(who's Old Folio?—good name for a bookworm in a farce)—would she come when I did call? I don't think so. But when MINNIE HAWK sang, stalls were at the Season prices, and now they are only twelve-and-sixpence each. And so,

"Rather less 'swelly'
I'll hear my TREBELL,
And seven-and-sixpence I'll save from a guinea
By hearing TREBELL instead of Miss MINNIE."

Her Majesty's was crammed, as I am informed it always is when GEORGES BIZET's *Carmen* is given. In fact, Tuesdays and Fridays are the *Bizet-ist* nights.

And are we not a musical people? Yes, we are; at all events, those were at Her Majesty's the other night, for they never applauded

anybody, whoever they might be, who went—like things in the City are so often said to go—that is, a little flat.

A propos of "flat," I know a Composer residing in Albert Mansions, Victoria Street, Westminster, who lives in one flat! and how, thus fettered, he can ever look sharp when he is requested to do so by some one in a hurry, I don't know. Which would be the better property—a tune or a Mansion in five flats? You can let out both of them. I refer this important question to the Music Publishing Company, with whom, *à propos* of *Carmen*, I have a bone to pick. *Cui bono?* for the public weal.

This is the bone. I do complain that sufficient care is not taken to see that the books supplied are correct. I may be an unlucky exception, and my book may have been the only example of the kind that has happened for months. Yet it is an instance of what has happened to me, and what, therefore, may happen to any one. So let every intending purchaser of a book of the words examine the pages to see that their numbers come in proper sequence, as, if they do not, the happy possessor of the book will be driven wild, as I was, by finding himself, while carefully following Act II., suddenly plunged into the middle of Act III., and then, having just recovered from that shock, to be utterly staggered again by finding the *Annals* of the Fourth Act in the middle of the Third. The pages of my book were right from 1 to 14, when suddenly I found the dialogue utterly inconsequent, and on looking at the number of the page there was No. 19 as the sequence to 14. After a deal of searching I found page 15 after page 22, and then getting clear away with the story up to page 18, was suddenly confronted by the commencement of Act the Fourth at page 27, the Third on the stage then being in full swing. From 27 to 30 the book was sane enough, then it had a fit—next to 30 came page 23, which went on right enough to page 26, when the end of the Third Act was followed by the advertisements.

I warn my readers, therefore, to examine their books before buying, or, though they may obtain redress from the civil attendant, who was ready enough to substitute a correct card for the incorrect one, and who, indeed, would have given me a new one (seeing that I was unwilling to part with my copy, on which I had made pencil notes) had it not been for a respectable elderly and crabbed official, who, in a sort of *Dogberry* manner, kindly consented to examine my book through his glasses, and then, finding my statement correct, graciously deigned to inform me that "it was only wrongly stitched," making no sort of offer of reparation, nor even politely regretting the accidental circumstance, as he might have done, and, in fact, giving me, by his manner, to understand how utterly astonished he was at any visitor to Her Majesty's Theatre venturing to utter a complaint about anything in his official department—whatever that might be.

I mention this because a stitch in time saves nine, which is for the benefit of the purveyors of the books, for the advantage of the public, and for the good of the charming old person in the lobby, by whose courtesy and politeness I was so favourably impressed.

Of course, the thing in *Carmen* is the Bullfighter's song, and after that, I suppose, the Soprano's in the Third Act. That Spanish uniform, with its English policeman's helmet, its French rod trousers, and its biliously-yellow coat, is a very trying costume for a tenor-lover to be put into. I was glad, for his sake, when he had deserted, and gone in, with *Carmen*, for "the days when we went gipsying" in the Third Act.

The story of *Carmen*, or the *New Bohemian Girl*, slight as it is, affords plenty of opportunity for picturesque groupings, costumes, varied choruses, and an effective ballet. The opera commences at 7:30, and is over by eleven—a great advantage to most people; as is also the Opera Colonnade, which gives everyone a fair chance, after leaving *Carmen*, of getting easily at *Cabmen*.

At one of the theatres is to be produced an *Opera Buffa* by Signor BUCALOSSI. As far as the name of the composer goes, *about omen*, as *Book-a-loss-i* sounds unlucky.

Having crowded myself out of speaking of *Fra Diavolo* at the Gaiety, the revivals at the Folly, and the last moments of the expiring *Pink Dominoes* (chief mourners, Messrs. CHARLES WYNDHAM & Co., and Lord HERTFORD and Mr. EDWARD PRIOTT in the second carriage, when the naughty play is re-hearsed for the last time);—and *The Crisis*—another adaptation—bless it!—this time from SARDOU'S—SARDOU again—bless him!—*Les Fourchambaults*, by the eminent adapter of *Les Dominoes Roses*, not having yet appeared at the Haymarket, nor *The Shadow of Number Twenty's Fate* (an original work this time by Messrs. HATTON and ALBERRY,—it takes two of 'em to be original) at the Princess's, I have nothing more to say except to contradict the reports of a *hostile encounter* (*à la* MM. GAMBETTA and FOURTOUT), between Mr. ARTHUR STIRLING, the *Lazare* in *Proof*, which has reached its 200th night, at the Adelphi, and Mr. G. W. ANSON, the *Lazare* in *O'er Proof* at the Royalty, and with this information, which is "very necessary for these times," I conclude, and sign myself, now as always,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.



OFFENDED DIGNITY.

(With the West Kent, 1877.)

Lord H. "WELL, MY LITTLE MAN, I SUPPOSE THIS IS YOUR FIRST TIME OUT?"

Rector's Small Boy (at lat. 7). "FIRST TIME OUT, INDEED! WHY, IT'S MY SECOND SEASON!"

HOME AT LAST.

"MR. ORBY SHIPLEY has been received into the Romish Church."

At last the wanderer finds himself at home
 The proverb says all roads will lead to Rome.
 "Nay!" cries the Ritualist, "the road *we* travel
 Leads quite elsewhere." It must somewhat gravel
 Our friends to find their pleasant private path
 A circumbendibus so curious hath,
 That hundreds who adown its windings stroll
 Do reach the long-repudiated goal;
 That what to-day's denied with indignation,
 Is found to-morrow the sweet consummation
 And logical conclusion of a course
 Whose issue seems to contradict its source.
Seems! Keener or more candid minds can see
 Close sequence and clear continuity,
 And that without submission or suspension
 Of private judgment's much-abused pretension.
 Yet, if they but attempt to point this out,
 They're met with fierce abuse and frantic shout.
 Dear Ritualistic zealots, take the hint,
 Nor stultify yourselves—at least in print!
 Meanwhile, *Punch* ventures to congratulate
 The errant ORBY on his settled state.
 The pack he leaves about his heels may bark
 Until they follow him to the same ark,
 But whether led by logic or by grace,
 He's plainly the right man in the right place.

WHAT THE BELLS SAID, EAST AND WEST.

OLD TOM—"Buy a go o' gin!"
 BIG BEN—"By Jingo!"

PLAIN SPEAKING.

THE QUEEN'S SPEECH, AS IT WILL NOT BE.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

You have been called together at this early date because the peace secured with so much honour a few months since has ended in war.

It is unnecessary to state that it was always my intention to summon Parliament, not to discuss the policy of commencing hostilities against the Ameer of AFGHANISTAN, which is my business and not yours, but to obtain the money which has been, and will be, spent for these hostilities, for which my Government have long been preparing. My Government will assure you, as they have assured me, that they wish Parliament to strengthen their hands and fill their pockets. I have no doubt that you will believe them, and that you will regard the expressions of opinion out of doors with the same calm indifference with which it has been received by my Ministers.

GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

My Government have taken steps to secure a Scientific Frontier. You will, I doubt not, see your way to granting the supplies required to defray the expense of the Rectification of territory thus rendered necessary. The Bills for that purpose will be laid before you.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

I FEEL assured that after you have disposed of the Bills which will be submitted for your acceptance, my Government will be able to return to their homes in a state of mind enabling them to enjoy a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

And now I bid you a brief farewell, which will be renewed for a longer period when I dismiss you for the Christmas holidays.

TWO RUSSIAS—RUSSOPHIL'S AND RUSSOPHOB'S.—Hug-bear and Bug-bear.



THE SUNDAY CLOSING BILL—IRELAND.

Master. "BUT YOU KNOW, DENNIS, YOU CAN GET IN YOUR WHISKEY FOR SUNDAY ON THE PREVIOUS EVENING."

Gardener. "SHURE, YER HONOUR, WID A PINT OF IT IN THE HOUSE—SALFD UP—I'D NIVER GET A WINK O' SLEEP!"

SOMETHING LIKE 'A DUEL!

(Translated from the French.)

THE following is a detailed and exact narrative of the affair of honour at which MM. l'Avocat PATELIN and the honourable Deputy, PATAPOUF, assisted as principals. We who sign this paper were the seconds of those Gentlemen.

M. le Député PATAPOUF, in the course of a speech delivered before the Assembly, found it necessary to declare that "black was white." M. l'Avocat PATELIN denied the accuracy of this assertion. Upon being requested by M. le Président of the Assembly to withdraw this denial, M. PATELIN expressed his unwillingness to do so until M. PATAPOUF had in some degree altered his definition. He moreover alluded to M. PATAPOUF as "the individual who has recently spoken." M. le Président having explained that the terms of his denial were unparliamentary, M. l'Avocat proceeded to a modification of it, adding that probably M. le Député was under the impression "that both black and white were grey," and that consequently his statement was "colourably true." At this point the incident in the Assembly ended.

Subsequently, M. PATAPOUF, after mature deliberation, on having arrived at the conclusion that M. PATELIN's explanation was not altogether satisfactory, requested two of the Signatories of this paper, MM. de la CAROTTE and de la BLAQUE, to sound M. PATELIN upon the subject. M. PATELIN persisted in the assertion that some people might consider black a different colour from white. Upon this a hostile meeting became absolutely a matter of necessity. After some negotiations, M. PATELIN nominated M. le Comte de l'EAU SUCRÉ and M. DE L'ABSINTHE, to represent him. The nomination was accepted.

The Signatories of this paper having now the management of this incident in their own hands, drew out the following programme:—

1. The principals to fire one shot at one another at eighty paces distance, with pistols of the cavalry pattern of the First Empire.
2. The incident to be closed with the discharge of the weapons.

This programme was submitted to MM. PATELIN and PATAPOUF, who unconditionally accepted it. A further suggestion that the pistols should only be loaded with blank-cartridge (emanating from both the principals), was peremptorily overruled by all the Signatories, who, however, added the following article:—

3. That in consideration of the distance of the principals from one another, and the possible deviation of the bullets from the line of sight, each second may wear a suit of shot-proof underclothing, and shall be allowed to retire behind an earthwork rising five feet from the level of the ground.

These preliminaries having been arranged, the meeting took place on the Belgian frontier. One shot was fired, having for result the death of a cock-pheasant, which had taken up a position for observing the proceedings on a distant tree.

The Signatories of this paper hereby declare:—

1. That M. le Député PATAPOUF was right in his assertion that "black was white."
2. That M. l'Avocat PATELIN was equally right in declaring that the statement in its nudity was open to question.
3. That the meeting which has taken place between MM. PATAPOUF and PATELIN was conducted according to the strictest rules of such encounters.
4. That not the slightest stain rests upon the honour of either M. PATAPOUF or M. PATELIN.

After the duel the principals and the seconds breakfasted together. The cock-pheasant was carved by M. le Docteur FRACASSE, who had kindly volunteered his services in the event of any deplorable casualty.

Signed { HENRI DE LA CAROTTE, } For M. PATAPOUF.
 { CHARLES DE LA BLAQUE, }
 { LE COMTE DE L'EAU SUCRÉ, } For M. PATELIN.
 { DE L'ABSINTHE, Journaliste. }

Dec., 1878.

Restaurant du "High Life,"
Avenue de l'Opéra, Paris.

STORM WARNING.—C'est le Premier's pas qui Couste.

THE PIOUS CHANCELLOR'S CREED.

(Post-prandially formulated by the Prince Von B. himself, found in a Bush, and to be taken, perhaps, with a grain of Salt.)

I do believe in Providence,
On grounds most firm and valid;
Its rulings have shown strength and sense,
And with my views have tallied.
'Tis ever on the stronger side,
And while my side's the stronger,
I shall acknowledge it with pride.
(But not a moment longer!)

I hold to Faith robust and stout,
And, Heaven and I agreeing,
All duffers who presume to doubt,
Deserve eternal d—ing.
I'm sole exponent of the truth,
Of genuine Christianity,
Cleared from all cant of love and ruth,
And humbug of humanity.

I do believe in days and dates,
As I'm a (sort of) sinner;
I hold those fools defy the fates,
Who sit thirteen at dinner.
That Friday ventures badly fare,
For reasons past explaining;
That he's an ass who has his hair
Cut when the moon is waning.

I do believe most men are fools,
And need despotic ruling
By one past-master in the schools
Of force and clever fooling;
That dangers which beset the State,
And risks that kings environ,
Demand a will as stern as Fate,
A rule of blood and iron.

I do believe in subtle skill
Disguised as brutal frankness,
And the display of ruthless will
In rowdy refter-rankness.
As well shirk shedding blood for fear
Of staining God's pure daisies,
As strive to rule this lower sphere
By sentimental phrases.

I hold the great Germanic race
Is Heaven's favourite bantling,
Supreme in virile power and grace,
And breadth of moral scantling.
That Franks are hounds, their women pigs,—
Gr-r-r! I the vain vile vermin hate!
I'd squelch them—but for pap-soul'd prigs
Who funk the word "exterminate."

I do believe free Parliament
Means dawdling, drivelling, doting,
Save only when it is content
With silent money-voting.
I hold, of all pretenders crass
Who ever claimed dominion,
The worst is that gregarious ass
Nicknamed "Public Opinion."

I do believe the fittest head,
To shape and sway the nations,
Is one which has no need to dread
Competitive potations.
Latin is humbug, Greek is rot,
And Science a small matter;
Fuustrecht thrives best on a full pot
And a well-loaded platter.

In fine, I do believe in Force
(Of fight, or faith, or feeding)
Uncramped by conscience, ruth, remorse,
Good-nature or good-breeding.
That Strength should sway in council, fray,
Love, piety, or potting,
Is Providence's special way,
And Heaven's own allotting.

THE SOCIETY JOURNAL.



EXCELLENT MR. PUNCH, WITH your habitual omniscience you have doubtless observed that the human race is nowadays no less *avidus novitatis* than it was in those classic ages when its greediness was thus embodied in an aphorism. This greed for news is possibly the reason why there are so many newspapers afloat, and why some of them at any rate strive to save themselves from sinking by not being too particular as to what they print. News is an elastic word, and

may be stretched to well-nigh an indefinite extent; and Editors who are not troubled with a conscience need not be careful as to what they print, so long, at least, as they keep on the blind side of the law.

Clubs were formerly considered to be strictly private places, where Gentlemen might meet as in their own houses, without apprehension that confidence would be betrayed, or privacy violated. Some old fogies may imagine that the strictly private acts of men in private life are hardly fair subjects for public comment. I myself, perhaps, might own, in a weak moment, to such squeamishness—or delicacy, if you like the word better. But I am too poor to indulge in such luxuries.

Putting delicacy aside, therefore, and coming straight to business, I propose to start a journal whose pages shall be devoted entirely to chronicling and commenting upon the private acts, words, and looks, of private people. Clubs will be in my hands simply weapons of offence; and I shall use them to hit right and left, no matter who may suffer. To add to the attraction of my journal, scandal of all sorts will be freely admitted to my columns, and abundant space reserved for nasty personal remarks. Insinuations and innuendoes will be specially encouraged, and prominently placed. Hints at trickery at cards will be plentifully sprinkled in my "Whispers from the West," and the most transparent pseudonyms will indicate the persons thus publicly attacked. Family quarrels will be faithfully recorded free of charge, and flirtations divulged with the

briefest possible delay. The gossip of the green-room will be made a special feature, and anecdotes of actresses will be carefully invented for the purpose of supplying lovers of fast life with amusing subjects of small talk. Angry correspondents will be thankfully encouraged to continue their disputes; and a sub-editor of small stature will attend in the office to be kicked by any person who is willing to pay for the privilege of committing an assault. In short, no pains will be spared to make my journal talked about, and to bring it into general contempt and disrepute. I hope thus to secure for it the largest possible, if not, perhaps, quite a world-wide, circulation, and if I can only manage to get a few good actions for libel brought against my publisher, I expect to make my fortune, or, at least, to keep my carriage, before the year is out.

For the present, I refrain from publishing my real name, which hereafter may be famous, and am content to sign myself,

Yours, most humbly,
Grub Street. THE MAN AT EVERYBODY'S KEYHOLE.

Bos, M.P., Locutus Est,
(On the Winter Session.)

"THIS, it is to be Member!
Dragged to Town in December—
Leave the covers before they've been shot!
Lose the pick of the season!
And all for no reason,
But to vote straight, and listen to rot."

A Black Prospect.

Auld Scotch Bodie (loquitor). Weel, weel, what wi' Affgauns in India, an' Ongauns in Glasga', I dinna ken what the world's comin' tae!

At Cost of Costs.

(Quoth WHISTLER over his *Farthing Damages*.)

My nooturnes, "blue and silver," and eke black and gold,
Are paying "arrangements," pictorial and proper;
But, by this blue and copper arrangement I'm sold,
In which I find the blue and the jury the copper.

FROM MANCHESTER.

A Meeting of Creditors.—"And does not a meeting like this make amends?" No; not often. *Heugh! prisca fides!*

A CONSIDERATION FOR SOCIETY JOURNALS.—The greater the Truth the greater the Libel.

ART ILLUSTRATION.—Idealism and Realism: Courtship and Marriage.

TESTING THE THAMES.

Father Thames loquitur :—

My will they say my stream is like
a sink,
And swear my bed is but a miry
bog;

How dare maligners say my normal stink
Is as a "blend" of bilge-water and fog?
Such groundless accusation sorely irks
My friends the Metropolitan Board of Works.

That noble brotherhood they took a boat,
They also donned their best rose-coloured specs,
And down my libelled stream did steam and float,
With watchful eyes, tense noses, craning necks
(And goodly store of water of Cologne),
All to inspect my fragrant "sewage zone."

They sampled, tested, smelt; they stirred and poked,
With pole and eke with grapnel, bed and bank;
They sniffed and sipped, but, though they smiled and joked
I noticed that but slender draughts they drank.
And then they found—I own to my surprise—
All those vile charges were but wicked lies.

There was no mud at all nor any muck,
No nasty taste, and no unpleasant smell;
Nought unto lowered pole or grapnel stuck,
Save harmless stone or shingle; all was well!
There might have been a little tarry soun,
But, for the rest, 'twas all a foolish hum.

Those beastly Gas-works were alone to blame,—
The sewage really improved my stream;
It was, they swore, a most outrageous shame,
That fools of sitting up should talk or dream,
Or hint the presence —(evil-minded men)—
Of slime or sulphuretted hydrogen.

That people plunged in my pellucid flood
Should, owing to the sewage, faint or choke—
As some who'd tried declared—was quite too good,
A really rare rib-cracking sort of joke.
Facing such facts, it was not fair, now was it?
To talk of filthy smell and foul deposit!

For just where that ill-fated *Princess Alice*
Had sunk, the stream was pure, the bottom shingle.
'Tis very hard that such mendacious malice
With opposition's cold remarks should mingle!
Where do they hope to go to, those false divers?
Or those—(they said so)—"sewage-soaked" survivors?

They turned them back, vowing 'twas mere stupidity
Or nasty spite that had malign'd me so.
My dimpling stream was guileless of turbidity,
No filth befouled my water's silvery flow,—
Which undisputed facts," they cried with glee,
"Will floor that odious Thames Conservancy!"

Hooray! And yet, and yet— I somehow think
I'm scarce convinced,—the world, I know, is not.
When Hercules of Alpheus made a sink,
To prate about *improvement* had been rot.
Still, still, a haunting doubt within me lurks,
My bravely optimistic Board of Works!

A NOBLE EXAMPLE.

(Set Out Dramatically—For the Co-operative.)

SCENE—Interior of a Nobleman's Mansion near the Central Meat-Market. Enter a Peer, his Daughter HONORIA, and AUGUSTUS.

PEER. Well, young man, you have had the advantages of an Eton education, hold a Commission in the Guards, and belong to five respectable Clubs. But the suitor who claims HONORIA's hand must give surer pledges for her future happiness than this. *(Sternly.)* Tell me, now, what do you know of butchers' meat?

HONORIA *(fondling him)*. Oh! everything, Papa, dear. AUGUSTUS would never have asked your consent until prepared to face and triumph over life with all its financial difficulties. He is quite reformed.

AUGUSTUS. Indeed, I am, Sir. Since I have won your daughter's priceless love, gambling, the pleasures of the race-course, and meat direct from the butchers, have all been abandoned by me without a murmur. Henceforth I will deal with no *middleman*, and live but for her!

PEER. The resolution does you credit, but will you have the courage to act up to it? Remember, if you are an honourable man, domestic existence will present some stumbling-blocks to you in its very outset. I shall expect HONORIA's husband to go himself early to the central emporium and select and carry off a whole quarter, nay, a whole side of the best beast that he can procure for good, honest, money.

HONORIA *(with enthusiasm)*. He will do all this, dear Papa! AUGUSTUS. Ay, that I will, all this—and more. Twice in the week will I run down, by some cheap slow night-train, to the western counties, and myself see, bargain for, and bring up to town—a living beast, perhaps a couple! There will be plenty of room for them in the little garden at the back of our new house in Wilton

Place; and once having got them safely through the hall—we can kill on the premises ourselves!

HONORIA. Dear, noble AUGUSTUS! How happy we shall be! PEER. Well, there, my boy—take her! *(He joins their hands.)* With such resolves to avoid the pitfall of wasteful expenditure, you may be able to lead a cottage life on £5000 a year. But, bear in mind, should you ever, in a weak moment, be tempted to let the butcher's fatal cart stop before your door, that though your old father-in-law lives at Smithfield, and gives tinned beef in sandwiches to his guests at evening parties, he saves twopence in the pound all the year round, and sets a noble example.

CONCERTS IN COLOURS.

To Artists uniting in their own persons the genius of the Painter and the Musician may be recommended, as subjects for pigmentary treatment, the following combination of colours in conformity with sound:—

A Solo in White.
A Solo in Black.
A Duet in Black and White.
A Trio in Red, Blue, and Yellow.
A Quartet in Brown, Orange, Purple, and Green.
A Quintet in Crimson, Violet, Mauve, Copper colour, and Lavender.
A Sextet in Stone colour, Fawn colour, Pink, Lemon colour, Rose colour, and Dun.
A Septet in Scarlet, Bay, Chestnut, Mouse colour, Grey, Buff, and Mahogany. And, lastly,—A Chorus in all Colours.

ANAGRAM BY ZADKIEL.—*Benjamin Disraeli, or Earl of Beaconsfield.*—"I fear ill Old BEN can do, if Bear joins AMBER."



A MURKY morning, for a melancholy business—the opening of a December Parliament. As out of season as a Dog-day Pantomime.

To a House empty of Lords, and crowded with Ladies, enter the LORD CHANCELLOR. To him, first *enter*, then *exeat*, then re-enter the Royal Commissioners “dispersedly.” These entrances and exits settled, after some difficulty,

THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

Short, but not sweet, and on the whole more like *Punch's* last week's anticipation of it than might have been expected.

Here it is—with rhyme—to point its reasons:—

“Sorry to bring you up from your pleasant country quarters,
But here's the AMER has got himself, and us, into troubled waters.



A BIT FROM BUXTON.

Mr. Blades, from Sheffield (affably to Noble Lord with the hereditary gout). "OPE YOUR LORDSHIP'S BETTER THIS MORNING. I CAN JUST MANAGE TO 'OP ABOUT A BIT—"

Noble Lord (severely). "AW—I WAS NOT AWARE THAT PEOPLE OF YOUR CLANS WERE SUBJECT TO MY COMPLAINT!"

We're bound by law to tell you this, and as we must have supplies, The sooner you find them for us, the sooner you can rise. Apropos of the Berlin Treaty—there's no reason to be dejected; It's going on, like everything else, as well as can be expected. Of the Bills to be passed—not those to be paid—we'll speak when you've cut and come again; And we wish you a Merry Christmas when you've all got safe home again."

The first night's debate in the Lords was like a COOK's tour—"personally conducted."

It turned—not on the policy of the Government in making war on Afghanistan—but on the candour of Lord CRANBROOK's Despatch, and the veracity of Lord SALISBURY's assurance—"miserable personalities," as both Lord SALISBURY and Lord BEACONSFIELD called them. As a matter of course, Lord GRANVILLE put these unpleasant charges as pleasantly as possible; and equally, as a matter of course, Lord CRANBROOK repelled the imputation against him with heat, and Lord SALISBURY with haughty aggressiveness.

This is a matter, however, which chiefly interests the noble Lords personally concerned—Lord NORTHBROOK, who protests against the colour given by Lord CRANBROOK's ninth paragraph to his Government's action in 1873—Lord CRANBROOK, who declares he has given the true colour in the paragraph, and is ready to lay on another coat of it—the Duke of AROLYL, who maintains that the Marquis of SALISBURY, in his last year's denial of any change of Indian policy on the part of the Government, though he did not lie like truth, told truth like a lie—and the Marquis of SALISBURY, who maintains that his answer was true to the letter, and that nobody has any business with its relation to the spirit.

Lord GREY moved an Amendment, regretting that Parliament had not been consulted before war had been declared. But nobody supported or seconded him; and the Duke of SOMERSET rapped him over the knuckles in that candid spirit in which his Grace loves to say and do disagreeable things.

Lord BEACONSFIELD, in a comparison of the policy of his party twenty-five years ago with that of the Opposition, now made his points and got his laughs like a veteran actor:—

"We found ourselves, some five-and-twenty years ago, advocating a cause with a warm conviction, but one which was probably not supported by the House to which we appealed, or the nation. The recess had passed. We had all of us made a good many speeches, in which we had probably not measured our language more than in some more modern speeches with which you are acquainted. (*Laughter.*) Many of us had written many letters, though not so many, perhaps, as some individuals of the present day. (*Renewed laughter.*) And under these circumstances, being also members of a society of great activity and organisation, more active than the Afghan Committee—(*Laughter.*)—and having agitated the country for a considerable time by these sincere expressions of our opinions, we did think it was our duty when Parliament met that we should test the opinion of the House upon the question which we had so long described as of the highest importance and most urgent interest."

Don't ride off on official squabbles, but challenge our policy to a Division—and be beaten.

Nothing can be more triumphant than the way this great master of fence flourished his weapon, and defied the other side to come on.

It was as pretty sword-swinging as could be seen, and must have delighted the ladies present. Next week my Lord B. will have his wish—Lord HALIFAX will distinctly raise the question as to the policy of the war.

In the meantime there will be no Amendment on the Address, as Lord GRANVILLE explained, because there is no wish to refuse the means for supporting the gallant soldiers who have already reaped the first fruits of victory in the Khyber and the Kurram.

In the Commons, Mr. E. STANHOPE having given Notice of Motion to take the charges of the war out of India's pocket, Mr. FAWCETT gave notice that he would oppose it.

News of General ROBERT's gallant clearing of the Peiwar Pass was cheered from all sides of the House. What person, of what party, does not cheer every British deed of valour, daring, and resolution, apart altogether from the policy of the war in which the deed is done!

Lord CASTLEREAGH moved, and Mr. HALL seconded, the Address. The Marquis of HARTINGTON admitted as undeniable, that Government having received abundant proof of the confidence of

Parliament, had a right to enter on the war. That for the safety of our soldiers, the interests of the Empire and mercy to the enemy; being begun, it must be carried on vigorously, and to a decisive issue. All that was quite apart from the policy, or justice of this war. He had come to the conclusion, on the papers, that it was unjustifiable. Then he criticised Lord CRANBROOK'S Despatch, and contended it gave an unfair impression of the Government action in 1873. It looked as if the Government had been studiously picking a quarrel with the AMEER. If Russia was advancing, let us be on our guard, but it does not follow that the best way to do that is to push our frontier half-way to hers. Parliament had been kept in the dark. It would be asked to pronounce its judgment on the war, and the policy which had led to it.

Mr. GLADSTONE criticised the language of the Address. He should leave that to *Punch*.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER answered Lord HARTINGTON

from his brief. Lord CRANBROOK had drawn a fair inference. The Government didn't want to pick a quarrel with the AMEER. They found it ready picked. All they wanted was to protect India and keep its people quiet. But when a Russian Envoy was received at Cabul, and a British one turned back—war was inevitable. Government didn't want to annex territory—all they wanted was to bar the back-door to India.

Sir C. DILKE asked for papers, and was promised all that could be published without letting official cats out of their bags.

Mr. W. E. FORSTER asked for more papers, and defended Lord NORTHBROOK'S and the Duke of ARGYLL'S dealings with the AMEER. They were in one mind, and it was the right one.

Lord ROBERT MONTAGU pitched into all the Governments that had touched the question. They had set the AMEER'S back up, and taught him to distrust us, among them, and one was as bad as another. (Does Lord ROBERT write for the *Pall Mall Gazette*?)



Mr. DUNNING complained there was no Irish grievance in the Speech. Mr. O'CONNOR POWER, and Mr. SULLIVAN denounced the war as a violation of national independence.

Sir J. LUBBOCK doubted the wisdom and policy of the war, but thought the AMEER had drawn it on himself.

Mr. CROSS said as there was not going to be any legislation before Christmas, there need not be any allusion to it in the Speech, and promised Irish Members they would find Ireland had not been forgotten, when the Sessions' list of Bills was brought out.

Friday.—The Lords did nothing beyond having Lord CAIRNS sworn in as Earl CAIRNS and GARMOYLE. (A narrow miss, by one letter, of an ominous name. "Garboil" means a mess.)

In the House of Commons Mr. WHITBREAD gave Notice of a Vote of Censure of the conduct which has led to the war with Afghanistan. Would the Government give him a day? "Not a bit of it," said the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER. "Why hadn't they

moved an Amendment on the Address?" "Well, I will, if you like," said Mr. CHAMBERLAIN; and straightway named one—extempore.

Lord HARTINGTON, with his usual *mitis sapientia*, showed Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE what a mess matters would probably get into if he did not give Mr. WHITBREAD a day.

Mr. GLADSTONE reminded the Government that if they wouldn't give a day Mr. WHITBREAD might take one. The Report on the Address wasn't voted yet.

After a struggle and a flounder, in which Sir STAFFORD compared the House—it should have been himself—to Mr. *Punch*'s "John Bull in a Fog," and in which Messrs. GOSCHEN, RYLANDS, MILLS, RATHBONE, NEWDEGATE, and CHILDERS took part,—confusion got worse confounded, and light less visible than ever,—Sir STAFFORD accepted the suggestion to let the Report stand over till Monday when Mr. WHITBREAD will make his Motion as an Amendment. So my Lord B. will have his wish, after all!

FRIENDS AT A DISTANCE.

Being a Brief Record of a few Winter-seasonable Visits to certain Country Houses.

VISIT THE FIRST.—CHAPTER V.

Dinner-Party—Old County People—No Chance—Out of it—Description—Happy Thoughts—Apples—Potatoes—Animated Discussion—Interesting—Potato Topics—Dearth—Sadness—Despair—Difference of Opinion—Sudden Change—Something New.

I soon discover, that, for thoroughly enjoying the conversation at JOSELYN DYKE'S table, I ought to have belonged to an Old County family. It being impossible to be elected as a Member of an Old

County family on the spot, I am obliged to content myself with trying to interest myself in whatever subject Mrs. LAWLEIGH BYRNE is conversing about with JOSELYN DYKE on her left, or attempting to beguile her into interesting herself in me.

I dare say, that, apart from the Old County set, Mrs. LAWLEIGH BYRNE would be delightful. But as one of the Old County set, and mixed up in it, she seems unable to speak on any but Old County topics.

Mrs. TUFTON, with the evident false front, JOSELYN DYKE'S Aunt, keeps up quite an animated discussion on kindred matters on my right: HOSFORD and Miss ATSFORD SYNGE are, so to speak, in the same swim. I can't swim, with this stream at least; and so, figuratively, I sit on the bank watching the others, and wishing for some subject to be started that shall be as a touch of nature to make the whole world kin. This means, on reflection (for I have

plenty of time to reflect), that I want something to be started that I can talk about. In fact, I'm not quite sure, after my enforced silence, whether I shouldn't be glad to have all the talk to myself.

My one chance is with HOSHFORD, whom I had recognised as an acquaintance, whose life I had fondly imagined had been passed chiefly in London, and who therefore would be at home on congenial matters. Not a bit. He is at this moment eloquent upon the merits of some archery parties and pic-nics, given by some well-known Old County People in the past summer; and he and Miss AYSFORD SYNGE are comparing notes about the flirtations that took place on those occasions, the marriages that are on the tapis, the probability of the Fourth Light Something succeeding the Thirteenth Heavy Something else at the garrison town, and the particular advantages or disadvantages of that change of military contingent to this part of the county.

Miss SYNGE is a washed-out young Lady—a sort of "symphony," in no colour in particular. She is not exactly tall, nor lanky, nor gawky, but long—a symphony in neutral tint, a note of WHISTLER's long drawn out. Had I met her in one of the obscure passages on The Mote, I should have taken her for the Resident Ghost.

[Happy Thought (all to myself, having no one to say it to). Why is The Mote like one of Mr. ROBERT BROWNING's poems! Because it's full of obscure passages. Remember this, and ask it presently. Only if Mr. ROBERT BROWNING doesn't happen to belong to one of their own Old County families, I don't think there's much chance of my conundrum being appreciated.]

Mr. PELKIN WADD, the ex-Master in Chancery, at the other end of the table, is talking about the state of the roads and labourers' cottages with Mr. AYSFORD SYNGE, while Mr. SANDILANDS' conversation is entirely about fishing, in which Mrs. AYSFORD SYNGE appears to be deeply interested.

There are only two subjects which seem, for a short time, to unite them all—one is Apples, and the other Potatoes.

I think I may venture on Apples. I try it with Mrs. LAWLEIGH BYRNE, while for one moment there is a break in her conversation with JOSSLYN.

"Is this a great apple-growing county?" I ask, with the deeply interested air of an inquirer into statistics.

"Well," she replies, with rather a defiant manner, apparently resenting my question as an impertinent curiosity about county matters that cannot possibly concern me, "this is not a cider country."

"Oh," I say, glad to find that I have succeeded in starting a subject for both of us, and beginning to feel for the first time that I have, as it were, at least a small stake in the county; "not like Devonshire, then?"

"Oh, not in the least!" she returns, with a supercilious smile, and turning the light of her eyes full on to me as though she were detecting an impostor, she adds, emphatically; "not in the least bit like Devonshire!"

If I yielded to impulse, for the mere sake of keeping up the conversation, I should immediately rejoin, "Oh! then there's no cream?" But, fortunately, this subtle remark of mine is prevented by HOSHFORD, who, addressing her from the opposite side of the room, observes,—“I hear it's been a bad apple-year with you, Mrs. BYRNE?” This brings up Mr. RENDLESHAM, of Pickley, and then all the others.

RENDLESHAM says, despairingly, "I can't get apples anywhere," as if he had lived on them all his life, and would die within a very short time if the supply wasn't kept up.

Every one pities Mr. RENDLESHAM.

Mr. SYNGE wishes he had kept his apples till now. This sounds as if he regrets not having brought a lot of them in his pocket to eat himself, and let friends have a few bites. Unfortunately it appears he sold them early at a very low figure. His tone is that of a man whom ruin is staring in the face.

SANDILANDS asserts, with the air of a man who is giving up life as one grand mistake altogether, that he had offered a fabulous sum per bushel for apples, but couldn't get them.

DYKE wishes he had known this last week, as he sent his last up to London and only got a very poor price for them.

"It's been the same with potatoes," observes PELKIN WADD.

"Worse!" remarks SANDILANDS, moodily.

"Have your potatoes been bad, Mr. SANDILANDS?" asks Mrs. BYRNE, in a tone of intensely sympathising pity, leaning forward, and looking down the table at him.

SANDILANDS replies that "he really can't get a potato."

This is said with such an utter abandonment of all hope of ever getting a potato here or hereafter, that I wonder JOSSLYN DYKE doesn't order GOOL to put up whatever cold boiled ones are left from dinner for the poor potatoless man to take away with him.

[Happy Thought. Good title for a country story—*The Potatoless Man: a Tale of Hard Times!*]

JOSSLYN DYKE now joins in.

"You'll never get any potatoes on your land," he says, with an air of authority, "until you use Dumpton's Dressing."

SANDILANDS doesn't believe in Dumpton's Dressing. No more does AYSFORD SYNGE. The ladies are entirely against Dumpton's Dressing. I should like to out in with some pleasantry about their being still more against Dumpton's Un-Dressing, but I feel that anything of this sort would be out of place among the Old County families.

PELKIN WADD declares his belief in planting potatoes close together. This sounds sociable, and pleasant for the potatoes. Mrs. BYRNE won't hear of it. Her gardener, DIXON (they all nod, as much as to imply, oh yes, we know DIXON), never plants closely.

RENDLESHAM thinks DIXON's right, but the secret of planting is to out the potatoes in half, "that," says RENDLESHAM triumphantly, "is the only safe way."

SANDILANDS begs his pardon: he has tried it. His advice is, "Cut it into quarters. Then you may rely on a crop."

RENDLESHAM denies this warmly. SANDILANDS asserts it with equal warmth.

HOSHFORD thinks that potatoes should be planted whole and close together. Mrs. BYRNE says not whole, but close.

JOSSLYN DYKE insists upon RENDLESHAM's plan with a modification. "Cut them in half," he says, "but plant at good intervals."

"Deep?" asks SYNGE.

"Oh, no, not deep!" cries Mrs. BYRNE, appealing earnestly to DYKE. "You don't mean deep, do you Mr. DYKE?"

DYKE is sorry to differ from the beautiful widow, but his candid opinion is in favour of depth for the potatoes.

"Never deep, my dear JOSSLYN," says SANDILANDS, smiling at such a preposterous idea.

"It surely depends upon the soil," observes old Mrs. TUPTON, timidly.

It appears that whether they've planted them deep or shallow, whether they've used Dumpton's Dressing, or planted them widely or closely, the result is the same—they've got, they say, "no potatoes—to speak of." And yet they've been speaking of them for the last half-hour.

Apples and potatoes carry us right through dinner. Unfortunately for me, I cannot recollect any good stories about apples or potatoes; and knowing nothing about them, except as to methods of cooking them, and only one of eating them, I am obliged to listen. Suddenly, as if by the touch of a spring, the conversation changes entirely. Some one has observed that the best potato-ground was by Cotley's Farm; whereupon RENDLESHAM asks, "Who has got Cotley's now?"

Nobody seems to know. PELKIN WADD has heard that it was in the market again, and Mrs. AYSFORD SYNGE thinks that Mr. GASH of Saltend has bought it; when DYKE turns to GOOL, and observes—

"Gool, do you know who's got Cotley's?"

The Phantom Butler replies, solemnly, "No one won't take it now, Sir."

He says nothing more, but it is enough. Apples and potatoes have had their day.

"Ah, of course!" exclaims SANDILANDS, suddenly remembering. "It's next to The Grange, and it's getting just as bad, they say."

"Really!" exclaims Mrs. LAWLEIGH BYRNE.

"Yes, Mrs. BYRNE," says Miss SYNGE, in answer to the inquiry, "it's quite true. No one will live in the place."

My opportunity has arrived at last.

"Bad drainage?" I ask.

"Oh, nothing of that sort," returns Mrs. BYRNE, again resenting my interference in what may be considered as Confidential County Matters. "That could be cured. But you know when a house once gets the reputation of being haunted, you can't induce people to take it."

"It's more than a reputation," observes JOSSLYN DYKE, gravely. "It's a fact."

We are all listening, and old Mrs. TUPTON gives a perceptible shudder.

REQUIRING "RECTIFICATION."

ADULTERATION.
Auction of Livings.
Braces.
Butchers' Bills.
Circulars.
City Churches and Charities.
Dirty London Streets.
Home-Rulers.
"Loaded" Silks.
Long Credit.
Long Hours.
Long Speeches in Parliament
that lead to nothing.

Long Sermons.
Metropolitan Railway perils.
Out-door Statues.
Painting—the Face.
Personalities.
Poor Incumbents.
Semi-Popery.
Short Weight.
Some Banks.
Stimulants.
Strikes all round.
Thick Coffee.
Thin Shoes.

As THINGS Go.—The most unprofitable kind of drawing—drawing on India (paper).



HAPPY THOUGHT FOR MADAME TUSSAUD.

A Chamber of Beauties! (The Scale, say 13 inches to the Foot.)

'Arry, "Oh! I s'y!! NYAM—NYAM!!! JUST AIN'T SHE MY FORM TO A T, BILL! NONE O' YER BLOOMIN' PHOTOGRAPHS FOR ME, AFTER THAT!"

"POST EQUITEM!"

"Post equitem sedet Atra Cura."—HORACE.

To ride the High Horse is delightful, of course,
For a rider of nerve and abundant resource;

To deny which to BEN would be idle.
No bungler is he whom a shy or a shock
Is like to unsaddle; a skilful Jock
Never handled a whip or a bridle.

The Steed appears thoroughly tamed to his hand,
For a burst or a wait sweetly under command,
Responsive to "Houp-la!" or "Steady!"
The Rider, light-handed, and firm in his seat,
Is a rare one to follow, a bad one to beat,
And for every emergency ready.

And yet *Atra Cura* sits somewhere behind,
A menacing shadow, though dusk, undefined,
With clutch like a storm-cloud impending.
Ah, where might that rider not ride to, and what
Might the pace, and the prizes, not be, were it not
For that sorrel-faced Spectre attending?

Grim-jowled, unrelenting, he hangs in the rear,
Tenuous as wolf on the track of a deer—
A gruesome and bothering bogey.
Not angry defiance, not negligent scoff,
Nor howling nor growling avails to shake off
That solemn and spectral old fogey.

And now that a critical turn looms in sight,
With knoo-grip on saddle and teeth clenching tight,
The Rider gives heed to his going.
For grim *Atra Cura* means mischief, of course;
And how it might end, if that mettlesome horse
Should chance to take fright, there's no knowing.

A VOICE OF THE CHURCH.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

Bray Vicarage.

KNOWING that at this critical crisis it is the bounden duty of every one to give the world the benefit of his opinions in print, I choose you, Sir, as the channel whereby to convey mine.

I need hardly say, Sir, that the *Times* has the benefit of my yearly subscription. That judicious paper never commits itself nor its readers to a course from which retreat is impossible. The *Daily Telegraph* is too decided, not to say violent, for my taste; and the *Standard* and *Morning Post* are so wedded to their convictions as, in the present critical state of affairs, to be quite out of the question for a candid man with a mind fully open to conviction. Of the *Daily News* I say nothing, as, with its views so harshly pronounced against the present order of things, taking it in is out of the question. For the present I am satisfied to pin my political faith to the *Times* alone, and sing, with a slight and merely verbal modification of my famous old creed:—

"To Church and Crown my loyalty
No man shall e'er see falter;
And in Lord B. my faith shall be,
Until the *Times* do alter!"

I am, Sir, Yours Truly,
THE VICAR OF BRAY.

Spiritualism in St. Stephen's.

AMONGST the Parliamentary struggles in prospect, one of not the least important is the yet undetermined Battle of the Whiskeys, Irish and Scotch. An Irish Member has already given notice of a motion for the Improvement of Spirits in Bond. To this, one of Scotland's representatives will perhaps move an Amendment declaring that the best way to improve Irish spirits in bond would be transferring them to St. Patrick's Purgatory.

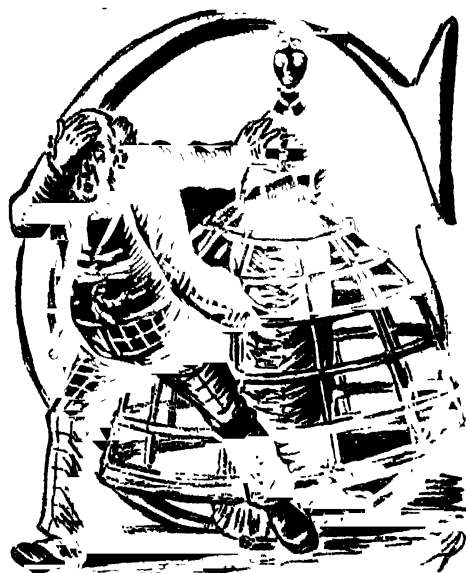


“POST EQUITUM!”

“BEHIND THE HORSEMAN SITS BLACK CARE!”

“At the next Election, the people of England will have to decide the question in what way they will be governed.”—Gladstone at Greenwich.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.



ALVADOS—*Its Bastille*—"No. 20."—*At the Princess's—The Canterbury Pilgrimage to Trafalgar: after which a Postscript.*

SIR,

I HAVEN'T kept a bill of the Play produced at the Princess's ten days ago, but any spectator of that remarkable piece is not likely to forget it in a hurry. The title of the Play is "No. 20," which sounds uncommonly like the old-fashioned announcement from the Chairman at Evans's—"No.

20—in the books"; only it isn't "in the books," but "in the Bastille." And this Bastille is the Prison of Calvados, in France, not our old friend of the Terror in Paris.

"No. 20" is the number of a cell in the Bastille; and the Authors, Messrs. ALBERRY and HATTON, fully conscious of the vein of subtle humour they were working, and foreseeing how the audience, expecting a good thrilling serious melodrama, would be completely sold, might have thrown some little light on the subject by boldly styling their piece

"No. 20;"

or, Messrs. ALBERRY and HATTON's *Sell*!

The story (I beg to remind my reader that I have no programme, and must trust to a very imperfect memory for names, and to the correctness of my ear in this case) is this:—A young gentleman of the name of *Ne'erwrong* (it sounded like this), has left Calvados before the Play began—(oh, why did he return?)—and he and his friend *Daytoosh* or *Laytoosh*—I don't know which, but anyhow a "*Toosh*;" so, for safety, let us say "*Toosh*"—who had quitted Calvados at the same time, are both supposed to be dead. *Toosh* is a bold, bad man, and *Ne'erwrong* is a moderately bold, good man, and both return to Calvados just as the old Duke of Nemours, a feeble Pantaloon, is being married to Miss FOWLER, whose maiden name I did not catch, which is unimportant, as she is no sooner introduced than she changes, and becomes *The Duchess*. Well; *The Duchess* was in love with *Ne'erwrong*: so that when *Ne'erwrong* turns up, and she has to explain matters to him, *Ne'erwrong* is very much annoyed, and is on the point of leaving the house (because he is a good young man), when an eccentric ecclesiastic—who has probably received theatrical "orders,"—wearing, apparently, the bands of a modern English barrister, and round his waist a most obtrusive set of beads—rushes in, and informs everybody on the stage that the aforesaid old Pantaloon is dead, which is no more news to the audience than the announcement of the lamented decease of Her Majesty Queen ANNE would have been. The fact is, that in a very well-painted front-scene, representing the cathedral cloister—at least I think so—we had seen that artful *Toosh*, as Clown, enticing his stupid old Pantaloon of a cousin, the Duke, behind a tombstone, where he slyly induced him to stare at a cobweb up above, and, while thus engaged, *Toosh* gave him his *coup-de-grace* with *Ne'erwrong's* knife. How *Toosh* obtained *Ne'erwrong's* knife is a detail; and *Toosh* being next-of-kin to the old Pantaloon (deceased), becomes Duke of Nemours.

After a time, *Ne'erwrong* is condemned for the murder, and, when he is in prison, *The Duchess* contrives his escape, by sewing a rope into her crinoline, and making love to the Head Gaoler of the Bastille—the biggest fool ever placed in such a responsible office—with whom she partakes of cake (pound cake, probably, as "in for a penny, in for a pound"—cake), a slice of which, wrapped in a letter from *The Duchess*, this utterly idiotic Gaoler takes to *Ne'erwrong*, who, for the time being, is occupying a cell the bars of which had been broken by a prisoner who has recently escaped, evidently an excellent reason for placing in it a condemned criminal of such importance as *Ne'erwrong*. Of course, *Ne'erwrong* takes the rope

out of the crinoline (its removal from *The Duchess's* dress making no perceptible difference), climbs up to the broken bars, gets out—awful excitement—knocks a brick or a stone down, when, of course, the fool of a Gaoler in the next cell says, "What's that?" and, equally of course, *The Duchess* replies, "Oh, nothing!" while she, keeping him with his back to the window, goes on to explain that it was only the wind, or the cat, or something of the sort that has served as an excuse in melodramas from time immemorial, and is invariably accepted, as a perfectly satisfactory explanation of any startling noise, by gaolers, or warders, or officers on duty, far less stupid than is this, hopeless idiot, the Gaoler of the Bastille of Calvados.

Ereunt omnes, including the table, with candle, bottle, and cake on it, and the chairs—quite a spiritualistic *seance* effect this—and then everything is turned inside out, and we are on the ramparts. *Ne'erwrong* appears, still climbing—he jumps off a wall into the arms of some singing fishermen below—he is shot at by everybody who can get a gun, and well missed by the whole party, when it suddenly occurs to the fool of a Gaoler to denounce the young woman whom he had treated to cake and wine in the condemned cell; whereupon the young woman, on the point of being arrested by the soldiers, throws off her cloak, exclaims "I am the *Duchess of Nemours*!" and everybody bows respectfully, and lets her go free, implying, "Oh, if you're the *Duchess of Nemours*, of course we've nothing to say. You can do as you like. Only why didn't you tell us so before, and we'd have let the young man out. Anything to oblige a *Duchess*!"

After this, *Toosh* takes more than is good for him, talks in his sleep, is overheard by the Priest, is advised to go to confession, and, being unaccustomed to private speaking, poor *Toosh* makes a muddle of it, and confesses to *Ne'erwrong*, who, somehow or another, has got into a sort of brown domino, which is mistaken by the fuddled *Toosh* for a monk's habit,—neither of them knowing much about the matter professionally. Then they meet at a Fancy Ball, where this fuddled penitent drops in, quite casually, as a good starting-point for a pilgrimage, and here, confronted with *Ne'erwrong*, he is accused of the murder of that poor old Pantaloon, and at it they go, with two swords, hammer and tongs, sparks flying, steel clashing, until, of course, the bold bad man *Toosh* is run through the body, and, much to the delight of everyone on and off the stage, down goes *Toosh*, and down comes the Curtain,—and so ends Messrs. ALBERRY and HATTON's *Condemned Sell*.

Following the noble example of that bold, bad, inebriate *Toosh*, I joined a band of Canterbury Pilgrims, and on the first opportunity went to see *Trafalgar* at the Canterbury Hall. For the benefit of all intending Canterbury Pilgrims—and I trust there will be many, the entertainment being well worthy of support—it is as well to state that *Trafalgar* commences at about 9'15, and is over easily by 11. The scenery, chiefly panoramic, by Mr. HANNA, is so good as to warrant the adaptation, in his favour, of Dr. WATTS's well-known line—

"Your little Hannas was never made"

to do anything else but the very best scene-painting.

Unfortunately, my Canterbury Pilgrim companion was one of those gentlemen who know everything; and in the absence of a programme (by which I subsequently corrected his historical and geographical information), he described, with singular inaccuracy, each of the scenes as they appeared. First, there was a ship at anchor. This, my friend said, was *The Redoubtable*, of course it wasn't; it was *The Victory*. Then followed a capital representation of the same ship, in the vicinity of a volcanic mountain. "That," said my friend, positively, "is *Ætna*." (It was *Stromboli*.) Then we came to an island, which he assured me was "*Gibraltar*." He knew it, he had been there. It was so like, that he applauded heartily. It turned out to be the island of Madeira. After this, came a scene at Gibraltar, which, of course, he was certain was Malta. "Gib," to judge by the sparkling bullet-dance taking place in one of the main thoroughfares, must have been a very pleasant though perhaps rather dangerous place to be quartered at.

The great effect is, of course, reserved to the last—the scene on board the *Victory* at the battle of Trafalgar. The boy who played *Nelson*, is evidently, deeply impressed with the dignity of the character, and the great responsibility of the situation. He never loses his presence of mind for a second. In the midst of the terrific blazing, banging, cracking of musketry, and explosion of firework shells, he is only concerned for the honour of England, and anxious to see that Mr. VILLIERS, his manager, shall not be disappointed in his expectation of *NELSON* retaining one attitude during the entire present engagement, and doing his duty like a man. Literally like a man, as he is only a boy.

The fatal shot strikes the hero, who is carried below. On his death the Curtain falls, to enthusiastic cheering; and *Trafalgar* must be as great a success for the Canterbury, as the battle itself was for England.

I saw the boys, after their work, making pell-mell for their dressing-rooms, all in a hurry, all excited, all—except *Nelson*, who



THE LAST GRIEVANCE.

Home-Ruler (indignantly). "IS OUR OPPRESSED COUNTRY ALWAYS TO BE IN THE MINORITY, MR. FLANAGAN? OI SEE HERE, BE THE LONDON PREFERS, THAT AMONG THREE GLASGOW BANK SHAREHOLDERS, WHOSE ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND ARE LARGELY INTERESTED, IRELAND IS ONLY REPRESENTED BY A BEGGARLY TWO, SORR!!"

came last, walking with grave dignity, and apparently unconscious of the admiration of the spectators who happened to be present. His demeanour was precisely the same off, as it had been on the stage, and not one jot of his earnestness, nor of his manly bearing, was abated. It must be of such stuff that our great Actors are made. Is that his future career? Nobody on the Stage has for a long time interested me more than did this boy *Nelson* who played so well for "England, Home, and Beauty" in the private-boxes.

I find I was wrong last week in attributing *Les Fourchambaults* to M. SARDOU, instead of M. EMILE AUGIER. After the production of the adaptation called *The Crisis*, at the Haymarket, I read in the *Daily Telegraph* how "the difficult task" (that is, of adaptation) had been "boldly undertaken and manfully grappled by Mr. JAMES ALBERRY." Heavens! What has he done? Simply adapted a French play! As *Poe's Raven* said, "Nothing more." If by Mr. ALBERRY's "boldly undertaking" the adaptation, is implied that his knowledge of French is limited, then of course the critic is right in complimenting him on his audacity in tackling a play written in a comparatively unknown tongue. Half-hours with the best Dictionaries would be a task requiring all the "boldness," all the "manliness," and all the "grappling" irons in the adapter's possession. The expression offers a fine opportunity for a Cartoon, or a Leighton-like statue—"ALBERRY grappling with *Les Fourchambaults*." Magnificent! There could be a companion picture showing "Mr. ALBERRY grappling with Mr. HATTON in the *Condemned Sell*, No. 20." Both charming notions for the Academy. Recommended. Mr. ALBERRY should also "manfully grapple" with the same subject for a ballet at the Alhambra, and call it *Les Four Sham Beaux*. Suggested gratis by YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S.—This week Mr. SIMS REEVES is singing at Covent Garden in *Tom Tug*, *Guy Mannering*, and the *Beggar's Opera*. Such a chance shouldn't be lost. Advice to Cattle Show-ers. The Subscription List for the *Comédie Française* Performance next June at the Gaiety is full. Good.

AN APPLAUDING POPULACE.

A CERTAIN book having been condemned, and confiscated, on a Magistrate's conviction for immorality, 870 copies of it were seized by the Police. The conviction having been subsequently quashed by the Court above on a point of law, the owner of the books the other day, at Bow Street, obtained an order for their restoration. According to a Police report:—

"On leaving the Court the complainant ordered a cab and presented an order for immediate execution to Inspector Woon, by whom they were at once given up. A mob cheered the complainant as he left the Police Station."

The mob usually assembled in front of a Police Station appears to be one which sympathises very particularly with the passengers in Her Majesty's omnibus—the Police-van.

In the foregoing instance the mob cheered the complainant not because they supposed him to have been wrongfully convicted of disseminating pernicious literature, but because they believed him really to have committed that offence, and were glad that he had succeeded in evading the law. So mobs cheered the Claimant not because they thought him the rightful heir, but, on the contrary, considered him a bold impostor and a thoroughgoing scoundrel whom, as one of their own order, they wished to succeed in foisting himself into a fine old English family. Such mobs are of course not to be confounded with the British Public which attends the Houses of Parliament, and cheers the political leaders on both sides, Ministerial and Opposition. Else, what should we have to think of our greatest Statesmen?

The cheers which testified an acquaintance with the books above indicated, and admiration of their author, certainly show that education has penetrated the lowest stratum of Society. But is this exactly a "cheering" matter?

The Attraction at Her Majesty's.

By a Scotchman.

DAYS of new lights out-shawing,
And unexpected forces,
Now we see *Car-men* drawing,
Instead o' Carmen's horses!

A TOAST FOR THE TIMES.—May JOHN BULL never become JOHN BELLY.

AN IRISH EDUCATOR.

PUNCH is always pleased to do justice to modest merit. He is glad to bring from under its local bushel of Cork an Irish educational light which deserves the colossal candlestick of his columns. He gives the programme *verbatim*, except the name, which he withholds from regard to the modesty of this Irish phoenix—*Si monumentum queris Corcubium circumspecte!*

"EDUCATION.—The Principal of the Science and Music School, Cork, begs most respectfully to inform the Public that his spacious, commodious, and well-ventilated School for Select Male and Female Pupils is tastefully and expensively furnished with Globes, Maps, Quadrant, Scales, Compasses, &c., &c. It also contains an Ancient Irish Harp, which, according to the expressed opinions of Antiquarians and Historians, BRIEN BOROUGH played his grand March on at the memorable Battle of Clontarf, a Violin, Pianoforte, Harmonium, Cornet, Flutes, Concertina, &c. He also begs to say that his Evening Classes are constantly open for Clerks, Mechanics, Captains, Civil Engineers, &c. Candidates for the Civil Service, Excise, Constabulary, &c., will find it their interest to read of him, as not one that did so ever failed.—J. O. also gives lessons in the Vernacular, or Irish Language, French, Latin, &c. All pupils warranted to learn, or the money thankfully returned. Visiting Tuitions attended. All quarterly payments made in advance. For Terms apply at the School."

CANINE CANONISATION.

At the late National Dog Show, Birmingham, a second prize was awarded to "Mr. ABBOTT'S *St. Patrick*." A rare name for a dog, that of the national Saint of Ireland! Give a dog a good name, and call him *St. Patrick* or any other Saint in the Calendar. What an honour to the dog, if not a compliment to the Saint!

A SOLDIER IN THE RITUALIST RANKS WHO WON'T OBEY HIS SUPERIOR OFFICERS.—Private Judgment.



RECENT IMPROVEMENTS IN SCIENCE.

THE CHRYSOPHONE. ALL MUSICIANS ARE AWARE THAT THE TIMBRE, OR QUALITY OF THE VOICE, DEPENDS CHIEFLY ON THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE ORAL AND NASAL CAVITIES; THE NOSE AND PALATE ACTING AS SOUNDING-BOARDS, SO TO SPEAK, TO THE NOTE ORIGINATED IN THE LARYNX. A WELL-PROPORTIONED CHRYSOPHONE MAKES THE MOST ORDINARY VOICE AS FAR SUPERIOR TO GRINI'S OR MARIO'S AS THEIRS WERE TO THE CROAKING OF FROGS, AND, BY ITS MEANS, THE TENTH-RATE SUBURBAN AMATEUR, SINGING THE LAST MUSIC-HALL BALLAD, CAN PLUNGE THE COLDEST AND MOST CULTIVATED AUDIENCE INTO IMPASSIONED EUSTACIES, AND CAUSE THE TEAR TO FLOW FROM THE EYE OF EVEN THE PROFESSIONAL CRITIC.

N.B.—THE CHRYSOPHONE CAN BE SO ADAPTED TO THE HUMAN FACE AS TO APPEAR A NATURAL PROLONGATION OF THE NOSE AND MOUTH, AND SO COLOURED AND DECORATED AS TO BE THE REVERSE OF UNSIGHTLY.

(CHRYSOPHONES MADE TO ORDER FOR SOPRANO, CONTRALTO, TENOR, AND BASS. 85, FLEET STREET, E.C.)

PUNCH v. PHŒBUS.

WILL the gentle reader cast a contemplative eye upon the following announcements?

"THE LAST DAYS OF NOVEMBER.—The Registrar-General reports that during the last seven days of November the duration of registered bright sunshine in London was four hours and six minutes."

"JUST PUBLISHED. *Punch's Pocket-Book for 1879.*"

Half an hour of sunshine daily is indeed a paltry pittance. But the meditative mind may find food for sweet reflection in the next announcement quoted. Just when the days are at their darkest, *Punch* produces his *Pocket-Book*. More brilliant than the electric light, its pages illumine the gloom of the season, and intellectually dazzles the mental eye. "*O fortunatos nimium!*" O too happy Britons! who, when Phœbus fails to shine, may rely for their enlightenment on their never-failing *Punch*!

IN THE MAJOR KEY.

MR. PUNCH has been requested to publish the following correspondence. He prints it for what it is worth, without vouching for its authenticity:—

House of Commons, 5th December.

MR. PUNCH, SORR,

I WOULD have you know, Sorr, that the following epistles are a true copy of letters I have received. If I do not see them in your next number, I will be after annihilating you. So be careful.

Yours, defiantly,

THE MAJOR.

P.S. Will you tread upon the tail of my coat?

I.

PROFESSOR RUSKIN presents his compliments to Major O'GORMAN, and begs to inform him that he (the Professor) has never accused him (the Major) of "having flung a bottle of whiskey in the face of the British Public." Major O'GORMAN has been misinformed.

II.

LORD BEACONSFIELD presents his compliments to Major O'GORMAN, and can find no resemblance between the career of the Major, and the adventures of the purely imaginary hero of *Lothairs*. However, Lord BEACONSFIELD has requested some of the Gentlemen who are kind enough to assist him in the management of public affairs, to read the Novel, with a view to the discovery of the likeness to which exception has been taken. Should Major O'GORMAN have cause of complaint, Lord BEACONSFIELD will have much pleasure in tendering him his apologies.

III.

MR. GLADSTONE begs to inform Major O'GORMAN in reply to his note, that although he (Mr. GLADSTONE) has spoken and written about some millions of subjects, how many millions he will not charge himself with the responsibility of defining, he has never to his knowledge made any allusion in writing, or by word of mouth, to Major O'GORMAN.

IV.

THE Emperor of RUSSIA has never treated Major O'GORMAN with intentional discourtesy. Should the Major have any doubt upon the subject, the Emperor will be glad to see him. The Major, on crossing the frontier, will be kind enough to give his name, and ask for the train to Siberia.

V.

THE Sultan of TURKEY begs to assure Major O'GORMAN of his friendship. The Sultan would be glad to borrow a hundred pounds, if Major O'GORMAN knows anybody having that sum to advance.

VI.

THE Khedive of EGYPT, so far from laughing at Major O'GORMAN, would be only too delighted to substitute the Major for Mr. LIVERIS WILSON, if the latter gentleman would only consent to go.

VII. (FIRST LETTER.)

No. You have been humbugged by some wag. Who are you?

(Signed) VON BISMARCK.

(SECOND LETTER.)

I CAN'T. I have promised my wife never to fight again. Besides, it's unlucky.

(Signed) VON BISMARCK.

(THIRD LETTER.)

So gut! Shall be happy to meet you in a whiskey-drinking bout.

(Signed) VON BISMARCK.

And so the correspondence ends.

Good News for Schools.

OUR boys who are labouring at hexameters and pentameters need some encouragement in their dreary task. They will, therefore, hail with delight, especially as Christmas is approaching, the prospect of such a splendid reward for their pains as is held out to them in the announcement, by public advertisement, of "a first Cheque-Book for Latin Verse Makers."

MR. PUNCH'S OWN ANNUAL.

PUBLICATION of Chapters I. to XXXVIII. would be superfluous as they do not differ materially from any other Christmas Annual. The general purport of the story may be gathered from the following "headings," which are taken hap-hazard from the page of contents:—

The Deed in the Dead of Night—Why Major Marbrook Murdered His Brother-in-Law's Cousin—Maud's Lovers—The Cup of Poisoned Tea—The White Lady Appears to Blanche in the Ruined Summer-House—Face to Face!—In the Tails!—The Blood Stains on the Keys—Lawyer Capius Gets a New Client—Gimlet, the Detective—How the Good Ship "Britannia" Lost a Cabin-Passenger on the Voyage Out—The Proceedings at Bow-Street—The Major's Last Move—Check!—Check-mate!—Regina versus Marbrook, &c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXXIX. AND LAST.—*The Volume Bound in Red.*



HE six months had passed. The Grange had been rebuilt, and no one (not even the Officers of the Insurance Company) suspected that the Countess had been the incendiary. The tragical causes of the old General's suicide were half forgotten. Sir PERCIVAL'S bigamy was only remembered as a nine days' wonder. It was summer time again in the boudoir of Camberwell Castle.

EMILY, the cold, proud Lady EMILY, was seated in a luxurious fauteuil, turning over the costly leaves of her jewel-covered photograph-book.

"I wish I could care for him," she murmured, as her dark, lustrous eyes rested upon the portrait of

an exceedingly handsome young man; "but no—it cannot be! He is not my equal in talent. What is birth without education?"

The question was never answered, for at this moment the doors of the boudoir were flung open, and three domestics, in gorgeous livery, announced the approach of her ladyship's father.

"You may leave us," said the Marquis, addressing his obsequious retainers; then turning to his daughter, "EMILY," he said, "we are once more alone. Tell me, are you prepared to marry PLANTAGENET?"

She hesitated and trembled. Her cheeks were now red as fire, now pale as snow. Giving her a few minutes to recover her composure (the Marquis had been trained in the Diplomatic Service), the sagacious old Cabinet-Minister continued,—

"Surely this marriage is an excellent idea. PLANTAGENET from every point of view will be a most desirable *parti*. Why do you object to him?"

"His birth—" faltered EMILY.

"Is nobler than our own. Not only is he a Duke (a small matter in these days), but his ancestors were settled in Britain long before ours. Do you not know that a chief of his name and lineage was the first to invite JULIUS CÆSAR to an oyster supper?"

"Yes, in B.C. 55," EMILY was forced to admit, for she was equally well up in her *Freeman* and her *Debrett*. Then, plucking up courage, "Dear father, darling father," she murmured, coaxingly, "he is awfully behind the times. He has positively no conversation!"

"Is that all?" replied the Marquis, with a smile of relief. "My dearest child, he has greatly improved since you last saw him. But you shall judge for yourself. I will send him to you."

Five minutes later, the handsome young Duke was standing before her. The father had given place to the lover.

"You wished to test my knowledge of current events," said the graceful young noble, without the slightest embarrassment. "I am ready to undergo your examination."

"Can you give me the names of the Aldermen who have not passed the Chair?" asked the proud beauty.

"Indeed I can." And he promptly enumerated them.

"Right!" she replied, rather surprised. "And what do you know about the Metropolitan Board of Works?"

"A great deal." And on the heels of the question came a rapid summary of the duties of the Board, its debt, its rating powers, the names of its Engineers, its Chairmen of Committees, and the titles and services of its Chairman.

"And the most interesting facts in relation to our own and other Governments?"

"Certainly." And he rapidly gave her the names, weights, and colours of our own Royal Family, Foreign Sovereigns, and Heads of their Governments, the Queen's Ministers, and Ambassadors at home and abroad. He threw off an alphabetical list of the Members of the House of Commons, and sketched the legislation of 1878. Then he dashed into the eclipses of 1879, and wound up with a list of the principal Insurance Offices in London. An intelligent summary of the agricultural statistics of Great Britain followed, with the numbers of our shorthorn cattle, the produce of the French vineyards *du premier cru*, and the shipwrecks on the British coasts. After touching lightly on the subjects of deck-loading and cargo-lines, the National Lifeboat Institution, and the Post-Office Orphan Home, he discussed, at some length, the prospects and advantages of codification. Then, after a compendious sketch of the mysteries of Quarter Sessions, Assessed Taxes, Excise Licences, and Stamps, he was beginning a list of our Colonial Governors—

"Stop, stop!" cried Lady EMILY, now thoroughly exhausted.

"I had no idea—"

"That I knew so much? But I know a great deal more."

"I believe you," she replied, with a smile. "Can you relate any amusing stories?"

"I can," he returned. And he repeated a selection of brilliant *jeux d'esprit*.

"You have conquered," she said at last, giving him her hand.

"But what has worked this wondrous change? From what source did you obtain this enormous mass of information, this marvellous *pot-pourri* of wit and solid knowledge?"

"I owe everything to this delightful and useful little volume," he replied. And, kissing her hand, he gave her Mr. PUNCH'S POCKET-BOOK FOR 1879.

SOME CHRISTMAS BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.

BRAVO! GEORGE ROUTLEDGE and Sons, specially the Sons, and their Sons' Sons, and "may they," as Mr. JEFFERSON'S *Rip Van Winkle* says, "live long and prosper." How pleasant is the sight of all these Christmas Books for the Young, and how unpleasant is the prospect of the Butcher's Book, the Baker's Book, the Candlestick Maker's Book, and the Banker's Book, which are the Christmas Books for the Old!

The Baby's Bouquet. By WALTER CRANE. Of course a companion to the *Baby's Opera* of last year, or the year before that—which? No matter; that was an excellent notion, and this is a notion still more excellent. It is a fresh Bunch—not a Mother Bunch, but a young Daughter Bunch—of old rhymes and tunes, arranged and decorated in such a way by WALTER CRANE as only could enter into his (WALTER) *Cranium*. English rhymes, French rhymes, and German rhymes. There is a picture of our old friend Polly (putting the kettle on, and Sukey, her twin sister, taking it off again. Then there is *Et moi de m'en courir*, with the song of the Cuckoo, and the song of the Canards, which, by the way, is "*Cancan, cancan, cancan*," possibly the harmless original of the dances that has brought so many gay and festive spirits into trouble with the police. We should like to have seen the "*Bonne Histoire*" there also, supposed to be the original of Mr. W. M. THACKERAY'S *Little Billet*.

Dear old John Gilpin's *Ride* was never better illustrated than it is this year by Mr. R. CALDECOTT, who has also furnished *The House that Jack Built* with a new series of pictures. The last is, of this set, the book for children. It is full of fun; and that picture where the sly Dog, after successfully worrying the unfortunate Cat, is seated, smiling to himself in a self-satisfied manner, in happy ignorance of the proximity of a terrible Nemesis in the shape of the Cow with the Crumpled Horn, is inimitable.

One bone we must pick with the author of *Children's Theatricals* for daring to alter the name of *Blue Beard's* wife. Instead of *Fatima* he calls her *Belinda*! After this one breathes again to find that no such heartless liberties have been taken with *Sister Anne*. Messrs. PLANCHÉ and DANCE, who cast their extravaganzas of *Blue Beard* in France, made the terrible three-tailed Bashaw into *Baron Abomélique*, and his wife was *Pleurette*. The legend, as every one knows, being of French origin, Messrs. PLANCHÉ and DANCE'S change was legitimate. Besides, that was written not for children, but for the stage. But oh, Mr. KEITH ANGUS, you should have paused ere you disturbed the ancient tradition, and ventured to educate the rising generation in the belief that *Blue Beard's* wife was named *Belinda*!

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN RITUALISTS AND RATIONALISTS.—Only literal. The one are Latitudinarians—the other Attitudinarians.

THE NEWEST WAY OF PUTTING IT.—*Fiat Imperium—ruat Justitia.*



A SELL.

"ERE'S A PRETTY GO, BILL! SEE THIS 'ERE BOOK! IT'S CALLED 'A LIFE OF PETRARCH,' THE VERY OSS AS ME AND YOU'S BIN A LAVIN OF OUR MONEY ON SO FREE! AND BLOWED IF I AIN'T BIN AN' GIV 'ARRF-A-CROWN FOR IT!"

"WELL, WHAT THEN?"

"WHY, IT'S ALL ABOUT A BLOOMIN' 'PORT!"

'ARRY ON HIMSELF.

DEAR CHARLIE,

I GOT your last line. It's some time since I dropped one to you, And I guess, my dear boy, you'll be thinking my answer is just upon due. What you said about me was most flatt'ring; I fancy I *ham* getting known, And, in course, notoriety's nice, though it brings nasty knocks of its own!

Fools say that's the fate of all fame, and I reckon for once, they're O. K.; There is lots has their knives in me, CHARLIE—that rattle of mine on the Play Poked hup the Philistians a few; but, lor' bless yer, the duffers don't twig, I must learn elocution, I see, and go in for the clerical rig.

Wot next? Mayn't a cove give it mouth 'cos his patter ain't up to Pall Mall? Nor sport the straight tip on the fashions, except *à la* Sixpenny Swell? The Perlite's werry well in its way, and it covers a lot, I've no doubt, But it's cads that like *double intenders* as nags me acos I speak hout.

I do 'ate a Cad, and no error! The out-and-out Swell is *my* form; I like my high jinks, like my egg-'ot, mixed stiff, rayther spicy, and warm; I'm dead on the high lardy-dardy, I loathes a straight-lacer or saint, Forren games, GLADSTONE's gabble, and Rads,—and wot is fust-rate form if that ain't?

Some have called me a Cad! I did 'ope as that old bit of 'umbug was stale. It ought to been snuffed out, I think, since the Nobs took to foller our trail. Our sentiments match to a moral; and as for yer grammar and stuff, 'Tain't a haitch or a har more or less makes a party a snob or a rough.

I say it is mean on one's pals to come down on a chap like this 'ere; It's discouraging, 'elp me! My views is the fashion, that's puffekly clear. In politics, love-larks, amusements, I'm with the Top Ten to a T, And it's too bad because I've just said so, to turn the cold shoulder on me!

As to slang, and strong language, and so on, objections to them is all stuff; What are they but an anticipation—to-morrer's swell-along in the rough?

That the nobs prig their patter from ours you may see by their plays and their books, And the lingo that's used by FITZFOODLE's inwented by SNORKINS or SNOOKS.

It is true, when their own sort are listen in, they mayn't, p'raps, speak out quite so strong. But, on the Q.T., bless yer 'art! "We all do it" 's the general song; They *must* crib from hus "cads," my dear boy! Swells ain't got much invention, you see; But to set up our style and then out us, is all bloomin' fiddlededee!

If they don't like our lay, let 'em shift. But, no fear, they're too fond of our game. If yer want to cold-shoulder your pals, and live up to their style all the same, "Keep it dark! don't be vulgar or whent!" in course is the mealy-mouthed cry; But you'll only queer flats in that fashion, the sharp sort is bound to be fly.

Still you and me're in it, my pippin, and critics as calls me a Cad. P'raps feel that they're tarred with *my* brush, and it's that, I suppose, makes 'em mad. It ain't all a matter o' varnish, nor yet of the shiners you carry; If my views and my tastes make me Cad, there are lots of big Swells like Yours, 'ARRY.

CIVIC FESTIVITIES.

(From our Special Reporter.)

"BLACK Monday" has been long a by-word in the City, and there is reason to suppose that Monday, the 9th ult., will be remembered as "White Monday,"—a day deserving to be marked with the whitest of white stones. Though not announced as a Bank Holiday, it was virtually observed as such, for business seemed to be suspended by general consent, and people appeared bent on thoroughly enjoying the great pleasure of the day. This, it hardly need be said, was the day of *Mr. Punch's Almanack*, which was as usual welcomed everywhere with rapturous shouts of mirth, and applause. The Stock Exchange was literally convulsed on the occasion, and a similar effect was produced in Lombard Street, at the Custom House and Lloyd's. The effect upon the joke market had probably been discounted by certain knowing speculators; but it was observed that several bad puns were withdrawn from circulation, and that *Mr. Punch's bon-mots* were freely quoted even after business hours.

A Professional View of Things.

THE Corporation of London, faithful to an ancient custom, have within the last few days, presented "pieces of fine livery cloth of four-and-a-half yards each"—not to the Lord Mayor's state footmen—but to certain great Officers of State, including the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chamberlain, the Lord Chief Baron, and the Master of the Rolls. What the other lucky recipients of the Civic broad-cloth did with their gifts has not come to light, but the Lord Chancellor forthwith telegraphed for his tailor and gave him injunctions for a Suit in Chancery.

"Much Cry and Little Wool."

PARLIAMENT called together;
Long speeches; papers bulky;
And all to settle the question
When the AMKER turned sulky!

TRUE HOSPITALITY (*Punch's Advice to Bristol*).—"Welcome the coming, speed the parting GUEST."

A DOUBTFUL RECOMMENDATION.

Brown. The concern's as safe as the Bank.
Jones. Comparisons are odious.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



though a dreary and darkling week. Fog out of doors and in Parliament. In Lords and Commons much bandying of personalities, little discussion of policies. Four speeches—Earl GREY's, GLADSTONE's in its peroration, GRANT DUFF's, and above all Lord HARTINGTON's—rise above the dead level, brightening the week's dullness, partially

redeeming personality and relieving the irritation of iteration. *Punch* can't help it if the Parliamentary eloquence of the week seem to him "like an ill-roasted egg, all o' one side." It could hardly be otherwise, if the better cause be likely to prompt the more potent pleading. When the preponderance of right and reason seems to *Punch*, so decidedly in the Opposition scale, he cannot wonder if the Government balance kicks the beam, whatever the Division may say.

Monday, Dec. 9 (Lords).—Lord CRANBROOK opened the ball with his ugly Motion for the consent of the Peers to saddling India with the cost of operations against the AMEER. The war being "Imperial," so it might be argued should be its expense. But India had a

surplus of £2,136,000, including £1,500,000 of new taxes (levied, Lord C. did not say, to provide an insurance fund against famine), and for this year the war wasn't likely to cost above a million or so. So there was the money ready; and the Government wouldn't be obliged to face the odium of increased Income-tax. All we wanted was a good Afghan frontier. In 1873 we ought to have stepped in at the AMEER's request to defend Afghanistan against Russia. Lord NORTHBROOK and the GLADSTONE Cabinet shirked the duty. Ever since that time the AMEER has leaned from England and to Russia, till at last he has filled his cup of offence to overflowing by receiving a Russian Envoy and refusing to receive an English one. We can't stand that. Masterful activity must replace masterly inactivity. We must thrash the AMEER into a friendly state of mind. India was looking on. If we didn't lick him, our prestige was forfeited, our Empire as good as gone.

Lord HALFAX moved that the House while ready to grant the means for getting us out of the Afghan mess, regrets that we ever got into it. The war was all the fault of the Government. For thirty-eight years we had got along with the Afghans without fighting, and so we might have gone on, *tant bien que mal*, but for the Cabinet's determining in 1876 to thrust English Envoys down the AMEER's throat. As Lord NORTHBROOK wouldn't agree to this, they had sent out Lord LYTTON, who would do as he was bid. Where were we going to stop? The further we pushed our occupation, the worse our position would be, till we had annexed Afghanistan to find ourselves face to face with Russia, and with 200,000 fighting Afghans for enemies on our hands besides.



"CATCHING AT A STRAW."

Curate (visiting a poor Cabman down with Bronchitis). "HAVE YOU BEEN IN THE HABIT OF GOING TO CHURCH?"

Poor Cabby (faintly). "CAN'T SAY I HEV, SIR; BUT"—(eagerly)—"I'VE DRUV A GOOD MANY PARTIES THERE, SIR!"

Lord LAWRENCE rang the changes on the same air. Though we can't allow Russia to establish herself as supreme in Afghanistan, it would be the worst policy to leave our present boundaries and anticipate the attack of Russia. He believed his own policy had been the wisest, and would like to see it reversed. The main cause of the war was the determination to make the AMEER swallow English Envoys.

Lord DERNY gave a candid *resumé* of the reasons in favour of the Government policy, and then of his reasons for voting against them. He thought the war would be expensive, and might have been averted by a little diplomacy and forbearance.

The Duke of SOMERSET said India was worth the money.

Lord CARNARVON thought the Government policy unsound and unjust.

Lord NAPIER AND ETTRICK did not think India ought to pay, but would support the Government—that is, vote for India's paying.

Lords AIRLIE and ABERDEEN gave their reasons the other way.

(Commons).—Mr. WHITBREAD (why not Lord HARTINGTON?) moved an Amendment to the Address, disapproving of the course which has led to the War. Proclaiming his intention of confining himself to the past (more's the pity!), he overhauled the Big Blue Book logically and lengthily, contending that the policy of non-intervention had kept the peace, till Lord SALISBURY took to forcing British Envoys on the AMEER. In fact, we had forced the AMEER into the Bear's hug. Our quarrel was with Russia, but we had hit the AMEER, after first picking a quarrel with him. Lord SALISBURY in his answer to the Duke of ARGYLL last year, had misled the Opposition and the country.

Mr. Under-Secretary STANHOPE replied for Government. He denied that the AMEER's quarrel was against the reception of our Envoys. He rather liked it. The only difference between Lord SALISBURY and Lord NORTHBROOK was as to the *when* they should be sent. Lord NORTHBROOK would have waited till the Russians were at Merv. Lord SALISBURY thought it wise to be beforehand with them. When the door was shut in our Empire's face, prestige bound us to kick it open.

Mr. TREVELYAN gave reasons for thinking that if there was

danger, we would be safer on this side the mountains than in the wastes and wilds of Afghanistan, ever so far from our base.

Mr. MARTIN said the war had been forced on the Government.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN said the Government had forced on the war, and hoodwinked the country.

Mr. RIDLEY said it was all the short-sightedness of the late Government that had brought about the war.

Mr. FORSTER said it was all the over-bearing of the present Cabinet. We had put the AMEER in a cleft stick by insisting on his reception of our Envoys. What would the Opposition do? Make peace as soon as possible, and satisfy the AMEER that we meant to recur to the LAWRENCE and NORTHBROOK policy.

From all which it will be seen that the night's talk was a series of assertions by each side in the teeth of the other, with no prospect of coming nearer any clear or certain conclusion either as to past facts, present course, or future policy, if the fire of imputations and impressions was kept up till the day of judgment.

Tuesday (Lords).—Earl GREY opened the debate with the weightiest words spoken since the row began. Call him crotchety if you like; he often gets the right row by the ear, and to *Punch's* thinking, had it to-night. He said—

"Years ago there were great fears of Russian influence on Afghanistan; and the Government of that day did a very unhappy thing—they engaged in a war with Afghanistan. It will be found by correspondence which passed at that time that, though a Minister, I was averse from that mode of seeking to protect our interests in India. At that time I argued, as I argue now, that the real mode of protecting those interests and protecting British India from invasion is to take as little notice as possible of such influences, not to excite ourselves, and not to give rise to fears in others by showing that we ourselves were afraid. I pointed out that by calmly holding the balance of good government, by bringing forward sound financial measures, by extending means of communication, and accomplishing other works worthy of a civilised Power, we should do more for the protection of our Indian Empire than by attaching importance to the alarming reports of every Russian bagman."

"Hear! hear!" said the House, and "Hear! hear!" says *Mr. Punch*.

But even assuming," continued Lord GREY,—

That my policy of good law and material improvements would not be sufficient, and that you ought to take measures to avert the danger of Russian influence, I shall still contend that the policy of Her Majesty's Government is the one most calculated to increase the influence of Russia. We have been told that Afghanistan should be strong, independent, and friendly. So Government proceeds to make her weak, dependent, and hostile. . . . As to frontier, having read all that has been written on both sides of the question, it appears to me that the arguments for maintaining the existing frontier are very much stronger, from a common-sense view, than those for changing it. As to the cost of the war, it would be a wicked and unjust act to employ the revenues of India in the carrying on of an unrighteous war—which would be to the detriment of the people of India. In justice the Government of this country ought to undertake the cost of this war themselves, and not throw upon India, which is much less able to bear it, a burden which arises from their own imprudence."

And so Lord GREY ended the first speech which has addressed itself not to the personalities but the policy of the matter under discussion.

The LORD CHANCELLOR proceeded, at legal length, to give the reasons against Lord GREY's "ostrich policy," contending that "masterly inactivity" had come to grief, and that the AMEER's quarrel with us dated from 1873.

LORD SELBORN answered Lord CAIRNS at nearly equal length, maintaining with equal cogency, the reverse of every one of his propositions. The Government policy was "bullying and blundering."

LORD HOUGHTON gave his reasons of voting for the Government, the Marquises of BATH and RIFON for the Amendment.

LORD MIDDLETON thought that the Government could do no more, and ought to have done no less.

Then LORD NORTHBROOK said his say, of the greatest weight, as proving what he did and thought when Viceroy. There had been no change of policy till he left India in 1875, when the AMEER was loyal to England. No Government of India till the present had taken up the Rawlinson policy. Any quarrel about the reception of the Russian Embassy at Cabul should have been settled between this country and Russia—not the AMEER.

LORD SALISBURY defended himself against the charge of having paltered with the Duke of ABERLY in a double sense. The AMEER had several causes of quarrel. First there was that Oriental Vioar of Bray, Lord LAWRENCE, who would help all *de facto* princes against any *de jure*. Then there was Lord NORTHBROOK's impertinent letter, blowing up the AMEER for his treatment of YAKOOB KHAN. What we had to resist was a diplomatic invasion of Afghanistan. That was only to be done by agents on the spot. We had nothing to fight Russia for. The existence of a Ministry was a small matter, but to carry this Motion meant handing over the country to men who looked on India as a burden, and the future triumph of America over this country as a certainty. (Foul, my Lord, that last blow.)

LORD CARDWELL, in Lord GRANVILLE's absence, briefly summed up for the Motion, and Lord BEACONSFIELD replied with effect.

Our north-west boundary was inconvenient. We had had to lead nineteen expeditions against the frontier tribes in twenty-eight years. Lord NAPIER of MAGDALA now thought rectification necessary. He had never spoken of a "scientific frontier" as the object of the war, but its probable consequence. Russia had done nothing we had any right to complain of. She was preparing to hit us in a weak place, when she expected we were going to hit her. But things couldn't be allowed to go on as they were. The issue was between the prestige of England throughout Asia and Europe, and a peace-at-any-price policy, which, for a moment, had dimmed even the majesty of England.

Then their Lordships Divided. Contents, 201; Non-contents, 65: majority for the Government, 136.

But what does it prove? The Opposition would have made a better fight had the Duke of ABERLY and Lord GRANVILLE been in the battle, but nothing would have altered the result.

(Commons).—Lord JOHN MANNERS jauntily took up the flail, to thrash the thrice thrashed straw of the Blue Book, though he began by promising not to take the elastic off his papers. He said nothing that had not been better said already, and contrived to be tedious without taking off his elastic.

Mr. GLADSTONE replied by a disproportionate denunciation of minute inaccuracies in the Blue Book. When Lord NORTHBROOK left India the AMEER was friendly, thanks to the policy of all Viceroys till then. With Lord LYTON began the new policy of "storm and pressure." The quarrel was with Russia, and we had made the AMEER her whipping-boy. In his peroration, Mr. GLADSTONE rose to the height of a great argument, in his prayer to Heaven to avert the omen of the first Afghan invasion, and save the country from the responsibility of an unjust and unnecessary war.

Sir R. PEEL was saucy and sprightly after his manner, but the House was empty, and his fireworks fizzed out, without sparkle or bang.

Mr. LEATHAM supported the Vote of Censure. The war was unjust and unnecessary.

Mr. FORSYTH supported the Government. The war was justifiable and inevitable.

Sir CHARLES DILKE showed that while bullying the AMEER, we had let Russia, the real offender, go scot free.

Lord G. HAMILTON defended the Blue Book, justified the war, and contradicted Mr. GLADSTONE.

Wednesday.—Pause of one day for refreshment, and

Mr. RATHBONE's little Bill, exempting from disfranchisement poor people who seek parochial medical aid for themselves or their families, was read a second time.

Thursday.—Mr. GRANT DUFF gave new life to the debate by the best speech yet spoken. Those who want to see a masterly *exposé* of the case against the Government should read it. It would be injustice to weaken it by condensation, so close-linked is its argument, and so admirable its wording. It was all pith. The speaker wins by this speech a distinctly higher grade than the high one he held already.

Mr. BOURKE rejoined with a defence as weak as the attack was strong. He was eminently tedious, and laboured his case out of the Blue Book at a length in inverse ratio with the effect.

Hosts of eager orators sprang up, and a number of small fry took their turns to catch or be caught by the SPEAKER's eye, till Mr. GOSCHEN rising to an overwheeled House, among many good points made none better than when he reminded his hearers that at the moment Lords BEACONSFIELD and SALISBURY were driving in triumph from Charing Cross to Downing Street, bearers of "Peace with Honour" from Berlin, the Russian Envoy was entering Cabul amid acclamations. But it was the Government which had brought him there. While there was an intense feeling in many parts of the House that this war was unjust, it was the duty of the country to say that Afghanistan must not be allowed to fall under the control of Russia.

Friday.—Notable, besides a smart stinger from Sir W. HARCOURT, for the most statesmanlike speech of the week from Lord HARTINGTON—a most masterly presentation of the Opposition case, free from irritating and superfluous personalities, justifying the Motion, and pointing out that the Opposition was as little disposed as the Government to leave our troops in the lurch, or to sacrifice, or endanger India.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER summed up for the Government, with that evident desire to be candid which seriously hampers him in his work as mouthpiece of a fireworks policy in a British House of Commons.

The House Divided. 328 for Government, 227 for the Vote of Censure; majority for Government, 101.

We are going to make India pay for the Afghan War, and to vote a grant for the relief of the Rhodope sufferers. Suppose we were just before being generous?

THE TURKEYS' PETITION.

(To Mr. Punch.)



SIR.—We know Turkey is not as much in favour with *Punch* as with the *Pall Mall Gazette*; but still we have faith in your fairness, and so confide to you our complaint and petition. Because every other Christmas comitant is hurried forward, must we be condemned to premature dissolution? Are our lives, too, to be shortened, and our day of doom to be antedated, by a month or more?

Christmas Publications appear earlier and earlier every year. The Almanacks in the course of time will

have to be re-arranged, and we shall read—"October 25. Christmas Day. (New style.)" Then, later on, "December 25. Old Christmas Day." How—for mercy's sake—how about the Turkeys?

MAKING THE BEST OF CHRISTMAS.



the season, he has engaged the pen of one of the staff upon the task, with the following result:—

PETER PLEASANT'S YULE-TIDE GUEST.

Something like a Christmas Day! The rain and snow raced down from the clouds like two moist madcaps, and glistened with glee on the *pétillant* pavement. The mud in the roads was suggestive of plum-pudding, and you might easily have mistaken the yellow puddles for the lavishly out-poured contents of a gigantic oven-full of colossal mince-pies. A roaring, soaking, gladsome Christmas Day, bringing back delicious memories of the past, and delightful anticipations of the future!

And such a merry crowd too! Here was a comical horse (belonging to a still more comical four-wheeler), down upon the wooden pavement, and affording infinite amusement to a funny old lady encumbered with a pile of enormous boxes, a humorous policeman, and two cheery professional beggars. Over there was the workhouse, with its holiday throng of casuals, full of quips and cranks, to say nothing of quiddities! And everywhere numbers of locked-out labourers, enjoying with an easy conscience the welcome rest that had been forced upon them by their masters. Oh, these locked-out labourers appreciated a practical joke as much as any one else, I warrant ye!

And PETER PLEASANT was keeping Christmas with the best of them. It was quite dark when the guests began to arrive at the quaint little house in Upper Dungeon Street; but what did that matter?

"Such a game!" he shouted, as he shook Uncle JOHN by the hand and kissed Aunt MARIA. "The Company have cut off the gas, and so we must depend upon candles. So like them! But I had had my joke, first! I had run five quarters in arrears!"

And Mrs. PETER smiled, and the Baby crowed and chuckled with glee.

"Hallo! what's this?" continued PETER, when he had had a good look at Uncle JOHN and found that his coat had gone at the elbows. "Why, I always thought you were a rich man, and put you down in my assets under the head 'expectations.'"

Aunt MARIA began to titter, and Uncle JOHN shouted with merriment. For a few minutes he could not talk for laughing. At last he cried, with tears in his eyes,—

"Why, my good boy, we have lost our all, and a good deal more, in a bank that has stopped payment. Ho, ho, ho! we had two shares worth fifty pounds a piece in it, and they have come down upon us for thousands, my lad—for thousands! Don't they wish they may get it!"

And then Uncle JOHN told the whole story in his best style, and again there were roars, and roars and roars of laughter.

"And now to dinner with what appetite we may," sang PETER, leading the way with his arm round Aunt MARIA's waist. Uncle JOHN danced in with Mrs. PETER. All were helped to soup.

"Take some more," cried PETER, with a pleasant twinkle in his eye.

They obeyed him.

"One plate more!" he cried, with a chuckle.

In this season of the year the shop-windows are deluged with "seasonable literature" more or less redolent of the holly and the mistletoe. It has occurred to Mr. *Punch* that taking the "hardness of the times" into consideration, truth is rather sacrificed to effect in these holiday publications. Under these circumstances, the Sage of Fleet Street has thought it advisable to give a more real view of Christmas. However, that the sombre subject should not be out of keeping with the traditional mirth of the most genial of his

"Oh, you wag!" shouted Uncle JOHN, with another guffaw. "I believe this is all you have to give us."

Mrs. PETER laughingly admitted this was indeed the case; and the fun became fast and furious. Uncle JOHN pretended that the soup was now some delicious cod, anon toothsome turkey, then luscious beef.

"The fact is," explained PETER, "the fishmonger and the butcher disappointed us. We wanted to be a credit to their establishments—but they wouldn't let us."

"Good again!" cried Uncle JOHN. "Credit? I see—very good indeed!"

And now there was a pattering of little feet in the passage, and the door was thrown open. In tumbled the children joyously, ushering into the dining-room an aged man, decked out in holly and mistletoe.

"Welcome, my dear old friend," said PETER, seizing the aged man by the hand. "You have spent many a Christmas with us in the past; may we often have you here in the future."

"I am sure I have seen your face before, Sir," observed Uncle JOHN, with great cordiality.

"I should think you have, Uncle," cried PETER. "Why, we are inseparables. He is quite an *enfant de la maison*. Are you not, my dear old friend?"

"Who is he?" asked Aunt MARIA, in a whisper—all women are curious. But what of that—bless them!

"I will tell you in a toast," returned PETER, again seizing the holly-decked and mistletoed old man by the hand.

"Behold my *alter ego*. Yes, dear friend, we have been comrades for many a long day. In you I hail the trusty guardian of all I possess, from the scanty furniture of the garrets down to the humble soup-kettle in the back-kitchen. Ladies and Gentlemen, I give you—'The Man in Possession!'"

And thus PETER PLEASANT welcomed his Yule-tide Guest.

WHAT CAME OF TAPPING THE WIRES.

(A Confidential Correspondence.)

The E-l of B-naf-d, Downing Street, to the V-y, Simla.

AMER's reply to hand. Awkward. Reads almost like DERNY. What have you done with the bad language?

The V-y, Simla, to the E-l of B-naf-d, Downing Street.

EVERY word of it there. Never were so insulted in our lives—calls himself "Servant of God." Ironical way of saying I'm the reverse. If force not sent off at once to front, won't answer for consequences.

The E-l of B-naf-d, Downing Street, to the V-y, Simla.

Go where you like. But what does he mean by this:—"Cherishes no feelings of hostility to British Government"? Sounds civil. How does it read in original? Wire.

The V-y, Simla, to the E-l of B-naf-d, Downing Street.

ORIGINAL so bad quite untranslatable. First meaning of verb used "to skin alive in the presence of respectable householders." Get a Persian dictionary, and look it out yourself.

The E-l of B-naf-d, Downing Street, to the V-y, Simla.

THANKS. Can't find it. And what is the matter with this?—"If the British Government should desire to send a purely friendly and temporary Mission to this country, with a small escort not exceeding twenty or thirty members, similar to that which attended the Russian Mission, this servant of God will not oppose its progress"? Is that meant to be nasty? Eh?

The V-y, Simla, to the E-l of B-naf-d, Downing Street.

AWFULLY. Couldn't be worse. Veiled irony of Persian original outrageous. If more comes in, what is to be done?

The E-l of B-naf-d, Downing Street, to the V-y, Simla.

BETTER send on Persian original as it stands. Man here can put it into decent English.

The V-y, Simla, to the E-l of B-naf-d, Downing Street.

DECENT English not wanted. More indecent the better. Can't come up to the original.

A GOOD REASON (by a *Miso-Russ*).—Why must Russia keep her word? Because no one will take it.

BETTER THAN HARTINGTON'S HALF-AND-HALF.—WHITBRAD'S Entire.



GROUNDLESS ALARM.

"GOOD HEAVENS, GIRLS! WHAT—WHAT DOES THIS MEAN! A POST-CARD, ADDRESSED TO ONE OF YOU, AND ON IT I READ:—
'ARE YOU AND YOUR SISTERS COMING TO THE B. AND S. CLUB THIS AFTERNOON!'"

"IT'S ALL RIGHT, PAPA DEAR! B. AND S. STANDS FOR BATTLEDORE AND SHUTTLECOCK!"

THE BENEFIT OF BOGEY.

To put brave JOHN BULL in the abjectest fright,
And confuse all his notions of reason and right,
There is nought like a Bogey. A palpable foe
Finds him steady and sure, if a little bit slow;
But if you would drive the old boy off his head,
Just dress up a Bogey, in yellow or red,
With a Moscov fur cap or a gay Gallic plume,
And at once he commences to fluster and fume:
A top-booted Ajax, at darkness takes fright,
Like a timorous child midst the terrors of night.
For your Bogey, a monster that's vaguely iniquitous,
Foggily frightful and dimly ubiquitous,
Pops up at all points like a turnip-faced ghost,
Which cunningly shifted may pass for a host.
The Muscovite Bogey is BULL's latest scare,
It has flustered his nerves, on an end set his hair,
And, managed adroitly by mischievous BEN,
Confounded that coolest and fairest of men.
Poor BULL! In his limes he's the laughter of those
Who are not so soon gulled to take phantoms for foes.
BEN howls "Fi-fo-fum!" in true ogreish tones,
Thinks BULL, "Eugh! the Ghoul would be grinding my bones."
BEN gibbers and shrieks; says JOHN BULL, "By the rood,
The Monster is smelling an Englishman's blood."
Then he loses his head, with his clearness of sight,
And his common-sense judgment of wrong and of right.
And o'erlooking the peril that's under his nose,
Runs madly amuck against fear-fashioned foes,
And, aping the tricks he's so forward to blame,
Plays blindly, and badly, his enemy's game.
Meanwhile the sly Bogey-Men smile at his scares,
Pick his pocket behind, misconduct his affairs,
To meet fancied dangers invite instant ill,
And leave BULL the fool's portion—big words and long bills.

Wake, JOHN! Take more accurate gauge of your foes!
The Bogey's big goggles and blood-painted nose
Are scare-crow devices. Look sharp, and fight fair,
Don't be driven to bully, nor shocked into scare,
Nor abuse the true friends who would bid you keep cool;
For the man who plays Bogeydom's game plays the fool!

DOGMA AND DRINK.

WHATEVER differences on dogma may exist between Roman Catholics, and Protestants, all sensible persons on either side are likely to concur in the recommendation of "A Catholic Congress just held at Brussels," viz., "the substitution of beer for spirits, as more refreshing and less injurious."

This decree of a Catholic Congress on Beer only wants the confirmation of the Pope pronounced *ex cathedra* to stamp it with infallibility. Perhaps he will so stamp it, being himself a moderate man. In that case, would his Holiness be pleased to append to his declaration, to make it the more gracious, the admonition—*Quicumque ab homine indigenti cerevisiam abstulerint, anathema sint oculi eorum.*

Christmas Waits.

The Opposition waiting for Office.
Directors of the City of Glasgow Bank waiting for trial.
Turkey waiting for Reforms.
Russia waiting for Turkey.
The AMER waiting for Russia.
India waiting for a scientific frontier.
England waiting for a change for the better.

A "NATURAL ARRANGEMENT" (discovered by Mr. Whistler).—
A Bear in a Russ-skin.

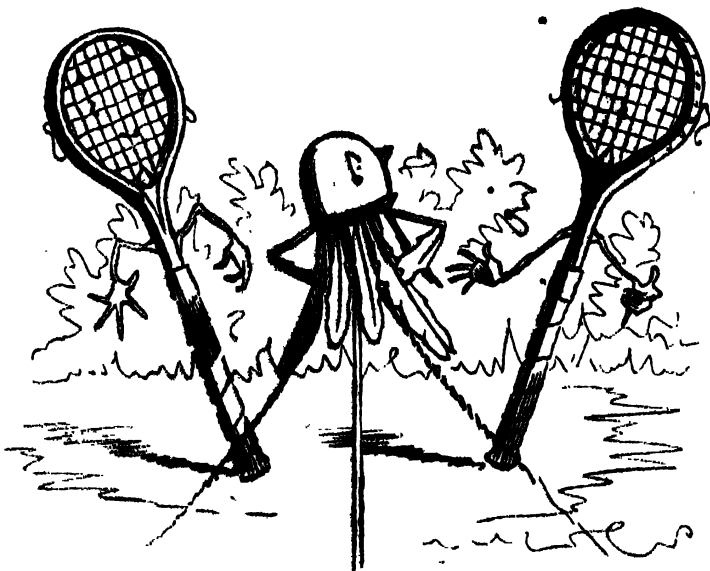


“NOUS AVONS CHANGÉ TOUT CELA!”

“HITHERTO THE AMEER HAS BEEN TREATED LIKE A SPOILED CHILD.”

(Lord Beaconsfield in the Debate on the Afghan War.)

PUTTING A LEGAL POINT ON IT.



SUPPOSING the following letters to have been received at the *Punch* Office during the past week, *Punch* feels he ought not to be restrained from publishing them by any antediluvian considerations of respect for the Bench:—

I.

THE Lord Chief Justice of England will feel much obliged if *Mr. Punch* will inform the world and Lord PENZANCE that his Lordship in his impertinent attack on the *L. C. J.* (contained in his late remarks on the judgment of the Queen's Bench Division in the case of *Martin v. Mackonochie*), has proceeded on an entirely erroneous view of the law, as well as a gross misrepresentation of the facts.

II.

LORD PENZANCE will thank *Mr. Punch* to inform the Lord Chief Justice of England that he entertains the profoundest contempt for his opinions on Law in general, and Ecclesiastical Law in particular, about which, as a Common Law Judge, he can know nothing.

III.

THE Lord Chief Justice of England has only to add to his previous communication that while he admits that Lord PENZANCE, as a Common Law Judge, who has undertaken the administration of a system of law of which he can know nothing, should be a good authority upon the question on which he presumes to pronounce in his last communication, he is compelled to repeat that his Lordship is wholly mistaken as to his law, and scandalously inaccurate as to his facts.

IV.

LORD PENZANCE has only to express his utter contempt for the Lord Chief Justice of England.

V.

THE Lord Chief Justice can find no language in which to express his admiration (?) for Lord PENZANCE.

VI.

LORD PENZANCE cares not the smallest coin of the realm for the Lord Chief Justice of England.

VII.

THE Lord Chief Justice of England cares less than the smallest coin of the realm for Lord PENZANCE.

VIII.

LORD PENZANCE wishes to put on record his conviction that the Lord Chief Justice of England is a Person!

IX.

THE Lord Chief Justice of England is glad to put in plain terms his conclusion that Lord PENZANCE is another!

[This correspondence must now cease.—*Ed. Punch.*]

FRIENDS AT A DISTANCE.

Being a Brief Record of a few Winter-seasonable Visits to certain Country Houses.

VISIT THE FIRST.—CHAPTER VI.

Fact—Fiction—Evidence—Doubt—Assertion—Phantom Butler—More Evidence—Josslyn's Nervous Aunt—Comfort—Fear—Mrs. Byrne condescends—The pallid Whistlerite—Darker—The Sceptic converted—Wine—First Ghost Story—Unsatisfactory—Cold Air—Digestion—An Awful Moment.

"Yes," repeats JOSSLYN, "that The Grange is haunted, is as certain as that all the family have left the place."

Poor old Mrs. TUPTON begins fanning herself, as if she could keep away Ghosts like flies. GOOL startles her by offering her jelly, which, from its quivering, and its peculiarly pale colour, appears to be as nervous as Mrs. TUPTON is herself.

"It may be a fact," says PELKIN WADD, ex-Master in Chancery, "but who can vouch for it?"

"COTLEY's people," answers DYKE, with conviction. "They've told me all about it."

Mrs. AYSFORD SYNGE remarks that for her part she doesn't believe in Ghosts, but that The Grange has never been inhabited since she was a girl; and, Miss SYNGE adds, that she never liked the look of the place.

"It's a matter of evidence," observes the ex-Master in Chancery, sententiously.

"Quite," replies Mr. AYSFORD SYNGE, J.P. "But COTLEY's gardener and his wife came to me, and wanted to depose on oath to what they'd seen and heard at The Grange."

This arrests everybody's attention.

Mrs. TUPTON's jelly remains on her plate untouched, still quivering. She informs me, in a frightened whisper, behind her fan, that "if you once get her nephew JOSSLYN on this topic, he's something dreadful. Why," she adds, with a shiver, "he knows all about the Ghosts all over the county, and likes them. Ugh! If they go on talking like this, I'm sure I shan't get any sleep to-night!"

In the gloom by the side-board I think I can just make out GOOL smiling grimly.

"Who lives at The Grange now?" asks HOSNFORD.

"A policeman and his wife," answers AYSFORD SYNGE. "Their married son stays at COTLEY's, and keeps up the garden. The family have all left."

"They're rent free, of course," observes the ex-Master in Chancery, with a cynical smile.

Everyone resents this imputation; and Mr. AYSFORD SYNGE informs the ex-Master, with some asperity, that he knows the policeman, and his wife, and his son—that a more honest set does not exist; and SANDILANDS corroborates the prevalent notion about The Grange being haunted, by asserting that, for his part, he (SANDILANDS) wouldn't live there for a trifle. He adds, that, of course, he doesn't believe in ghosts, yet he should object to a place with a reputation for being haunted.

Everyone, except our host, chimes in with this sentiment. Everyone, except our host, professes to consider a belief in ghosts absurd, but, on the other hand, no one would, as a matter of choice, prefer residing in a haunted house.

"Then," says DYKE, quietly, "there's not much chance of letting this."

"Why!" exclaims Mrs. LAWLEIGH BYRNE, beginning to draw on her long gloves, "surely The Mote's not haunted!"

"Didn't you know that?" returns JOSSLYN, quite astonished.

"Why, there's hardly a room in this old house without a legend. And," adds JOSSLYN, with considerable pride, "I think HOSNFORD and SANDILANDS will bear me out as to the White Lady of The Mote being as well authenticated a Ghost as any in the county."

HOSNFORD and SANDILANDS nod acquiescence in this statement; and RENDLESHAM of Pikley—the crusty old man—turning to Mrs. TUPTON, says,

"You're stopping here, Ma'am, aren't you?"

"Yes, I am," replies the poor old Lady, whose false front almost slides off her forehead with nervousness—"yes, I am; but," she goes on piteously, "my nephew never said anything about it before. I've only heard him speak of Ghosts in other houses—not here."

"Oh, you won't see it, Aunt," says DYKE, consolingly.

"I don't like to talk about such things," she says, making a move, which the Ladies take as a hint, and we all rise.

"You are staying here, too," says Mrs. LAWLEIGH BYRNE to me. "I know I should be afraid of going about alone in this house. I have heard that the servants never stop here long—but I didn't know the reason. The SYNGES have an old haunted tower in their grounds. I shall get her to tell me all about it. I love ghost-stories, when there's a good fire and lots of people."

This is the first time since our introduction that the "haughty Beauty" has condescended to treat me on an equality with the County people. The Ghost subject has done it. This is "the



QUITE T'OTHER.

"OH, YOU'RE FOND OF DRAWING, ARE YOU! P'RAPS YOU'D LIKE TO BE AN ARTIST!"
 "OH DEAR NO—I'M GOING TO BE A GENTLEMAN!"

touch of nature" I was waiting for; and it has come with the supernatural. In Ghost-land, Old County Families and No County Families meet on common ground; though the idea is rather church-yardy. However, one's thoughts can't be lively, when such a topic is under discussion.

Mrs. LAWLEIGH BYRNE sweeps out of the room after the elder Ladies, and followed by Miss SYNGE, who, as she disappears through the dark oak door, in the old oak panel, with her vapoury dress, long white neck, with a black band round it—reminding me of that awful guillotined woman's story—with her pale face, strange melancholy eyes, and immaterial hair, might easily be mistaken for the White Lady of The Mote, who had accepted an invitation, just for once and away, and whose hour for professional haunting having struck, was compelled, by her strict sense of duty, to vanish from the festive scene.

The room has grown darker in consequence of some of the candles in the old sconces having burnt down, when they were silently extinguished by GOOL, while we were waiting upon the ladies' departure. The gentlemen shuffle themselves into fresh places, and, at JOSELYN's suggestion, we form in front of the fire, each one selecting a safe place for his wine-glass.

"I didn't want to frighten the ladies," says PELKIN WADD, the ex-Master, who has hitherto posed as the sceptic of the party, "but I know all about The Grange. COTLEY's old gardener, who came to us afterwards, had seen the ghost himself."

"Indeed!" I can't help exclaiming, being interested.

"Yes. He's a sensible and sober old fellow is GADD, and he's told me of his having seen a figure at night digging in the garden. And when he went up to it, it vanished."

This seems to everyone rather a tame conclusion to a ghost story that had promised very well at the beginning. There's a general impression—felt, not expressed—that we're to have something better, from someone, presently.

HOSHFOORD also remembers having talked to the man who used to live at The Grange before the Policeman and his wife went there.

"What did he say?" I ask.

"Well, the belief is that Cardinal POLE once lived in The Grange;

that he buried a large treasure there, and that it is *his* ghost that haunts the place."

"And this man had seen him?" I inquire.

"Yes. He'd seen something; and he said he thought it must be the Cardinal. So I asked him what the ghost was like; and he told me that he was a little old man, with grey stockings, brown knee-breeches and buckles, a blue tailed coat, brass buttons, and an old-fashioned wig, with a pig-tail. He felt sure it was Cardinal POLE, he said, because of his dress."

We all smile, but have a slight suspicion that HOSHFOORD is turning the subject into ridicule. JOSELYN DYKE says so plainly, and remarks that though HOSHFOORD's informant was of course wrong in attempting to make this particular Ghost fit in with the tradition of the place, yet it does not prove anything against his having seen the Ghost of some one, though not of Cardinal POLE. "Besides,"—DYKE puts this as an unanswerable climax,—"*the Ghost never said he was Cardinal POLE.*"

HOSHFOORD hastens to assure us that he, personally, believes in Ghosts; that he knows several men who've seen Ghosts; as also, it appears, does every one present.

The general opinion appears to be that, on the whole, it is safer to believe in Ghosts than not. It's more complimentary to the Ghosts, of course, and, I fancy, what we all feel about it is, that we would rather assert our belief in Ghosts openly and boldly, so that should any Ghost be listening, he would hear nothing said that might be an inducement for him to catch any one of us alone, and frighten the individual into fits, in order to prove his existence. Our unexpressed formula about Ghosts seems to be: "We believe in Ghosts, *because* we don't want to see any. If we said, 'We don't believe in Ghosts,' then one of them, lurking about this old house—and The Mote, to speak sportingly, is a most likely find for both Ghosts, and rats—might catch us unawares, when the consequences would, probably, be serious."

JOSELYN DYKE doesn't like speaking of this subject before the servants. He whispers to us that, after they've served the coffee, and withdrawn—he will, perhaps, tell us what he himself has frequently seen in this very house, which would be quite enough to



AN EXAMPLE!

Old Gentleman (who had evidently been lunching). "G' HOME, YOU BOYS—GO 'WAY—'SHOULDN' LOITER 'BOUT 'STREETS." (Solemnly.) "WHA' SHOULD I HA' BEEN—(hic!)—'F I'D LOITER'D 'BOUT SHREETS 'STEAD O' 'TTENDIN' T' BURN—'NEEH!—Go 'WAY!"
[Roars from his audience.]

scare away most men in one night. And here he looks fixedly across the table into the furthest gloomiest recess, as though penetrating the darkness, and requesting one of the resident apparitions to stop there quietly while he is telling the story, and not to come out until his presence is absolutely required for collaboration.

We fill our glasses in turn, silently, as if "charging" to drink a Ghost's health—"A Toast to a Ghost; and here's a health to all good Goblins!" Then some look at their watches with a sort of intuitive perception of the near approach of midnight. There is a perceptible air of reassurance on finding that it is barely ten o'clock. AYSFORD SYNGE shivers, as if he felt a draught, and draws his chair nearer the fire. HOSHFORD notices this, and observes with, I think, an effort, that "a cold feeling after dinner is good."

"Sign of digestion," says Mr. SANDILANDS, trying to be cheery.

We laugh in a quivering, uncertain way, and I almost fancy I hear a sort of hollow echo of our laugh behind the heavy tapestried window-curtains, where anyone could hide and play a practical joke. But who would do it? No one, I hope.

The door opens slowly. Involuntarily we all turn our heads and eyes, in that direction, like mechanical figures in a waxwork. The door opens, wider, wider, wider, as if pushed from without slowly, and a dark shadow growing and growing from out of the hall, seems to be borne in, silently, on the icy chilling draught.

No one utters a word; and yet we all wonder why some one doesn't say something—no matter what.

A Bristol Menu.

WHEN Bristol Tories ask a GUEST
 Pot-luck with them to try,
 The Liberals, their taste confess,
 Before him place a FRY!

BEST FOOTING FOR A SCOTCH BANK.—In the Stocking.

NURSERY RHYME OF THE DAY.

RAN-A-DAN-DAN!
 Afghanistan!
 SHERE ALI was always a cross little man!
 Which it's to be,
 Up at Cabul,
 Big Bear or Bull,
 SHERE ALI can't see!
 When brought by hard thumps
 Out of his dumps—
 Ran-a-dan-dan!
 Afghanistan!
 SHERE ALI will then be a nice little man!

HOPE FOR HUMANITY.

THE benefactor of his species is now not only the man who makes two blades of corn grow where but one grew before, but he who renders mankind a very different service. At a late dinner of Members of the Inventors' Institute at St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, Admiral SELWYN, in replying to the toast for the Navy, "suggested that chemistry might yet give us a poisonous shell which, if well placed, would decide the event of a naval combat." A modern benefactor of his species is he who invents a gun, a torpedo, or a shell which will destroy hundreds and thousands at a blow. Whether the poisonous shell which a beneficent chemistry may, as Admiral SELWYN says, yet give us, would be much of a blessing to a maritime country, and greatly help BRITANNIA to rule the waves, may be queried; but, perhaps, the invention of a wholesale annihilation-machine, rendering war too horribly ridiculous to be practicable, might well repay the studies of a Christian philanthropist by enforcing peace on earth, at least, if not promoting good-will.

NEW NAME FOR NEW LIGHT SEEN ON THE EMBANKMENT.

WHY not "Selaphore" (*selas* light, and *phos* I bear)? At once good Greek and good advice to Gas Shareholders: "Sell afore we come to Edison."

NATURAL ALLIES (according to the *Pall Mall Gazette*).
 —Ritualists and Russians—Cassocks and Cossacks.

By a Thames Conservator.

(On the Princess Alice and Bywell Castle catastrophes, and judgment thereon.)

SKIPPERS' duty is quite clear,
 They have rules by which to steer:
 "Rules of our making?" Certainly they've got 'em.
 But you ask me, "Are they kept?"
 Better have the river swept,
 And ask those you will find at the bottom.

Different Ways of Twisting 'em.

THE Author of the anagram, printed in a former number, "DISRAELI—I lead, Sir," sends us its companion, "GLADSTONE—G. leads not." On the other hand, a Liberal Anagrammatist puts it the other way, telling us "GLADSTONE—Doesn't lag," while "DISRAELI is—Idle airs," and BEACONSFIELD, in Latin, "*Fidens celata*," and in English "Coined Fables."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

YOU would scarcely expect to find A. ROGUE taking out a patent for "preventing the loss of purses," yet such is the fact, if we are to believe the *Patent Journal* for November 2nd.

PROOF THAT RUSSIA'S ADVANCE IS STOPPED IN CENTRAL ASIA.—General KAUFFMANN dates from Task-end.

NEW NAME FOR AFGHANISTAN (after its annexation).—The United State of America.

CARMEN TRIUMPHALE.—Bizet's Opera.

TEA-ROOM REFLECTIONS.

(By a Man in the Gallery.)



THE degradation of political debate by the indulgence of violent personal animosity, leads to stinging counter-charge and furious partisan hostility.

Stinging counter-charge and furious partisan hostility involve blind recrimination and awkward adjectives.

Blind recrimination and awkward adjectives send courtesy flying out of the lobby.

When courtesy flies out of the lobby, Billingsgate gets over the gangway.

When Billingsgate gets over the gangway, the Speaker who won't let his eye be caught may

come to have his attention called by a cat-call or an orange.

The Speaker who allows his attention to be called by a cat-call or an orange, is lost.

The House that is presided over by a Speaker who is lost soon degenerates into a bear-garden unfit for Gentlemen.

A bear-garden unfit for Gentlemen is not the place in which to conduct the affairs of a great Empire.

When the affairs of a great Empire come to a standstill, it is high time to revert to the language of Gentlemen.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(Some account of Tom Tug and the Beggar's Opera at Covent Garden last week.)

SIR,

I'VE said it before, and I'll say it again, "Don't tell me we are not a musical people,"—I mean, at all events, a people fond of music, and capable of appreciating every sort of music on its merits. And, when we have established a favourite, don't we make much of him? don't we make more and more of him? don't we—like the process in the game of "thinking of a number"—don't we double him, in uncaring him, add ten to him, specially if he is already a tenor, so that he can afterwards add a hundred to himself, then subtract him from every one else and say, "He, and he only, is the man for our money?" Of course we do.

That this is the public estimate of Mr. SIMS REEVES was proved to demonstration by the appearance of Covent Garden on Tuesday night last week, when, on the occasion of our great English Tenor playing *Captain Macheath* in the *Beggar's Opera*, the house was literally crammed, from floor to ceiling, by an audience whose enthusiastic temperature increased in a graduated thermometrical scale, the over-boiling point being reached at the back row of the Upper Gallery; and this on a night when, in the stalls and boxes, wrappers, fur mantles, and ulsters, were *de rigueur*, on account of *de rigueur* of the cold, and when the Messrs. GATTI might have made a considerable addition to their good fortune, by sending round the attendants with a supply of foot-warmers, hot toddy, and mulled claret, and other popular drinks at cheap prices.

Everyone would have hailed with pleasure (*à propos* of "hailed," it snowed next day—but that isn't to the freezing point) the appearance of these hot draughts, after suffering from such cold draughts as abound, at all times, in this huge Covent Garden Theatre. I shivered for myself; I trembled for SIMS REEVES, lest his delicate throat—one of the most delicate, I believe, ever possessed by tenor—should be affected by the severity of the weather, in which case an apology would have to be made.

With commendable good taste Mr. HAYES, the *impresario* on this occasion, had closed the house on Monday, as a mark of respect to the memory of the late Mr. GYE. Such a course was highly creditable, both to the *impresario* and Mr. REEVES. It would have been cruel if, after this loss of one night, the weather had prevented Mr. REEVES from fulfilling his engagement. Fortunately he was

in excellent spirits, in excellent voice, and played *Macheath* magnificently.

There he was, bright and gay as ever, our tenor still unchanged, and equal to any number of the most valuable notes.

En passant, the public has an idea that Mr. SIMS REEVES is "a bird who can sing," and often, capriciously, "won't sing." Some even go so far as to ask, "Can't he be made to sing?" No one wishes more sincerely than himself, that, on the occasions when he is forced to refuse, he *could* be "made to sing." It is no pleasure to any man to lose money by being compelled to cancel an engagement which is entered into on the play and pay principle, and it cannot but be an unspeakable, or, in his case, an unsingable, disappointment to thousands who "hang on his lips." It is no more a pleasure for a distinguished tenor to be laid up with a bad throat, than for a one-legged dancer, *à la DONATO*, to be prostrated by the gout in his one solitary foot. So much for Buckingham.

My only personal grievance against Mr. SIMS REEVES is, that he has a plural name—a double plural name; but this is my objection, only halved, to any one called PHILLIPS, or EDWARDS, or ROBERTS. They ought each to govern a plural verb. It should be grammatical to say, "PHILLIPS *are* coming to dinner. EDWARDS *are* smoking. PHILLIPS *are* fools," and so on.

Mr. SIMS REEVES, as a plural name, however, may be the exception to what should be the rule, on account of his *singular* ability. And I don't think, that, without the final "s," "SIM REEVE" would look well in an advertisement. Too late to change now; but I take this opportunity of broaching the theory, that is, as it *sims* to me.

I heard him in *The Waterman*, when his rendering of "The Bay of Biscay" literally brought down the house, as it always will.

MADAME CAYE-ASHTON was a charming *Wilhelmina*, and her "Cherry Ripe" (introduced here simply, I suppose, for the reason that the lady in question can sing it so well) was heartily uncared.

By the way, the manner of introducing "The Bay of Biscay" is funny enough, and must have been fashioned on the model of the tenor, who, *insisting* on singing "In my Cottage near a Wood" in every piece, used to look round, see a table, hit it, exclaim, "Ah! made of wood! that reminds me of *My Cottage near a Wood!*" which was the cue for the orchestra to strike up the symphony to that popular melody.

Mr. REEVES, being all alone, soliloquises about his stupid rival, Robin the Gardener, and observes, "Ah, I should like to have seen what sort of a figure he would have cut on board ship, in such a gale as I was in, when last I crossed *The Bay of Biscay!*"

Cue for band, "Bay of Biscay!" and delight of audience,—but *Thomas Tug*, the jolly young Waterman, has never been to sea in his life, bless him! and knew nothing of the Bay of Biscay from personal experience.

Let those who do not believe in a "comic tenor," see SIMS REEVES as *Captain Macheath*, and they will then discover what magic there is even in a *refrain* of "tol de rol, tol de rol luddy," when given by a tenor who is not impressed by the absurd traditional notion that he is nothing if not sentimental.

His acting of the celebrated song, "*How happy would I be with either*" is full of humour, and his change of manner from "tol de rol" in a tender tone when addressed to the gentle, confiding *Polly*, to "tol de rol" with a true cockney chick-a-leary twang, when addressed to the vulgar *Lucy Lockitt*, is a clever idea, most artistically carried out; and then, his dance up the stage, while singing, giving his last note, good and true to the end in spite of this unaccustomed exertion, as, with a jump, he seats himself, in a natural devil-may-care style, on the table, was followed by an *encore*, so momentous, that even he, the determined anti-*encoreist*, was fain to comply with the enthusiastic demand; so he repeated the two verses, the dance, and the jump, with as much freshness and vigour as though he had not already sung six songs—snatches, more or less, it is true—and had not got ten more to follow, with "*Here's to the Maiden of bashful fifteen*," and a dance, by way of finale!

It was a treat. But what a stupid play! What a set of sordid, squalid, ruffianly characters, all, except *Polly Peachum*, prettily played by Madame CAYE-ASHTON, who obtained more than one *encore*. The chorus of "Let us take the Road" was very effectively given. I should like to see *The Beggar's Opera* with a well remodelled plot, an efficient cast, to include, of course, Mr. SIMS REEVES (it would be nothing at all without his *Captain Macheath*) and Madame CAYE-ASHTON, and produced under such careful stage-management as was shown by Mr. HARE in bringing out *Olivia* at the Court Theatre.

However, for the present, *The Beggar's Opera*, which, I believe, was the result of a considerable amount of "collaboration," is, as played the other night at Covent Garden, good enough, by way of a musical treat, for

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

MUSIC OF THE FUTURE.—Promissory Notes.

BETWIXT CARDS AND CRACKERS.



COMES but once a year. *Punch* is thankful for it. For Christmas has taken to leaving so much paste-board, that should his fatherly visit come twice a year *Punch* would have to put up outside his door, as people do after their wedding-advertisements, "No cards."

The "Christmas Board" used to be a favourite personification. It was in the habit of graining under roast beef, turkey, and hime, mince-pie, and plum-pudding. Now the "Christmas Paste-Board" would seem a fitter embodiment of the festive season; though

it should not be the "Paste-Board" that ought to groan, but those who have to struggle against its ever-growing encroachments on our purses, and demands on our admiration.

For this alarmingly increasing pack of Christmas cards has grown in quality as much as in quantity. They are so pretty, it seems a shame to grumble at them. Here is *Punch* bound to confess himself pleased, even while he protests he can hardly hold his head above the rising tide of charming pictures that keeps flowing in on him. First comes MARCUS WARD, who deals the trump-cards of the Christmas pack, the most delicate and dainty in colour and design, whether of arabesque, and flower, and winged thing of earth and air and fairy-land, or graceful figure, or group in coquettish old world attire—an endless variety, on the whole, in admirable taste; and—unexpected improvement—with verses appended, which are not vulgar, or commonplace, but often as graceful and elegant as the designs they accompany.

Then there is DE LA RUE, scarce a shade in elegance and variety behind WARD, though *Punch* must protest, parenthetically, against audities at Christmas time. It is too cold for them, if there were no other reason. He sends a greater variety of Christmas Gifts—not only Cards, but the daintiest Pocket-Books and Diaries, with Russia bindings and perfumed pages, for pretty fingers to record graceful items of girlish outlay, or tender memoranda, till Cupid gives place to Hymen, and marriage brings house-bills and domestic entries. And for these, too, DE LA RUE has fitting books of record; or, if we need more than he can supply, is there not LUTTS, with his large family of Diaries, ranging—"fine by degrees and beautifully less"—from the folio giant of the desk to the tiniest waistcoat-pocket companion? How record even by name the list of other card-makers, who play off their Christmas showers on *Punch's* devoted head—ACKERMANN, with his graceful groups of Cupidons at play, and ROTHE

with his flowers, and his series of picturesque, costumed Seasons, and PATNE, the Aylesbury photographer, whose specialty is nosogays from nature, and HARDING with his sporting figures of the olden time, and RIMMEL with his perfumed pack. In short, their name is Legion.

And if we turn in despair from the rush and rain of Cards, it is but to encounter the still more alarming raid of the Cossacks, with Captain CADMAN in command, and Lieutenant TOM SMITH under him. As for Captain CADMAN's Cossacks, they betray their predatory habits by their dress; like *Fidstuf's* recruits, they seem to have robbed heaven and earth, the present and the past, to fit them out. They even assume skins, and shells, and feathers, spoils of birds, beasts, and fishes; they creep into boots, and curl up in baskets, and crouch in flowers; they peep out from under Father Christmas's holly wreath; and, Cossack-like, they carry as great a variety of plunder in their pockets, as of clothes on their backs.

What between cards and crackers, *Punch* sits confounded, and can only cry out to his over-generous Christmas contributors, "Hold! enough!"—and more than enough by a great deal.

He has a waste-paper basket for superfluous correspondence, but what waste-paper basket could accommodate this deluge of Christmas Cards and Crackers—even were it in his heart to transfer such pretty things to such a receptacle! Ha, a happy thought! Suppose he passes the overflow on to the Children's Hospitals!

SLIDES FOR MR. PUNCH'S MAGIC LANTERN.

PUBLIC inauguration of Cleopatra's Needle by the LORD MAYOR and Sheriffs in their State palanquins, borne by athletic young stockbrokers in the prime of early manhood. MASKELYNE and COOKE (from the Egyptian Hall), hoisting the Union Jack on the point of the Needle, assisted by the crew of *H.M.S. Pinfore* and Band of the Royal Marines conducted by Dr. SULLIVAN.

LORD BEACONSFIELD, LORD LYTTON, the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, and SHERK ALI smoking hookahs in a magnificent howdah on a splendidly caparisoned white elephant. Fifty County Members on each side of the elephant, wearing dark blue (garter) ribbons round their hats, and carrying banners inscribed "Peace with Honour." The Cabinet following behind on dromedaries, — LORD CRANBROOK distributing India Pickle, LORD JOHN MANNERS scattering "inspired" telegrams, SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE doing sums on an enormous slate, and the Private Secretaries flinging largess—the Order of the Bath and Suez Canal Shares—to an enthusiastic crowd.

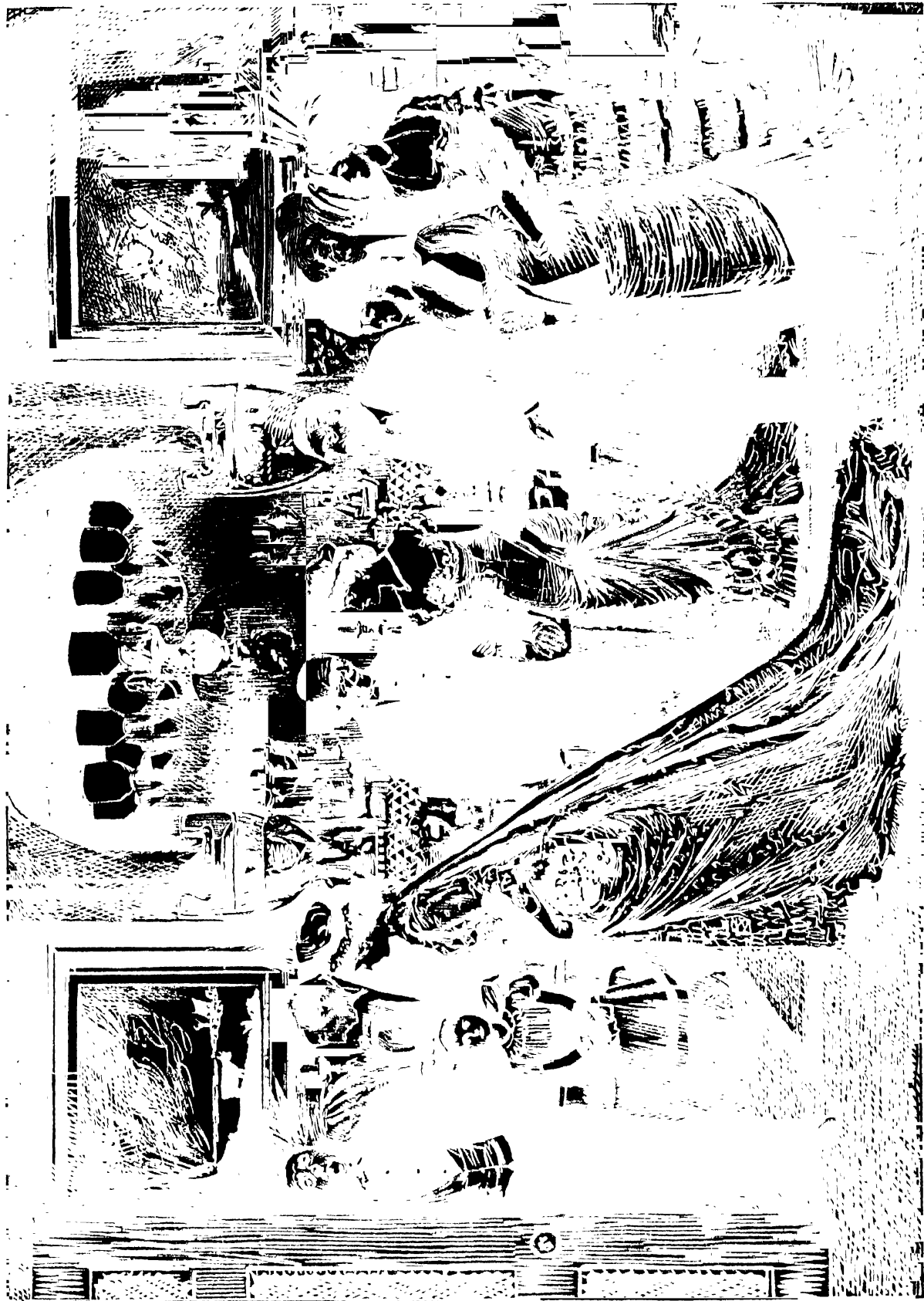
MR. GLADSTONE by moonlight, in the solitudes of Greenwich Park, cutting down the Yule-tree with the silver axe presented to him on his birthday.

The Dean and Chapter, SIR EDMUND BECKETT, MR. HAWES, DR. STAINER, and MR. PENROSE (the Cathedral Architect), in the Belfry chamber of St. Paul's, ringing a merry Christmas peal. The "College youths" looking on, criticising the performance with campanological acumen, over a bowl of hot elder wine kindly supplied by the BARONETS BURDETT GOUTTS.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR, the LORD CHIEF BARON, the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, and LORD PENZANCE, playing a rubber under the mistletoe suspended from the centre of Westminster Hall.

Final Tableau. Scene of general amiability, good fellowship, and philanthropy, in the Venetian Parlour at the Mansion House. The Emperor of RUSSIA and the SULTAN seated, side by side, on an Ottoman, and SIR AUSTEN LAYARD handing them coffee. The POPE and the KING of ITALY exchanging Christmas Cards. REV. ORBY SHIPLEY exchanging ideas with the President of the Wesleyan Conference. The Editors of the *Globe* and the *Echo* playing backgammon. LORD BEACONSFIELD passing the Loving Cup to MR. GLADSTONE. LORD LAWRENCE offering LORD LYTTON a light. SIR WILFRID LAWSON on a sofa between BARCLAY and PERKINS. Captain BULNARY laughing over *Punch's Ride to Khiva* with MR. CHAMBERLAIN. MR. RUSKIN helping MR. WHISTLER to catch the party. The Old Year introducing the New Year to the Lord Mayor and the assembled company, and MR. *Punch* kissing BRITANNIA under the mistletoe.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—DECEMBER 28, 1878.



A SEASONABLE GIFT OF NATURE.

Hodges, famished for her dinner (to distinguished Guest). "I HOPE YOU ARE HUNGRY, SIR JAMES!" Distinguished Guest. "No, Mrs. SMITH, I AM NOT HUNGRY; BUT, THANK GOODNESS, I AM GREEDY!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



MONDAY,
Dec. 16th.—
Amidst a
hush of sor-
row in the
House of

Commons reflecting the nation's sadness out of doors, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER moved, and the MARQUIS of HARTINGTON seconded, in few and feeling words befitting the theme, an Address of Condolence to the QUEEN on the death of the Princess ALICE.

Words could not fail the orators on such a text. They whose duty it is to speak the general grief for this unlooked-for loss are embarrassed in the choice of topics for their praise of one who was the blessing of the home she left, and that to which she came, who united all that is wise and gracious in crowned head with all that is best and most loveable in daughter, sister, wife, and mother. There is only one feeling as strong as the nation's sorrow—its sympathy

with all who have lost her love, from the QUEEN at Windsor, and the widowed husband and motherless children in the darkened Palace at Darmstadt, down to the humblest of those reached by her wise and loving care about her German home.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, antedating the Christmas Pantomimes after the fashion of the day, performed the favourite trick of dropping the red-hot poker—the grant to the Rhodope sufferers serving capitably for poker. The Opposition, naturally, finding a poker within their reach, used it to poke their fun at the Government, till Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE was fain to take shelter from the heavy artillery of Mr. ANDERSON and Sir G. CAMPBELL, and the livelier assaults of Sir W. HARCOURT and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, behind Sir ROBERT PEEL.

Mr. STANHOPE then moved the resolution (already carried in the Lords) for the Commons' sanction to the application of Indian revenues to the Afghan War. The Act required it—and the House, he hoped, would award it. But such sanction would not preclude

apportionment of the cost between Indian poverty and wealth. The war was a little war now: if it grew, we spread the payment to meet the growth of its cost. All the Government asked for at present was permission to put its hand into India's pocket and take what it wanted. There ought to be a Surplus here—though it had come down by a million since last heard of—but still there was enough to pay the money we were likely to want just now, and something over for the Famine Insurance Fund, which the Surplus had been raised to supply. He couldn't be bothered with making the figures come right. All the House had to do was to sanction their taking what Government wanted from India without the bother of continual explanations to the House of Commons.

Mr. FAWCETT must continue to object. By the Ministerial case the war was for Imperial, not Indian purposes, and the cost of it should come out of JOHN BULL'S pocket, not poor half-starved India's. The sanction asked for would give Government an unlimited Vote of Credit on the Indian Revenue. They talked about ultimate apportionment between English backs and Indian. The House should have some assurance that there would be such an apportionment, and on what principle it would be made.

Mr. GLADSTONE seconded the Amendment, and with Mr. LAING, Sir G. CAMPBELL, Mr. O. MORGAN, and even such more scrupulous supporters of the Government as Sir W. BARTHELOTT and Mr. HUBBARD, argued, as if the matter were not a foregone conclusion, and to-morrow's one hundred and ten majority safe in the Whip's pockets. But for decency's sake the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER agreed to an adjournment of the debate.

Tuesday (Lords).—The Earl of BEACONSFIELD, in emphatic and over-stilted terms, moved, and Earl GRANVILLE seconded, in better taste, the Peers' Condolence to the QUEEN on the death of the Princess ALICE.

Then their Lordships adjourned till Thursday, February 13.

Commons.—To a question from Mr. HUBBARD about the heavy cloud of distress overlying the country, and the still blacker clouds looming behind it, Mr. CROSS gave as comfortable an answer as could be extracted from reports of the chief local authorities of Edinburgh, Liverpool, and Manchester. The coal and iron districts have yet to speak by their official mouths. *Punch* is glad to hear that Mr. SELATER-BOTH does not think the distress as yet so severe as to require exceptional measures. For the present the Poor Law is strong enough to meet the pull on the rates. Long may it continue so, prays *Punch*, with a heavy heart. There would be more comfort in the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER'S assurance that the Government does not intend to guarantee a Turkish Loan without the previous approval of Parliament, did not *Punch* feel that the Government have only to ask our Parliament for approval of a guarantee for a Turkish Loan, or anything else they like, to get it.

Lord ELCHO suddenly sprung on the House the report of the Rhodope Commission, twitting the Opposition with their silence about the horrors therein revealed, as compared with their quick susceptibility to the atrocities of the first Bulgarian massacres.

Mr. HENSCHELL deprecated the casting of aspersions by either side on the point of humanity, or the claim of a monopoly for either of sympathy with suffering, whether of Turks or Christians.

After an intimation from the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, that the Government did not intend to lay before the House any estimate of the expenses of the Afghan war, or any plan for its apportionment between India and British revenues, the debate on Mr. STANHOPE'S Motion was resumed by Professor PLAYFAIR, who dissected, with his keen Scotch scalpel, the question, first, of the character of the war—whether Imperial or Indian—and next, of the sufficiency of the Indian Surplus to bear its cost thus far. Till last week, it was a war of the Cabinet; now, by vote of a majority of the House, it had become a war of Imperial policy. The shrunk Surplus of a million and a half of Indian revenue was a Famine Insurance fund, which we could not touch without breaking faith with the poor people of India. There was greater danger to India in the pressure of increased taxation, than in the shadowy Muscovite Spectre, seen, or supposed to be seen, over the mountains of Afghanistan, but, in sober earnestness, as unreal as the Spectre of the Broken. The English people had returned a majority to support the spirited Foreign policy of the Government. The war was a part of that policy. *Ergo*, the English people ought to bear the cost of it.

Lord G. HAMILTON made effective use of his lately-acquired office knowledge of Indian matters to argue that the war was an Indian war, and that Indian revenue was strong enough to bear its burden. In proof whereof he daringly rushed into the tangle of figures out of which Mr. STANHOPE had prudently retreated.

Mr. *Punch* can only say he remains perfectly in the dark as to the real amount of Surplus available for the war, without trenching on the Famine Fund; but, so far as he can make out, if you diminish that fund one-half, and increase the Surplus by about as much, you may have a million to play with.

Sir H. JAMES came down heavily, as usual, on the ATTORNEY-

GENERAL, and gave an able lawyer's reasons in favour of Mr. GLADSTONE'S view that Government are breaking the Act of 1858 in taking Indian revenues to pay for war beyond British India without previous consent of Parliament. The SOLICITOR-GENERAL put in a lawyer's plea for the opposite opinion.

Sir G. BALFOUR gave a military economist's, Sir W. LAWSON, a humanitarian humorist's, Mr. NEWDEGATE, a conscientious Constitutionalist's, Mr. MUNDELLA, an intelligent employer's, and Mr. CHILDERS an able ex-official's reasons against the Government proposal.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER summed up by a reiteration of the legality and necessity of all that had been done, and of the Government's distinct refusal to saddle England with any part of the cost of this war, as a matter of expediency, still less of right. It might turn out to be a little war—a clash of iron pot with pipkin—in which case India could pay for it, and ought to pay for it. It might turn out a big war—a serious collision of iron pot with pot; and then England might contribute to the cost in her great goodness, but only by a vote in aid of the Indian Government.

After a reminder from the Marquis of HARTINGTON that in this way the power of the House to control questions of peace and war was brought to nought, and its duty to protect the purse of the British tax-payer made a mockery, and a protest from Mr. JACON BRIGHT against this mode of disposing of the Indian Surplus—if any—the House divided, 125 for, and 235 against, Mr. FAWCETT'S Amendment, giving the Government a majority of 110 for taking the cost of the war out of Indian pockets.

And then the House adjourned till February 13th, with the happy feeling of the "Northern Farmer"—

"I thow't that A'd dune what A ou't to ha' dune, and A coomed awa-ay!"

"May good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both!" is *Punch's* farewell wish as he dismisses his Collective Wisdom to its Christmas dinner.

CHRISTMAS APPEALS.



TO BEACONSFIELD fresh fireworks making ready:

Steady, Sir, steady!
To GLADSTONE planning pamphlet, speech, or P. C.:

Do take it easy!

To Russia vain to best the British Lion:

Such tricks don't try on!

To England quaking at the Russian Bear:

Shame on such scare!

To Jingoos spouting fustian wild and windy:

Silence that shindy!

To Anti-Jingoos shouting out of season:

Have faith in reason!

To Press and Pen that stoop in dirt to dabble:

Shut up, vile rabble!

To Art which quackery and quarrel taint:

Don't argue!—paint!

To Law that shows a temper rude and rancorous:

Cut the cantankerous!

To Scandal's mud-larks, dunghill-raking spies,

To Truth leave lies!

To all who get great *Punch's* tips to-day:

Read! mark! obey!

A Class of Cases.

UNDER the head of "Contents" the other day, in the *Times*, we find—

"FAILURES—The Burton Crescent Murder—Letters to the Editor (Lord PENZANCE and the Lord Chief Justice: Lord LYTTON and the AMER: the AMER and YAKOOB KHAN)—Law Report (Supreme Court of Judicature: High Court of Justice)."

A collection of facts and particulars as to men and things, which would seem to come more appropriately under the head of "Non-Contents," than "Contents."

APPROPRIATE ALTERATION OF NAME.

In future the favourite, and most indigestible form of Christmas pastry will be known as "Mince Pies-on."

IN MEMORIAM.

Princess Alice of Great Britain,

GRAND DUCHESS OF HESSE-DARMSTADT.

BORN, APRIL 25, 1843.

DIED, DECEMBER 14, 1878.

THRONES stand apart, their lives that sit thereon
Fenced in with forms, by ceremony barred
From common converse with plain truths, and lone,
Though in full light of all the world's regard.

Sad lives were theirs in such high slavery bound,
But for the love that will not be denied
Its way to human hearts, though, robed and crowned,
Their owners sit apart in sceptred pride.

For Kings and Queens are men and women too,
And palaces are homes, on which descend
The blessings that well-governed homes ensue,
The curses that on ill-ruled homes attend.

Our QUEEN among all Queens this truth has known,
And made us know it, for her country's cheer;
Best-ruled of English homes in hers has shown,
Till, from the highest to the humblest here,

England has joyed her joy and grieved her grief,
Prayed at her side by her good husband's bed,
And when Heaven sent the woe beyond relief,
Our hearts, that could not comfort, for her bled.

We knew such light was round that darkened throne
As comes from children's love and widow's faith;
And most we heard and blest the name of one
Whose heart showed firmest by that bed of death.

One sweet face earliest at the sufferer's side,
Latest to seek the rest that love gainsays;
One weakness still the stronger the more tried,
One yearning look that met his latest gaze.—

And when fond daughter was made loving wife,
And carried to her home beyond the sea
England's God-speed, we joyed to learn her life
Was all a life so disciplined should be.

As wife, as mother, and as sovereign there
She lived by the example set her here;
Sowing all round the seed that fruit must bear
Of blessedness, far on, from year to year.

When joy and sorrow wove into her lot
Their yeft of bright and black, we noted still
How joy into o'erweening raised her not,
How sorrow wrung no murmur at Heaven's will.—

Just seventeen years since then, and as our Queen
Touched the dark threshold of her day of woe,
Still in that memory of love kept green,
Lo, now, she, too, hath gone—where all must go,

Princes and subjects—gone, so young, to rest;
Gone from the home she loved, the children fair
She reared as she was reared, the land she blessed,
The wise good works whereof she made her care.

So fair, so young, so good, so much well done
Of life's best work, so much left still to do:
Sweet soul—with all those crowns so early won,
There needed not the mother-martyr's too!

Her death was such as such a life should find,—
A death in love, caught from her boy's dear lips.
Sorrow is well for those she leaves behind
In sudden darkness of this swift eclipse,

But not for her,—she is where love sits crowned
Upon the Throne, has reached the shining shore:
Is with the sire in whom her heart was bound,
Is with the babes she finds to lose no more.

CHRISTMAS FANCIES.



(Papa's.)

FANCY what a blessing it would be if Christmas bills could be abolished!

Mamma's.—

Fancy what a state the boys' clothes will be in when they come home for the holidays, and fancy what Papa will say when I tell him that the girls have been obliged to buy new bonnets!

Miss Clara's.—

Fancy if Mamma won't let me write to ask poor Cousin CHARLEY to come and spend his Christmas with us!

Miss Ethel's

and Miss Edith's.—Fancy if Papa won't take us to a Pantomime!

Miss Polly's and Miss Dolly's.—Fancy what a lot of sugar-plums Aunt JANE has bought for scrambles!

Master Arthur's.—Fancy what a bore this thaw is, just as I'd begun to do the outside edge a bit!

Master George's.—Fancy if there comes another frost to stop my hunting, now Papa has given me a new pony!

Master Tommy's.—Fancy Christmas Day without a jolly lot of mince-pies and a plum-pudding!

Uncle Crusty's.—Fancy what a lucky thing it is that Christmas comes but once a year! Fancy having to meet one's poor relations twice!

Cousin Charley's.—Fancy if I get the chance of catching Cousin CLARA underneath the mistletoe!

Uncle Jollyboys'.—Fancy what a rush the young ones will all make at me when they see me enter with my pockets full of presents!

Old Guttleton's.—Fancy having to dine out for a fortnight upon roast beef and boiled turkey!

Miss Chasuble's.—Fancy if the new Curate does not quite approve of our advanced ecclesiological style of pulpit-decoration!

Mr. Postman's.—Fancy the burden of Christmas-cards but for Christmas-boxes!

Mr. Quiverfull's.—Fancy if people would send one sack of coals, and other useful articles, instead of Compliments of the Season, and Happy New-Years!

Arry's.—Fancy doing the festive without a glass of fiz, and a stunnin' caper on the light fantastic!

Miss Juliet's.—Fancy if Captain ROMEO misses the down train, and doesn't arrive in time for our theatricals!

Mr. Cutabout's.—Fancy getting snowed up at the SLOWCOACHES!

Miss Simperton's.—Fancy spending Christmas in a house without a mistletoe!

The Nicest of War News.

THIS is a pleasant telegram:—

"From Vicerey, December 14.—ROBERTS reports reached Shutar-garden 9th; returned to Ali-chi 10th; not a shot fired."

Better luck than might have been expected at Shutar-garden.

THE AMERE'S EDUCATION.

It is said that SHERIF ALI cannot read. This may be some reason why the Government should try to bring him to book. But have they taken the right way to teach him his lesson?

IN COURT.—In the "*Robertson v. Truth Libel Case*" the Beall Circular was far from being the "Be-all and End-all" of the affair.

SIGN OF CIVIC DISSOLUTION.—The City going to DE WORMS.

ANYTHING BUT A PLEASANT BERTH AT CHRISTMAS.—In the Poultry.



"AU PIED DE LA LETTRE."

Free-Kirk Minister (to his "Elder"). "JOHN, I SHOULD LIKE YOU TO INTIMATE THAT ON MONDAY NEXT I PROPOSE PAYING PASTORAL VISITS IN THE HIGH AND NORTH STREETS, IN WHICH I ALSO HOPE TO EMBRACE ALL THE SERVANT GIRLS OF THE CONGREGATION IN THAT DISTRICT!"

His Wife (whom he'd lately married from the South). "YOU SHALL DO NOTHING OF THE KIND, SIR! LET ME SEE YOU DARE TO——!"
[Goes into hysterics!]

AN ARDUOUS QUEST.

"PEACE and Goodwill!" The pleasant words
For eighteen hundred years have sounded
In human ears midst clashing swords
Of foes by hate to contest hounded.

"Strange!" sighs the Jester, and the jest
Dies on his lips while watching sadly
Yon genial greybeard urge his quest
For what all hearts should hail so gladly.
Strange! Yet these words he'll echo still:
"Peace and Goodwill!"

"Peace and Goodwill!" They something jar
With other sounds this sad sore season,
Whilst foolish rufflers, shouting "War!"
Drown the calm voice of steadfast reason:
When patriot wisdom, firmly poised
On principles as Atlas stable,
Is shamed by windy watch-words noised
Abroad by babbling imps of Babel.
Patience! The words re-echo still:
"Peace and Goodwill!"

"Peace and Goodwill!" In sooth it seems
Poor Peace as a pale traitor's flouted,
A sickly birth of coward dreams,
By loyal manhood much misdoubted.
And for Goodwill!—a weakling's whim,
The cant of sentimental pleaders
For that stale doctrine preached by Him
Under the solemn Syrian cedars.
And yet His words do echo still:—
"Peace and Goodwill!"

"Peace and Goodwill!" Our Yuletide mirth
Is mirrored by sounds of wrath and sorrow,
Whilst War and Hate divide the earth,
And Ruin menaces the morrow.
Yet sober Sense must ply its task,
And Charity its sacred mission,
And Wit still strive to tear the mask
From each fresh face of Superstition,
Hearing the words that echo still:
"Peace and Goodwill!"

"Peace and Goodwill!" The cynic smile
Might mock a hope deferred so often;
But wiser souls will scarce revile
The season's dreams which soothe and soften.
All round the year, sans halt or fear,
Satire must war with specious seeming;
But when the Christmas-tide draws near,
Wit lends a wing to hopeful dreaming
Of times to come, with less to chill
"Peace and Goodwill!"

Blackwood for December.

BLACKWOOD indeed! *The Cottage by the River* is a tale for the blackest wood that ever was. No connection with the "*Cottage by the Sea*," or the old "*Cottage Near a Wood*." But—

"If you want to shudder and shiver,
Read *The Cottage by the River*."

BLADES BUT TOO SHARP SET.—What Sheffield used to be famous for, but wants sadly now—Wittles.



AN ARDUOUS QUEST.

MR. PUNCH. "WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING FOR, FATHER?"

FATHER CHRISTMAS. "PEACE ON EARTH, AND GOODWILL TOWARDS MEN!"

